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## PICCADILLY.

PICCADILLY! The historian, the essayist, the wit, the poet, all have sounded thy praises. Highway of fashion; channel through which unceasingly flows the brilliant stream of humanity which the exclusive West sends in search of pleasure and variety; beloved of lounge and beau; happy hunting-ground for artist, dilettante, and man-about-town; ever-varying spectacle for country cousins—it seems almost a forlorn hope to endeavour to say anything fresh about thee, most delightful of streets.

Piccadilly is never monotonous. Either from shop-windows or passers-by, one may always gather amusement and perhaps instruction. True, it is to a great extent the street of a class. More respectable than the bohemian Strand, less prosaic than middle-class Oxford Street, its crowds are composed for the most part of that section of metropolitan humanity popularly known as the 'Upper Ten;' yet there is always sufficient leaven of the common multitude to add variety to the scene.

Turn in to it from the Circus, that vortex of traffic, whose clatter and confusion are calculated to bewilder even the accomplished urban traveller. Swan and Edgar's gay Oriental exhibit, and the neighbouring shops on the one side, make a pleasing little oasis of colour, in strange contrast to the grim frontage of the Museum of Practical Geology and Royal School of Mines over the way—truly, of all the places in the metropolis devoted to relaxation and improvement, the gloomiest and least exhilarating. Well does the writer recollect how as a boy he spent Wednesday half-holidays within its echoing and deserted halls; and the depressing remembrance of those juvenile dissipations amidst the models of coal-mines and specimens of strange and stony formations, lingers even yet.

Glance for a moment opposite at the unpretentious book-shop with the royal arms over the door. Few would think that so unpromising an exterior holds the most remarkable bookselling

business in the world, yet the name of Quaritch proclaims that here are the headquarters of the extraordinary man whose career has been a succession of bibliopolical triumphs; and here are gathered together more rare and valuable volumes than in any space of the same size outside the British Museum or the Bodleian.

Air Street—aptly named, being a very sigh of a street for brevity—marks what in 1659 was the most westerly turning out of Piccadilly, the whole district beyond being fields and lanes, and opposite we may look through the iron gateway at St James's Church, erected for Henry, Earl of St Albans, in the days of our lugubrious-looking 'Merry Monarch.' This nobleman is perhaps chiefly notable, or rather notorious, as uncle of the 'Harry Jermyn' whose escapades are frequently referred to by Grammont, which gentleman, under-sized, ugly, and, if all accounts be true, stupid as he was, seems to have been a very prince of Lotharios.

The church is a comparatively uninteresting building so far as architectural merit is concerned, very prim and formal in its seclusion behind the red brick wall. There is a white marble font by Grinling Gibbons, the canopy of which once served as strange a purpose, surely, as ever a font-cover in this world—that, namely, of a tavern sign, when stolen by sacrilegious hands. Some famous names are connected with the building. Adam Clarke, ripe scholar and upright man, was pastor for a time. Several celebrities also are buried here: Charles Cotton, who travestied Virgil, poetical historian of the Peak, and disciple of the gentle Izaak; Dr Thomas Sydenham, whose system of fever treatment marks an era in our medical history; a brother physician, Arbuthnot, whom Thackeray has dubbed 'one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind,' and to whom we owe the invention of 'John Bull,' that title which so happily hits off the national characteristics.

Another doctor, but of a very different sort, also lies here—the merry deviser of those



famous *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, which cured so many of the spleen and the doldrums—witty, thriftless, coarse, yet withal genial, Tom D'Urfey. How his ballads must have been shouted and roared by the roystering blades who swaggered from tavern to tavern in those days! Glancing through the six chubby volumes which comprise the collection of these ditties, one must perforce wonder how any period, any society could tolerate some of them. Others there are less questionable, whose themes are as a rule drink and joviality, many written, doubtless, at my Lord Buckhurst's seat of Knowle, in Kent, where the poet-laureate of tavern and supper-table had a room always prepared for him, and where he sang the praises of 'the Incomparable strong Beer at Knoll.' He must have been a lovable bohemian, this man, 'whom envy and spite could never sadden.' He lived to see the reign of Anne with its circle of wits and beaux, of so different a cast from those he had known in his prime; and the queen favoured him on the quiet, nor disdained to listen to his songs and jokes at her private supper-parties.

Sackville Street boasts a double singularity: it is the longest street in London without a cross or by-turning; and it has no lamp-posts, the gas lamps being fixed to arms projecting from the houses. The shop at the west corner is always an attraction, the name of Fores having long been known in connection with those coloured sporting prints which depict in such animated style the victories of the turf and the hunting-field. The most popular are the reproductions of the old pictures our sportive forefathers delighted in: 'The First Steeple-chase on Record' showing a number of eccentric gentlemen careering across country on thoroughbreds, with white night-shirts and night-caps as riding costume, or the 'Departure of the Rover' or the Firefly for Exeter, Liverpool, or York, with all the quaint surroundings of galleried inn-yard and many-caped passengers. Such subjects as these are still sought for by the sporting collector, and at Fores he may find them in variety enough.

Princes Hall, a somewhat blank-looking structure, is chiefly noticeable for the boldly carved figures which surmount the doorway in the centre; while the Albany opposite stands the personification of solid respectability, and brings back to us Canning, Bulwer-Lytton, and Lord Macaulay. The great essayist lived here for fifteen years, and wrote most of his wonderful History within its walls. Byron, too, had rooms in the building; but we shall meet his erratic lordship later on.

The splendid frontage of Burlington House attracts attention next. It is curious to remember that its predecessor on this site was erected because its owner was sure no one would build beyond him! and was the first good house in Piccadilly. The present palatial edifice shelters numerous learned corporations, most of them familiar enough by name, though the functions of some are to the uninitiated public rather obscure. The best known and most popular of all is the Royal Academy—the 'Forty Immortals,' to borrow from our French neighbours, or, as some who have put

it, the 'Forty Thieves.' Who would see fashionable London in a small space must stand within the fine courtyard on 'Private View' day, when every one who is any one worth mentioning flocks to see the pictures and each other.

Burlington Arcade, chief temple of frippery and frivolity, presents an unchanged aspect from year to year. The same shops, the same kind of wares, the same loungers, who never seem to buy. Are there any people bold enough to purchase goods in Burlington Arcade? There always seems such a sublime air of dearness about the daintily arranged little emporiums, that one could almost fancy seeing above each doorway, 'Highest prices for everything charged here.'

The Egyptian Hall remains the most distinctive building in London. This reproduction of an old temple sacred to the mystic rites of Isis looks strange enough in the midst of its busy nineteenth-century surroundings. The Siamese Twins; the Model of Waterloo; Tom Thumb, drawing his hundreds, while poor Haydon's works of art were disdainfully neglected in a neighbouring chamber; Albert Smith's inimitable jaunt to Mont Blanc; and nowadays the perennial séance of mystification presided over by Mr Maskelyne—these are brought to our minds as we linger awhile outside the curious frontage.

Arlington Street, quiet, sedate, and replete with memories, recalls some people famous in their day, and one at least famous now. Harry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, at one time high in favour with the monarch who 'never said a foolish thing;' but, like many others, falling into disrepute so far even as to become a laughing-stock with the frivolous good-for-nothings who fluttered round the English court.

Horace Walpole is another figure we associate with Arlington Street, where, as a boy, he listened at his mother's knee to that small-talk in which he was one day to prove so proficient. Many of his delightful letters date from thence, though Strawberry Hill was to witness the arch-dilettante at the summit of his fame. The present Prime Minister has his 'family mansion' here, sheltered behind a wall, in front of which a solitary policeman keeps guard over the residence of the Queen's chief adviser, in strange contrast to the elaborate military precautions one finds abroad in a similar case. Hatchett's, opposite, looks sadly shorn of its glories, now that the ground floor is given up to miscellaneous shops, and the upper part turned into sets of chambers. The entrance to what was the White Horse Cellars remains, it is true; but the coaches seem to be divided in their old allegiance, some going to the Bath Hotel opposite, and others preferring the modern Northumberland Avenue. Few prettier sights can London show than the evening arrival of these smart four-in-hands, as they come dashing up the hill from the corner through the stream of vehicles. The rays of the sun, setting beyond the Park, light up the red coat of the guard and the burnished coach-horn on which he sounds a merry note or two as the splendid horses, skilfully steered, go spankingly over the wood pavement, to all outward appearance little the worse for their long run.

With a brief survey of Walsingham House and the adjacent Club, which form so prominent a feature in the view as one looks up Piccadilly

from the west, let us turn a moment to the Duke of Devonshire's grim barrack, secluded behind one of the ugliest dead-walls in London. There is only one redeeming feature in this bare expanse—the remarkably beautiful bronze handles on the entrance gates. The house itself is a mean building, yet shelters priceless treasures of art. We may aptly cast back a thought to the fair Georgiana, who held her court here, assembling all who were noteworthy or fashionable, eager to pay their deference to the 'beautiful Duchess,' and a later memory is that which brings to our minds Charles Dickens and those celebrated performances of *Not so Bad as we Seem*, instituted by the novelist and Lord Lytton in aid of that still-born society the Guild of Literature.

Adjacent to Devonshire House—'over against,' as our forefathers would have said—stands, even more grimy and doleful, the town mansion of London's 'Lady Bountiful,' the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Never, surely, was so bright, so beneficent a spirit sheltered in so unpromising a structure as this ugly corner house, from which Sir Francis Burdett was escorted, to become the last prisoner in the Tower of London. Nowadays, the building is associated with deeds of charity and benevolence of the noblest kind, and most passers are half induced to raise their hats in respect as they go by the end of Stratton Street.

We have now arrived at the most charming portion of Piccadilly. Here the aptly named Green Park commences, calling to mind the words of the poet who has sung the praises of this locality in those verses commencing:

Piccadilly! shops, palaces, bustle and breeze,  
The whirring of wheels and the murmur of trees.

Nowhere in London, perhaps, is Nature seen in more delightful freshness than here. Trees and grass seem to wear a perennial emerald tint, due, perchance, to the fact that here was all marsh-land in those years long ago when, where St James's Palace now stands, a hospital for lepers reared its melancholy front.

Palmerston, 'Old Pam'—who does not know the house he inhabited, when, the ruler of the nation's destinies, his gifted spouse entertained such brilliant circles? It is a Club now, that square, solid stone block, with its brick screen and double entrance gates. Bright and gay with flowers are the windows, and through them one catches glimpses of the chambers where the gray old statesman revolved many momentous questions in that long head of his.

Near by, Hertford House shows its massive frontage to advantage. A fine building, severely classical with its Corinthian columns, yet a relief from the 'London mixture' of style which too often distinguishes our present houses. It belonged formerly to the Sir Richard Wallace whose loss Paris particularly, and the art world in general, are yet deploring; but he parted with it to one of the rich merchant princes.

The 'charming *bijou* residence' of the house-agent's circular is very much to the fore hereabouts. There is quite a line of these small, apparently inconvenient, and yet high-priced dwellings, regular bandboxes of houses, with a rear outlook on to a mews or something equally pleasant. We are here, too, in the region of 'Junior' clubs, one of which, the Junior and the

næum, inhabits Hope House, No. 116, a corner building, which has escaped elegance without being downright ugly. One may know it by the Hope arms over the windows, the shattered globe, and also by those panels of polished granite which gave rise to a faint witticism on the part of Dickens to the effect that the house 'looked as if its face had been scratched and then covered with strips of sticking-plaster.'

A few steps more bring us to Park Lane and Gloucester House, town residence of our illustrious Commander-in-chief. Very unpretentious for the home of the Queen's cousin, yet withal boasting as comfortable and picturesque an aspect towards the Park as any house in Piccadilly. Through the French windows, travellers outside the omnibus can catch a rapid sight of statuettes, a neat white bookcase well filled with bright volumes, a few pieces of choice French furniture—nothing approaching the palatial; but neat, tasteful, and orderly, like the home of any English gentleman.

Lord Byron was once a near neighbour to Gloucester House, though the building has disappeared, to be replaced by Sir Algernon Borthwick's stately mansion, outwardly as well as inwardly one of the most elegant in London. All that is left to remind us of Byron is the number 139. Here it was that this wild wayward spirit passed the later part of his brief, unhappy, ill-advised married life. Here, in the midst of sordid troubles which must have jarred with dreadful intensity on so sensitive a creature, happened to him that event which broke up his life, and, as he has said, 'sent him forth a wanderer'—the desertion, flight, or whatever it may be termed, of his wife. We shall probably never know the truth of that sad history. When, some years since, a justly respected hand injudiciously endeavoured to lift the dark curtain which charitably veils this part of Byron's life, the result was a storm of protest from all sides, from all classes, save perhaps the bigot and the ignorant who revelled in the besmirching of a noble name with a mire fouler and blacker than any which his own, alas! too patent indiscretions had created for passers-by to fling. It is well that such was the case. Let the 'dead past bury its dead;' and on the grave of his forgotten and forgiven imperfections, may the flowers bloom to furnish a never-fading wreath for the brow of one we must honour as one of the great poets of the nineteenth century.

We have now nearly arrived at the termination of our walk, for, passing the row of handsome stone buildings which comprise the Rothschild, the Antrobus, and other mansions, we reach Apsley House and Hyde Park Corner. What memories of the stern, gray Duke arise as one gazes at the plain, smoke-begrimed edifice! The windows on the Park side, obscured by shutters, remind us of the iron plates which the veteran hero of a hundred fights was fain to place between himself and the stones of a London mob. A strange little piece of history this, and a significant warning to soldiers, however great and gifted, to stick to warfare, which is their business, and leave politics, which are not, severely alone.

The arrangement of Hyde Park Corner is much improved since the arch at the end of Consti-



tution Hill was swung round, giving a fine open space, which reveals the grandiose block of Grosvenor Place to advantage, though it somewhat accentuates the formal ugliness of St George's Hospital. Decimus Burton's elegant arch, too, is better seen, especially since the authorities took the sensible step of restoring the stonework to something of its original whiteness. Up to 1825 there was a turnpike gate hereabouts; and in the near vicinity stood the 'Hercules Pillars,' the scene of some of Squire Western's immortal exploits when he came to town on that memorable expedition resulting in the discomfiture of Mr Bliffl and the happiness of that amiable scape-grace Tom Jones.

Here we must bid adieu to Piccadilly. In our short journey we have met with many pleasant people, revived many pleasant recollections; yet they are but a tithe of the associations connected with this bright and busy thoroughfare, respecting which one may cordially endorse the opinion expressed in the verses from which we have already quoted:

Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly.

### THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—CAN HE REMEMBER?

It was past ten o'clock that Sunday evening when Elsie arrived home. Athelstan and George were waiting up for her. 'Again the mysterious appointment?' asked the former. 'Are we to know anything yet?'—Elsie shook her head.—'Not to-night? Very good. You look tired, Elsie.'

'I am tired, thank you. And—and I think I would rather not talk to-night. I will go to my own room.—Have patience, both of you, for a day or two longer. Believe me, everything is going well. The only reason why I cannot tell you what I have been doing is that it is so strange—so wonderful—that I have not been able even to shape it into words in my own mind.—What is to-day? The 1st of August.'

'Only eleven days yet—eleven long days,' said George, 'but also eleven short days.'

'I do not forget. Well—you may both of you sit down—go about your business—you need do nothing more. As for me, I think you will have to get on without me every evening this week. But be quite easy. The thing is done.' And with that, nodding and laughing, she ran out of the room.

'It is done,' repeated George. 'The thing is done. Which thing?'

'It is done,' repeated Athelstan. 'What is done? How was it done? Who did it? When was it done?'

'Since Elsie says it is done, I am bound to accept her assurance. Presumably, she has caught old Checkley at South Square, in the very act. Never mind; I am quite sure that Elsie knows what she says.'

In her own retreat Elsie sat down to consider.

If you think of it, she had a good deal to

consider. She had, in fact, a tremendous weapon, an eighty-ton Woolwich, in her possession; a thing which had to be handled so that when it was fired it should not produce a general massacre. All those who had maligned and spoken and thought evil of her brother and her lover should, she thought, be laid prostrate by the mere puff and whiff of the discharge. Checkley should fall backwards, and raise a bump at the back of his head as big as an egg. Sir Samuel and Hilda should be tumbled down in the most ignominious fashion, just as if they had no money at all. And her mother should be forced to cry out that she had been wrong and hasty.

She held in her own hands nothing less than the complete demolition of all this erection of suspicion and malignity. Nothing less. She could restore to her brother that which he had never lost, save in the eyes of his own people, who should have been the most jealous to preserve it. No greater service could be rendered to him. And she could clear from her lover's name whatever shreds and mists had been gathered round it by the industrious breath of Checkley—that humble Cloud Compeller. You see, we all have this much of Zeus in us, even in the compelling of Clouds: every man by the exercise of a little malignity, a little insinuation, and a few falsehoods, can raise quite a considerable mist about the head or the name or the figure or the reputation of any one. Women—some women, that is—are constantly engaged in this occupation; and after they have been at their work, it is sometimes hard for the brightest sunshine to melt those mists away.

To be able to clear away clouds is a great thing. Besides this, Elsie had found out what the rest had failed to find out—and by the simplest method. She had learned from the only person who knew at what hour she should be most likely to find the mysterious Edmund Gray, and she had then waited on the stairs until he came. No method more direct—yet nobody thought of it except herself. She had done it. As the result, there was no longer any mystery. The man who forged the first cheque: the man who wrote those letters and conducted their transfer: was, as they all thought at first, Edmund Gray. No other. And Edmund Gray was Edward Dering, one and the same person—and Edward Dering was a Madman, and this discovery it was which so profoundly impressed her. There were no confederates: there was no one wanted to intercept the post: no one had tampered with the safe: the Chief himself had received the letters and conducted the correspondence alternately as Edmund Gray himself, or Edmund Gray acting unconsciously for Edward Dering.

Perfectly impossible—Perfectly simple—Perfectly intelligible. As for the impossibility, a fact may remain when its impossibility is established. Elsie was not a psychologist or a student of the brain. She knew nothing about mental maladies. She only said after what she had seen and heard: 'The man is mad.'

Then she thought how she should best act. To establish the identity of Mr Dering and Edmund Gray must be done. It was the one thing necessary. Very well. That could easily be done, and in a simple way. She had only to march into his office at the head of a small

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band of witnesses and say: 'You wanted us to find out Edmund Gray! I have found him. And thou art the man!'

He would deny it. He certainly knew nothing about it. Then she would call upon her witnesses. First, Athelstan's commissionaire, who declared that he should remember, even after eight years or eighty years, the gentleman who sent him to cash that cheque. 'Who is this man, commissionaire?'

'That is Mr Edmund Gray.'

Next the landlord of his chambers. 'Who is this man?'

'That is Mr Edmund Gray, my tenant for nine years.'

Then she would call the eminent Barrister, Mr Langhorne. 'Do you know this man?'

'He is my neighbour, Mr Edmund Gray.'

And Freddy Carstone the Coach.

'He is my neighbour, Mr Edmund Gray.'

And the laundress, and she would say: 'I have done for the gentleman for nine years. He's a very good gentleman, and generous—and his name is Mr Edmund Gray.'

And the people from the Hall—and they would make answer, with one consent: 'That is Mr Edmund Gray, our preacher and our teacher.'

And she herself would give her testimony: 'I have sat with you in your chambers. I have heard you lecture in your Hall, surrounded by these good people, and you are Edmund Gray.'

The thing was quite easy to do. She could bring forward all this evidence at once, and it would be unanswerable and convincing even to Sir Samuel.

Except for one thing which made it difficult.

The discovery would be a most dreadful—a most terrible—revelation to one who believed himself to be the most respectable solicitor in the whole of London; the most trustworthy; the clearest in mind; the keenest in vision; the coldest in judgment. He would learn without the least previous suspicion or preparation, or any softening of the blow, that for many years he had been—What? Is there any other word—any kinder word—any word less terrifying or less humiliating by which the news could be conveyed to him that he had been Mad—Mad—Mad? Heavens! what a word it is! How terrible to look at with its three little letters which mean so much. All the words that mean much are monosyllables: God—Love—Joy—Hate—Fear—Glad—Sad—Mad—Bad—Hell—Home—Wife—Child—House—Song—Feast—Wine—Kiss—everything—they are the oldest words, you see; they have been used from time immemorial by prehistoric man as well as by ourselves.

Mr Dering had to be told that he was Mad. Somehow or other, he must be told that. It seemed at first the only way out of the difficulty. How could this girl communicate the dreadful news to her guardian, who had always been to her considerate, and even affectionate? She shrank from the task. Then she thought she would hand it over to her brother Athelstan. But he was far more concerned about clearing up the hateful business than about softening the blow for Mr Dering. Or of communicating it to George. What should she do? Mr Dering was mad. Not mad all the time, but mad now and then, sometimes every day, sometimes with

intervals. This kind of madness, I believe, takes many forms—a fact which should make the strongest men tremble. Sometimes it lasts a long time before it is found out. Sometimes even it is never found out at all. Solicitors and doctors tell queer stories about it. For instance, that story—quite a common story—of an old gentleman of irreproachable reputation, a speaker and leader in religious circles, a man enormously respected by all classes, concerning whom not his bitterest enemy had a word of scandal—yet, after his death, things deplorable, things incredible, things to be suppressed at any cost, were brought to the knowledge of his lawyers. At certain times he went mad, you see. Then he forgot who he was: he forgot his reputation, his place in the world, and the awful penalties of being found out: he went down: he lived among people of the baser sort, and became an inferior man with another name, and died without ever knowing his own dreadful record. Another of whom I have heard was mad for fifteen years, yet the Chief of a great House, who all the time conducted the business with great ability. He was found out at last because he began to buy things. Once he sent home six grand pianos: another time he bought all the cricket bats that were in stock in a certain shop; and another time he bought all the hats that fitted him at all the hatters' shops within a circle whose centre was Piccadilly Circus and the radius a mile long. After this they gave him a cheerful companion, who took walks abroad with him, and he retired from active business.

Some philosophers maintain that we are all gone mad on certain points. In that case, if one does not know it or suspect it, and if our friends neither know nor suspect it, what does it matter? There are also, we all know, points on which some of us are mad, and everybody knows it. There is the man who believes that he is a great poet, and publishes volume after volume all at his own expense to prove it: there is the man—but he ought to be taken away and put on a treadmill—who writes letters to the papers on every conceivable subject with the day before yesterday's wisdom: there is the man who thinks he can paint—we all know plenty of men mad like unto these, and we are for the most part willing to tolerate them. Considerations, however, on the universality of the complaint fail to bring consolation to any except those who have it not. In the same way, nobody who dies of any disease is comforted with the thought of the rarity or the frequency of that disease; its interesting character has no charm for him. Nor is the man on his way to be hanged consoled by the reminder that thousands have trodden that flowery way before him. To Mr Dering, proud of his own intellect, self-sufficient and strong, the discovery of these things would certainly bring humiliation intolerable, perhaps—even—shame unto Death itself. How—oh! how could things be managed so as to spare him this pain?

Elsie's difficulties grew greater the more she pondered over them. It was past midnight when she closed the volume of thought and her eyes at the same moment.

In the morning, Athelstan kissed her gravely.

'Do you remember what you said last night, Elsie? You said that we could rest at peace because the thing was done.'

'Well, Athelstan, the words could only have one meaning, could they? I mean, if you want me to be more explicit, that the thing is actually done. My dear brother, I know all about it now. I know who signed that first cheque—who sent the commissionaire to the Bank, who received the notes—who placed them in the safe—who wrote about the transfers—who received the letters and carried on the whole business. I can place my hand upon him to-day, if necessary.'

'Without doubt? With proofs, ample proofs?'

'Without the least doubt—with a cloud of witnesses. My dear brother, do not doubt me. I have done it. Yet—for a reason—to spare one most deeply concerned—for the pity of it—if you knew—give me a few days—a week, perhaps, to find a way if I can. If I cannot, then the cruel truth must be told bluntly whatever happens.'

'Remember all the mischief the old villain has done.'

'The old villain? Oh! you mean Checkley?'

'Of course; whom should I mean?'

'Nobody—nothing. Brother, if you bid me speak to-day, I will speak. No one has a better right to command. But if this—this person—were to die to-day, my proofs are so ample that there could be no doubt possible. Yes—even my mother—it is dreadful to say it—but she is so hard and so obstinate—even my mother would acknowledge that there is no doubt possible.'

Athelstan stooped and kissed her. 'Order it exactly as you please, my child. If I have waited eight long years, I can wait another week. Another week! Then I shall at last be able to speak of my people at home. I shall go back to California with belongings like other men. I shall be able to make friends; I can even, if it comes in my way, make love, Elsie. Do you think you understand quite what this means to me?'

He left her presently to go about his work.

In the corner of the room stood her easel with the portrait, the fancy portrait, of Mr Dering the Benevolent—Mr Dering the Optimist—Mr Dering as he might be with the same features and the least little change in their habitual setting.

Elsie stood before this picture, looking at it curiously.

'Yes,' she murmured, 'you are a dear, tender-hearted, kindly benevolent, simple old Thing. You believe in human nature: you think that everybody is longing for the Kingdom of Heaven. You think that everybody would be comfortable in it: that everybody longs for honesty. Before I altered you and improved your face, you were Justice without mercy: you were Law without leniency: you were Experience which knows that all men are wicked by choice when they get the chance: you had no soft place anywhere: you held that Society exists only for the preservation of Property. Oh! you are so much more lovable now, if you would only think so—if you only knew. You believe in men and women: that is a wonderful advance—and you have done well to change your old name to your new name. I think I should like you always to be Edmund Gray. But how am I to tell you? How, in the

name of wonder, am I to tell you that you are Edmund Gray? First of all, I must see you—I must break the thing gently—I must force you somehow to recollect, as soon as possible. I must make you somehow understand what has happened.'

She had promised to meet Mr Edmund Gray at his Chambers that evening at five. He showed his confidence in her by giving her a latchkey, so that she might let herself in if he happened not to be in the Chambers when she called, at five. She would try, then, to bring him back to himself. She pictured his amazement—his shame—at finding himself in strange rooms under another name, preaching wild doctrines. It would be too much for him. Better go to Mr Dering, the real Mr Dering, and try to move him, in his own office, to recollect what had happened. Because, you see, Elsie, unacquainted with these obscure forms of brain disease, imagined that she might by artful question and suggestion clear that clouded memory, and show the lawyer his double figuring as a Socialist.

She waited till the afternoon. She arrived at New Square about three, two hours before her engagement at Gray's Inn.

Mr Dering received her with his usual kindness. He was austere but benignant.

'I tried to see you last night,' she said, untruthfully, because the words conveyed the impression that she had called upon him.

'No—no. I was—I suppose I was out. I went out'—His face clouded, and he stopped.

'Yes—you were saying, Mr Dering, that you went out.'

'Last night was Sunday, wasn't it? Yes; I went out.—Where did I go?' He drummed the table with his fingers irritably. 'Where did I go? Where?—What does it matter?'

'Nothing at all. Only it is strange that you should not remember.'

'I told you once before, Elsie,' he said, 'I suffer—I labour—under curious fits of forgetfulness. Now, at this moment, I—it really is absurd—I cannot remember where I was last night. I am an old man. It is the privilege of age to forget yesterday, and to remember fifty years ago.'

'I was talking last night to an old gentleman who said much the same. He has Chambers where he goes to write: he has a Lecture Hall—where he preaches to the people'—

Mr Dering looked at her in mild surprise. What did she mean? Elsie coloured.

'Of course,' she said, 'this has nothing to do with you.'

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'Do you remember what you said last night, Elsie? You said that we could rest at peace because the thing was done.'

'Well, Athelstan, the words could only have one meaning, could they? I mean, if you want me to be more explicit, that the thing is actually done. My dear brother, I know all about it now. I know who signed that first cheque—who sent the commissionaire to the Bank, who received the notes—who placed them in the safe—who wrote about the transfers—who received the letters and carried on the whole business. I can place my hand upon him to-day, if necessary.'

'Without doubt? With proofs, ample proofs?'

'Without the least doubt—with a cloud of witnesses. My dear brother, do not doubt me. I have done it. Yet—for a reason—to spare one most deeply concerned—for the pity of it—if you knew—give me a few days—a week, perhaps, to find a way if I can. If I cannot, then the cruel truth must be told bluntly whatever happens.'

'Remember all the mischief the old villain has done.'

'The old villain? Oh! you mean Checkley?'

'Of course; whom should I mean?'

'Nobody—nothing. Brother, if you bid me speak to-day, I will speak. No one has a better right to command. But if this—this person—were to die to-day, my proofs are so ample that there could be no doubt possible. Yes—even my mother—it is dreadful to say it—but she is so hard and so obstinate—even my mother would acknowledge that there is no doubt possible.'

Athelstan stooped and kissed her. 'Order it exactly as you please, my child. If I have waited eight long years, I can wait another week. Another week! Then I shall at last be able to speak of my people at home. I shall go back to California with belongings like other men. I shall be able to make friends; I can even, if it comes in my way, make love, Elsie. Do you think you understand quite what this means to me?'

He left her presently to go about his work.

In the corner of the room stood her easel with the portrait, the fancy portrait, of Mr Dering the Benevolent—Mr Dering the Optimist—Mr Dering as he might be with the same features and the least little change in their habitual setting.

Elsie stood before this picture, looking at it curiously.

'Yes,' she murmured, 'you are a dear, tender-hearted, kindly benevolent, simple old Thing. You believe in human nature: you think that everybody is longing for the Kingdom of Heaven. You think that everybody would be comfortable in it: that everybody longs for honesty. Before I altered you and improved your face, you were Justice without mercy: you were Law without leniency: you were Experience which knows that all men are wicked by choice when they get the chance: you had no soft place anywhere: you held that Society exists only for the preservation of Property. Oh! you are so much more lovable now, if you would only think so—if you only knew. You believe in men and women: that is a wonderful advance—and you have done well to change your old name to your new name. I think I should like you always to be Edmund Gray. But how am I to tell you? How, in the

name of wonder, am I to tell you that you are Edmund Gray? First of all, I must see you—I must break the thing gently—I must force you somehow to recollect, as soon as possible. I must make you somehow understand what has happened.'

She had promised to meet Mr Edmund Gray at his Chambers that evening at five. He showed his confidence in her by giving her a latchkey, so that she might let herself in if he happened not to be in the Chambers when she called, at five. She would try, then, to bring him back to himself. She pictured his amazement—his shame—at finding himself in strange rooms under another name, preaching wild doctrines. It would be too much for him. Better go to Mr Dering, the real Mr Dering, and try to move him, in his own office, to recollect what had happened. Because, you see, Elsie, unacquainted with these obscure forms of brain disease, imagined that she might by artful question and suggestion clear that clouded memory, and show the lawyer his double figuring as a Socialist.

She waited till the afternoon. She arrived at New Square about three, two hours before her engagement at Gray's Inn.

Mr Dering received her with his usual kindness. He was austere but benign.

'I tried to see you last night,' she said, untruthfully, because the words conveyed the impression that she had called upon him.

'No—no. I was—I suppose I was out. I went out'—His face clouded, and he stopped.

'Yes—you were saying, Mr Dering, that you went out.'

'Last night was Sunday, wasn't it? Yes; I went out.—Where did I go?' He drummed the table with his fingers irritably. 'Where did I go? Where?—What does it matter?'

'Nothing at all. Only it is strange that you should not remember.'

'I told you once before, Elsie,' he said, 'I suffer—I labour—under curious fits of forgetfulness. Now, at this moment, I—it really is absurd—I cannot remember where I was last night. I am an old man. It is the privilege of age to forget yesterday, and to remember fifty years ago.'

'I was talking last night to an old gentleman who said much the same. He has Chambers where he goes to write: he has a Lecture Hall—where he preaches to the people'—

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found, and at nine hundred and fifty yards another bed of four feet. In addition there were several smaller seams, the total number of beds of coal of all thicknesses passed through by sinking or boring being sixty-eight.

After this successful exploration, the shafts were sunk down to the workable seams. These beds on a closer acquaintance turned out to be not the 'Great' and 'Roger' Mines, but the 'Black Mine,' and a somewhat inferior bed of coal known as 'The Saltpetre' seam. As the 'Black' Mine lies below the 'Roger,' this discovery raised the problem of what had become of the latter. There could be little doubt of its actual existence, and its absence in the shaft was to be explained by the theory of a large fault which must have been passed through in sinking. The existence of the fault was proved beyond all doubt in May 1891. A heading started in the 'Saltpetre' Seam was driven right through the fault, and by a piece of wonderful luck the 'Roger' Mine was discovered on the eastern side of it. There can be no doubt that the 'Great' Mine lies about fifty yards above the 'Roger,' and that they may both be found on the western side of the fault at a depth of some four hundred and fifty yards.

This extraordinary feat of driving from one seam of coal to another four hundred yards geologically higher is what, in sporting language, would be termed a 'thousand-to-one chance.' To illustrate the position, let the reader imagine a building to be severed by a fracture, running from roof to cellar, not quite vertically, but leaning over to the left hand. On the right-hand side of the fracture let a portion of the building be supposed to have sunk down until its roof is below the level of the cellar of the other portion. Imagine that in the process of subsiding, the building has not gone down vertically, but along the line of fracture. Under these circumstances, the part which has gone down will lie to one side of the other part, and a perpendicular line might be drawn between the two portions of the severed building without passing through either of them. This is the condition of things usually met with in mining, although it does not often occur that shafts happen to be sunk through a fault so as to just miss the several coal-seams. If, however, the fracture were to lean over towards the right hand, and the right-hand portion of the building were to subside along the line of fracture, it might be brought into the position of lying exactly under the remaining portion of the building, and a vertical line might be drawn through both portions, cutting bedrooms, ground-floor, cellars, &c., twice. This condition of things is known in geology as a 'reversed fault,' and is not often met with.

A sinking pit is usually kept going continuously, Sundays excepted, the workmen being employed in shifts of eight hours each; in a sixteen-foot pit there would be from twelve to sixteen men employed at once. The material is drawn out by means of an iron vessel called a 'hoppet,' which contains about a ton and a half of broken rock. It is not usual to employ any mechanical means of preventing the hoppet from swinging from side to side, but it has to be held still for a few minutes, so that the rope is exactly perpendicular before it is sent up the pit. At a

great depth, the slightest touch will send the hoppet across the pit; therefore, the operation of steadying is a delicate and most important one.

The only accident of a serious nature which occurred during the sinking at Ashton Moss was one caused by the hoppet being sent up while swinging slightly: the contractor was in it with one leg hanging over the side; the hoppet struck a beam placed across one side of the shaft, and broke the contractor's thigh.

It is almost always necessary to loosen the ground sunk through by means of some kind of explosive, gunpowder being generally employed in dry places, and dynamite or some such disagreeable substance when water is present. Three or four holes are bored and charged and fired at once, time fuses of different lengths being used, so that each shot may be distinctly heard, to make sure that all have gone off. Of course, all the men have to get out of the way when the shots are fired, and great care taken to keep everything in order with the engine and signals, so that the men whose duty it is to light the fuses may be safely and rapidly drawn out when that duty has been performed. Blasting is sometimes carried on by means of an electric current, but there are many objections to this method.

The sides of a shaft are protected by brickwork, which is put in during the course of the sinking from time to time, in lengths varying with the nature of the ground; each length is laid on a foundation consisting of an iron ring, and the ring itself rests on plugs driven into the solid rock.

Water is not often met with at great depths: at Ashton Moss there are continuous feeders down to two hundred and twenty yards, in all amounting to twelve thousand gallons per hour, weighing about five times as much as the coal raised. In extracting coal at these depths, the very greatest care has to be taken to prevent the weight of the overlying rocks destroying the underground works. Roof, sides, and floor are constantly moving, and the enormous thrusting power exerted by the weight of the rocks rapidly smashes timber and brickwork.

The natural temperature at the bottom of the Ashton Moss Mine is eighty-four degrees, being very much lower than the theoretical temperature calculated upon by the Royal Coal Commission. The barometer stands three inches higher than at the surface.

How far this venture has influenced the question of the duration of the British coal-fields, it is not easy to say. The limit of depth laid down by the Royal Coal Commission in 1871 was four thousand feet, and this limit was fixed largely from the temperature calculated to obtain at that depth. It is well known that temperatures at the same depth vary largely at different places. Heat escapes along the lines of stratification, and where the stratification lends itself—as at Ashton Moss—to a ready escape, the temperature is much lower than at a place where the stratification is flat or otherwise unsuitable to the easy emission of heat. There seems no reason why the limit of four thousand feet should not be passed at Ashton Moss, leaving out the question of cost. Sinking at nine hundred yards deep presents to skilful men no greater difficulties than at two hundred



yards. We have certainly not reached the limit of strength in ropes and winding power, and when the pinch of scarcity comes, the difficulty of cost will disappear with the enhancement of prices.

## THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

BY JOHN RUSSELL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.—THE VOICE ON THE FELL.

THE way is long when the foot is weary ; and that old man, with white locks tossed and dishevelled, will have a hard fight with the strong west wind ere he gain the summit of Brathrig Fell. He pulls his cap closer down over his brow, and struggles on, with head bent forward to the gale. His step is slow and uncertain, and he frequently pauses to take breath, turning the while his back to the wind to let the fierce gust pass. One hand holds the staff with which he props his fainting limbs ; the other clutches the fastenings of a small valise or knapsack, brown and much worn, which he carries slung over his shoulder.

The man certainly looks old, yet his feebleness would almost seem due less to age than to illness. For as he gains the shelter of the pine-wood that skirts the brow of the hill, and sits down by the wayside to rest, there is a hectic flush on his cheek, a quick coming and going of the breath, as if some spasm of agony, mental or physical, were about to seize upon and destroy him. His lips move tremulously, like those of one speaking in pain, but a half-stifled groan is all that is audible.

It was evening, and the mingled gloom and glory of the red October sunset fired the western sky. The great hills of Westmoreland and Cumberland rose up huge and black against that burning background of light, the smooth round crest of Helvellyn contrasting with the sharper ridges of Skiddaw and Saddleback. Dense masses of black cloud swept along the nearer sky, or lay in the far distance like bars of darkness across the western flame. A misty dimness was creeping up into the valleys on the farther side of the Fell, showing like a thin white mist against the purple shadows of the hills. And away down there to the left, glimpses might be had through the trees of the glittering surface of a wind-swept lake, giving back the colours of the western sky in waves of slowly-fading brightness.

The light in the west gradually died down from fiery red to soft amber, and ere long from amber to a cold frosty gray. Yet still the winds blew, and roared among the great pines above upon the hill. Down in its wild ravine, Brathrig Beck sent its hurrying waters crashing from cataract and linn, making, with the creaking and groaning of the trees, a gloomy confused music as of Dis. Through it all, the old man sat silent, introspective, self-absorbed. He was heedless

alike of sunset hues, of driving cloud-rack, of the rush of winds and waters. There was a fierce stormy beauty in the scene around him, but his eye marked it not. Nature may deliver her message to the pensive-souled, the love-lorn, the calm thinker of deep things, but her still small voice cannot reach the heart that is torn by compunction and remorse. For so this old man's heart seemed to be. He, with his weak, melancholy eyes, and sad introspective vision, heard another voice within him than that of Nature, and the half-unconscious gaze beneath his drooping eyelids showed that his heart was like his eyes, and these were far away.

'Ah !' said he, as if speaking within himself, 'be thou ever so fleet o' foot, the vengeance o' God is fleet.'

And then, suddenly roused by the sound of his own voice, he looked up, and, conscious that the twilight was visibly deepening around him, started to his feet with a quick nervous motion, and once more continued his ascent.

The narrow hill-road led zigzag fashion along the ridge towards the higher ground, and was in some parts smooth and easy, in others rugged and uneven. For long he toiled wearily on, making little headway against the masterful gale, and with more and more frequent pauses for rest. Now and again, as some gust more fierce than its predecessors caught him, he was fain to cling to the grassy bank on his right, like a man who on shipboard, when the vessel heels suddenly to the wind, grasps eagerly whatever support is within reach. Away down on the left, the shimmering lake was coming more fully into sight, but the opalescent brightness of the sunset was no longer upon it, and its aspect, cold and leaden, was gloomy and depressing.

At that moment there came up on the wind the faint and distant clangour of bells. It was the hour of curfew, rung out from the tall square tower of Linlaven Church, outlined, with its surrounding trees, against the gray background of the lake. It did not seem at first as if the solitary wayfarer heard the bells. But as the wind brought towards him, now and then, a fuller and deeper swell of sound, he would pause for a moment and listen. He was like a man in a dream, not quite sure whether what he heard was reality or not.

At last the bells ceased ; but the old man still pressed wearily on—on into the gathering darkness ; till presently his waning strength failed him altogether, and he sank down by the wayside. A faint groan escaped his lips : no more. The night closed around him ; dim stars peeped glimmering through the torn rack of the sky ; no voice or footstep of living thing broke the solitude : he lay there, alone, beneath the darkness, with the winds and the clouds and the falling waters.

The Rev. Francis Norham, the aged Vicar of Linlaven, was sitting that same evening by his

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study window, looking out upon the gathering storm, watching apparently the effect of the swift wind upon the trees that surrounded his home. There had been a touch of frost a few days before, and now, as blast after blast struck the swaying boughs, the sere and yellow foliage was driven off in showers, flying thick as snow-flakes across the garden, and across the churchyard, in great eddying whirls. The slates upon the roof rattled in sharp dissonance; and now and again the walls of the house shook as some neglected door was banged to by the wind. Things were evidently lively outside. The Vicar loved his garden and his flowers; and as he saw the tall chrysanthemums, staked along the side-walks, bending to breakage in the windy air, he may have thought sadly for a moment that much of their autumn glory would be shorn away, and not a little of his gardening labour lost.

It is just possible, however, that his thoughts were otherwise; for when the curfew bell rang out, he started to his feet and looked at his watch. Was it really so late?

'Wilfrid should have been home before now,' he said. 'If he is not across Brathrig Fell before darkness sets in, he will have an awkward ride of it.'

And as he spoke, he walked to his writing-table, and struck a small hand-bell. Presently a servant entered with a lighted lamp, which she placed on the table.

'Has Mr Wilfrid not returned, Maria?'

'No, sir.'

'Then would you say to Mrs George that when she has seen the children to bed, she might join me here.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the servant, who, after drawing the blinds, closing the shutters, and extending the thick curtains across the windows, left the room.

The one lamp, with its heavy shade, lit the large library but feebly, although it shone on the writing-table with sufficient brilliancy. The Vicar was slightly distraught to-night. He did not sit down, but walked to and fro in a somewhat restless and anxious fashion. The wind without still roared among the trees, but he did not appear to heed it now.

After a time he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, opened a drawer in his writing-table, and took therefrom a small packet of letters slightly yellowed with age. Selecting one, he replaced the others, and sat down in his study chair, with the light of the lamp full upon him. Opening the sheet of paper, which had been addressed to himself, he began to read it over. It was dated December 21, 1853, and ran thus:

DEAR FRANK—I am afraid you will think I have got into a sorry scrape. It was bad enough for me to break with my father on the question of my profession in life, but I do not know how much worse it will be for him—or how much more perplexing for you, who have always stood by me—when it is known that I have married without his knowledge or consent. But such the fact is. I see now, what you have often told me, that when a young man breaks, as I did, with his natural and accustomed surroundings, he may, instead of conquering the new and

unexperienced surroundings, be conquered by them. I need not argue the point now. It is enough that I am married. Nor do I for a moment regret it.

My marriage took place nearly a year ago, but, not to aggravate my father beyond endurance, I have hitherto kept it a secret from you all. Circumstances, however, have so come about that I do not think it desirable to keep the matter a secret any longer. A month ago, a little girl was born to us, and justice both to the mother and the child demands that I should make my marriage known to my father. I have therefore written to him, informing him of what he will no doubt regard as but an additional exhibition of my headstrong folly.

My wife is a good and beautiful woman. Her name is Esther Hales, and she is the daughter of a dissenting minister. I have boarded with her mother—who is a widow—since I came to this town; and Esther, who is well educated, was for a time a day-governess. In manners and culture she is a lady; but as her pedigree is not so long-preserved as that of the Norhams, I am afraid my father will not regard her as being entitled to that distinction. Will you, therefore, like a good fellow, when you get this, go over to the Hall and see my father, and try to calm him down a little. I know he will be ever so wild when he gets the news I send him; but, after all, he is my father, and I am his son. You know, Frank, how much he and I loved each other until I tried to strike out a course in the world for myself, and how much the subsequent estrangement has cost the feelings of both of us. Things will, I trust, come right between us by-and-by.

In the meantime, I do not—for reasons which are not quite pleasant to me—wish you to answer this letter, and therefore do not send you my present address. I had yours of a month ago forwarded to me by a friend from my old address; but you must not use that address any more, as it might be attended with some risk to me. I cannot at present explain further; but you will understand. When fortune favours me with a more propitious gale, I will write you again. A. N.

This letter was, as we have said, addressed to the man who was now for the twentieth time reading it, and the initials appended to it were those of Arthur Norham, the elder of the two sons of Squire Norham of Brathrig Hall.

The estate of Brathrig was a large one, as far as number of acres went; but when these acres are in great part composed of dry upland fells, mountain peaks, and stretches of picturesque water, the results in the shape of rent are not quite so imposing. The estate, moreover, was—as often happens in old family possessions—not much the richer by the operations of a long line of preceding Squires; and the holders of the mortgages were believed to have a greater personal interest in the rent-roll than even the Squire himself. Nevertheless, he hunted and shot, and went to Quarter Sessions, and gave dinners to his county neighbours, much as was done by other Squires, and managed, year in and year out, to pull through. He had married a lady whose family was of precisely the same antiquity as



his own, both counting back to the inevitable Conqueror, and beyond that to Charlemagne; and three children had been born to them—two sons and a daughter, the latter being the youngest.

It so happens in many cases that children as they grow up do not exhibit either the qualities or defects of their parents. And in Squire Norham's instance this was so as regarded both of his sons. The elder, Arthur, had as a boy manifested a most unaristocratic taste for mechanical operations; so much so, that if on any occasion he did not appear at the luncheon hour, he was to be found either in the carpenter's or the blacksmith's workshop—the latter most frequently. As he grew out of his boyhood's years, this passion made itself still more apparent; and when, after his second year at Oxford, he returned home, and announced what he proposed to follow as his future career, the first breach between himself and his father occurred. Arthur's declaration was no less than this, that he did not intend to return to Oxford, but that he wished instead to enter himself for the profession of a mining engineer.

It was a great shock to the Squire. It almost took his breath away. That a young man descended from the knights who came thither with William the Norman, should take to so mean a profession, was unheard of. Business of any kind was mean in the eyes of the Squire, whose views of life were based severely on aristocratic and hereditary principles. His son might go into the army or navy if he chose; but to speak of any other form of profession was preposterous. Army and navy apart, the right thing for a young Squire to do was to prolong the sports and pleasures of boyhood into the remainder of his natural life, varied perhaps by an occasional attendance at Quarter Sessions; or possibly if he developed brains enough, by finding for himself a seat in Parliament. Anything else was little short of absolute madness.

He could scarcely believe that he had heard aright. 'Arthur,' he at length said, 'who has put this preposterous notion into your head?'

'No one in particular, father. You know I always had a taste for working with tools and machinery; and since I went to the university, I have been reading, and thinking about things, and keeping my eyes about me. You have often told me that the family property was much encumbered, and I do not think we shall ever be able to relieve it by my following upon the old lines. I am not strong in classics, and I do not see that any further knowledge of Latin and Greek on my part will ever help the estate. There are valuable minerals upon it, if we had the money to secure them; and I have formed the idea that, if I could qualify myself as a professional engineer, I might be able, with the little money we have, to make an attempt to work those minerals.'

It was a sensible and manly proposal; but the father could not see it. If the minerals were to be worked, surely there were sufficient men to be got for the purpose.

'But don't you see, father, that if I had a technical knowledge of the operations required, and of the minerals to be sought for, the knowledge would be worth money to us, and we should

not then be dependent upon the many mining adventurers upon whom gold has hitherto been simply thrown away.'

This last observation was somewhat unwise, or rather impolitic, on the part of Arthur; for it called up some unpleasant reflections in the Squire's mind, and did not improve his temper. The interview ended by the Squire informing Arthur that he must go back to Oxford as before.

Arthur was a headstrong youth; that was not to be denied. What he had set his mind upon, he would carry out, if he possibly could. By a legacy from a distant relative, he had something like two hundred pounds a year in his own right, and he thought that, with this, he could manage to qualify himself for the profession at which he aimed. Hence, without saying anything more to his father on the subject, he left home one morning secretly, and nothing further was known of him till the Squire received a letter in which Arthur told him that he had entered himself as a pupil to a mining engineer in Manchester.

His father received the intelligence as was to be expected. He stormed, and stamped, and denounced the insane folly of his son. Nor need we altogether withhold our sympathy from the Squire in this emergency. A man cannot change his opinions and instincts as he changes his clothes; he cannot divest himself of life-long habits as a snake creeps out of its slough, and start afresh with a brand-new set. That the Squire, according to his lights, should regard his son's conduct as monstrous, was perhaps, after all, only natural.

At the first, his rage took the form of a threat to disinherit the young man; and possibly not even the persuasions of Mr Brookes, the family lawyer, would have been successful in withholding him from executing his purpose had the character of his second son been quite satisfactory.

But the character of James Norham—or Jim, as his associates called him—was very far from being satisfactory. Unlike his brother, he was so far from disregarding the sports with which the country Squires and their sons filled up a portion of their time, that he could have filled up his whole time with them. Guns, and horses, and dogs were his unfailing solace during such hours as he did not spend in the parlour of the *Three Pigeons*—and he spent a great many hours there. Nor were his companions of the most select order. Jim would sit down and tinkle with any groom or stableman in the countryside, and was constantly making bets which he was unable to pay, much to the detriment of his father's income. At length, by the influence of friends, a commission was got for him in the army, and thus for a time the district was happily rid of his presence.

So the years passed, until that letter came to the Squire in which Arthur announced to him his marriage. The father declared at once what he should do. By a former will he had left the estate largely at the disposal of his wife, should she outlive him, and Arthur's share in it was only to depend upon certain contingencies. Now he had resolved to disinherit him, and would at once ride to town for that purpose.



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He gave orders that the groom should bring round Black Prince immediately.

The groom, when he appeared with the horse, suggested that his master should ride another, as he had not been out much for some days. 'Your honour knows his temper,' he said, 'and this morning he is very fresh.'

'No,' replied the impatient and angry Squire; 'I must have him—the others are too slow for my errand.'

He proceeded to mount; but it was not till after a bit of a fight between horse and rider that Black Prince yielded to rein and spur. At length, however, he started off, and went tearing down the avenue at a furious pace.

The groom stood for a moment and watched them, dubiously. He had not failed to observe that both horse and rider were in a bad state of temper; and, as they disappeared round a bend of the road, a thought seemed to strike him. Hurrying back to the stables, he quickly led out and saddled another horse, which he at once mounted and rode off after his master.

At the entrance lodge the gates were open; and through these he passed rapidly, after having informed himself in which direction the Squire had ridden. For a couple of miles he never once got sight of him; but at length he did. The Squire was at a point where two roads forked off, and Black Prince was evidently refusing to take the one the Squire wished. A stiff battle was raging between the two, the horse lashing out and rearing. Just as the groom approached, the animal reared up and fell over—his rider underneath. When the servant dismounted to assist the Squire, it was to find him stone dead.

That same morning, the Vicar, having also received Arthur Norham's letter, had ridden over to Brathrig Hall, as the young man requested, in the hope of reconciling the Squire to the new situation. But he arrived too late. He was but in time to see the Squire's servants, with mournful faces, bearing the dead body of their master into the hall. The widow and her daughter were distracted with grief; and the Vicar soon found that he had more responsible duties to perform, and more solemn tasks to undertake, than were laid upon him by his friend Arthur's letter.

The Squire's death happened two days before Christmas; and what rendered this more remarkable was the fact—ascertained after long and, for a time, baffled inquiries—that Arthur Norham had left his home on the day following that on which he had written to his father and the Vicar, and no trace of him had since been found. On the one day the son had disappeared; on the following the Squire had met his death. The dead Squire was laid with his ancestors in the chancel of Linlaven Church; but of Arthur—from that day to this not a word had ever been heard.

The Vicar sat this evening—the storm still roaring without—with the open letter in his hand, musing on the sad history and mystery which that letter had awakened once more in his mind. It was now nearly thirty years since he had first received and read it; but the effects which it brought about were operating to this

day. As he thought of all this, he heard the tramp of a horse outside, and presently the door of his room opened and a lady entered.

'Grandpapa,' she said, with an anxious look, 'that must be Wilfrid. Oh, how I wonder if he has a letter for me!'

## CREMATION.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

It would certainly be a singular fact, should what appears to be a fact prove to be one—that Cremation was a means of disposal of the dead peculiar to that great Aryan or Indo-Germanic branch of the human family to which we belong. Nor is it a less singular fact—and fact this is beyond dispute—that cremation has never been more than a fashion among those peoples who have adopted it, that has never wholly overmastered and driven out the more ancient and more generally customary usage of interment.

In the Bible, cremation is spoken of as a sharpening of the punishment of death, as something conveying disgrace with it; and the only exceptions were those of Saul and his sons—when the bodies were burnt probably because it was not possible in any other way to convey their bones from the land of the Philistines to that of their fathers; and secondly, in cases of pestilence, when it was done in the hope of thereby arresting the spread of contagion.

As far as we have any evidence from history, the burning of the dead was confined to the Indo-Germanic stock, and was not universally practised even among it. Of the nations of antiquity, the Greeks are those of whom we know most, and the poetical descriptions in Homer of the burning of the bodies of Patroclus and of Achilles have given occasion to the supposition that cremation was the usual method among the Greeks of disposing of their dead. That this was not the case, however, has been revealed by the discoveries of Dr Schliemann at Mycenæ, where he has found bodies buried of those who were contemporaries of the heroes engaged in the Trojan war, if the interments be not in some cases those of some of these very heroes themselves. In later times, moreover, cremation was by no means universal among the Greeks; and owing to the expense of a funeral pyre, the interment of the dead was usual among those of moderate means and the poor. Cremation was a funeral luxury.

Since the fourth century before Christ, an idea prevailed that the dead required a sort of purification, and that this purification could be effected by fire. It was the same with the Etruscans and Romans. Pliny distinctly affirms that cremation was not the institution of the ancients, but that it arose much as in the case of Saul and his sons, through death far from home, and the impossibility of bringing home to be buried with their fathers those who had fallen in foreign wars in any other way than in ashes. Some of the noble Roman families refused to adopt the fashion when it spread. Conspicuous among these was the great Cornelian gens; and Sulla was the first member of this family who was burned, and he only because, having cast

out of their sepulchre and scattered the remains of his great adversary Marius, he feared lest his own body should be subjected to indignities, and consequently ordered that it should be cremated.

The custom of burning the dead had, however, come in long before this, as we may see from a law of the Twelve Tables that forbade the interment or the burning of a body within the precincts of the city. This law was broken by the populace at the funeral of Julius Cæsar, when they tumultuously seized on the corpse, collected benches and stools, and burnt it in the Forum.

Among the ancient Germans, according to Tacitus, cremation was customary, and the Anglo-Saxons brought the usage over into Britain. In *Beowulf*, an Anglo-Saxon epic of the eighth century, there is a description of the burning of the dead.

In Scandinavia, both kinds of burial were in usage: the 'Brunaöld,' or age of burning of the dead; and the 'Haugaöld,' or age of interment of the dead. Baldur and Brunhild were both burnt on funeral pyres; but, on the other hand, numerous notices in the Sagas relate to the burial of the corpses in mounds. Moreover, the cairns and tumuli tell the same story—that both methods of disposing of the dead were in use. Some old chiefs were laid in their ships and mounds heaped over them; and some were first consumed to ashes.

Among the Celts, another great branch of the Indo-Germanic family, according to both Diodorus and Cæsar, the burning of the dead was customary; and Cæsar relates how that with the deceased were burned whatever he had most affected, as his horses and dogs, and formerly clients and slaves. It was the same with the Slavonic peoples. St Boniface tells how that the Wends at the beginning of the eighth century burned their dead, and how that wives committed suicide so as to be burned along with their deceased husbands. And Nestor, the historian of the Russians at the beginning of the twelfth century, says the same of those concerning whom he writes.

The great branch of the Aryan stock which turned eastward in like manner carried cremation with it, but not as a sole and exclusive usage, for it never took its place among the Parsees, who would regard it as a desecration of the pure and sacred flame; on the other hand, in India the practice of suttee became customary among the high-caste Brahmins: the wife was burnt along with the body of her husband. The usage of burning the dead is not, however, by any means universal. Corpses are cast into the sacred waters of the Ganges; and the burning of the dead is only of general practice in the valleys of the Himalaya among some of the savage or half-savage tribes. As concerns the Semitic races, cremation was never a prevalent usage. We see with what repugnance it was regarded by the Hebrews, whose highest conception of honour shown to the dead was embalming them, a conception probably derived from the Egyptians.

In Babylonia are the burial-places of the dead, who had not been subjected to fire, but, curiously enough, there has been discovered of recent years a necropolis of burnt bodies. Whether these are

the remains of foreigners of the Aryan race, settled in Babylonia, preserving their peculiar usage, or whether they represent the destruction of bodies by fire after a plague—an exceptional case in which alone cremation was endured—cannot be told.

The countless barrows and cairns dispersed over the downs and hills of Scotland, England, and Ireland tell of both cremation and inhumation. Not only so, but of both having been in use at one and the same time. In the same barrow, at the same interment, one corpse was reduced to ashes, the other not. Dr Anderson, in his *Scotland in Pagan Times*, says: 'With regard to the burial customs (in the Bronze Age), it is apparent that we have no evidence sufficient to separate the custom of cremation from the custom of burying the body unburnt. We have frequently found the burnt interments and the interments unburnt in close juxtaposition in the same group of burials, and in point of fact the two modes of burial are occasionally present in the same cairn.'

Canon Greenwell of Durham, who has made exhaustive and scientific exploration of the barrows on the Yorkshire wolds, gives precisely similar testimony. In his *British Barrows* he mentions several instances in which indubitably the two methods of burial have been practised simultaneously. He says: 'I have found many cases where a burnt and an unburnt body have been laid in the grave most unquestionably at the same time. It is difficult to say why one was burnt, while the other was interred without having undergone the process of cremation. I have thought we have in the burnt bodies those of wives and slaves killed at the time of the funeral of the man; still that is mere conjecture, and men are found burnt and laid alongside of unburnt women, if we may judge of the sex by the accompanying implements or weapons, which seems a fair deduction; but I am certain that inhumation and cremation were practised not only at the same time, but for interments made the same day.'

In one very curious instance brought under the writer's notice at St Seruin in Corrèze, a cairn contained a woman, one half of her unconsumed, the other half burned and placed in an urn.

It has been a matter of debate among antiquaries and ethnologists as to the race or races that erected the cairns and barrows and left their inhumated and incinerated remains in them. It has been conjectured that some belong to a pure Celtic race, others to the swarthy Ivernian stock which first occupied the British Isles, and is possibly of Turanian origin, represented now by the Basques, Lapps, and Finns. But as far as is known, incineration was a speciality of the Aryan stock, though never a permanent practice, one that appeared and disappeared, that prevailed, and was then abandoned by the branches of that great stock. And this fact, if fact it be—and it seems to be well established—goes far to make us believe that the barrow and cairn builders, at all events such as burnt their dead, were of the same Aryan race as ourselves.

But again, the fact, and fact it is, that at one and the same time, and in one and the same interment, both fashions of burial are found, is probably explained by the conduct of the mighty



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men who rescued the bodies of Saul and his sons from the Philistines. When a chief had died at a distance from home, then he was incinerated, so that his body might be brought to the same necropolis where were buried the unburnt dead of his family or tribe. We find this explanation of the burning of the dead in the first book of Samuel, and also in Pliny, as explaining the introduction of the fashion among the Romans. Moreover, in some interments—though of an earlier age—the bones are found to be scratched, as though the flesh had been removed from them before burial. These were probably cases of dead warriors at a distance from their family resting-places, who were thus treated so as to enable their remains to be conveyed home.

### IN THE EVENING OF LIFE.

THE sunshine lay so hot upon the old garden outside the grateful shadow of the trees, that there was no stir of life. The grass looked almost dead, and a film of shimmering heat hung over it that seemed to scorch the eyeballs like a blast of hot air from a furnace of molten metal. It was mid-day—and mid-day in July. Scarcely a sound made the silence conscious; once only a big lumbering bee hummed across the open, but did not pause to levy contribution upon the heliotrope, which seemed the predominating savour in the strangely mingled scent that filled the place.

The garden was so old that it had an air almost of decrepitude, that was peculiarly delightful. It looked as though it might have been precisely as it was any summer these fifty years. The plants had luxuriated in an unpruned freedom that was their symmetrical death. The geraniums and gillyflowers, never among the aristocracy of plants, had degenerated to mere vagabondage; a carpet bed, that once had shown an even and close-set face of many colours to the sun, now survived only in a ragged and forlorn decay, like a beauty who has outlived her charms, yet still persists in revealing the rags and tatters of her once bright youth. The roses, too, had cast aside all notion of decorum, and wasted their strength in a prodigality of blossom, sweet indeed, but frail and heartless.

The garden had once been trim; the beds were cut into curious shapes, dividing the grass into numberless intricacies, and almost wearying the eye with their multiplicity of varying line. On the right, looking towards the south, stood some fine elms and a few copper beeches; while set, as it seemed, in the very centre of the place was a huge Portugal laurel, laden with its creamy flower-cones; and encircling this, a seat. All round the garden was a high wall, the sunny sides of which were covered with plum and pear and peach and nectarine; these seemed to have received more attention than their kindred of the beds. If you passed between the two tallest of the elms, you came to a little wicket gate, and there your eyes and nostrils at once would be assailed with a strange delight of scent and colour. Beyond the gate there lay an orchard, so old, so quiet, so reminiscent of old memories, that under the shade of its gnarled and twisted branches, you would have forgotten the world

completely, or thought of it only as of a tale that is told. The red-cheeked, sun-baked apples diffused a subtle odour upon the air, and seemed to glint a homely welcome from their glossy skins. The trees were gray with lichen, and the long grass reached high up about their ancient trunks, as though the ripe and mature growth of a single spring and summer would claim protection from the still vigorous bearers of the wet and sunshine of many years. The thick growth was borne down in places by the weight of fallen fruit, as yet ungathered. The orchard was bounded on the further side by a tall nut-hedge; and beneath this, again, there was a rustic bench. The shadow of the trees lay still upon the grass, not a branch or a leaf stirring, and the light and shadow made a luxurious carpet like a black and gold brocade.

The house to which these ancient grounds belonged was as old and quiet as they. It stood, blinking in the light, with open casements and drawn blinds. It was a low building of gray stone, with heavy mullioned windows and queer gables; the overhanging eaves were thickly plastered on the under-side with swallows' nests; there were so many that the eye wearied in counting them before the tale was complete. At either side of the hall door roses climbed, which trespassed upon the wall-space of some jessamines and mingled their pink-tipped blossoms with their companions' yellow stars. About the house, too, there was no sign of life. Everything was quiet, and mellow, and world-proof; even the pigeons on the roof, whose burnished throats gleamed in the light, were as still and drowsy as the rest.

The hours glided slowly away, and as the declining sun made the elms cast longer shadows, the birds found voice again and called to one another through the cooling air. At about six o'clock the door opened, and an old gentleman stepped out and walked towards the Portugal laurel with a slow and measured pace. Having reached the seat, he sat down upon it, disposing himself comfortably with his back against the tree and his face towards the door, which he had left open. He was of a tall and stately bearing, half through his seventh decade, and with a simple, benevolent, and open countenance. His dress was of black velvet, the quality very fine, and at his breast and wrists were falls of rich amber-coloured lace. His stockings, too, were black; and his shoes were fastened by old paste buckles, framed in gold. The point of a black cane rested on the ground beside him; and his left hand, very delicate and finely jewelled, lay upon its golden knob. His look wandered round the garden slowly and contentedly, not with any sign of disquiet; but it always paused for a little longer when it returned to the open door, as though, without perturbation, but still with certainty, he expected some one to pass through it as he had done, and take the same way towards the seat on which he was sitting.

Under the shade of the dark-green leaves and blossoms, the air was cool and balmy; a black-bird up above him gave an occasional contented chuckle; and a wren, somewhere near, was piping its little song with all the strength of its small throat.

The old gentleman had sat thus for some ten

minutes, when he put his right hand into his pocket, drew out a snuff-box, transferred it to his left hand, opened it, and took a pinch with an appearance of calm enjoyment. The snuff-box was of gold, beautifully chased, and on the cover was a miniature. It represented a girl of perhaps twenty years of age, with long golden curls falling round a face so young and fresh, that, as the old gentleman looked at it after closing the box, and before returning it to his pocket, the sight brought a pleasant smile to his face, that seemed to take ten years from his age.

'She has altered very little,' he said, half aloud; 'the hair is gray; but the fashion of my wig has changed as well.'

He slipped the box into his pocket and resumed his former attitude.

As his eye reached the open door again, a new light flashed into his glance; for there came forth a lady as stately as himself, though not so tall, dressed in a black silk gown with trimmings of old gold. The old gentleman rose and walked towards her; half-way between the laurel and the door they met. He took off his hat with a low bow, and offered her his arm, which she accepted with an inclination as courteously as his own. He led her to the seat, and they sat down there, side by side. They were like a companion pair of antique drawings; even the colour of their dresses harmonised, like two notes making a perfect chord.

'It is forty years,' said the old gentleman, 'since we sat alone together in this garden. You may, perhaps, remember?'

Across the old lady's face there passed the suggestion of a blush; it was so slight that it seemed but the memory of one. 'I remember well,' she said.

'It was good of you,' he said, with an inclination of the head, 'to remain another day after my guests had gone; perhaps it was not right of me to ask you.'

'After the very pleasant time that I have spent here—and remembering our old friendship—I could not very well refuse so small a request; nor did I wish to refuse it,' she answered.

'You may recollect,' he said, tapping the knob of his stick with his finger, 'that I asked a greater favour of you forty years ago—if I offend you, pray bid me be silent—and now that so many, so very many, years have passed, can there be any wrong in asking why you wrote this letter?'

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'And I,' said the old gentleman, 'sixty-six.—Excuse me; pray go on.'

'I met in this house a gentleman, young, frank, honourable, who, for some reason, chose to think he loved me.'

'Madam, he not only thought— But again, forgive me.'

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The old gentleman said nothing; his head was bent slightly forward, his left hand still resting upon his stick.

'Certain words were spoken—true words, no doubt.'

The bowed head did not stir, but a low voice said: 'As true words, Madam, God help me, as were ever spoken—on one part.'

'And on mine. After so many years one may speak without reserve. I, on my return home, was to gain my father's consent. I could not obtain that consent; it would have been treason to run counter to his wishes; he was old, and there were reasons. Those reasons were simply these: his fortunes, my father's fortunes, were on the verge of ruin; the only thing that could save them was for his daughter to make a good marriage. The gentleman with whom I wished to mate was poor; even at his father's death, and that seemed distant, his fortune would not have been sufficient to save a falling house. Therefore the letter which you have done me the honour to keep so carefully, was written—not without pain, not without many vain tears, many years ago.'

The steady voice failed a little at the close, and the small dainty hands were pressed close together on the carefully smoothed gown. It was still quite light in the old garden; the cool air was full of perfume; the thud of a falling apple came from the orchard.

At length the old gentleman raised his head and said: 'I thank you, Madam, for the freedom with which you have spoken of these things.'



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men who rescued the bodies of Saul and his sons from the Philistines. When a chief had died at a distance from home, then he was incinerated, so that his body might be brought to the same necropolis where were buried the unburnt dead of his family or tribe. We find this explanation of the burning of the dead in the first book of Samuel, and also in Pliny, as explaining the introduction of the fashion among the Romans. Moreover, in some interments—though of an earlier age—the bones are found to be scratched, as though the flesh had been removed from them before burial. These were probably cases of dead warriors at a distance from their family resting-places, who were thus treated so as to enable their remains to be conveyed home.

### IN THE EVENING OF LIFE.

THE sunshine lay so hot upon the old garden outside the grateful shadow of the trees, that there was no stir of life. The grass looked almost dead, and a film of shimmering heat hung over it that seemed to scorch the eyeballs like a blast of hot air from a furnace of molten metal. It was mid-day—and mid-day in July. Scarcely a sound made the silence conscious; once only a big lumbering bee hummed across the open, but did not pause to levy contribution upon the heliotrope, which seemed the predominating savour in the strangely mingled scent that filled the place.

The garden was so old that it had an air almost of decrepitude, that was peculiarly delightful. It looked as though it might have been precisely as it was any summer these fifty years. The plants had luxuriated in an unpruned freedom that was their symmetrical death. The geraniums and gillyflowers, never among the aristocracy of plants, had degenerated to mere vagabondage; a carpet bed, that once had shown an even and close-set face of many colours to the sun, now survived only in a ragged and forlorn decay, like a beauty who has outlived her charms, yet still persists in revealing the rags and tatters of her once bright youth. The roses, too, had cast aside all notion of decorum, and wasted their strength in a prodigality of blossom, sweet indeed, but frail and heartless.

The garden had once been trim; the beds were cut into curious shapes, dividing the grass into numberless intricacies, and almost wearying the eye with their multiplicity of varying line. On the right, looking towards the south, stood some fine elms and a few copper beeches; while set, as it seemed, in the very centre of the place was a huge Portugal laurel, laden with its creamy flower-cones; and encircling this, a seat. All round the garden was a high wall, the sunny sides of which were covered with plum and pear and peach and nectarine; these seemed to have received more attention than their kindred of the beds. If you passed between the two tallest of the elms, you came to a little wicket gate, and there your eyes and nostrils at once would be assailed with a strange delight of scent and colour. Beyond the gate there lay an orchard, so old, so quiet, so reminiscent of old memories, that, under the shade of its gnarled and twisted branches, you would have forgotten the world

completely, or thought of it only as of a tale that is told. The red-checked, sun-baked apples diffused a subtle odour upon the air, and seemed to glint a homely welcome from their glossy skins. The trees were gray with lichen, and the long grass reached high up about their ancient trunks, as though the ripe and mature growth of a single spring and summer would claim protection from the still vigorous bearers of the wet and sunshine of many years. The thick growth was borne down in places by the weight of fallen fruit, as yet ungathered. The orchard was bounded on the further side by a tall nut-hedge; and beneath this, again, there was a rustic bench. The shadow of the trees lay still upon the grass, not a branch or a leaf stirring, and the light and shadow made a luxurious carpet like a black and gold brocade.

The house to which these ancient grounds belonged was as old and quiet as they. It stood, blinking in the light, with open casements and drawn blinds. It was a low building of gray stone, with heavy mullioned windows and queer gables; the overhanging eaves were thickly plastered on the under-side with swallows' nests; there were so many that the eye wearied in counting them before the tale was complete. At either side of the hall door roses climbed, which trespassed upon the wall-space of some jessamines and mingled their pink-tipped blossoms with their companions' yellow stars. About the house, too, there was no sign of life. Everything was quiet, and mellow, and world-proof; even the pigeons on the roof, whose burnished throats gleamed in the light, were as still and drowsy as the rest.

The hours glided slowly away, and as the declining sun made the elms cast longer shadows, the birds found voice again and called to one another through the cooling air. At about six o'clock the door opened, and an old gentleman stepped out and walked towards the Portugal laurel with a slow and measured pace. Having reached the seat, he sat down upon it, disposing himself comfortably with his back against the tree and his face towards the door, which he had left open. He was of a tall and stately bearing, half through his seventh decade, and with a simple, benevolent, and open countenance. His dress was of black velvet, the quality very fine, and at his breast and wrists were falls of rich amber-coloured lace. His stockings, too, were black; and his shoes were fastened by old paste buckles, framed in gold. The point of a black cane rested on the ground beside him; and his left hand, very delicate and finely jewelled, lay upon its golden knob. His look wandered round the garden slowly and contentedly, not with any sign of disquiet; but it always paused for a little longer when it returned to the open door, as though, without perturbation, but still with certainty, he expected some one to pass through it as he had done, and take the same way towards the seat on which he was sitting.

Under the shade of the dark-green leaves and blossoms, the air was cool and balmy; a black-bird up above him gave an occasional contented chuckle; and a wren, somewhere near, was piping its little song with all the strength of its small throat.

The old gentleman had sat thus for some ten

minutes, when he put his right hand into his pocket, drew out a snuff-box, transferred it to his left hand, opened it, and took a pinch with an appearance of calm enjoyment. The snuff-box was of gold, beautifully chased, and on the cover was a miniature. It represented a girl of perhaps twenty years of age, with long golden curls falling round a face so young and fresh, that, as the old gentleman looked at it after closing the box, and before returning it to his pocket, the sight brought a pleasant smile to his face, that seemed to take ten years from his age.

'She has altered very little,' he said, half aloud; 'the hair is gray; but the fashion of my wig has changed as well.'

He slipped the box into his pocket and resumed his former attitude.

As his eye reached the open door again, a new light flashed into his glance; for there came forth a lady as stately as himself, though not so tall, dressed in a black silk gown with trimmings of old gold. The old gentleman rose and walked towards her; half-way between the laurel and the door they met. He took off his hat with a low bow, and offered her his arm, which she accepted with an inclination as courteously as his own. He led her to the seat, and they sat down there, side by side. They were like a companion pair of antique drawings; even the colour of their dresses harmonised, like two notes making a perfect chord.

'It is forty years,' said the old gentleman, 'since we sat alone together in this garden. You may, perhaps, remember?'

Across the old lady's face there passed the suggestion of a blush; it was so slight that it seemed but the memory of one. 'I remember well,' she said.

'It was good of you,' he said, with an inclination of the head, 'to remain another day after my guests had gone; perhaps it was not right of me to ask you.'

'After the very pleasant time that I have spent here—and remembering our old friendship—I could not very well refuse so small a request; nor did I wish to refuse it,' she answered.

'You may recollect,' he said, tapping the knob of his stick with his finger, 'that I asked a greater favour of you forty years ago—if I offend you, pray bid me be silent—and now that so many, so very many, years have passed, can there be any wrong in asking why you wrote this letter?'

He took from his pocket, first his snuff-box, which he laid upon his knee, and then a leather case, from which he drew a letter, yellow at the edges, but untorn, as though preserved with infinite care. This he unfolded, and handed to his companion.

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'I am sorry that it cannot be as you desire; there are reasons which I cannot explain to prevent it. I trust to your honour to let no word escape you of what has passed, and to make no effort to see me again. Farewell.'

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'My hand,' she then said slowly, 'wrote that letter, but my heart did not. After so many years, and as you desire to know, I may tell the truth concerning it. May I trouble you with a few words of family history?'

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'Madam, he not only thought—but again, forgive me.'

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The old gentleman said nothing; his head was bent slightly forward, his left hand still resting upon his stick.

'Certain words were spoken—true words, no doubt.'

The bowed head did not stir, but a low voice said: 'As true words, Madam, God help me, as were ever spoken—on one part.'

'And on mine. After so many years one may speak without reserve. I, on my return home, was to gain my father's consent. I could not obtain that consent; it would have been treason to run counter to his wishes; he was old, and there were reasons. Those reasons were simply these: his fortunes, my father's fortunes, were on the verge of ruin; the only thing that could save them was for his daughter to make a good marriage. The gentleman with whom I wished to mate was poor; even at his father's death, and that seemed distant, his fortune would not have been sufficient to save a falling house. Therefore the letter which you have done me the honour to keep so carefully, was written—not without pain, not without many vain tears, many years ago.'

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At length the old gentleman raised his head and said: 'I thank you, Madam, for the freedom with which you have spoken of these things.'



There is one more point upon which, if I may be permitted to speak'—

'Perhaps you would like to see the orchard again; the wrens build there still.'

Arm in arm they walked to the gate leading into it. He lifted the latch, and went in first, beating a pathway through the long grass with his stick. Then he returned and led his companion to the bench under the nut-hedge.

'You did not make this great marriage, after all, I think? Indeed, I think I am right in supposing that you have never married?'

'You are quite right. My father died within a year. There was enough left for a lonely woman to live upon; the necessity for my marriage was buried in my father's grave.'

'But, Madam, you were young and beautiful. I have heard that a disappointed love may bestow itself upon some other object.'

'My love was perhaps an old-fashioned love,' she answered, 'and perhaps I waited, thinking I might receive some sign or message from the gentleman of whom I have told you.'

'But you bound him, upon his honour, to say nothing!'

'I have heard of an honour that could'—

'Madam, perhaps his honour was an old-fashioned honour.—But I interrupt again—forgive me.'

'I will not finish the sentence; his honour and my love kept both apart—and this was forty years ago!'

'Let us no longer treat the matter thus. You were the lady; I was the gentleman. Do I surmise correctly?'

'You do,' answered the old lady.

'Then, during these forty years I have guarded both my love and honour. I have left this garden and orchard just as you saw it last: the beds have been weeded, that is all. The plants are the same, or have been succeeded by a self-sown posterity: the trees are the same—you may find your name, Madam, cut into the bark of more than one: the pigeons now upon the roof are the descendants of those which you fed from your hand forty years ago. I, too, have remained unchanged.—Madam'—and he sank upon one knee and took her hand—'we are both unchanged.'

'This, I believe, is not the manner of a gallant nowadays,' said the old lady, smiling; 'I understand that they do not kneel now.'

'My gallantry,' said the old gentleman, returning the smile, 'is an old-fashioned gallantry. But may we not come together at the end? In the beginning we were separated; let the end atone.'

'But I am an old woman now, sir. You will find at least four wrinkles on the hand you hold!'

'Madam,' he answered, 'there are at least four wrinkles upon my forehead; they may be set off against each other.'

He kissed the hand he held; and the old lady, bending a little nearer to the brave old face, said: 'As you will. If you wish it, we will pass the end together.'

He kissed her hand again silently; and drawing a ring from his finger, he slipped it upon one of those he held. Then he rose from his knee, still holding the hand, and drew it gently

within his arm, keeping his own still clasped upon it.

'May I see your snuff-box once more?' said the old lady.

'Take it,' he answered, 'and keep it in memory of these forty years—and of to-night.'

'Nay,' she said, taking it from him; 'I have this; and she pressed the diamond he had just placed upon her finger against his palm; 'but when I have need of it, I will ask you for it.'

She looked again at the face that smiled back upon her from the past, and then opened the box and took a grain or two between her fingers; so small a pinch that the old gentleman could not restrain a smile. She handed the box back in silence.

'That is the greatest compliment that has ever been paid to me,' he said.

The pulses of each had beaten so calmly for so many years, that there was no great tumult then. The two lives glided together into one stream, and journeyed on towards the darkness which would end in light.

'You have stayed here too long; the dew is falling, and I am sure you cannot see to work.'

I looked up, as though awakened out of a dream.

'It is late,' I said. 'What time is it?'

'Half an hour past tea-time.—What have you been doing?'

I pointed to the sheaf of papers on the table which I carry out into the garden on fine days to work upon, and my sweet tyrant took them up and carried them out of the shadow of the nut-hedge to the light.

'Why, this is not the story you have been working at,' she said. 'Here you seem to have described this house; but our garden is as trim and neat as any garden, I am sure, could be.'

'Yes,' I answered; 'but it was not always so. This lovely summer day and a lazy fancy have produced the little scrap of true ancestral history which you now hold in your hand.—Let us go in.'

And so we went.

#### T W I L I G H T.

TWILIGHT, the gray-eyed child of Day and Night,  
Comes wandering through the wood with pensive face,  
Tender as thoughts of home; a placid grace  
Follows her footsteps, and a holy light  
Strikes amid leafless boughs, as childhood's dreams,  
At sight of youth, awaken in the old.  
And as I watch her take her noiseless way  
By glen and field and lonely water-glams,  
Lost hopes, like buds of spring, again unfold,  
And rosy light comes trembling through life's gray.  
Thus have I watched thee, Twilight, long ago,  
Thy coming but a herald to mine eyes  
Of one who followed, and who filled my skies  
Not as with night, but Love's own morning glow.

MARY CROSS.

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## MONTSERRAT.

MONTSERRAT is a little too remote from the beaten tracks of the tourist to receive many of the kind of visitors who inscribe their names in much-frayed quarto volumes, with various appendices of sonnets or criticisms about the spectacle they have travelled to see. Yet it is so lovely and peculiar a spot, that the tourist who comes within a hundred miles of it may reproach himself if he neglect it. And all things considered—especially the fact that the monastery is in Spain, and of course, therefore, accessible only by Spanish methods of locomotion—the facilities for getting at the mountain are many rather than few.

Perhaps the best idea of what one may expect to behold in Montserrat may be had from the deck of a steamer nearing Barcelona upon a calm clear morning or evening. The gaunt points of the mountain (Mons Serratus), rising one above the other, some thirty miles inland, are then very impressive. The sunset effect at such a time is one not easily matched. The glow lights up the many pinnacles with a certain glory thoroughly adapted to convince our ancestors that the mountain had something supernatural about it. Its isolation, too, in the midst of a country much less elevated than it, with convenient perches for the building of habitations of a simple kind, was sure to tempt the anchorites of old, even as nowadays it may tempt the traveller for its superb outlook over Catalonia and towards the Pyrenees.

One travels for a couple of hours from Barcelona until the little station of Monistrol is reached on the Zaragoza Railway. For the last hour of the journey the mountain has been in sight, with its white perpendicular club-like rocks, and its thick green mantle of shrubs. The aspect of it becomes more sensational every minute, especially if there be a black cloud settled on its sharp crest to pique the imagination into fancying that it towers skywards as abruptly as Babel. The eyes of the Spaniards in the train

turn towards it from all parts of the cars. They may have seen the mountain hundreds of times. It may even be as much a routine sight with them as are the chimneys of suburban London to the business man whose vocation bandies him to and fro between his villa and the city. Yet they do not tire of it, and are willing to talk of it with the neighbour to whom it is a novelty.

There is rumour of an eventual railway from the station on the main line to the plateau of the monastery some two thousand feet above it. The railway would no doubt be of the funicular kind. But one may be allowed to hope it will never be made. It is much more agreeable, and more in keeping with the savage beauty of the rocks and glens, to ascend as one does in the great coach drawn by six mules which twice a day meets the train, and takes to Montserrat what the railway has brought for it. The pace of this ascent is a little tedious; but it gives one all the more time to gaze at the rocks and admire the ingenuity of the road-makers. The track winds to and fro among the precipices, so as to give one almost a surfeit of the picturesque.

Once arrived in the monastery precincts, you must try to realise the conditions of the life into which you have entered. You are here on sufferance if you are a Protestant. But there is no fear that in such a case you may be expelled at a moment's notice. The age of persecution and intolerance has passed for Spain; or at least the Church is no longer its agent. Protestant or Catholic, therefore, you are given the key of the little bedroom in the great ugly guest-house to the right or left; and having been informed that the candle is at your own charge, and that the restaurant is at one end of the courtyard, you are free to roam about the ruins of the old building, the chambers of the new, the hermitages of the mountain above you, or its wondrous peaks and miniature plateaux. Of course, at leaving you must pay something for your room, unless you are very much out-at-elbows. But, according to the laws of Montserrat, even if you decided to endure no expense save that of your candle and



your food, the monastery would let you depart in peace, though without its benediction.

In the summer, all the scores of rooms in the building are often filled with guests from different parts of Spain. What can be more delightful? The place is notoriously sacred, even as it is notoriously beautiful, and in summer, notoriously healthy and cool in comparison with the hot plains and the seaboard. Picnic parties, therefore, arrive in brisk succession, with portly baskets and echoing laughter. Mules and horses are requisitioned; they may be wired for from Barcelona direct to the convent; and the cavalcades make the final ascent to the summit to feast among the homes of the hermits of past days, and to dally in company with the ravens and hawks until the first streaks of evening are in the sky, and the snow of the Pyrenees is paling in the north. Anon, the Ave Maria bell sounds from the high-roofed chapel of the convent; the boys of the convent school—training for missionaries beyond the sea—chant the service in a dim religious light; and supper-time has arrived. It is by no means right to approach the restaurant before the hour of the Ave, though appetite be ever so restive; and according to one of the bylaws, the service must precede the supper.

Architecturally, the monastery is ugly to the last degree. It is like nothing so much as a reformatory. The great walls of its residential blocks, pierced with little windows which give them the appearance of a number of prisons, are enough to frighten the sentimental traveller. It seems as if a night or two spent in such a place must give the deathblow to any romance that might have been dreamed about it. In truth, however, one soon turns one's eyes away from the monastery and its heavy roofs to the fascinating grotesque peaks behind it. These are like sugar-loaves set roughly side by side so as to leave a succession of abysses between them. But the sugar-loaves must be thought of as many hundreds of feet high, and the abysses between them are therefore deep enough to make one hold one's breath while gazing down them.

The monastery, which assumes to provide most things needful for the comfort of the visitor, and has a shop in its courtyard where you may buy a multitude of articles—from pins to potted meats—has also its staff of guides for the mountain, who work by a tariff. But one does not really want a guide for Montserrat. With ordinary prudence, one may roam by one's self at pleasure about the glens and defiles, and climb by steep artificial staircases from one hermitage to another until the last and the summit are reached simultaneously. This is the way to get the best impression of Montserrat. It is detestable in such a spot to be prattled at by a man whose phrases are as unromantic as Ollendorff's. The reverend fathers sell a wonderful little book which may well displace this gentleman, if the visitor yearns for a guide of some kind. It has hundreds of pages, and is arranged in the question-and-answer mode. But even this ought not to be allowed to ascend the mountain. It is better as light entertainment after supper in the monastery restaurant. One can then be sure of going to one's hard, clean, monastic bed in good-humour; and one may even laugh between

the sheets in recalling some of its exquisite simplicity.

For my part I was content to roam among the myrtles and lentisk and wild lavender of the mountain and its precipices as an unattached vagrant. It was glorious to rest at my own sweet will first on the edge of one precipice and anon on the edge of another a few hundred feet higher. The river Llobregat ran like a thread through the ruddy land at the base of the mountain, and withal so near that it seemed not impossible to spring two or three thousand feet down headlong into its turbid stream. It had been heavy weather for the past week, and from the red and purpled uplands on the other side of the river—sadly lacking in trees, like the greater part of Spain—a number of impetuous little torrents were rushing towards the greater river in the valley. I could fancy I heard their several voices as it were in a chorus, to the accompaniment of the deep bass of the Llobregat, which absorbed them and carried them all towards the sea. The birds sang in the bushes round about me, and the faint echo of the shouts of the school-boys of the monastery at play in the gardens by the avenue of cypresses, also drifted towards the white peaks of the mountain. Now and again, as my standpoint changed, I gazed across many a mile of broken land towards the Pyrenees in the north-west. It was a day of meteorological moods and fancies. At one time, a mighty storm-cloud held all the snow-peaks of the range in its black embrace. I knew fresh snow was then whirling furiously about their summits. The air chilled as the breeze stiffened from the north. Stray fringes of the cloud began to make a demonstration near the massy pinnacles of Montserrat itself; and the portents were all bad. But when everything looked at its worst, the storm on the Pyrenees began to abate, the dark cloud scampered off, much attenuated by its conflict with the pointed peaks, or broke to show the sunlight upon the new-fallen snow. The spectacle, then—of the unveiling of the Pyrenees from Montserrat—was something to be remembered with a certain feeling of awe, and never to be forgotten; and the renewal of the blue over my head with the white rocks towering towards it was no less delightful.

Thus I wandered upwards towards the summit, and those ruined hovels near it which were formerly the habitations of a number of hermits who lived and died on the mountain. One may marvel how these simple ascetics could conceive that they were doing good work in thus isolating themselves from their fellows. In the summer, their manner of life no doubt had its gratifications for such lovers of nature as they could hardly fail to become. It was then no intolerable hardship for each of them to get up at two o'clock in the morning to ring the bell of his little chapel. But in winter, even the most strenuous advocate of self-mortification among them must often have sighed for a spell of life in the plain. It was the custom for the youngest member of this community of devotees to occupy the highest hermitage—that of San Gerónimo. By-and-by, as he grew older, he was degraded to another nest, and so, when he became fourscore or thereabouts, he might chance to be tenant of the hermitage of St Anna or St Dimas, which are comparatively

near the monastery, whence medical or other aid could be more readily obtained in case of need.

The Napoleonic era, which put an end to so many ancient institutions in Europe, fairly extinguished the hermits of Montserrat. The ribald Frenchmen under Suchet hunted these good men from cliff to cliff of the mountain 'as if they had been chamois,' and slaughtered certain of them in their sanctuaries. To the same Frenchmen is due also the sack of the monastery itself, the expulsion of the monks, and the burning of its buildings. One still sees traces of the ruin thus wrought so many years ago. This was a revival with a vengeance of the early medieval vicissitudes of the mountain, when it was in the hands of a robber who had a castle on it, whence he ravaged the lower lands without mercy. The site of this rogue's castle is still preserved in one of the ruined hermitages, very appropriately the one dedicated to St Dimas, the good thief.

Nowadays, of course the ordinary visitor cannot be expected to feel any very keen reverence for these disestablished chapels and their adjacent dilapidated and vacant tenements. The clouds and the storms are year by year helping to remove them altogether. The hermitage of San Gerónimo on the summit of the mountain is a capital place for a picnic; and in summer there may be many processions thither in a day with baskets of portly size and bottles in their midst. It is certainly good to breakfast here after a climb of two hours in the fresh morning air, and to drink one's wine face to face with the stupendous Pyrenees, or neck deep in the clouds. The air is the best in Spain, and there is no stint of it. The thrills of agreeable horror excited by the precipices which intervene between the breakfast-table and the monastery, let alone the lowlands—which look insufferably bleak and hot from this fair eyrie—are like a sauce to the feast. One knows that by-and-by a deliberate false step in descent may send one speeding into a chasm that seems to be bottomless. It is always a pleasure to be thus decisively the master of one's destiny, and especially when one is in good-humour with one's self and the world. And so there is generally much more of jollity than aught else at this hermitage of San Gerónimo, even though there is a crucifix upon the adjacent mountain-top.

For three days the visitor may lead this placid kind of life at Montserrat, occupying the same room, and with no charge upon him except what the restaurant and his candle involve. But on the fourth morning the bylaws of the monastery gently but firmly put him outside the gates. The assumption in old times was probably this: even the blackest of hearts may be purged of its sin in three days, even as the generosity of the most opulent of pilgrims may be supposed in that time to have been proven to the uttermost. One might go farther, and fancy that the monks thought a little of that variety which gives such pleasant colour to life, and made this rule that their eyes might constantly be refreshed by the sight of new faces. Be that as it may, nowadays the conventional pretext is that, but for this rule, the hospitality of Montserrat would be in peril of being abused. Such and such a pilgrim might take up his abode in the *hospederia* for life, and though his means enabled him to pay daily for his bed, he would thus be lodging shamefully at the cost of the

establishment. One may therefore bow, though perhaps with reluctance, to this regulation, which compels one to depart just when the charms of the place are fastening upon the heart.

The six mules are harnessed to the big coach, and the other passengers, pilgrims like one's self, though of very different kinds, are waiting. In surrendering the key of your little room you are giving up a pleasure you could well have protracted for as many weeks as you have been allowed days for its enjoyment. The courteous steward of the bedchamber department of the monastery receives your donation with a complacent though somewhat critical eye. Perhaps your exterior has begotten high hopes in his heart. The hopes are disinterested, of course, for he is but an automaton giver and receiver. There are pilgrims who think nothing of leaving a gold piece for every night they spend on the holy mountain. They do not, by any exact standard, reckon up the worth of the bare flags of the bedchamber and the coarse sheets and linen that are supplied to them, and then pay perhaps precisely what they would have paid in an hotel. Visitors of this kind are loved at Montserrat, as elsewhere. For them the tongues of the 'fathers' are always ready to wag in the honourable office of guide, familiar, and friend. These are they who can be relied upon to buy from the store of medals and pictures and books and rosaries which under one of the most ancient nooks of the monastery offers its particoloured window to tempt the faithful. And after all, it may further be said that these are they who derive the utmost profit and pleasure from places so hallowed by age and tradition as Montserrat.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—WILL HE REMEMBER?

SHOULD she tell him? She could not. The way must somehow be prepared. No—she could not tell him just so—in cold blood. How would he look if she were to begin: 'I have found out the mystery. You are Edmund Gray. During the hours that you cannot recall, you are playing the part of a Socialist teacher and leader: you are actively propagating the doctrines that you hold to be dangerous and misleading?' What would he say? What would he feel when he realised the truth?

On the table lay a copy of the *Times*—a fortnight old copy—open at the place where there was a certain letter from a certain Edmund Gray. Elsie pointed to it. Mr Dering sighed. 'Again,' he said, 'they persecute me. Now it is a letter addressed to Edmund Gray, lying on my table: now it is the bill of a pernicious lecture by Edmund Gray: to-day it is this paper with the letter that appeared a week or two ago. Who brought it here? Checkley says he didn't. Who put it on my table?'

Elsie made no reply. It was useless to test her former theory of the boy under the table.

'As for the man who wrote this letter,' Mr Dering went on, 'he bears the name of our former

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and writes from the same address. Yet he is not the man. Of that I am convinced. This man is a fool because he believes in the honesty of mankind: he is a generous fool because he believes that people would rather be good than bad. Nonsense! They would rather be stealing from each other's plates, like the monkeys, than dividing openly. He has what they call a good heart—that is, he is a soft creature—and he is full of pity for the poor. Now, in my young days, I was taught—what after-experience has only brought more home to me—that the poor are poor in consequence of their vices. We used to say to them: "Go away—practise thrift. Be sober—work hard. By exercising these virtues we rose out of your ranks. By continuing to exercise them we remain on these levels. Go away. There is no remedy for disease contracted by vice. Go away and suffer." That's what we said formerly. What they say now is: "Victims of greed! You are filled with every virtue possible to humanity. You are down-trodden by the Capitalist. You are oppressed. Make and produce for others to enjoy. We will change all this. We will put the fruits—the harvest—of your labour in your own hands, and you shall show the world your justice, your noble disinterestedness, your generosity, your love of the common weal." That's the new gospel, Elsie, and I prefer the old.

Strange that a man should at one time hold and preach with so much fervour and earnestness the very creed which at another time he denounced as fiercely!

'This man, and such as he,' continued Mr Dering, lifted out of his anxieties by that subject, 'would destroy Property in order to make the workman rich. Wonderful doctrine! He would advance the world by destroying the only true incentive and stimulant for work, invention, civilisation, association, and every good and useful thing. He would destroy Property. And then? Can he not see what would follow? Why, these people do not know the very alphabet of the thing. By Property they mean the possession by individuals of land or money. But that is only a part of Property. Take that away, and the individual remains. And he has got—what you cannot take away—the rest of his Property, by which he will speedily repair the temporary loss. Consider, child, if you can, what does a man possess? He has, I say, Property—all his own—which cannot be taken from him or shared with another—Property in his brain, his trade, his wit, his craft, his art, his skill, his invention, his enterprise, his quickness to grip an opportunity. Again, he has his wife and children—sometimes a very valuable Property: he has, besides, his memories, his knowledge, his experience, his thoughts, his hopes, his projects, and intentions: he has his past and he has his future: he has, or thinks he has, his inheritance in the Kingdom of Heaven. Take away all these things bit by bit, what is left? Nothing. Not even the shadow of a man. Not even a naked figure. This, Elsie, is Property. These things separate the individual from the mass and each man from his neighbour. A shallow fanatic, like this Edmund Gray, thinks that wealth is the whole of Property. Why, I say, it is only a part of Property: it is the external and visible side

of certain forms of Property. Take all the wealth away to-day—even if you make ten thousand laws, the same qualities—the same forms of Property—the same lack of those qualities will produce like results to-morrow.—Do you now understand, child, what is meant by Property? It is everything which makes humanity. Wealth is only the symbol or proof of society so organised that all these qualities—the whole Property of a man, can be exercised freely and without injustice.'

'I see,' said Elsie, gazing with wonder undisguised. Was this last night's Prophet? Could the same brain hold two such diverse views?

'You are surprised, child. That is because you have never taken or understood this larger view of Property. It is new to you. Confess, however, that it lends sacredness to things which we are becoming accustomed to have derided. Believe me, it is not without reason that some of us venerate the laws which have been slowly, very slowly, framed: and the forms which have been slowly, very slowly, framed as experience has taught us wisdom for the protection of man—working man, not loafing lazy man. It is wise and right of us to maintain all those institutions which encourage the best among us to work and invent and distribute. By these forms alone is industry protected and enterprise encouraged. Then such as this Edmund Gray—he laid his hand again upon the letter—'will tell you that Property—Property—causes certain crimes—ergo, Property must be destroyed. Everything desirable causes its own peculiar class of crime. Consider the universal passion of Love. It daily causes crimes innumerable. Yet no one has yet proposed the abolition of Love—eh?'

'I believe not,' Elsie replied, smiling. 'I hope no one will—yet.'

'No. But the desire for Property, which is equally universal—which is the most potent factor in the cause of Law and Order—they desire and propose to destroy. I have shown you that it is impossible. Let the companies pay no dividends, let all go to the working men: let the lands pay no rent: the houses no rent: let the merchants' capital yield no profit: to-morrow the clever man will be to the front again, using for his own purposes the dull and the stupid and the lazy. That is my opinion.—Forgive this sermon, Elsie. You started me on the subject. It is one on which I have felt very strongly for a long time. In fact, the more I think upon it the more I am convinced that the most important thing in any social system is the protection of the individual—personal liberty: freedom of contract: right to enjoy in safety what his ability, his enterprise, and his dexterity may gain for him.'

Elsie made no reply for a moment. The conversation had taken an unexpected turn. The vehemence of the upholder of Property overwhelmed her as much as the earnestness of its destroyer. Besides, what chance has a girl of one-and-twenty on a subject of which she knows nothing with a man who has thought upon it for fifty years? Besides, she was thinking all the time of the other man. And now there was no doubt—none whatever—that Mr Dering knew nothing of Mr Edmund Gray—nothing at all. He knew nothing and suspected nothing of the

truth. And which should she believe? The man who was filled with pity for the poor and saw nothing but their sufferings, or the man who was full of sympathy with the rich and saw in the poor nothing but their vices? Are all men who work oppressed? Or are there no oppressed at all, but only some lazy and stupid and some clever?

'Tell me more another time,' she said with a sigh. 'Come back to the case—the robbery. Is anything discovered yet?'

'I have heard nothing. George refuses to go on with the case out of some scruple because'—

'Oh! I know the cause. Very cruel things have been said about him. Do you not intend to stand by your own partner, Mr Dering?'

'To stand by him? Why, what can I do?'

'You know what has been said of him—what is said of him—why I have had to leave home'—

'I know what is said, certainly. It matters nothing what is said. The only important thing is to find out—and that they cannot do.'

'They want to connect Edmund Gray with the forgeries, and they are trying the wrong way. Checkley is not the connecting link—nor is George.'

'You talk in riddles, child.'

'Perhaps. Do you think, yourself, that George has had anything whatever to do with the business?'

'If you put it so, I do not. If you ask me what I have a right to think—it is that everything is possible.'

'That is what you said about Athelstan. Yet now his innocence is established.'

'That is to say, his guilt is not proved. Find me the man who forged that cheque, and I will acknowledge that he is innocent. Until then, he is as guilty as the other man—Checkley—who was also named in connection with the matter. Mind, I say, I do not believe that my Partner could do this thing. I will tell him so. I have told him so. If it had to be done over again, I would ask him to become my Partner. But all things are possible. My brother is hot upon it. Well—let him search as he pleases. In such a case the solution is always the simplest and the most unexpected. I told him only this morning—he had lunch with me—that he was on a wrong scent—but he is obstinate. Let him go on.'

'Yes—let him divide a family—keep up bitterness between mother and son—make a lifelong separation between those who ought to love each other most— Oh! it is shameful! It is shameful! And you make no effort—none at all—to stop it.'

'What can I do? What can I say, more than I have said? If they would only not accuse each other—but find out something!'

'Mr Dering—forgive me—what I am going to say—she began with jerks. 'The honour of my brother—of my lover—are at stake.'

'Say, child, what you please.'

'I think that perhaps—she did not dare to look at him—'if you could remember sometimes those dropped and forgotten evenings—those hours when you do not know what you have said and done—if you could only remember a little—we might find out more.'

He watched her face blushing, and her eyes confused, and her voice stammering, and he saw that there was something behind—something that she hinted, but would not or could not express. He sat upright, suspicious and disquieted.

'Tell me what you mean, child.'

'I cannot—if you do not remember anything. You come late in the morning—sometimes two hours late. You think it is only ten o'clock when it is twelve. You do not know where you have been for the last two hours. Try to remember that. You were late on Saturday morning. Perhaps this morning. Where were you?'

His face was quite white. He understood that something was going—soon—to happen.

'I know not, Elsie—indeed—I cannot remember. Where was I?'

'You leave here at five. You have ordered dinner, and your housekeeper tells me that you come home at ten or eleven. Where are you all that time?'

'I am at the Club.'

'Can you remember? Think—were you at the Club last night? George went there to find you, but you were not there—and you were not at home. Where were you?'

He tried to speak—but he could not. He shook his head—he gasped twice.

'You cannot remember? Oh! try—Mr Dering—try—for the sake of everybody—to put an end to this miserable condition—try.'

'I cannot remember,' he said again feebly.

'Is it possible—just possible—that while you are away—during these intervals—you yourself may be actually—in the company—of this Socialist—this Edmund Gray?'

'Elsie—what do you mean?'

'I mean—can you not remember?'

'You mean more, child! Do you know what you mean? If what you suggest is true, then I must be mad—mad. Do you mean it? Do you mean it? Do you understand what you say?'

'Try—try to remember,' she replied. 'That is all I mean. My dear guardian, is there any one to whom I am more grateful than yourself? You have given me a fortune and my lover an income. Try—try to remember.'

She left him without more words.

He sat looking straight before him—the horror of the most awful thing that can befall a man upon him. Presently, he touched his bell, and his old clerk appeared.

'Checkley,' he said, 'tell me the truth.'

'I always do,' he replied surlily.

'I have been suffering from fits of forgetfulness. Have you observed any impairing of the faculties? When a man's mental powers are decaying, he forgets things: he loses the power of work: his old skill leaves him: he cannot distinguish between good work and bad. He shows his mental decay, I believe, in physical ways—he shuffles as he walks: he stoops and shambles—and in his speech—he wanders and he repeats—and in his food and manner of eating. Have you observed any of these symptoms upon me, Checkley?'

'Not one. You are as upright as a lance: you eat like five-and-twenty: your talk is as good and your work is as good as when you were forty.—Don't think such things. To be sure you do forget a bit. But not your work. You only



forget sometimes what you did out of the office—as if that matters. Do you remember the case you tackled yesterday afternoon?

‘Certainly.’

‘Do you tell me that any man—forty years younger than you—could have tackled that case more neatly? Garn! Go ‘long!’

Checkley went back to his office.

‘What did she mean by it, then?’ Mr Dering murmured. ‘Who put her on to such a suspicion? What did she mean by it? Of course it’s nonsense.’ So reassuring himself, he yet remained disquieted. For he could not remember.

At half-past five or so, Mr Edmund Gray arrived at his Chambers. The outer door was closed, but he found his disciple waiting for him. She had been there an hour or more, she said. She was reading one of the books he had recommended to her. With the words of Mr Dering in her ears, she read as if two voices were speaking to her—talking to each other across her.

She laid down the book and rose to greet him. ‘Master,’ she said, ‘I have come from Mr Dering. He is your solicitor, you told me.’

‘Assuredly. He manages my affairs.’

‘It is curious—I asked him if he knew you—and he said that he knew nothing about you.’

‘That is curious, certainly. My solicitor for— for many years. He must have mistaken the name. Or—he grows old—perhaps he forgets people.’

‘Do you often see him?’

‘I saw him this morning. I took him my letter to the *Times*. He is narrow—very narrow in his views. We argued the thing for a bit. But, really, one might as well argue with a stick as with Dering when Property is concerned. So he forgets, does he? Poor old chap! He forgets—well—we all grow old together.’ He sighed. ‘It is his time to-day and mine to-morrow.—My Scholar, let us talk.’

The Scholar left her Master at seven. On her way out she ran against Checkley, who was prowling round the court. ‘You!’ he cried. ‘You! Ah! I’ve caught you, have I? On Saturday afternoon I thought I see you going into No. 22. Now I’ve caught you coming out, have I?’

‘Checkley,’ she said, ‘if you are insolent, I shall have to speak to Mr Dering;’ and walked away.

‘There’s another of ‘em,’ Checkley murmured, looking after her—‘a hardened one, if ever there was. All for her lover and her brother! A pretty nest of ‘em. And calls herself a lady!’

### WRECK-RAISING.

WRECK-RAISING has long passed from the experimental stage. It has become a very necessary part of the economics of Great Britain’s maritime trade. Years ago, when ships were built of wood, and our sea-trade was but in embryo, maritime disasters were of necessity much less numerous than they are at present; nor were they of so complete or serious a nature as those which mark the iron age of the nineteenth century. The percentage of vessels so mysteriously abstracted from our merchant fleets and returned as ‘missing’ was then less than the number now included in that sad category. The buoyancy of the ship-

building material then used, combined with the great structural toughness of the wooden vessel, enabled these old-time carriers to make comparatively little of a stranding. They could ‘get off’ and ‘proceed’ under circumstances that must have resulted in the total loss of an iron or steel vessel.

Modern vessels have been aptly compared to pieces of crockery, very useful and very necessary, but extremely liable to get cracked. The cracking process, whether the result of collision with another vessel or of sudden impact with some submerged rock, frequently leads to the foundering of the vessel. Under the old régime a vessel that thus went to the bottom remained there until she was entombed in the shifting mud or sand, or else had undergone a process of gradual dissolution, hastened by the ebb and flow of tides and currents. Wreck-raising was then a science practically undreamt of. Some crude operations were carried on, it is true, at several sunken wrecks; but the object aimed at was the recovery of treasure, and not the raising to the surface of the vessel containing it. The development of mechanical science and steam-power has placed in the hands of modern wreck-raisers machinery that has enabled them to lift many a fine ship from her oozy bed, and restore her to her proper place among the floating argosies of commerce. Most of the vessels that are raised, after suffering submergence beneath the waves, are the victims of collisions; and these, as might naturally be expected, are most frequent in the crowded waters of our own harbours and their approaches. The chief economic purpose served by wreck-raising is the keeping clear of *impedimenta* the fairways leading to the large seaports. Sensational wreck-raising attracts the attention of the whole civilised world, especially when the catastrophe which resulted in the sinking of the vessel was attended by an awful life-loss or other sensational features.

Her Majesty’s ship *Eurydice* was lost during a blinding snow-storm off the Isle of Wight on the 24th of March 1878. The sad loss of so many bright young lives was very painfully felt over the whole country. All subsequent information relative to the fate of the sunken training-ship was eagerly sought for by the public; and the raising of the vessel herself was witnessed by the Prince of Wales from his yacht *Alma*. The waters of the English Channel then looked as calm and clear as possible, and the sun shone brightly upon a scene which must have been in marked contrast to that which obtained when the blinding snow-squall capsized the ill-fated *Eurydice*, and sent her and her living freight to the bottom.

The raising of Her Majesty’s ship *Sultan*, which struck upon an uncharted rock in one of the water-channels of the Maltese group of islands, was another case that excited much attention. The foundering of the *Utopia* after collision with some of the British fleet riding at anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the awful life-loss that resulted, will long be remembered. The mishap, however, occurred in comparatively shallow water, and but little difficulty was experienced in raising the sunken vessel.

But the most valuable work accomplished by wreck-raising processes is done so quietly and

unobtrusively that the general public are unaware of its magnitude and importance. The harbours of Great Britain are the points to which is focussed a vast amount of the world's trade, and as a result, the convergence of so many vessels to these waterways means very great risk of collision. Strandings, too, are frequent, for the difficulties of navigating tortuous channels and keeping out of the way of other vessels are very great. The average number of vessels that meet with mishap each year in the Thames above Gravesend is about eleven hundred; while in the Mersey over three hundred come to grief; and some sixty annually meet with disaster in the section of the Clyde above Greenock. Of course many of these accidents are of no very serious nature; but some result in vessels sinking right in the path of ships using the much-frequented waterways mentioned above. These wrecks must be removed with all possible speed, for they are a source of great danger. To guard against collision with the sunken vessel the first step taken is to moor the warning wreck-boat near the scene of the disaster and to issue 'Notices to Mariners,' apprising them of the submerged danger to navigation. The form that these notices generally take will be best seen from the one quoted below:

#### SUNKEN STEAMER.

NOTICE is hereby given that the large screw steamer CRYSTAL, 330 feet long, lies SUNK in about seven fathoms at low water, outside the ENTRANCE to the RIVER TYNE, about 200 yards south of the line of Harbour leading lights, and about 400 yards east of the south pier end. The vessel, which is entirely submerged, is heading west with the following marks and compass bearing, viz.: Tynemouth Castle Light, N.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  N. South Groyne Light, W.  $\frac{3}{4}$  N. The sunken vessel is marked by day by a GREEN BUOY, placed a little to the eastward thereof, and at night a STEAM-TUG, exhibiting Two WHITE LIGHTS placed horizontally, will ride or be in proximity thereto.

Many Harbour Boards have their own wreck-removing plant, and then their divers make a preliminary examination of the sunken vessel, with the view of ascertaining whether it is a case for blowing up or raising. When Harbour Commissioners do not possess the necessary plant, they advertise for tenders for the performance of the work. This of itself shows to what an extent the science of wreck-raising has developed. Years ago, the practice pretty generally obtained of removing submerged dangers by blowing them to pieces; but when the disaster has occurred in shallow water, this is now regarded as wasteful and quite unnecessary. It is now some fifteen years since the Thames Conservancy Board perpetrated such an act of destruction. Within the last eleven years they have raised no fewer than 399 vessels from the river-bed and restored them to their owners. Of this number, 72 were steamers with a registered tonnage of 57,992 tons; 49 were sailing-vessels, with a total tonnage of 9781; and 278 were barges, with a total tonnage of 11,113.

The wreck-raising plant includes a screw-tug, three 150-ton lighters, each fitted with steam-winch and steam-pumps; two 150-ton and two

300-ton lighters without steam-power; and two 400-ton lighters with central wells, and fitted with patent wire compressors. Of course, the other vessels of the Conservancy Board can be requisitioned for salvage-work as well, if occasion requires. A complete diving equipment is also provided, and an abundant stock of wire and other rope.

When a collision takes place and a vessel sinks in the fairway of the river, the wreck-boat alluded to above is moored *in situ*, and the diver makes his examination. All the loose gear that may militate against the success of the undertaking is removed, and a number of wire-cables are made fast. Care must be taken to ensure a perfect distribution of the strain over the submerged vessel. The cables are entrusted to stand a tension of 150 tons, and although they sometimes, though very seldom, break, the point of fracture is generally under water along the keel of the vessel operated upon, and thus the lives of the sailors are not endangered. The number of cables passed under the vessel varies with her size, as many as twelve or fifteen sometimes being employed. These are made fast to the lighters at dead low-water. The lighters themselves are submerged as far as possible when this is done. They are then pumped dry, and as the tide rises, the wrecked vessel leaves her bed in the mud and sand and slowly rises to the surface. Then the powerful centrifugal pumps, one of which is capable of raising something like 110,000 gallons per hour, are set at work, and the wreck pumped sufficiently dry to enable her being floated away for repairs. With the appliances possessed by the Conservancy Board, ships can be raised whose weight under water does not exceed 1800 tons. A multiplication of the existent means would of course enable larger vessels to be raised. But larger vessels very rarely sink in the fairway, as, after being in collision, they remain afloat long enough to enable their masters to run them aground before they finally settle down.

The necessity for adequate means of wreck-raising increases each year, for, in spite of every care, casualties do and always will happen. During the past year, no fewer than 42,598 vessels used the navigable channels of the Mersey. When it is remembered that this gives a daily average of 117 vessels, and that this traffic, instead of being spread uniformly over the whole day, is concentrated to the time of high-water, the liability to collision will be readily understood. The difficulties of wreck-raising in the Mersey are very great; the silt accumulates so rapidly that a vessel is speedily buried to a great extent. In some cases it has been found necessary, where a vessel had sunk upon a rocky bottom, to cut channels through the solid rock under the vessel's keel, in order that the cables might be passed underneath her.

One of the most interesting cases of wreck-raising that the annals of the Mersey can boast is that of the sailing-ship *Locksley Hall*. It is now some years since ferry passengers were surprised to see on one Sunday morning the top-masts of a full-rigged ship projecting above the water right in the middle of the Mersey. They belonged to the above-named vessel, which had arrived the night previous from San Francisco, and after surviving the risks incidental to a



long ocean voyage, had been sunk in collision right on the very threshold of home. The appliances possessed by the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board were inadequate to raise so large a vessel; and it was agreed that to destroy so fine a ship by blowing her up would be a wanton piece of destruction. At length the principle which Archimedes of old had enunciated, that a body weighs less and requires less suspending force in water than air, was acted upon; and the firm entrusted with the work had the satisfaction of successfully beaching the ship. The method adopted was somewhat similar to that we have described as practised on the Thames. 'Camels'—as the lifting lighters are generally called—were attached to the cables that were passed under the vessel at low-water. After much labour, the ship was raised. But it was no part of the plan to raise her to the surface—that could not be done. She was raised from her resting-place as the tide rose; and as the lighters floated on the surface, the vessel to which they were attached was just raised the tide's height and no more. Tugs were then employed to tow the lighters and their sunken prize towards the spot selected for beaching. This, of course, could not be made in a single tide, for, when the tide dropped, the *Locksley Hall* again took the ground, and the submarine voyage had to be accomplished in easy stages. The journey over, the vessel was beached on the strip of shore adjacent to the pretty residential district of Rock Ferry, on the Cheshire shore of the Mersey.

Although at the time such a method of wreck-raising was regarded as unique, and attracted much attention, the inhabitants of the locality were glad to see the *Locksley Hall* temporarily repaired and towed across to Liverpool, to undergo a thorough overhaul prior to again sailing the seas. Her cargo consisted principally of grain, and this during the vessel's sojourn in the river-bed had undergone decomposition, so that the unsavoury odour emanating from the beached vessel when the tide left her at low-water can be better imagined than described.

With sailors, a raised vessel is always popular. The fact that she has been sunk once argues, they think, against her repeating the operation by visiting the bottom. It very frequently happens in a swift tidal estuary like the Mersey, whose dock entrances are at right angles to the direction of the stream, that collisions are so violent that small vessels are absolutely cut in two by the sharp knife-like stem of the large merchant steamer's bow. Then each half of the wreck is raised and beached separately, and sometimes the strange sight is presented of the forepart of a vessel lying on the beach all rusted and deranged, while the after-portion of the same vessel lies a quarter or half a mile away.

A curious incident occurred quite recently in connection with a collision which resulted in the sinking of a coasting schooner. The colliding steamer stood by after running into the smaller vessel, and seeing she was evidently settling down, launched a boat to rescue the crew. The night was dark and the sea rough, and though the shore was but some four or five hundred yards away, the situation was a dangerous one. One of the crew of the coaster when about to jump into the steamer's boat said he had for-

gotten to see to the dog. The animal was a large one, of the Newfoundland type, and his deep bark had never ceased since the first impact of the collision. When the owner of the dog returned, the rescued crew were soon on board the sailing-vessel's deck. Nothing more was thought of the dog incident, until his frantic appeals for help made it patent to all that he was still on board the sinking vessel. When remonstrated with for not bringing him off, the owner stated that he had left him to see to the vessel, that he had securely fastened him so that he could not be washed away either dead or alive. The boat was again hurriedly lowered; but the schooner had drifted away, and by the time she was reached, the dog's struggles were over, for she had settled down, and only the top of her mainmast was visible. When the wreck was raised, the body of the dog was discovered secured in such a manner as to render it impossible for him to be separated either in life or death from the wreck. In the early days of our merchant shipping, the 'schippe dogge' was a necessary part of the equipment of every vessel.

All wrecks in ancient time were deemed the property of the crown, but by a statute of Henry I. the harsh consequences of this law were avoided when any person, male or female, escaped. A still more humane enactment of Henry II. extended the property-saving clauses of the statute so as to include man or beast. Hence the custom that still lingers of having a 'ship dog' on board. It must be remembered, too, in connection with the above incident, that coasting hands are derived in the main from old-fashioned fishing villages and secluded coast towns, where old-world traditions die hard. It was some vague and shadowy idea that by the possible sacrifice of the dog the vessel might be secured to her owner in spite of her being wrecked, that led to the animal being abandoned without being allowed a chance to escape from a watery death.

With all our modern scientific and mechanical knowledge, wreck-raising can only be carried on in comparatively shallow water. Diving operations can, of course, be carried on at a greater depth. Thus, in the year 1885 the screw steamer *Alfonso XII.* went down off Las Palmas in 165 feet of water. As she had specie on board to the amount of £70,000, it was very desirable that steps should be taken to recover this amount, if possible. Accordingly, a London firm were engaged, with the result that the £70,000 was removed in safety from the bullion-room of the sunken vessel, and raised to the surface.

Progress in wreck-raising has been very rapid during the past few years; but there is still room for extension and improvement. A perusal of each succeeding wreck-chart issued by the British Board of Trade shows that the floor of the English Channel and the Strait of Dover must be literally paved with wrecks. It is the graveyard where many a gallant ship, cut off with years of useful service before her, lies buried in the shifting sand and silt. An extension of wreck-raising facilities would result in many of these sunken vessels being restored to their owners, for the sea in question is but shallow. The only means that existed in the past for removing a wreck from a fairway was to destroy the impediment by blasting. This is, however, a wasteful

process, and has been to a very large extent superseded by raising. To raise a wreck was once regarded as impossible; now, within certain limits, it is quite an every-day operation. Extend those limits, and many a valuable ship that lies on the sea-floor near our coasts will again resume her career of usefulness, and much loss and waste of energy and wealth will be prevented.

## THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

### CHAPTER II.—RAFE THE PEDLAR'S DISCOVERY.

It was the year of that Egyptian campaign in which the battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been fought and won after the long night-march beneath the stars. The British army thereafter entered Cairo, carrying their sick and wounded with them. In the hospital quarters an officer sat writing at a table. He was dark in complexion, as if he had been for many months under the burning glare of a sub-tropical sun; while the thin and wasted face showed that he had been and still was an invalid. In the regiment he was known as Captain Norham, but to the Vicar of Linlaven and to the Captain's young wife whom we saw enter the Vicar's study at the close of the last chapter, he, the absent one, was simply and more kindly spoken of as George. And it was to these dear ones at home—to his wife—he was writing now. Let us look over his shoulder and follow his pen.

'One evening,' he writes, 'I had a strange experience. It was after the receipt of my father's letter in which he informed me that your grandmother had resolved to settle her own property otherwise than upon you. I had been in a despairing mood for some days. My wound was not healing well, and I worried myself into something like delirium as I thought of the helpless state in which my death would leave you and our poor children. That you should be entitled by all the obligations of natural law and family ties to the provision which your father's mother has it in her power to make for you, and yet to be cut off therefrom by a perverse and unnatural act of will on the part of one so nearly related to you—I say, the thought of all this burned into my brain, and must have goaded me into a kind of frenzy.

'I do not know whether it was in a state of delirium or in a dream, but I found myself in the dear old church at home—the church of Linlaven. I was seated in my father's pew, all alone. It was night, and yet somehow it was not quite dark. The church was filled with a soft luminous haze, as of moonlight through obscured glass. I sat, absorbed in the perfect stillness of the place. Then up in the church tower I heard the bell strike one—two—three—slowly, solemnly—till it had struck twelve; the last stroke dying away in long melancholy vibrations; and once more the church was all still as death. I then observed that the west door was open, and that a white belt of light lay across the porch. I saw, too, a figure standing there, shadowy, ghost-like, and yet alive. He entered, and moved slowly up the aisle until he had almost reached the altar. But he did not approach farther, for at this point he came over

towards where I was sitting, then turned and stood before the burial-place of the Norhams of Brathrig Hall. I was close to him, and I knew him. My dear wife, it was your father, Arthur Norham! I never saw your father in life; and yet somehow I knew that this ghost, or apparition, or eidolon, or whatever it was, was your father. I could have touched him, I was so near; but I could not stir. He did not appear to be aware of my presence; but my eyes followed him, and I saw he was reading the letters on the white marble tablet which records his father's death. He stood before it with bowed head, as if in deep dejection and grief, and I heard these words uttered: "*He—gone; and I—unforgiven!*" At that moment, a crash as of thunder rang through the church, and the whole scene disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. I woke up. It was only the sunset gun; and I must have been dreaming.

'I was greatly disturbed by the dream, and am still. That I should identify a man whom I never saw in life, and should feel so sure that he was your father, almost appears to indicate something like an insane delusion on my part. Your father must have quitted his father's house about the time of my birth, and so his personal appearance could not be known to me. But I will describe him, and my father will judge. He was dressed in a riding-coat and boots, his head was uncovered, and his hair was dark, and curled closely round his head. He wore no beard; but there was not light enough for me to note his complexion or the colour of his eyes. Only, somehow, I knew it was your father as surely as if he had been known to me all my life. I wonder what all this portends, and whether it is due alone to my feverish state of mind, or to some other cause which has hitherto shrouded in darkness the mystery of his disappearance.'

The above letter, with all its other details of love and longing for absent ones—which we leave to the reader's imagination, only giving what concerns our story—this letter, written in the hot glare of an Egyptian sun, was that which Wilfrid Norham carried to the vicarage of Linlaven on the night of the fierce October storm. Wilfrid was the Vicar's second son, destined to succeed him in his sacred office. The lady, the wife of the absent soldier, was the Vicar's daughter-in-law, and the sole child of that ill-fated marriage between Arthur Norham and Esther Hales, the announcement of which at Brathrig Hall thirty years before had led to the old Squire's fierce wrath, driving him onwards within the hour to a violent death.

The Vicar of Linlaven was of the kin of the Norhams of Brathrig Hall, but the tie of relationship was thinning with time, and would hardly bear the strain of any degree of cousinship. But still he and his two sons—Captain George in Egypt, and Wilfrid at home—were of the true Norham stock. The Vicar and the missing Arthur Norham had been at school and university together, and their friendship had been close and keen. So also had been the Vicar's relations with the family at the Hall, till the time came when Arthur went off upon what his father regarded as a mission of folly; after which the friendship between the Vicar and the Squire



somewhat cooled. The latter was angry with his son for quitting the ways of his ancestors, and he was equally angry with the Vicar because he refused to take the Squire's side against Arthur.

Nor was the death of the Squire the only calamity that followed upon these events. The Squire's lady, now a widow, had hitherto been of a gentle and loving nature, particularly fond of her husband and children. But from the hour that she saw her husband's dead body carried into the hall, a change, almost phenomenal, passed over her. Her husband's death had been due to her son Arthur's disobedience. It was much as if he had struck a dagger into his father's bosom. It was simply murder. The boy had left his home without his father's knowledge; had married without his father's consent; had married a low woman they had never seen; had disgraced the family name, and then had written a letter that killed his father. That was how the grief-stricken mother looked at it, until the bitterness of her soul deepened into something like deadly hatred of her son Arthur. She would not allow the Vicar to speak to her on the subject; he had simply aided and abetted her son in the murder of her husband.

And Arthur himself, and Arthur's wife or widow—what calamity had likewise overtaken them? Everything that was possible was done to trace Arthur, but nothing availed. He had gone like last winter's snow. He could not have wilfully deserted his wife, because the deepest and warmest affection had always existed between them. And she, left with her little baby Clara, was heart-broken, and did not survive much over a year. The Vicar's wife was then alive, and, when the young mother died, took home the little Clara, and brought her up with her own two boys, and was a true mother to the child.

Even the fact of this poor child's orphaned condition failed to soften the wild and unnatural resentment of the old lady at the Hall—Dame Norham, as she was generally styled. She would not see the child; refused to look upon it. That it was the offspring of her own son was nothing to her; he had been a wicked and unnatural son, and had murdered—yes, murdered—his own father. She had been left by her husband sole executrix of his property and estates, and never, so long as she could help it, should the child of this unknown, meanly-born Esther Hales, own a single shred of them.

Her only remaining son, Jim, counted upon succeeding to the estates of his father after his mother should depart this life; but Jim the dissipated youth had grown up to be a dissipated man—had burned, so to speak, the candle of life at both ends, and had, good ten years ago, passed into a nameless grave in a foreign land. His sister, too, had died, unmarried; and now, the estates and other property were designed for the possession of a very distant branch of the family, the Linleys of Longarth, according to the fiat of this hardened old mother, whom neither calamity nor death was able to soften.

So variously does adversity act and react on different natures. Some it ripens into a sweeter and nobler fruition; others it dries up and warps into sapless rigidity.

All this was in the minds of this little family group as they sat there with George's letter before them. To the Vicar it recalled thoughts of Arthur Norham in the days of their youth and friendship long ago.

'Yes,' he said to Clara, 'the appearance of the figure which George saw in his dream is like your father as I last saw him. I expect that I must have described him at some time or other to George, and that the picture I then drew has lain latent in his mind until recalled to his memory while in a state of semi-delirium. Yet it is very strange and very painful to have the past brought back to me so vividly as this dream does.'

No one spoke for a time. Clara was evidently thinking less about the dream and the strangeness of it, than of her husband's condition in that distant foreign land. Where, in the course of his letter, he spoke with much hope of his final recovery to health, she, as she read these words silently to herself, strove with a woman's insight to read between the lines much which she fancied he had left unspoken lest he should add to the sorrow and the hope deferred from which she had already suffered so much. The tears that came unbidden to her eyes were an index of the mental struggle through which she was passing.

'It is a shame!' said Wilfrid, angrily breaking the silence, as he rose and began to walk hurriedly up and down the room.

'What is a shame, my boy?' asked the Vicar.

'That Arthur's own mother up there at the Hall should act with such persistent and merciless hostility towards her son's children. Why, Arthur Norham was flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood, so also are Clara and her two children. The woman cannot get rid of that fact; why, then, should she exhibit a kind of savage delight in facilitating arrangements to put the estates past them? I had some talk to-day with Mr Brookes when I was in town, and he says everything is practically settled, that that rascally Linley of Longarth is to have the property, and Clara and her children are to be left to starve, so far as Arthur's mother is concerned. I say again, it is worse than a shame—it is a scandal. Why, Arthur Norham did not sin half so deeply against his father, as she, his own mother, is sinning against him and his.'

Clara lifted her eyes to Wilfrid, and there was a look of gratitude on her face. It sometimes does us good to hear our own feelings expressed for us.

The Vicar was silent for a while, and then he spoke, calmly, and as if to check the rising anger of his son.

'You must not forget, Wilfrid,' he said, 'that it is doubtful if Arthur's mother can help herself so far as the Brathrig estates are concerned. No doubt she could—and as a Christian and a mother she should—make provision for Clara and the children out of her own private possessions. But as for the estates, that is a somewhat different matter, and she has not quite a free hand. When Arthur Norham left his father's house and remained so many years absent, the Squire, as a man of perception and knowledge of the world, could not fail to perceive that a young man with the strong and heady impulses of his son, and at an age when youth is peculiarly susceptible,

would run a danger of marrying some one in the class of life with which he had now associated himself. However respectable and worthy that class might be, the persons forming it were not such as the Squire, with his old-world notions of things, could quite approve of as family connections.—Do not speak, Wilfrid; I am not going to argue the point.—Well, things being so, he had made up his mind that, if Arthur survived him, he should, married or unmarried, succeed to the property, being the elder of his two sons. But—and this is what I draw your attention to—if he predeceased his father, and had previously made a marriage without his father's consent, then the children of that marriage were to be completely and perpetually cut off from any benefit in, or succession to, the estates.

'Ah,' said Wilfrid, 'that's rather a different story.'

'Yes,' continued the Vicar; 'that is why I am so much moved by this dream of George's. We found it quite impossible to obtain any clue to Arthur's movements after he left his home, which was but the day before his father's fatal accident. From that time Arthur no longer communicated with the family lawyer, or drew upon the sum of money which was payable to him, as previous to his disappearance he had regularly done. We might, if we were rich, fight the matter out in the courts of law; but the presumption would still remain against us, as we could not prove that Arthur Norham was alive at the time of his father's death. Nearly thirty years have passed, and the mystery of his disappearance has never yet been solved. But I agree with you in thinking that Arthur's mother, seeing that she has ample means of her own, ought to make some provision for the future of Clara and her children.'

For more than an hour the three sat conversing on what lay so near to the heart of each—George's restoration to health, and the sad possibilities that might ensue if the event were not restoration. At length Clara pleaded fatigue, and retired for the night, carrying her husband's letter with her, no doubt to weep and pray over it alone, as good women do. Father and son continued to sit there for another hour, not saying much one to the other, but smoking together in the silent confidence of friendship, which at such times is better than talk.

The hour of eleven had pealed out from the church-tower, when a loud ring was heard at the door-bell. Shortly thereafter Mrs Sommes, the old housekeeper, entered the study.

'Please, sir,' she said, addressing the Vicar, 'that be the gardener come to tell us that Rafe, the owd Scotch pedlar, have found a pore man a-lying to-night on Brathrig Fell, and Lawrence Dale the miller and some more o' them ha' gone up and carried him down. They ha' made a bed for him in the Owd Grange, and please, sir, could Mrs George let us have some blankets and wraps to cover the pore man, for gardener says he be as near dead as ever man can be?'

The Vicar replied that Mrs George had retired for the night, and was not to be disturbed; but that she, the housekeeper, was herself to give the gardener what was necessary.

Wilfrid started to his feet, and said he would

himself go down to the Old Grange, and see what was afoot.

The Grange was a tall building just beyond the vicarage garden. The night was now comparatively calm, and the old building could be seen standing out black against the sky. From the doorway a gleam of light shone out; and on entering, Wilfrid saw the pedlar, with some others, standing beside his pack, lantern in hand, and before him the figure of a prostrate man on a roughly extemporised bed, evidently in a state of unconsciousness. Wilfrid put his hand on the man's wrist, and after a time satisfied himself that the pulse was beating—feebly and intermittently, but still beating. The gardener arrived from the vicarage with blankets and other coverings, in which the old man was carefully wrapt; and the pedlar volunteered to stay there for the rest of the night beside the man, and to give warning to the neighbours if anything happened to render help necessary.

Wilfrid thanked him for his kind offer, and bade the men good-night, promising to see to the sufferer in the morning. The others also retired, all except the pedlar, to whom Lawrence Dale the miller stepped back a pace, and whispered: 'Rafe, I fear that poor creature has something on his mind. Let what we heard him say yonder on the hillside to-night lie a secret between thou and I. It would ill become us to bring mischief on gray hairs like his.'

And so exit.

The cold gray light of morning crept slowly over the silent hills and into the brown dales of Cumberland. The wind had died away; but Nature, like an ailing child that has not slept, met the coming day with a dim and tearful look. In the Old Grange at Linlaven the sufferer of yesternight still lay tossing in the weird delirium of pain, and with the fierce light of fever in his eyes.

Wilfrid and Clara entered early, and stood together a little distance off, arrested in their approach by the wild look on the sufferer's face. He heeded not their presence. He saw them not, nor heard. Clara went close up to him, and could note that the pale light of the October morning was revealing the pinched and worn face of an aged man, with suffering writ large on every feature. He was still in a state of unconsciousness, and the sounds that escaped his lips were but the rapid, unintelligible, continuous monotone of delirium, which falls so strangely on the watcher's ear.

She returned softly to Wilfrid's side, and advised him to send immediately for a doctor. When left alone, she turned once more to where the man lay.

'Poor creature,' she said aloud; 'what can have brought his gray hairs to this?'

The sound of her voice appeared to arrest the attention of the man, and to recall his wandering mind. By a quick movement, but evidently not without pain, he half raised himself on his elbow, stretching out the other hand towards Clara with an agitated gesture of appeal.

'Esther,' he cried, in wild, distracted tones—'Esther! ha' thou coomed to forgive me? Ha' thou coomed to tell me it were all a black mistake—a horrible dream from which I am



now awaking? Tell me, truly, Esther—tell me! And in his eagerness he seized her hand and pressed it to his burning lips. Then, as if the effort had utterly exhausted his feeble strength, he fell back on the rude couch, and his eyes relapsed into their former look of wild and wandering vacuity. If the veil of oblivion had for a brief moment been lifted from his mind, it must have fallen again as suddenly; for the room is once more only filled with the hoarse murmur of his inarticulate ravings.

Clara, as she dropped his hand, turned from him with a scared and bewildered look. Her face was ashy pale; and, as Wilfrid at that moment re-entered, she made him some hurried excuse and fled out into the open air.

She did not stay till she had reached the vicarage and had entered the house.

'What a strange thing to fancy,' she said to herself. 'Yet why did he call me Esther? That was my mother's name. It cannot be'—

And she entered her own room, and shut to the door.

### CORSICAN FOLKLORE.

SOMEWHAT more than a hundred miles from the southern coast of France lies the island of Corsica, an island which, for its wild romantic scenery, its wealth of historical associations, and the distinct individuality of its people, is well calculated to awaken the keenest interest of the student, the antiquary, and the traveller. The Cynos of the Greeks, the Corsica of the Normans, its possession was often fiercely contested by the great naval powers of ancient times. It has been conquered in turn by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Saracens, the Genoese, and the French; but through all these varied changes of government, through all the vicissitudes of centuries, the inhabitants have still preserved those peculiarities of manners and customs, and that strange mixture of civilisation and semi-barbarism, that serve to stamp them as a race apart from the other peoples of the South. In this nineteenth century of progress, when the speculative mind of man refuses credence to much that were established beliefs fifty years ago, it is refreshing to meet with a people who have not yet lost their primitive simplicity.

The Corsicans have an aptitude for learning, but they have a still greater love for liberty; and the protracted struggles they have had to sustain against the enemies who threatened that liberty from without will in some degree help to explain the mental condition of a large proportion of the race. The very character of the country, too—the lofty mountains, the wild and gloomy gorges, the dark monotonous extent of forests—all tend to nurture a host of superstitions, which retain a firm hold upon the minds of the dwellers among them. In the towns and the more frequented parts of the island, there is a well-defined fringe of civilisation, and the visitor to Ajaccio or Bastia may enjoy all the ordinary comforts and luxuries of continental life; but in the more remote districts, where the little hamlets cluster like eagles' eyries on the mountain sides, the natives preserve in all their integrity many of the peculiarities and customs of olden times. The

national characteristics of this people are strangely complex; brave, hospitable to strangers, virtuous and intelligent, with a love of freedom and a simplicity of life unspoiled by contact with the outer world—these wholesome traits are yet counterbalanced by an insatiable thirst for revenge, a ferocity in resenting insult or injury that belong rather to a wholly savage than to a semi-civilised nation. The *vendetta*, which in by-gone days made murder not only justifiable but righteous, has at times almost depopulated the island; and though now put down by the government with a strong hand, there are still occasional outbreaks of savagery that carry one back to that early period when the philosopher Seneca inveighed in no flattering terms against the barbarians amongst whom he was condemned to spend eight dreary years of banishment.

It is not astonishing that the folklore of such a people is full of interest to the student, and that a rich harvest may be gathered from the national songs and ballads, the quaint tales and curious legends that abound. The wild *rocchi*, too, or funeral dirges, are often strangely pathetic, and recall in some degree the wailing chants and lamentations of the ancients at the funeral obsequies of their dead. There is scarcely a male amongst the hardy mountaineers who cannot sing these songs, or relate stories of giants and fairies, of saints or the devil—the latter plays an important part in most Corsican folk-tales—or who is not able to rouse the enthusiasm of his attentive audience by narrating some stirring incident of the wars the island has had to sustain against the Saracens or the Genoese, for the memory of these long-past struggles for freedom is ever fresh in the minds of the people.

When the summer days are ended and the vintage is over—when the shepherds have brought down their flocks and herds from the upper pastures of the mountains—when the autumn evenings begin to grow chilly and damp, and it is no longer the season for outdoor amusements—then the villagers are accustomed to gather together in one house rather larger, perhaps, than its neighbours, to pass the hours in friendly intercourse. A huge log burns in the wide open chimney, its fitful flames ever and anon illuminating the dark corners of the room, or throwing strange distorted shadows on the raftered roof; the frugal supper of chestnuts is roasting amid the embers; the pitcher of home-made wine circulates freely; and while the young people laugh and jest, the women knit, and the men discuss the result of the day's sport or fishing, the incidents of the last *vendetta*, or the latest exploits of some well-known brigand. Then there is a pause; the conversation flags, and some one calls upon the *raconteur* of the party: 'Suppose you tell us a story—*una fola*?'

We can picture the scene; it is like a study of Rembrandt; the circle of eager faces lit up by the ruddy glare of the great log, and in the centre the old man, leaning forward, his clasped hands resting on the table, his eyes shut in concentrated thought; silence reigns, except for the clinking of glasses, the click-click of the women's needles, the crackling of the burning wood, and the occasional 'pop' of a chestnut, or the outbursts of merry laughter at some spicy anecdote or well-turned jest.

There is no more laughter-loving being than the Corsican peasant. With him no subject is too sacred to be provocative of mirth; a witty epigram or a good story will often turn aside his anger; and if by chance a priest should come off the worst in it, well, so much the better; for in spite of his superstition, there is a levity and lack of reverence in his composition that leads him to make a scoff of sacred things. Many of these folk-tales, indeed, are more than irreverent, and often border on the profane; others, again, as is not unnatural if we consider the intellectual and social condition of the people, are too coarse for the delectation of ears polite; but from the collection before us, published by Maisonneuve & Co., in their series of 'The Popular Literature of all Nations,' we shall endeavour to cull a few specimens typical of the style of narrative most in vogue.

In some of the so-called 'fairy tales' it is curious to trace a resemblance to much of the familiar nursery lore of our childhood. Cinderella appears—though under another name—and dazzles the Prince with her beauty at a ball which he gives on three consecutive nights. She vanishes each night at the same hour by the help of her fairy godmother, leaving not a trace behind, and is only discovered at last through a ring that the Prince has given her, and which she kneads into a cake and sends to him by the hands of her waiting-woman. Then, too, we might almost suppose that the Arabian Nights' Entertainment had penetrated into the mountains of Corsica, as we read of the poor peasant Stevanu who discovers the secret of the brigands' treasure-cave in the depths of a vast forest. The magic words 'Serchia, unclose!' remind us of the 'Open Sesame' that brought wealth and prosperity to Ali Baba, and the sequel of the story is no less familiar. The robbers, finding themselves robbed in their turn, seek to discover by means of a ruse the man who has most speedily grown rich in the neighbouring village. Disguised as an itinerant dealer in olive oil, their chief drives before him his mules; the foremost of these are laden with great jars filled with oil; but in each of the last six jars a brigand lies concealed. A night's lodging is solicited at the house of Stevanu; the chief has a room assigned to him, and the jars containing his merchandise are left in the kitchen. But Stevanu's suspicions have been aroused by the unusual weight of some of the jars; he guesses the stratagem, and orders his servants to heat a caldron of oil, which he proceeds to pour over the six robbers. Their chief is soon overpowered and killed; and Stevanu is left in undisputed possession of all their ill-gotten gains.

The quaint vein of humour running through some of these popular tales reminds us strongly of old Æsop's Fables. Bastelica is now a fairly prosperous village in Corsica, of some three thousand inhabitants, who would probably one and all resent the imputation that their mental calibre is below the average; yet, for some occult reason, from time immemorial the very name 'Il Bastelicacciu' has been held as a synonym for 'fool'; and shouts of ironical laughter will reward the narrator as he tells the well-known story of the man of Bastelica who once upon a time possessed a wife and a mill. The mill

brought him in next to nothing; but his wife—there are perhaps few just like her—thought her good man could do nothing wrong. Said the miller, then, one day: 'Let us sell our mill; it hardly earns us bread; while if we only had a cow, she would supply us with fresh milk and butter, and maybe a calf, which we could sell with profit.'

'Thou art right as ever,' replied his wife; 'let us sell the mill.'

So the miller sold it for six hundred francs, and with this money he purchased a cow at the neighbouring fair, and started merrily on his homeward way. He had not travelled far, however, before he began to feel fatigued.

'I was stupid,' thought he, 'to buy this cow; some day she may toss me with her horns and kill me; whereas a horse would always be useful. He would carry me on my journeys; and a little grass would suffice for his food.'

Just then, a man on horseback passed that way, and an exchange was soon effected. The animal was of no great value, certainly; but for a time the miller rejoiced over his bargain. Then he began to reflect: 'A horse will be of little use to me, for I cannot ride all day; assuredly, a goat would serve my purpose better.'

A shepherd coming along readily gave the finest goat of his flock for the miller's horse. Our Bastelicacciu was not yet satisfied, however; the goat was sold for twenty francs; the twenty francs bought a hen and her brood of chickens; these in their turn were disposed of for a sack of potatoes. But the way was long and the potatoes were heavy; so the miller, in a fit of anger, tumbled sack and all into the nearest stream, and finally reached home empty-handed.

'And the cow, where hast thou put her?' asked his wife.

'Oh, I exchanged her for a good horse; and then, as the horse would not always be useful to us, I chose instead a fine fat goat, that might supply us daily with fresh milk.'

To the wife's query, 'Where was the goat?' our friend related how the goat was disposed of, how he bought the hen and chickens, how these were replaced by the sack of potatoes, which was finally emptied into the stream.

'Thou hast done wisely,' quoth the good woman. 'Such a heavy load might perchance have crushed thee by its weight.' And so, quite contentedly, the miller and the miller's wife went supperless to bed; and the story-teller adds a moral à la Æsopian method: 'May every youth one day possess such a treasure of a wife as this; but Heaven preserve the maidens from marrying a Bastelicacciu!'

It is not only the nursery tales of our childhood, however, that reappear in these popular folk of the Corsican peasantry; many other familiar stories have somehow found their way into the wild mountains and wooded valleys, and are curiously interwoven with threads of local colouring. Shakespeare might be a name unknown to the swartly herdsman; but tell him the story of King Lear, and of the fatuous decision that brought his life to so pitiful an end, and his dark eyes will flash and his mobile features kindle with interest as he gives you its counterpart from his store of legends, save and except the tragic sequel of the play. Here, also,



he will tell you the king has three children, two daughters and a son. Feeling the approach of old age and its infirmities, he summons them before him, and declares his intention of dividing among them his kingdom and all his wealth; but first of all desires to know the measure of their affection. The eldest daughter vows that she loves him more than her life, that for his sake she would renounce her hopes of Heaven. The son in his turn declares that his affection for his father outweighs his desire to reign in his place, that to please such a parent he would throw himself, if need be, into a fiery furnace. Then comes the old king's youngest daughter, his favourite child, and, like Cordelia, she makes no extravagant protestations, but modestly says that she loves him as a dutiful and affectionate daughter ought to love so kind a father. This reply enrages the infatuated king, and he orders her out of his sight. Marie wanders away in the disguise of a shepherdess, and meets with many wonderful adventures before the inevitable Prince comes to her rescue; but she steadfastly refuses to marry him unless her father can be present at the ceremony. Meanwhile, however, the poor old king has been so cruelly ill-treated by his unnatural children that he has lost his reason; and it is only after many months of tender care and loving attention that Marie's devotion is rewarded, and the king regains his throne. Then the wicked son and daughter are punished as they deserve; Cordelia's prototype is married, and everybody lives happily ever after.

We have spoken hitherto of the popular folk-tales, or of those in which may be traced a resemblance to stories familiar to us from our childhood. If we turn now to the class of legends properly so called, we shall see how deep a vein of superstition runs through the nature of the true-born Corsican. Not even the superstitious Irish peasant can have a firmer belief in the 'good people' whom he sees dancing in the pale moonlight by the edge of a lonely bog, or beneath the green shade of the forest trees, than has the hardy mountaineer of this wild, half-civilised island in the fairies supposed to haunt some gloomy grotto or rocky cave. It may be by the side of a little mountain lake, half hidden by the overhanging cliff, or in the dim recesses of some wild forest but rarely trodden by the foot of man, that the fairy has made her home; it matters little; but her presence there is as certain, her personality as real to the credulous villagers, as were ever the dryads and nymphs of old to the cultured imaginative Greeks and Romans. From time to time she appears in human form to some favoured mortal; but vanishes out of sight if he dare venture on too familiar an approach.

How much or little of these wild fancies may have owed their origin to the myths of ancient Rome would now be impossible to determine; but it is curious to trace in some few lingering superstitions a vague resemblance to certain rites and ceremonies that were familiar to the Romans from earliest times, and which would doubtless have been introduced by them into the lands they conquered. When Corsica became a Roman province, heathen temples were erected here and there, in which the augurs were wont to pro-

pitiate the gods by sacrifices, or to foretell future events through such mystic signs as the flight of birds and the entrails of beasts. Of these one dim remembrance still exists in the practice of sooth-saying by means of bones. The fortune-teller will take the left shoulder-blade (scapula) of a goat or sheep, and in the vague lines or marks upon its polished surface pretend to read the destiny of the person who seeks his aid. That the left shoulder-blade alone is efficacious is proved by an old proverb, 'la destra spalla stalla' (the right one deceives). Many famous Corsicans are said to have had their fortunes told by means of the scapula, the most noteworthy example being that of Napoleon I. When the future Emperor was a child, an old herdsman of Ghidaggo renowned for his skill in augury examined the scapula one day, and saw depicted there a forest tree rising straight and tall with wide-spreading branches, but scanty and feeble roots. From this he foresaw that a Corsican would one day rise to honour and renown, and would become a mighty ruler for a time; but that his reign, though glorious, would be short and his overthrow complete.

Omens and portents are firmly believed in, and probably nowhere are ghosts treated with such profound respect as in Corsica. Many a stalwart peasant who would not flinch before the onslaught of an enemy, who is brave in battle, untiring in the chase, will shrink and tremble in abject terror if compelled to traverse a burial-ground at dead of night. Should a sudden death occur in the village, there will not be wanting those who will tell you with scared looks and bated breath that they at least were prepared to hear the sad tidings, for did not the *maluccella*—a bird of evil omen, somewhat resembling the banshee of Irish folk-tales—utter its wailing cry three nights in succession over the roof of the dead man's house, and was not the sound heard of a muffled drum beaten by invisible hands upon its doorstep? In this class there is one specially grim superstition which relates to the *Squadra d'Arrozza* (the Brotherhood of the Dead). It is supposed to consist of those whose earthly career was ended long ago, but who still retain a semblance of the duties they were once called upon to perform. Before the death of some exalted personage, just at the midnight hour they sweep, a ghostly train, through the silent streets, each phantom form concealed beneath a monkish cloak and cowl, and bearing lighted tapers in their hands. Not a sound is heard as this gruesome mockery of a funeral procession passes by, but woe betide the unfortunate individual who may chance to cross its path: let him beware lest the spectres surround him unawares; in such a case he is surely lost, but if he preserve his presence of mind and keep a firm front, they will disappear at earliest cockcrow, and thus he may know the warning is not meant for him.

We might easily multiply these instances of strange credulity, and quote many more of the quaint superstitions, that, handed down as they are by word of mouth from father to son, have grown into the very hearts of the people; but enough has been told to show how far behind his contemporaries the Corsican peasant still is in the scale of civilisation. After all, is he on that account an object of unmixed pity? Surely

not. When we think how slight an impression the 'education of the masses' can ever make upon the squalid misery that throngs the courts and alleys of our great cities, we may be content to leave to the simple-hearted mountaineer his myths and fancies, since they are nurtured by the very conditions of the untrammelled life he leads amidst the wild scenery and beneath the blue cloudless skies of his beautiful island home.

### ÆSTHETIC BIRDS.

SOME little time ago a naturalist called the attention of the public to a pair of goldfinches which had made use of the blossoms of the blue forget-me-not to form a border to their nest, thus showing both appreciation of colour, and taste for art. Darwin, indeed, has attributed much of the beauty of the plumage of birds, those loveliest of Nature's children, to their innate love of colour and beauty of form, which has tended to improve and perfect the various ornamental colours and appendages adorning the winged denizens of forest and woodland, whether in the tropics or in more temperate climes.

Leaving the difficult and complex, although most interesting subject of bodily adornment to be treated of by professed naturalists, we would call attention to a few less known instances of the æsthetic tastes of birds, which, as leading sometimes to theft and cruelty, can hardly be said to redound to their credit.

The fact has long been recognised that many birds are fond of glittering objects. The raven, the magpie, jackdaw, and many other British birds will steal and hide anything which pleases the eye, using the stolen goods sometimes in the adornment of their nests, perhaps for the gratification of their youthful progeny; but birds kept in captivity will often make a secret hoard of glittering things, apparently for their own special gratification. Many instances are on record of rings, spoons, chains, &c., supposed to have been stolen, having been found after months or years, in the hiding-place to which they have been conveyed by some favourite bird, or in some cases by rats, which seem to share the æsthetic tastes of 'feathered fowl.'

The ostrich when domesticated will snatch at buttons, rings, thimbles, or anything shining, and swallow it—a propensity shared by the crane and some other large birds requiring hard substances to assist the process of digestion. Mrs Martin in her amusing book, *Home Life on an Ostrich Farm*, tells a story of an ostrich which snatched and swallowed a valuable diamond pin, upon which a council was held as to which was the most valuable, the bird or the diamond; and as it was during the time when ostriches realised fabulous prices, the bird's life was spared, and he was allowed to retain his prize. It has been proved that ostriches in the Zoological Gardens have been killed by swallowing the pence presented to them by a curious and injudicious public. But in their wild state there does not appear to be any special fondness for glittering objects; at least no instances are recorded of any accumulated hoard of shining stones or other bright-looking substances in or around

the nests of these birds; otherwise, the nests of ostriches would have been frequently searched in expectation of finding in them diamonds and gold.

The most remarkable instance of æstheticism among birds is that exhibited by the Australian bower-birds, who build long galleries in which to play, adorning them with shells, feathers, leaves, bones, or any coloured or glittering object which comes in their way. Captain Stokes described one of these bower-birds as taking a shell alternately from each side of the bower and carrying it through in its beak. Lummholtz describes several of these play-houses of the bower-birds; he says they are always to be found 'in small brushwood, never in the open field; and in their immediate vicinity the bird collects a mass of different kinds of objects, especially snail-shells, which are laid in two heaps, one at each entrance—the one being always much larger than the other. There are frequently hundreds of shells, about three hundred in one heap and thirty in the other. There is usually a handful of green berries partly inside and partly outside the bower.' He also in his interesting book, *Among Cannibals*, describes a play-ground of what would appear to be a different species of this bird, showing even greater æsthetic taste. 'On the top of the mountains I heard in the dense scrubs the loud and unceasing voice of a bird. I carefully approached it as it sat on the ground, and shot it. It was one of the bower-birds, with a gray and very modest plumage, and of the size of a thrush. As I picked up the bird, my attention was drawn to a fresh covering of green leaves on the black soil. This was the bird's place of amusement, which beneath the dense scrubs formed a square about a yard each way, the ground having been cleared of leaves and rubbish. On this neatly-cleared spot, the bird had laid large fresh leaves, one by the side of the other, with considerable regularity; and close by he sat singing, apparently extremely happy over his work. As soon as the leaves decay they are replaced by new ones. On this excursion I saw three such places of amusement all near each other, and all had fresh leaves from the same kind of trees, while a large heap of dry withered leaves was lying close by. It seems that the bird scrapes away the mould every time it changes the leaves, so as to have a dark background, against which the green leaves make a better appearance. Can any one doubt that this bird has the sense of beauty?'

'The satin bower-bird,' says Darwin, 'collects gaily-coloured articles, such as the blue tail-feathers of parrakeets, bleached bones and shells, which it sticks between the twigs or arranges at the entrance. Mr Gould found in one bower a neatly-worked stone tomahawk and a slip of blue cotton, evidently procured from a native encampment. The bower of the spotted bower-bird is beautifully lined with tall grasses so disposed that the heads nearly meet; and the decorations are very profuse. Round stones are used to keep the grass-stems in their proper places, and to make divergent paths leading to the bower.'

In all these birds the collection of beautiful objects appears to be simply for ornament, the gratification of æsthetic taste at the cost of much labour; and this taste for the beautiful



would seem to be common to all birds from the lordly ostrich to the tiny humming-bird, which, according to Mr Gould, adorns its nest with bits of coloured lichen and pretty feathers.

There is, however, another species of bird which unites cruelty with its love for the beautiful. This is the butcher-bird, which here in England adorns the thorns around its nest with bees, flies, and other small insects, and even young birds, thus providing for itself, as it would seem, a variety of meat hung till tender, or even a little 'high,' to suit its gastronomic tastes; and hence its name. But it seems doubtful whether these things are intended to serve as food; in some cases they are certainly impaled simply to gratify the æsthetic taste of the cruel little executioner; and it has been noticed that the insects chosen are usually of a bright colour or lustrous in appearance. In countries where gaily-coloured insects abound, this is particularly noticeable; and in South Africa the cruel thorns of the mimosa are adorned with bright-hued beetles, locusts, humble-bees, small birds, and frogs, and sometimes little snakes or lizards, marking the home of the butcher-bird.

Thunberg says: 'Fiscal and Canary-biter were the appellations given to a black and white bird (*Lanius collaris*) which was common in the town, and was to be found in every garden there. As it was a bird of prey, though very small, it sought its food among the insects, such as beetles and grasshoppers, which it not only caught with great dexterity, but likewise, when it could not consume them all, it would stick them upon the pales of farmyards till it had occasion for them, so that one would have supposed them to have been impaled in this manner by human beings. It also caught sparrows and canary birds, but did not devour any more of them than the brains.'

Here we see this little Elagabalus, the dainty epicure, killing birds to regale himself upon their brains, and impaling the corpses in order to enjoy the beauty of colour, changing his wild habits to accommodate himself to town-life, and making use of the pointed stakes set up as fences in gardens and farmyards, instead of the thorns of his native habitat. A similar instance is recorded in America, where, upon the vast prairies of late years, barbed wire fences have been erected; and, there being no thorn-bushes near, this little bird-demon has taken possession of the cruel barbs and used them for his butcheries. For yards, we are told, these iron barbs are hung with beetles, small snakes, and birds, all generally impaled alive; whilst the barbarous little executioner sits on the pole supporting the wire chirping and hopping about in evident enjoyment of the raree-show he has made. His especial delight appears to be a beetle possessing scarlet gauzy wings; this he always impales in a certain manner, which causes the scarlet under wing to drop from the outer wing-case, the bright colour being evidently a great attraction.

The curious thing is that these butcher-birds, or 'shrikes,' living as they do in so many widely-separated lands, should possess everywhere the same æsthetic proclivities and the same adaptability. Whenever they are found in their native wilds, they cover the thorns in the immediate neighbourhood of their nest with their victims; but when they are drawn within the boundary of

human handiwork, they do not scruple to put the resources of civilisation to their own use, thus as it were throwing upon man the burden of their evil deeds. They seem to say in bird language: 'You call us cruel; but why do you place the instruments of cruelty so temptingly before us? You cut down the thorns, but supply their places with spikes and barbs, which are the same as thorns to us, since we can use them for ornamental purposes.'

Tennyson sings of 'Nature red in tooth and claw;' but he has not credited birds of prey with the love of beauty; yet the raven, the magpie, the jay, and the shrike or butcher-bird show as much appreciation of colour and brightness as the bower-bird and the lark, which may be lured from his song at 'heaven's gate' by the glitter of a bit of glass on the greensward; and we may imagine that the hawks were proud of the bells and trappings with which they were adorned by the falconer of old, and attracted by the lure held out to them. Almost all land-birds show something more than architectural skill in the construction of their nests. In the choice of material and the mode of arrangement, the artistic element is often apparent; but with water-birds this is generally wanting. Their nests are rudely constructed, consisting sometimes of only a little hollow scraped in the sand; nevertheless the surroundings, whether by accident or design, are often very beautiful. What can exceed the beauty of a swan's nest embowered in tall reeds and lined with the lovely down from her own breast? But she does not appear to require or desire any foreign adornment, and certainly does not attempt to line her bower with leaves and berries; nor, as far as we recollect, does any sea-bird adorn its habitation with its glittering prey, like the butcher-bird. Their life is probably too hard, and their surroundings too wild, to allow of care for mere ornament; but they need not, therefore, be deficient in æstheticism, although it is less apparent than in the more familiar birds of forest and woodland.

#### WHEN ROSES BLOW.

WHEN Roses blow, you will return to me,  
True heart! across the glad blue summer sea;  
And we through quiet paths again shall stray,  
Or loiter in the old, fond, foolish way,  
To read the names you cut upon a tree,

What time you said: 'Love, I am bound to thee  
In such sweet thrall that nought can set me free,  
And our two lives shall be made one for aye  
When roses blow.'

Now, while pink blossoms flush the grassy lea,  
And wood-birds sing, and winds for very glee  
Shake over all the land the sweet white May,  
I watch the stately ships come in, and say:  
'Please God, how bright and fair my world will be  
When roses blow.'

E. MATHESON.

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## THE WORLD-OLD YEW.

THERE are two kinds of trees peculiarly interesting, by reason of the rich historical and poetical associations which surround them. One, the Oak, we personify as 'King of the Woods;' the other, the Yew, we tenderly plant where our lost loved ones rest. Much that is ennobling in our thoughts is associated with them. The oak is ever to us an emblem of strength, majesty, and courage; the yew, of sorrow, immortality, and gloom. Our poets have often used them to embellish their word-pictures and point their precepts; and our historians have told us with pride of the parts played by their branches, shaped to 'good yew bows' and 'oaken walls' in our country's hours of need. No other trees are so closely connected with our national life and history as the oak and the yew, and the story of their lives is full of interest and instruction. To the latter we wish here more particularly to refer.

The yew (*Taxus baccata*) is indigenous to nearly every country in Europe, being found as far north as the Gulf of Finland, and south to the shores of the Mediterranean. Botanically it belongs to the natural order Coniferae, or Pines, in which family many of the most useful and ornamental trees are classed. The flowers are dioecious—that is, with the staminate and pistillate organs on different trees. It is the oldest of British trees, specimens being still alive which, according to De Candolle, are not less than two thousand years old. In many places throughout the country, especially in the west of England and in Wales, we may still stand beneath the flourishing branches of yews which were nearly full grown at the time of the Conquest. At Aldsworth, in Berkshire, there is still living a yew which measures at the present time twenty-seven feet in circumference, and must be at least one thousand years old. This fine tree is referred to in More's *Berkshire Queries*, under the date 1760, where it is recorded that it was 'nine yards in girth.' So that for at least one hundred and

thirty years it has not increased in size. At Bucklebury, in the same county, stands another time-scarred patriarch, which also measures twenty-seven feet in girth where the branches spring from the trunk.

An interesting group of fine yews exists at Watcombe, on the road from Hungerford to Oxford. The trees are planted in the shape of a cloister court with a pond in the centre, on the site of a pre-Reformation religious edifice connected with the Benedictine Monastery of Huxley, to which house it was given by Geoffrey de Mandeville about 1086 A.D., and referred to in the 'Pipe Rolls' under the date 1166 A.D. The enclosure is still called, by the people of the district, 'Paradise,' the origin of which name can now only be conjectured. It is probably a relic of some ancient monastic symbol. The same name is given to other groups, such as those at Gresford, near Chester; at Chichester, and at Winchester.

A fine pair of trees standing together a little to the rear of the group at Watcombe are known as 'Adam and Eve,' and represent, according to the local legend, our first parents driven out of Paradise. They are of the male and female species, while the foliage of 'Adam' is of a darker shade than that of his companion 'Eve.' Standing still farther from the group is a solitary specimen twenty feet in circumference, which, in the emblematic language of the legend, is the 'Serpent.' This tree shows the effects of time more than any of the others, the trunk being now nearly reduced to a shell, though the top growth is still flourishing. A lateral opening in the trunk is large enough to afford standing-room for six or eight persons.

At Ifley, near Oxford, may be seen an ancient tree, whose furrowed half-prostrate trunk seems 'weary worn with care;' and as we stand beside its bending form, a feeling of sympathy, akin to that which we extend to a fellow-being stooping low with a load of years, rises within us. This yew is considered by competent judges to be the oldest living tree in Britain, and must have been



full-grown long before the first Oxford spire was raised in the vale below.

The largest and finest yew in Scotland is at Craighends, Renfrewshire. It is of a conical shape, and being a comparatively young tree, is in a most vigorous condition. It covers an area of about two hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and rises to a height of forty feet. The bole is eight feet in diameter. This is a grand specimen, and worthy of a visit by any one who appreciates the sublime beauty of trees, and finds in their presence that 'soothing companionship' which Oliver Wendell-Holmes so eloquently praises. There is also a fine group of yews, forming a noble avenue, near the church at Roseneath, on the Gareloch. It stands not far distant from the grand silver firs which are the largest of their kind in the kingdom.

From a geological point of view also, the yew is an interesting tree. We find its trunks in a surprising state of preservation, imbedded in the remains of British forests which flourished long anterior to historic times. On the Norfolk coast near Cromer, and in the remains of the vast forest which existed where the waters of the Bristol Channel now roll, gnarled yew-trunks have been discovered in recent times side by side with the bones of animals which must have been similar in size and form to the elephant and rhinoceros of the present day. It has also been turned up in the bogs of Ireland and Scotland, in the fens of the eastern counties of England, and among the 'moor-logs' submerged at the mouth of the Thames.

At a very early date, the yew was associated with the ideas of sorrow and immortality. We know that the Egyptians used it as a symbol of mourning, and its use in this way seems to have passed from them to the Greek and Roman nations. The early Britons probably learned to attach a funeral signification to it from their Roman conquerors, and the idea has descended from them to us. The reason of its employment in this typical sense is now difficult to trace. Very likely it arose from the characteristic aspect of the tree. To an age ever ready to express its thoughts by symbols, the sombre foliage would suggest the idea of gloom, and its almost unchanging aspect, alike in summer's sunshine and winter's storm, would produce that of immortality.

From an economic point of view the yew is now of little value. When every English army had its contingent of archers its branches supplied wood for bows. By an Act of Edward IV., every Englishman was compelled to procure a bow of his own length, made of yew, wych-hazel, or ash. At one time the wood, which is susceptible of an extremely fine polish, was much used in cabinet-making. It is now, however, very little employed in this way, other kinds of timber having been found more serviceable.

Besides being largely planted in cemeteries, the yew is extensively used as an ornamental tree, on lawns and in shrubberies, its distinctive, erect form, and dark glossy evergreen foliage, making a pleasing contrast to trees of a more spreading habit and with foliage of a lighter shade. In the days when arboriculture was very much a science of clipping, and trees and shrubs were tortured into such fantastic shapes as the figures

of various birds and animals, teapots, pyramids, cones, tables, chairs, and even of human beings, the yew, on account of its dense twiggy habit of growth, and patience under such unnatural treatment, was much used. Some wonderful examples of this kind of tree-culture may still be seen; but happily the fashion is now almost extinct, and the yew, like its fellow-victims the box and juniper, is allowed to assume its natural form.

Our poets make many beautiful and apt allusions to the yew, which seems to have been an interesting object to them. In *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare refers to its use at funerals: 'My shroud of white, stuck all with yew;' and in *Macbeth*, 'the slips of yew silver'd in the moon's eclipse,' point to the well-known poisonous nature of the leaves, as well as to the awe with which the tree was regarded. Tennyson, in *In Memoriam*, refers to the yew's gloom and unchanging aspect in the well-known verses:

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones  
That name the under-lying dead;  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones.  
O! not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale;  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom.

In *The Holy Grail*, also, the Laureate makes a beautiful reference to the yew, in his usual accurate manner:

As they sat  
Beneath a world-old yew-tree darkening half  
The Cloisters, on a gustful April morn  
That puffed the swaying branches into smoke  
Above them, ere the summer when he died,  
The monk Ambrosius questioned Percivale:  
'O! brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke,  
Spring after spring for half a hundred years.'

The gusty April morn puffing the branches into smoke is a fine poetic touch, and is strictly true to Nature, although it is an incident not often noted, even by keen observers of Nature's signs and moods. The 'smoke' is the fine dusty pollen produced by the flowers of the male species shaken from the anther-cells by the wind.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—THE LESSON OF THE STREET.

'CHILD,' said the Master, 'it is time that you should take another lesson.'

'I am ready. Let us begin.' She crossed her hands in her lap and looked up obedient.

'Not a lesson this time from books. A practical lesson from men and women, boys and girls, children and infants in arms. Let us go forth and hear the teaching of the wrecks and the slaves. I will show you creatures who are men and women mutilated in body and mind—mutilated by the social order. Come, I will show you, not by words, but by sight, why Property must be destroyed.'

It was seven o'clock, when Mr Dering ought to have been thinking of his dinner, that Mr

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Edmund Gray proposed this expedition. Now, since that other discourse on the sacredness of Property, a strange thing had fallen upon Elsie. Whenever her Master spoke and taught, she seemed to hear, following him, the other Voice speaking and teaching exactly the opposite. Sometimes—this is absurd, but many true things are absurd—she seemed to hear both voices speaking together: yet she heard them distinctly and apart. Looking at Mr Dering, she knew what he was saying: looking at Mr Edmund Gray, she heard what he was saying. So that no sooner had these words been spoken, than, like a response in Church, there arose the voice of Mr Dering. And it said: 'Come. You shall see the wretched lives and the sufferings of those who are punished because their fathers or themselves have refused to work and save. Not to be able to get Property is the real curse of labour. It is no evil to work provided one chooses the work and creates for one's self Property. The curse is to have to work for starvation wages at what can never create Property, if the worker should live for a thousand years.'

Of the two voices she preferred the one which promised the abolition of poverty and crime. She was young: she was generous: any hope of a return of the Saturnian reign made her heart glow. Of the two old men—the mad man and the sane man—she loved the madman. Who would not love such a man? Why, he knew how to make the whole world happy! Ever since the time of Adam we have been looking and calling out and praying for such a man. Every year the world runs after such a man. He promises, but he does not perform. The world tries his patent medicine, and is no better. Then, the year after, the world runs after another man.

Elsie rose and followed the Master. It was always with a certain anxiety that she sat or talked with him. Always she dreaded lest, by some unlucky accident, he should awaken and be restored to himself suddenly and without warning—say in his Lecture Hall. How would he look? What should she say? 'See—in this place for many years past you have in course of madness preached the very doctrines which in hours of sanity you have most reprobated. These people around you are your disciples. You have taught them by reason and by illustration with vehemence and earnestness to regard the destruction of Property as the one thing needful for the salvation of the world. What will you say now? Will you begin to teach the contrary? They will chase you out of the Hall for a madman. Will you go on with your present teaching? You will despise yourself for a madman.' Truly a difficult position. Habit, however, was too strong. There was little chance that Edmund Gray among his own people, and at work upon his own hobby, would become Edward Dering.

They went out together. He led her—whither? It mattered not. North and South and East and West you may find everywhere the streets and houses of the very poor hidden away behind the streets of the working-people and the well to do.

The Master stopped at the entrance of one of those streets—it seemed to Elsie as if she was standing between two men both alike with different eyes. At the corner was a public-house with swinging doors. It was filled with men

talking, but not loudly. Now and then a woman went in or came out, but they were mostly men. It was a street long and narrow, squalid to the last degree, with small two-storeyed houses on either side. The bricks were grimy; the mortar was constantly falling out between them: the woodwork of doors and windows was insufferably grimy: many of the panes were broken in the windows. It was full of children: they swarmed: they ran about in the road, they danced on the pavement, they ran and jumped and laughed as if their lot was the happiest in the world and their future the brightest. Moreover, most of them, though their parents were steeped in poverty, looked well fed and even rosy. 'All these children,' said Mr Edmund Gray, 'will grow up without a trade: they will enter life with nothing but their hands and their legs and their time. That is the whole of their inheritance. They go to school, and they like school: but as for the things they learn, they will forget them, or they will have no use for them. Hewers of wood and drawers of water shall they be: they are condemned already. That is the system: we take thousands of children every year, and we condemn them to servitude—whatever genius may be lying among them. It is like throwing treasures into the sea, or burying the fruits of the earth. Waste! Waste! Yet, if the system is to be bolstered up, what help?'

Said the other Voice: 'The world must have servants. These are our servants. If they are good at their work, they will rise and become upper servants. If they are good upper servants, they may rise higher. Their children can rise higher still, and their grandchildren may join us. Service is best for them. Good service, hard service, will keep them in health and out of temptation. To lament because they are servants is foolish and sentimental.'

Standing in the doorways, sitting on the door-steps, talking together, were women—about four times as many women as there were houses. This was because there were as many families as rooms, and there were four rooms for every house. As they stood at the end of the street and looked down, Elsie observed that nearly every woman had a baby in her arms, and that there were a great many types or kinds of women. That which does not surprise one in a drawing-room, where every woman is expected to have her individual points, is noticed in a crowd, where, one thinks, the people should be like sheep—all alike.

'A splendid place, this street, for such a student as you should be, my Scholar.' The Master looked up and down—he sniffed the air, which was stuffy, with peculiar satisfaction: he smiled upon the grubby houses. 'You should come often: you should make the acquaintance of the people: you will find them so human, so desperately human, that you will presently understand that these women are your sisters. Change dresses with one of them: let your hair fall wild: take off your bonnet'—

'Shall I then be quite like them?' asked Elsie. 'Like them, Master? Oh! not quite like them.'

'Not quite like them,' he said. 'No; you could never talk like them.'

He walked about among the people, who evi-



dently knew him, because they made way for him, nodded to him, and pretended, such was their politeness, to pay no attention to the young lady who accompanied him.

'Every one of them is a study,' he continued. 'I could preach to you on every one as a text. Here is my young friend Alice Parden, for instance'—he stopped before a pale girl of seventeen or so, tall and slender, but of drooping figure, who carried a baby in her arms. 'Look at her. Consider. Alice is foolish, like all the Alices of this street. Alice must needs marry her chap a year ago, when she was sixteen and he was eighteen. Alice should be still at her club in the evening and her work in the daytime. But she must marry, and she is a child-mother.—Is he out of work still?' Alice nodded, and hugged her baby closer. Mr Edmund Gray shook his head in admonition, but gave her a coin, and went on. 'Now, look at this good woman'—he stopped before a door where an Amazon was leaning—a woman five feet eight in height with brawny arms and broad shoulders and a fiery furnace for a face—a most terrible and fearful woman.—'How are you this evening, Mrs Moss? And how is your husband?'

Long is the arm of coincidence. Mrs Moss was just beginning to repose after a row royal; she was slowly simmering and slowly calming. There had been a row royal, a dispute, an argument, a quarrel, and a fight with her husband. All four were only just concluded. All four had been conducted on the pavement, for the sake of coolness and air and space. The residents stood around: the controversy was sharp and animated: the lady bore signs of its vehemence in a bruise, rapidly blackening, over one eye, and abrasions on her knuckles. The husband had been conducted by his friends from the spot to the public-house at the corner, where he was at present pulling himself together, and forgetting the weight of his consort's fists, and solacing his spirit with strong drink.

'How is my husband?' the lady repeated. 'Oh! I'll tell you. I'll tell you, Mr Gray, how my husband is. Oh! how is he? Go look for him in the public-house. You shall see how he is and what he looks like.' She descended two steps, still retaining the advantage of the lowest. Then, describing a semicircle with her right arm, she began an impassioned harangue. The residents fled, right and left, not knowing whether in her wrath she might not mistake the whole of them, collectively, for her husband. The men in the public-house hearing her voice, trembled, and looked apprehensively at the door. But Mr Gray stood before her without fear. He knew her better than to run away. The lady respected his courage, and rejoiced in a sympathetic listener. Presently she ran down: she paused: she gasped: she caught at her heart: she choked: she wept. She sat down on the doorstep, this great strong woman, with the brawny arms and the fiery face, and she wept. The residents crept timidly back again and gathered round her, murmuring sympathy: the men in the public-house trembled again. Mr Gray grasped her by the hand and murmured a few words of consolation; for indeed there were great wrongs, such as few wives even in this street expect, and undeniable provocations. Then he led his Scholar away.

At the next house he entered, taking Elsie with him to a room at the back where a woman sat making garments. She was a middle-aged woman, and though very poorly dressed, not in rags: the room was neat except for the garments lying about. She looked up cheerfully—her eyes were bright, her face was fine—and smiled. 'You here, Mr Gray?' she said. 'Well, I was only thinking yesterday how long it is since you came to see me last. I mustn't stop working, but you can talk.'

'This is a very special friend of mine,' said the Master. 'I have known her for ten years, ever since I began to visit the street. She is always cheerful: though she has to live on sweating work and sweating pay. She never complains. She lives like the sparrows, and eats about as much as a sparrow: she is always respectable. She goes to Church on Sundays: she is always neat in her dress. Yet she must be always hungry.'

'Ah!' said the woman, 'you'd wonder, Miss, if you knew how little a woman can live upon.'

'Oh! but,' said Elsie, 'to have always to live on that little!'

'She is the daughter of a man once thought well to do.'—'He was most respectable,' said the woman.—'He died, and left nothing but debts. The family were soon scattered, and—you see—this street contains some of those who have fallen low down as well as those who are born low down. It is Misfortune Lane as well as Poverty Lane. To the third and fourth generation, misfortune, when it begins—the reason of its beginning is the wickedness of one man—still persecutes and follows the family.'

'Thank you, Miss,' said the woman. 'And if you will come again sometimes— Oh! you needn't be afraid. No one would hurt a friend of Mr Gray.' So they went out.

On the next doorstep and the next and the next, there sat women old and young, but all of these had the same look and almost the same features—they were heavy-faced, dull-eyed, thick-lipped, unwashed, and unbrushed. 'These,' said the Master, 'are the women who know of nothing better than the life they lead here. They have no hope of rising: they would be unhappy out of this street. They bear children: they bring them up, and they die. It is womanhood at its lowest. They want warmth, food, and drink, and that is nearly all. They are the children and grandchildren of women like themselves, and they are the mothers of women like themselves. Savage lands have no such savagery as this, for the worst savages have some knowledge, and these women have none. They are mutilated by our system. We have deprived them of their souls. They are the products of our system. In a better order these people could not exist: they would not be allowed parents or birth. The boy would still be learning his trade, and the girl would be working at hers. That little woman who meets her troubles with so brave a heart has been sweated all her life—ever since her misfortunes began: she takes it as part of the thing they call life: she believes that it will be made up to her somehow in another world. I hope it will.'

'All these people,' said the other Voice, 'are what they are because of the follies and the

vices of themselves and their fathers. The boy-husband has no trade. Whose fault is that? The rickety boy and the rickety girl bring into the world a rickety baby. Whose fault is that? Let them grow worse instead of better until they learn by sharper suffering that vice and folly bring their punishment.'

'You see the children,' continued the Master, 'and the mothers. You do not see any old men because this sort mostly die before they reach the age of sixty. Those who are past work and yet continue to live go into the House. The girls you do not see because those who are not forced to work all the evening as well as all the day are out walking with their sweethearts. Nor the men because they are mostly in the public-house. They are all hand-to-mouth working men: they live by the job when they can get any. When they are out of work, they live upon each other. We hide this kind of thing away in back streets like this, and we think it isn't dangerous. But it is. Formerly, the wreckage huddled together bred plagues and pestilences, which carried off rich and poor with equal hand, and so revenged itself. In other ways, the wreckage revenges itself still.'

'This kind of people,' said the other Voice, 'may be dangerous. We have a Police on purpose to meet the danger. They would be quite as dangerous if you were to give them free dinners and house them without rent. The class represents the untamable element. They are always a danger. To cry over them is silly and useless.'

They walked down the street. Everybody knew Mr Edmund Gray. He had a word for all. It was evident that he had been a visitor in the street for a long time: he had the air of a proprietor: he entered the houses and opened doors and sat down and talked, his disciple standing beside him and looking on. He asked questions and gave advice—not of a subversive Socialistic kind, but sound advice, recognising the order that is, not the order that should be.

All the rooms in this street were tenanted, mostly a family to each. In many of them work was going on still, though it was already eight o'clock. Sometimes it would be a woman sitting alone in her room like a prisoner in a cell, stitching for dear life: sometimes three or four women or girls sitting all together, stitching for dear life: sometimes a whole family, little children and all, making matches, making canvas bags, making paper bags, making card-boxes, all making—making—making for dear life. And the fingers did not stop and the eyes were not lifted, though the visitors opened the door and came in and asked questions, to which one replied in the name of all the rest.

It is an old, old story—everybody knows the slum: people go to gaze upon it; it is one of the chief sights of Victorian London, just as a hundred and fifty years ago it was one of the sights to see the women flogged at Bridewell. Not such a very great advance in civilisation, perhaps, after all.

'It is a hive—the place is swarming with life,' said the girl, who had never before seen such a street.

'Life means Humanity. All these people are so like you, my Scholar, that you would be surprised. You would not be like them if you

were dressed in these things, but they are like you. They want the same things as you—they have the same desires—they suffer the same pains. What makes your happiness? Food—warmth, sufficiency, not too much work. These are the elements for you as well as for them. In my system they will have all these—and then perhaps they will build up, as you have done, an edifice of Knowledge, Art, and Sweet Thoughts. But they are all like you. And most in one thing. For all women of all classes, there is one thing needful. These girls, like you, want love. They all want love. Oh, child! they are so like you, so very like you—these poor women of the lowest class. So very like their proud sisters.' He paused for a moment. Elsie made no reply. 'You see,' he continued, 'they are so hard at work that they cannot even lift their eyes to look at you—not even at you, though they so seldom see a girl among them so lovely and so well dressed. One would have thought—but there is the Whip that drives—that dreadful Whip—it hangs over them and drives them all day long without rest or pause. Their work pays their rent and keeps them alive. It just keeps them alive, and that is all. No more. It must be hard to work all day long for another person—if you come to think of it. Happily, they do not think. And all this grinding poverty—this terrible work, that one family may be able to live in a great house and to do nothing.'

'They are working,' said the other Voice, 'because one man has had the wit to create a market for their work. His thrift, his enterprise, his clearness of sight, have made it possible for these girls to find the work that keeps them. If they would have the sense not to marry recklessly, there would be fewer working girls, and wages would go up. If their employer raised their wages only a penny a day, he would benefit them but little and would ruin himself. They must learn—if they can—the lesson of forethought by their own sufferings. No one can help them.'

As Mr Edmund Gray walked into the houses and out again Elsie went with him, or she waited outside while he went in. Sometimes she heard the chink of coin: sometimes she heard words of thanks. The Socialist, whatever he taught, practised the elementary form of charity possible only for those who have money. Elsie remarked this little point, but said nothing.

'What you see here,' said the Master, 'is the lowest class of all—if one ever gets to the lowest level. For my own part, I have seen men and women so wretched that you would have called them *miserrimi*—of all created beings the most wretched. Yet have I afterwards found others more wretched still. In this street are those who make the lowest things: those who can make nothing, and have no trade, and live on odd jobs: and those who can neither make nor work, but thief and lie about.'

'I see all that; but, dear Master, what will your new order do for such people? Will it make those who will not work industrious?'

'It will give every producer the fruits of his own labour: it will teach a trade to every man, and find men work. And those who cannot work, it will lock up until they die. They shall have no children. Perhaps it will kill them all. It might be better. We will have no human failures



in our midst. That street is full of lessons, all calling aloud for the destruction of Property.'

Then the other Voice spoke: 'The presence of the human failure is a lesson always before us—a warning and a lesson to rich and poor alike. As he is, so all may be. None are so rich but they may be brought to poverty: none so poor but they may be poorer. So far from hiding away the wreckage, it is always in our sight. It prowls about the streets: we can never escape it. And it fills all hearts with terror: it spurs all men to industry and invention and perseverance. The human failure inspires a never-ending hymn in praise of Property.'

### TRIAL OF THE PYX.

It is one of the many privileges, so abundant in our favoured land, that we are entitled to a genuine coinage. In the first of the witty and ingenious *Draper Letters*, written by Swift in 1724 against the copper coinage, which the English government was then introducing into Ireland, he refers to an observation by Lord Coke upon a certain act of parliament as far back as the reign of Edward I. 'By this act,' says that learned authority, 'it appears that no subject can be forced to take in buying or selling or other payment, any money made but of lawful metal, that is, of silver or gold.' From this Swift reasoned, somewhat extravagantly, that Irishmen were fully justified in refusing to take 'Mr Wood's halfpence' under any circumstances whatever. Without, however, discussing the position of the Dean of St Patrick's with regard to the ironmaster's 'filthy trash,' as he called it, the privilege of British subjects which he quotes is undoubtedly of the highest importance. The advantage of possessing a reliable medium of exchange is felt in all commercial transactions of whatever degree; and the disadvantage of its absence is experienced in a slight measure when, in spite of Lord Coke, one is hoodwinked by a 'smasher' into the acceptance of a counterfeit coin. This is happily of rare occurrence, so that the bitter feelings usually aroused on such occasions should eventually end in profound thankfulness to our ever-glorious Constitution which secures the life of the honest tradesman from a frequency of such vexations.

In this connection, it may be of interest to know that systematic precaution is taken to ensure that the coin circulating in this realm is 'made but of lawful metal,' not only for individual satisfaction but for national credit, so that English money may be, as we believe it is, 'firmamentum belli et ornamentum pacis.' The character of the coins issued from Her Majesty's Mint is examined year by year at the 'Trial of the Pyx,' as it is called. On this occasion, a jury of not less than six 'competent freemen' of the Goldsmiths' Company are empanelled at the Goldsmiths' Hall to verify the weight and fineness of the gold and silver coinages of the past twelve months. They are sworn before the Queen's Remembrancer, who points out the importance of their task. They are then handed the pyx coins, which it is their duty to weigh and assay and report upon. These coins consist of pieces that have been taken out during the year,

impartially, one from each journey weight or bag of finished work before it is delivered by the Mint to the Bank. When the coins are selected, they are placed in a packet which is sealed with the Mint seal and carefully locked in the pyx or chest (whence the phrase, 'Trial of the Pyx') until the time appointed for the trial, which generally takes place early in July.

The duties of the jurymen are very clearly defined by an Order in Council dated the 29th June 1871. They have to ascertain that the number of coins in each packet corresponds with the number represented to be there by the officers of the Mint, who are to be in attendance at the Hall. Each coin must be weighed to show whether it is within the prescribed 'remedy' or legal allowance as to weight. They are to take some of the coins and melt them into an ingot, which they must assay and compare with the standard trial plate in the custody of the Board of Trade. Some of the remaining pieces they must assay separately, in order to discover whether each coin is of the millesimal fineness specified by the Coinage Act, 1870, or its partial amendment, 1891. They are then to formulate their verdict in writing, and deliver the same to the Queen's Remembrancer, from which copies are made for the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and the Mint, and also for publication in the *London Gazette*.

Though the verdicts since 1871, when the trial was first held annually, have been satisfactory, the imperative necessity of some such appeal to a legal standard will be recognised when it is considered that a slight deficiency on each piece becomes a serious amount in a large coinage. For instance, if the gold coined in 1890 (nearly eight millions) had been issued only one per mil. below the standard assay, that is, containing 913.6 parts of gold instead of 914.6 per 1000, the lowest legal proportion, it would mean a loss of upwards of £8500. And if every sovereign had weighed a grain too little, that is, 122.074 instead of 123.074 grains, the lowest legal weight, the total deficiency would have been nearly £65,000.

Evidently this offers a ready if not a righteous mode of replenishing the royal treasury chests. And it is a notorious historical fact that very few, if any, of our impecunious monarchs have been immaculate in respect to this temptation. Silver coins are said to have been first debased in the time of Edward I., and from his reign downwards they have varied in approximation to the normal weight and standard according to the necessities of the throne. The spendthrift Henry VIII. reduced the silver pound (in tale) from eleven oz. two dwt. of silver and eighteen dwt. of alloy, which has been the standard composition from Saxon times to the present, to four oz. of silver and eight of alloy. And this proportion was actually decreased by Edward VI. to three oz. of silver and nine of alloy in the Troy pound. After such flagrant debasements, 'Good Queen Bess's' little scheme of coining sixty-two shillings instead of sixty to the pound is scarcely worth mentioning. In the reign of Queen Anne, the guinea, which was originally issued as a twenty-shilling piece, was raised in nominal value to thirty shillings. And at the same period, W. Lowndes, in his 'Report for the Amendment of Silver Coins, London, 1695,' makes

a general complaint of 'lackage' in the weight of the currency. As an instance, he refers to 572 bags of silver money weighed at the receipt of the Exchequer. It appears from his statement that the 'medium' (mean) weight of each £100 by tale was 198 oz. 18 dwt.  $\frac{1}{2}$  gr., showing a 'medium' deficiency of 188 oz. 3 dwt.  $21\frac{1}{2}$  gr. from the Mint standard, or nearly one-half the correct weight. *Tempora mutantur!* What would a modern pyx jury say to this?

And this disgraceful condition of the coinage cannot be excused through want of balances to weigh closer than half a piece. For it is on record that, before this, in the reign of Charles I., the Attorney-general, Noy, on seeing the accuracy of the beam employed, exclaimed with a burst of candour, unusual in an astute lawyer, 'I should be loth that all my actions should be weighed in these scales.' If we may not conclude from this that their balances indicated the thousandth part of a grain as at present, it is only fair to the machines to suppose that they were not used to weigh the coins that got into Mr Lowndes' hands. And a very probable hypothesis of the defalcation is that wickedness existed somewhere in the high places.

Though, however, the examination of the pyx is, *ipso facto*, a means of security to the nation, it must not be supposed that it originated with the people as a check upon the king. On the contrary, it originated with the king as a check upon those who held the contract for coining his money. For until 1850 the coinages were actually executed by the Moneyers, a private firm who claimed 'the prescriptive right to coin all Her Majesty's moneys.' The Mint Master was the officer held responsible to the sovereign by written indentures, which gave him explicit directions and particulars as to the coinage. And the trial of the pyx, held at the will and pleasure of the Crown, was a formal inquiry into his integrity in fulfilling those indentures. If the pyx coins proved good in weight and fineness, the master of the Mint was released from his responsibility; but any violation of the contract was severely dealt with. Cases are on record in which moneyers convicted of counterfeiting the coins were condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; and, for less flagrant offences, they had to lose the right hand.

It is not improbable, from documentary evidence, that this inquiry was first instituted in the reign of Henry II. (1154-1189). At any rate, in the ninth or tenth year of Edward I., the king commanded the barons of the Exchequer by writ to take with them the warden of the Mint and open the boxes of the assay at London and Canterbury, and make the assay in such a manner as the 'king's council is wont to do.' But in 1345 we have an undoubted reference to the trial of the pyx; for the terms of the indenture between Edward III. and Percival de Perche are still in existence; and the mode of the 'tryall' is given in detail. As soon as the moneys were 'coyned and compleate,' one piece was to be taken from every five-pound weight of gold, and kept in a chest with two keys and sealed with two seals, the one to remain with the king's deputy, and the other with the master. The box was to be opened every three months before the council of the king, the warden and the master being present,

and the moneys to 'bee assaid before them, and being found good and convenable, the said master to have letters pattents for his discharge, and being found otherwyse the master to pay the kinge or his deputy that which shall apperteyne.' This is precise enough; and in the Cotton manuscripts there is an account of an assay of gold nobles, five years later, 1352, when they were compared with some florins of Florence kept in the Treasury as standards. The Egerton papers of the time of Elizabeth contain an 'order of ratinge of thassaies of the Mynte in the realme of Englande by the Queene's Majesties most Honourable Counsell in the Star-chamber of oulde tyme.' And it is recorded by the old chroniclers that on May 9, 1611, James I. was present as usual at the trial of the pyx in the Tower of London, and that the 'English Solomon' diligently 'viewed and examined the state of his Money and Mint.'

The intervals between these trials has been of considerable variation. Edward III., as has been quoted, caused them to be made every three months; but in general they were held just when the state pleased, sometimes at the appointment of a new master, that the old one might receive his quietus, and sometimes when the coinage reached a certain amount. The trial of the pyx in 1799 was held after a period of four years, and when about seven millions had been coined. But when the actual manufacture of money was brought under direct government control in 1870, the Coinage Act of that year enacted that 'For the purpose of ascertaining that coins issued from the Mint have been coined in accordance with this act, a trial of the pyx shall be held at least once in every year in which coins have been issued from the Mint.' The superior advantage of this more frequent check upon the officers of the Mint is obvious, and should be sufficient to inspire the most widespread confidence.

## THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

### CHAPTER III.—COMING SHADOWS.

BRATHRIG BECK falls into Brathrig Mere; and there, under the shelter of the broad brown Fell lies the little village of Linlaven, with the church-tower standing forth above the trees, and the blue lake stretching out beyond, filling every creek and bend of the shore with its brimming waters.

The place is lovely in its solitude, with the great hills girdling it round and shutting it in. It might be the Happy Valley of Rasselas: for the clamour and tumult of life reach it not. It is warmed by the sunshine, and beaten upon by storms; but the sound of the great world beyond comes not anigh. Yet, alas! though these guardian hills may beat back and keep afar off the roaring tide of life as it surges through the streets of great cities and around the high places of mankind, they cannot wholly shut it out. Its ebb and flow make themselves felt here, even in this the shallowest backwater of the ocean of humanity. Its pulsations come and go amid these solitudes with as rhythmic a beat as in the lanes of London City. And how? Because the human heart is here. Which is as much as to say, that love is here, and hate; that



joy is here, and grief; that here are pain and passion and despair, sin and death and the grave.

And that old man, weary and worn and fever-stricken: what would he here amid these solitudes in the wild October storm of yesterday? Thought he that Nemesis, awful daughter of Night, knew not her way hither? Saw he not the church-tower of Linlaven rising there amid the trees?—At its feet is the green churchyard, full of the graves of men.

The storm of yesternight had died away upon the hills, but it had left mournful traces of its fury behind. High up on the broad Fell, many a tall pine has been shattered and riven, lying now with upturned roots in the wan morning light. The old elm that yesternoon shook its withered boughs, rustling dim dead leaves in the rising sun, has fallen across the village street, and the children stare with round eyes of wonder at its hollow bole, knowing not that corruption and decay had been eating into its heart for years. The great willow that hung over the deep still pool where Brathrig Beck falls into Brathrig Mere, is also stricken down; nor shall it ever again fan the air with gray leaves, and whisper dark secrets to the summer moon, of fair pale faces and floating hair, and midnight shrieks along the mere.

A very little thing moves the half-stagnant waters of life in a village community. Had the storm of last night been the only troubler of the waters, it would doubtless this morning have been the talk and wonder of every one; the old folks counting how far back it was since they had had such another storm, and how much worse that was than this one; and the young folks wondering how it was that people could remember things so far back: they could hardly remember yesterday's lessons.

But now, the finding of the stranger upon the moor far outdid all other subjects of human interest. Rafe the pedlar, who had discovered him with that inquisitive lantern of his—which was always glaring about with its one eye to see if it couldn't pick up a bargain—Rafe was quite a hero to-day. He had to tell the story a dozen times in the course of the forenoon; but he managed to make rather a profitable business out of it. The old women found he was not very communicative upon the subject until they had sampled and paid for a few of his wares, and then it was amazing what he could tell. The wild wind, the swaying and moaning of the trees by the Dead Water, the awful terror he experienced in passing the tree where the smugglers hanged the exciseman, and then, to crown all, the groans and strange sounds he heard when at last he reached the brow of the Fell, and saw the corpse-like thing lying before him! But further than that he would not go. He might say more than his head was worth. Who knows who the old man might be? No, no; Lawrence Dale said he had talked the matter over, and least said soonest mended. 'But maybe, kimmers, when I come round next, the sough may hae blawn past, and wha kens what I may tell ye, ance I can do it wi' safety, and just out o' pure friendship. Sae, good-day, i' noo.'

Upon the whole, the result was rather disappointing to the gossips; but Rafe knew he had

planted a little seed of curiosity and expectancy in their minds that would keep them from forgetting him till he came back again.

In the course of the forenoon the Doctor arrived at the vicarage. The patient had in the meantime, by the Vicar's orders, been removed to a room in a cottage near the mill, where Lawrence Dale and his wife had promised to see to his wants; and thither the Vicar and the Doctor bent their steps. Clara, in whose mind a strange curiosity had been stirred as to the old man, accompanied them, and looked anxiously at the Doctor's proceedings. The patient was in much the same condition as she had last seen him; and the Doctor pronounced him to be suffering from what appeared to be brain-fever, due, in view of the circumstances under which he had been found, to fatigue and exposure, and possibly privation.

Before she left the room, Clara whispered to the Vicar: 'Grandpapa, go forward and look at the poor man; do you think you could ever have seen him before?'

The Vicar did so, looking long and anxiously at the man's face. 'No,' he said, as he returned to her side. 'I am certain I never saw him before, nor am I able to see anything in his features that resembles any one I have ever known.'

Clara did not reply; but her mind was not quite at rest. She did not, however, say anything about what she had seen and heard in the early morning; and they left the house together.

No perceptible change occurred in the patient's condition during that or the following day; but in the early hours of the third morning, while Lawrence and Mrs. Dale were sitting with him, some symptoms of a change made themselves manifest. The strugglings of the crazed brain within the man were subsiding; his voice had sunk almost into silence, though there was still a death-like pallor on his face. By-and-by he sank into what appeared to the sympathetic watchers to be a calm and peaceful slumber. Was it, thought they, the blessed sleep that precedes a healthful awakening, or was it the comatose languor that should end in death?

It was Sabbath morning, and Clara visited the cottage on her way to church. The village was as calm and silent as the great brown hills that looked down upon it on every side. No tinkle of hammer on anvil came from the village smithy; the six days' rumble and whirl of shaft and pinion in the old mill was at an end, and the big water-wheel stood up gaunt and idle, lazily dripping in the morning sun. Brown leaves lay thick along the margin of the lake, on the smooth steely surface of which the church and church-tower were impictured as in a mirror. The little flower-plot in front of the cottage wore a lifeless and dejected look, as if sadly conscious that its summer glory was over and gone; and from the trailing roses and creepers that still clung to the cottage wall, the yellow leaves every now and again fell with a faint shiver to the ground.

Clara entered, and was struck by the strange stillness that filled the room, and the slumberous quiet of the apparently dying man. The sunlight came slantingly in at door and window—not rich and mellow as in the golden glow of summer, but with a cold and silvery splendour,

that gave lustre but little warmth to the chill October air. The chirp and twitter of birds upon the housetops, or the slow heavy footstep of a passing villager, was all that broke the silence; and there, beneath the eyes of the silent watchers, the sick man calmly slumbered on.

All at once the sound of the church bells broke upon the quiet air, entering with the sunlight the open door, and startling the sleeper where he lay. He moved at first uneasily, as in pain; then lay like one who sleeps, yet seems to listen in his sleep. The bells rang on, their clangour softened by distance; the rich melody filling the air and flooding the room as with the rush and rustle of angels' wings.

No one spoke. The sleeper moved once more, and looked up. The wild light had died out of his eyes, and the harsh lines of his face were softened and subdued as if an angel's hand had touched them into peace. It was life—not death. The battle had been fought, the tribulation had been endured, and the hand of the Destroyer had been stayed—for a time.

'Them beautiful bells!'

It was the sick man who spoke, his face for the moment lit up with a kind of sweet radiance. At length his eyes fell on Lawrence. 'Where be I?' he asked; 'and what beautiful bells be those?'

'Thou be among friends,' Lawrence replied; 'and the bells are the bells of Linlaven.'

'Ah,' said the man, as if the words conveyed no information to his mind. Then he lay quite still for a few minutes, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts; perhaps considering within himself the possibilities that might have occurred. And again he spoke.

'Happen that some one ha' took me up. I knowed I was out in the dark night, in the storm, well nigh a-dyin' of hunger and weariness and pain—and then I feels myself falling and falling—and knowed that this were the end o' me at last. Then all of a sudden I was far away in the old church at home, kneeling by mother's side, and the great bells in the tower were ringing out slowly and sweetly, and all the church was filled with sunshine and pleasant music, as I ha' seen it many and many's the time long ago. Mother took my hand in hers as I knelt beside her, and I could see the old look of love deep down in her eyes. "Giles, my lad, say *Our Father*." And I said it with her till we came to *Forgive us our sins*—when it all changed, quick and sudden-like, into darkness. I could not lift my eyes, and a great pain was at my heart, and all around was nothing but darkness—darkness! Then my eyes were opened, and I saw thee beside me here—and them beautiful bells, they still rang on. What may it all mean?'

'It means,' said Lawrence, 'that thou ha' been very ill, and ha' had a sore wrastle for thy life. But ask no more at present; thou will hear all when thou be stronger.'

Clara all this while had stood a little apart, strangely moved by what she saw and heard, comparing her former impressions with her present. Then she moved quietly out of the house, and took her way to the church.

'Lawrence,' said Mrs Dale to her husband apart; 'I ha' been thinkin' o' that thou told

me as to what the poor old man said up on the Fell, and I can't believe it. It were main bad of us to think ill o' him. That ain't the face of a bad man, whatever is.'

The autumn had passed into winter, and winter into spring, and the old man whom Rafe the pedlar had found on Brathrig Fell on that stormy night last October was still in Linlaven. He did not die. His recovery was slow, but, thanks greatly to the patient nursing of Mrs Dale, he did recover.

'Uncle Giles.' That was the name he was known by. He had never offered to give his full name to any one, and no one among those about him quite cared to ask him for it. He was excessively fond of children, and they of him; and one day a little girl, with that innocent temerity which sits so well on childhood, asked him what his name was. The man looked taken aback for a minute; then he replied, that the little children he had known in other places always called him Uncle Giles. And so he came to be called in Linlaven, not by the children only, but by every one.

All the same, it was a little strange, this reticence and this desire for obscurity. As you may be sure, it did not escape the attention of the villagers. It was indeed much talked of—in his absence. There must be some reason for it. Was he 'wanted?' What would it be? Theft? No, he did not look like a man who would steal. Murder? Never; he was too gentle and mild even to have given deadly injury to any one. Smuggling? Ah, that might be it. For it was observed that he was not what is called poor. After his recovery, he had himself paid the doctor's bill, and ever since he had been indebted to no one for the simple necessities of his life. That must be it: smuggling. And once the villagers arrived at this conclusion, it was rather an element in his favour than otherwise.

But this suspicion was not all; for Mrs Dale thought she saw more. She had satisfied herself that, immediately after his recovery, he desired nothing more than to get away from Linlaven as quickly as possible. He was restless, and anxious, and evidently bent upon taking his departure. And in all probability he would have been gone long ere now, but for the fact that the winter had been a singularly severe one. It was quite a month after his being carried into Linlaven before he was able to leave his bed, and yet another month before he was in a fit state to travel; by which time the winter had set in, fierce and keen. Great falls of snow had taken place, and the hills lay stretched motionless under their white shrouds like so many dead giants. The roads for weeks were blocked, and it was not possible to cross the wild Fells in any direction. Winter had in fact besieged Linlaven, shutting it up as closely as was ever beleaguered city in time of war.

This old man, therefore, who called himself Giles, was to Lawrence Dale and his wife, as also to the Vicar and Clara, not only the object of much kindly attention but also of some degree of interest. At first they had simply pitied and cherished him as a poor child of misfortune and distress, driven by the vicissitudes of fate within



the scope of their sympathies; but as they knew him better, they began at once to like and to respect him. He was a man of few words, manifesting his sense of gratitude in his looks and manner rather than by any set form of speech.

But there was one that got nearer to the old man's heart than all the rest. This was Lucy Norham, Clara's child. A merry prattling thing, with all the winning ways of a little sylph of five years, she came to know and to understand him as if by intuition, and to love him also as the very young are often seen to love the very old. She it was who had had the hardihood to look up into the old man's face and to ask him his name. She would transport into his cottage the little playthings that were dearest to her for the time, and spend hours at the old man's feet, until her nurse appeared to fetch her home. Sometimes, as she sat on his knee, her fair hair falling over her shoulders, he would stroke with gentle hand the shining locks, and gaze into the deep blue of her young eyes, as though he were about to recall in her face some vanished image of the past. And when, in the course of that fierce mid-winter—when fog and frost and snow lay everywhere, and icicles hung from windows and doorways—disease laid its hand on the little maid, not one of all the villagers waited for news of her recovery with a deeper anxiety than did this ancient castaway who loved her.

Moreover, as the spring returned, and the soft west winds were once more rippling the lake, life seemed to have grown brighter for the old man. It was found that he possessed no slight mechanical skill in various ways; and in order to encourage him to settle in the village, Lawrence Dale had the top-storey of the Old Grange fitted up with a carpenter's bench and other requisites, and Uncle Giles soon found his hands filled with such work as the united wants of the little community provided for him. Here, therefore, the old man bestowed himself in his working hours, and here, when the spring sun shone soft on the vicarage garden, scarce a day would pass in which he was not aware of a pair of little feet climbing the tall stairs, and a little voice shouting out for 'Uncle Giles.' Then would he leave his tools, and go half-way down the stairs to lift the little Lucy in his arms, and carry her up beside him, to watch him at his work, and to cheer him by her happy innocence and childish prattle.

With this improvement in the old man's physical surroundings had come also a corresponding improvement in his health and appearance. As strength returned to his tall and naturally athletic frame, and his step became firmer, and his face less pale and emaciated, the neighbours were fain to admit that he did not look quite so old as they at first had thought him. It was true his hair was gray—even white; but we know that time is not alone the producer of gray hairs. There are other snows than those of age; other frosts that whiten men's heads—ay, and blench men's hearts too—than those that fall from the chill breath of passing years.

The spring had grown into summer, and now June was almost treading on the skirts of May. The leaf had returned to the tree, and the meadows were green with the springing grass. Down the lanes the hawthorn was white with

flowers, and the scent of blossoming orchards was sweet on the air. Amid all this, the old man, with his recovered health and strength might have been as happy and contented as most of his neighbours deemed him; but he was not. This discontent, or rather restlessness, was not apparent to outsiders; but there was one whose keen yet kindly eye did not fail to discern it, and that one was Lawrence Dale's wife, Milly. With a woman's fine instinct, she saw that he was urged by the old mysterious impulse to arise and depart from among them.

When these fits were on him, he would wander for hours about the distant margin of the lake, and through sequestered lanes, shunning, and evidently desirous of shunning, the presence of his neighbours. He had come back one evening from one of those solitary wanderings, and was seated on the bench outside his cottage door, looking across the shining mere to where the great sun was glowing in the western sky. A thrush, on the topmost twig of the leafy elm that overhung the cottage roof, was making all the air musical with its rich mellow notes, only keeping silence at intervals for the reply which came back to it from that other in the clump of leafy beeches below. But the old man heeded not their music. His face wore a look of deep sadness, as he sat there, gazing at the lake with its wavy flow of golden-crested ripples. Was he thinking of the future?—or of the past? Thinking, it may be—who knows?—of both: of the time, perhaps, when, under the black sails of some withering sorrow or deed of sin, he had scoured the seas in search of that dragon which he was never to slay, and in the hope of returning under the white sails of that victory which had never been his.

At that moment a little hand was laid on his, causing him to start suddenly, like a man in fear. It was only the little maid Lucy.

'I have come to bid you good-night, Uncle Giles; and Dolly have come too. You must kiss Dolly first, 'cause she's the pincipal baby.' And she held a very much battered little image of a doll up to him. 'Oh, Uncle Giles,' she went on, 'Dolly and I have been looking for you for hours—and hours—and hours!' And she gazed up into his face with wistful eyes.

The old man only said, 'Ah, my little Lucy!' and gathered her up into his long arms, and set her on his knee. As he kissed her, a hot drop fell upon her cheek. Just then, he looked up and saw Milly watching him from her cottage door; so, kissing the child once more, he set her down, and went hurriedly into his own house.

His confused and agitated demeanour had not escaped Milly's eye; hence, as soon as she had taken Lucy up to the vicarage, and returned, she walked straight towards his house, and entered. It was as she had half expected. The worn brown valise stood packed on the table, as if its owner were meditating an early departure.

'Surely, Uncle Giles,' Milly said, pointing to the valise, 'thou be not going to leave us?'

'Happen I may, missus,' he answered, as he lifted the tell-tale bundle and put it away. He went on: 'I shouldn't oughtn't to ha' been here so long. Only one thing ha' kept me, or I ain't nowise sure if I had been wi' thee till now.'

'What is that, Giles?'

'Well, missus, it be that bairn o' Mrs Norham's—little Lucy. There's a summat that binds that lass to me as I can't explain nohow, not even to mysen.'

'Then why should thou go? Ain't thou well here, and well liked?'

'Happen as that be so,' he replied. 'I weren't complainin' o' no one. But mine ha' been a wanderin' life; and though I be well pleased to stay within sound o' Linlaven bells, yet happen sometime I may stay a day too long. I ain't a-wishin' to go; but maybe, lass, there's a summat as shall make me.'

### HEREDITARY CLERGYMEN.

It has not yet been proved, though Mr Galton has attempted to do so, that genius and ability are qualities capable of being transmitted from father to son. But it is frequently seen that for several generations families have followed one particular profession, and as they have often done so with considerable success, it is to be presumed that they inherited abilities that peculiarly adapted them for the hereditary calling. There are families that can, and do, boast of their four or five successive generations engaged in the law or medicine or trade. The clerical profession has been particularly favoured in this direction, almost every religious denomination having had families who for generations have devoted themselves to the ministerial or sacerdotal functions. A very prominent family among the Jews, the Adlers, have long held high rank in their church. In the last century flourished the Rabbi Beer Adler. He was father of Mordecai Adler, Chief Rabbi of Hanover, whose son, the Rev. Dr Nathan Adler, was for a great number of years Chief Rabbi of England. Dr Nathan Adler's son, Dr H. Adler, having been for some years Delegate Chief Rabbi of England, has now succeeded his father. Thus four generations of the Adler family have held the Rabbinate; and a passage in the will of Dr Nathan Adler points to there being still another generation in the person of the son of the present Chief Rabbi, carrying out the priestly traditions of the family.

In the Church of Rome, the celibacy of the clergy prevents the direct transmission of the priestly office; but there are numerous families—for instance, the Vaughans, to which the Archbishop of Westminster belongs—in which one or more members of several generations have become clergymen. An exception to the general rule of celibacy in the Romish Church is the case of the semi-secular Deans of Whalley, whose marriages would appear to have been considered quite legal, and who were hereditary clergymen in every sense, the Deanery going to the eldest son, just as a civil title does at the present time. This family was for eight generations connected with the Deanery of Whalley, the line ceasing in the thirteenth century.

The Church of England has had many examples of clerical families. In some cases these families, having inherited the presentation of a living, have, very naturally, brought up one of their members in holy orders to keep the benefice in the family. In others, doubtless, a strong theological bias has almost forced its members

to enter the Church; and it has even been suggested that these clerical families have inherited from their ancestors sermons, and thus having a good stock of these essentials, have chosen the preaching career merely to utilise their heirlooms.

One of the oldest of the clerical families is the Collins family of Cornwall. This was founded at the Reformation by one of the earliest of the married priests, a certain Edward Collins, who was instituted Rector of Illogan in 1533. He and his descendants were Rectors of the same place for the next one hundred and fifty-one years, a break of twelve years excepted. For five generations the clerical descent of this family runs from father to son; then for two generations from uncle to nephew; then a father and son; diverging from the main line it goes for two generations from uncle to a nephew, who is now living—thus making a total of eleven generations each represented by one or more clergymen. For a period of over three hundred and fifty years some member of the Collins family has been in holy orders. The Collins family has been connected with the Church for half a century longer than the Newcome family, to which, however, it must yield the palm as regards the distinction attained by its members.

The Newcome family was established by Stephen Newcome, who in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was Curate of Gorton. He had an only son, Stephen, who became, in 1617, Rector of Caldecot. This Stephen left several children, three of whom became clergymen. From the eldest of these sons descended Daniel Newcome, Dean of Gloucester; William Newcome, Archbishop of Armagh; and a number of rectors and vicars. From the second of the three brothers also descended clergymen of the Established Church; while from the third, Henry Newcome of Manchester, the celebrated Presbyterian minister, and ejected Vicar of Gawsworth, descended a line of clergy that even now, after a lapse of a couple of hundred years, is in a flourishing condition. Henry Newcome, though himself a staunch Nonconformist, does not appear to have had any objection to his children conforming. Of his three sons, two were clergymen, Henry, the eldest son, being Rector of Middleton, Lancashire; while the youngest, Peter, became Rector of Hackney. Peter had two clerical sons, Peter, Rector of Shenley; and Richard, Bishop of St Asaph. The Rector of Shenley was father of Henry Newcome, Vicar of Gresford, who was the father of Richard, Archdeacon of Merioneth, and of Thomas, Rector of Shenley. The Rev. Thomas Newcome was father of the present Rev. H. J. Newcome, Rector of Shenley, and of the Rev. Edward W. Newcome. The present representatives of this family are thus the eighth generation of priests of the Church of England, all, it is said, holding benefices, and all, with the exception of Henry Newcome of Gawsworth and Manchester, episcopally ordained.

The Newcomes are surpassed in interest, though not in years, by the eminent family of Wesley, the first clerical member of which was Bartholomew Wesley, Rector of Catherston and Charmouth, Dorsetshire, from both of which livings he was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662. Bartholomew Wesley married a grand-



daughter of Archbishop Loftus of Dublin, and had a son, John Wesley, M.A., who was also amongst the ejected ministers in 1662. His wife was of a clerical family, being daughter of the Rev. John White, and a relation of Bishops Townson and Davenant, besides being niece of Fuller, the author of the *Worthies*. The son of John Wesley was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, who, though brought up by his widowed mother with the intention of entering the Nonconformist ministry, was ordained a clergyman of the Established Church, and held the Rectory of Epworth. Samuel Wesley married the daughter of Dr Samuel Annesley, an eminent dissenting minister. Three of the sons of this marriage were clergymen—Samuel; John, the founder of Methodism; and Charles. The next generation, instead of being clergymen, were musicians; but the family profession was resumed by a grandson of Charles Wesley—namely, Dr Wesley, Chaplain to the Queen. Dr Wesley's death in 1859 terminated the clerical career of his family, he and his ancestors having been ordained priests during a period of two hundred and fifty years, the continuity of the descent being only broken by his father, Wesley the musician.

The Dodsons of Hurstpierpoint are another example. Jeremiah Dodson was for about thirty years a London rector, holding his living during the troubled times of Charles II. and James II. His son of the same name became Rector of Hurstpierpoint, in which living he was succeeded by his son, Christopher Dodson; and he in his turn by his son, John Dodson, D.D. In the next generation, Sir John Dodson deserting the family calling, held several important judicial offices, and became a Privy-councillor. Sir John's son was a few years ago created Lord Monk Bretton.

The present Bishop of Lincoln is the representative of an important family which now records its five generations of clerical descent. The first clergyman of the family was Dr James King, Dean of Raphoe in 1775; he was father of Dr Thomas King, Preliminary of Canterbury, and of Dr Walker King, Bishop of Rochester. Two of Bishop King's sons were clergymen, the elder being Archdeacon King, who was father of Canon Walker King, and of Dr Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln. Canon King's son is also in holy orders.

The King family is by no means the only family that can boast of more than one bishop. The family of Law, of which the patriarch was a country curate, can claim three bishops. The curate's son became Bishop of Carlisle in 1768. Two of the bishop's sons also attained the episcopal bench, the one as Bishop of Clonfert, the other as Bishop of Bath and Wells. The Bishop of Bath was father of Canon Law of Chester, and grandfather of several clergymen.

The Law family, with its three bishops, is scarcely to be compared, in respect to the number of its episcopal members, with the Synges of Ireland, who were perhaps the most fortunate of all the families systematically following the Church as a profession. Two brothers, George and Edward Synges, were respectively Bishops of Cloyne and Cork during the seventeenth century. In the next generation two of the sons of Bishop Edward became, the one Dean of Kildare, the other Archbishop of Tuam. The Archbishop's

two sons became Bishop of Elphin and Bishop of Killaloe. The Bishop of Killaloe died in 1771, when the episcopal honours of the family ceased, though several later members were clergymen.

In modern times there have been in England three families who have devoted themselves to the Church, and have deservedly attained high rank in it. These families are the Wilberforces, Wordsworths, and Bickersteths. The first is quite of recent clerical origin, but already includes two bishops. The second includes a Dean of Christ Church, a Bishop of Lincoln, a Bishop of St Andrews, and a Bishop of Salisbury. To the third belong the late Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Japan; Edward Bickersteth, an evangelical preacher of considerable eminence, and the Dean of Lichfield.

The list of clerical families is by no means exhausted. Five generations of the Bisses were clergymen, the earliest being Archdeacon of Taunton in 1580; and the latest, Bishop of Hereford in 1721; while the Bests and Carsons were for five, the Woodroffes for six, and the Haringtons and Harrisons for five generations, clergymen of the Established Church.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S EXPLOIT.

It was a wet dreary night in that cheerless part of the great metropolis known as Wapping. The rain which had been falling heavily for hours still fell steadily on to the sloppy pavements and roads, and joining forces in the gutter, rushed impetuously to the nearest sewer. The two or three streets which had wedged themselves in between the docks and the river, and which, as a matter of fact, really comprise the beginning and end of Wapping, were deserted, except for a belated van crashing over the granite roads, or the chance form of a dock-labourer plodding doggedly along, with head bent in distaste for the rain, and hands sunk in trouser-pockets.

'Beastly night,' said Captain Bing, as he rolled out of the private bar of the *Sealor's Friend*, and ignoring the presence of the step, took a little hurried run across the pavement. 'Not fit for a dog to be out in.'

He kicked, as he spoke, at a shivering cur which was looking in at the crack of the bar-door, with a hazy view of calling its attention to the matter, and then pulling up the collar of his rough pea-jacket, stepped boldly out into the rain. Three or four minutes' walk, or rather roll, brought him to a dark narrow passage, which ran between two houses to the water-side. By a slight tack to starboard at a critical moment, he struck the channel safely, and followed it until it ended in a flight of old stone steps, half of which were under water.

'Where for?' inquired a man, starting up from a small penthouse formed of rough pieces of board.

'Schooner in the tier, *Smiling Jane*,' said the captain gruffly, as he stumbled clumsily into a boat, and sat down in the stern. 'Why don't you have better seats in this 'ere boat?'

'They're there, if you'll look for them,' said the waterman; 'and you'll find 'em easier sitting than that bucket.'

'Why don't you put 'em where a man can see 'em?' inquired the captain, raising his voice a little.

The other opened his mouth to reply, but realising that it would only lead to a long and utterly futile argument, contented himself with asking his fare to trim the boat better, and pushing off from the steps, pulled strongly through the dark lumpy water. The tide was strong, so that they made but slow progress.

'When I was a young man,' said the fare with severity, 'I'd ha' pulled this boat across and back afore now.'

'When you was a young man,' said the man at the oars, who had a local reputation as a wit, 'there wasn't no boats; they was all Noah's arks then.'

'Stow your gab,' said the captain, after a pause of deep thought.

The other, whose besetting sin was certainly not loquacity, ejected a thin stream of tobacco-juice over the side, spat on his hands, and continued his laborious work, until a crowd of dark shapes surmounted by a network of rigging loomed up before them.

'Now, which is your little barge?' he inquired, lugging strongly to maintain his position against the fast-flowing tide.

'Smiling Jane,' said his fare.

'Ah,' said the waterman, 'Smiling Jane, is it? You sit there, cap'en, an' I'll row round all their sterns while you strike matches and look at the names. We'll have quite a nice little evening.'

'There she is,' cried the captain, who was too muddled to notice the sarcasm; 'there's the little beauty. Steady, my lad.'

He reached out his hand as he spoke, and as the boat jarred violently against a small schooner, seized a rope which hung over the side, and swaying to and fro, fumbled in his pocket for the fare.

'Steady, old boy,' said the waterman affectionately. He had just received twopence-halfpenny and a shilling by mistake for threepence. 'Easy up the side. You ain't such a pretty figger as you was when your old woman made such a bad bargain.'

The captain paused in his climb, and poising himself on one foot, gingerly felt for his tormentor's head with the other. Not finding it, he flung his leg over the bulwark and gained the deck of the vessel as the boat swung round with the tide and disappeared in the darkness.

'All turned in,' said the captain, gazing owlishly at the deserted deck. 'Well, there's a good hour an' a half afore we start; I'll turn in too.'

He walked slowly aft, and sliding back the companion-hatch, descended into a small evil-smelling cabin, and stood feeling in the darkness for the matches. They were not to be found, and growling profanely, he felt his way to the state-room, and turned in all standing.

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daughter of Archbishop Loftus of Dublin, and had a son, John Wesley, M.A., who was also amongst the ejected ministers in 1662. His wife was of a clerical family, being daughter of the Rev. John White, and a relation of Bishops Townson and Davenant, besides being niece of Fuller, the author of the *Worthies*. The son of John Wesley was the Rev. Samuel Wesley, who, though brought up by his widowed mother with the intention of entering the Nonconformist ministry, was ordained a clergyman of the Established Church, and held the Rectory of Epworth. Samuel Wesley married the daughter of Dr Samuel Annesley, an eminent dissenting minister. Three of the sons of this marriage were clergymen—Samuel; John, the founder of Methodism; and Charles. The next generation, instead of being clergymen, were musicians; but the family profession was resumed by a grandson of Charles Wesley—namely, Dr Wesley, Chaplain to the Queen. Dr Wesley's death in 1859 terminated the clerical career of his family, he and his ancestors having been ordained priests during a period of two hundred and fifty years, the continuity of the descent being only broken by his father, Wesley the musician.

The Dodsons of Hurstpierpoint are another example. Jeremiah Dodson was for about thirty years a London rector, holding his living during the troubled times of Charles II. and James II. His son of the same name became Rector of Hurstpierpoint, in which living he was succeeded by his son, Christopher Dodson; and he in his turn by his son, John Dodson, D.D. In the next generation, Sir John Dodson deserting the family calling, held several important judicial offices, and became a Privy-councillor. Sir John's son was a few years ago created Lord Monk Bretton.

The present Bishop of Lincoln is the representative of an important family which now records its five generations of clerical descent. The first clergyman of the family was Dr James King, Dean of Raphoe in 1775; he was father of Dr Thomas King, Prebendary of Canterbury, and of Dr Walker King, Bishop of Rochester. Two of Bishop King's sons were clergymen, the elder being Archdeacon King, who was father of Canon Walker King, and of Dr Edward King, Bishop of Lincoln. Canon King's son is also in holy orders.

The King family is by no means the only family that can boast of more than one bishop. The family of Law, of which the patriarch was a country curate, can claim three bishops. The curate's son became Bishop of Carlisle in 1768. Two of the bishop's sons also attained the episcopal bench, the one as Bishop of Clonfert, the other as Bishop of Bath and Wells. The Bishop of Bath was father of Canon Law of Chester, and grandfather of several clergymen.

The Law family, with its three bishops, is scarcely to be compared, in respect to the number of its episcopal members, with the Synges of Ireland, who were perhaps the most fortunate of all the families systematically following the Church as a profession. Two brothers, George and Edward Synges, were respectively Bishops of Cloyne and Cork during the seventeenth century. In the next generation two of the sons of Bishop Edward became, the one Dean of Kildare, the other Archbishop of Tuam. The Archbishop's

two sons became Bishop of Elphin and Bishop of Killaloe. The Bishop of Killaloe died in 1771, when the episcopal honours of the family ceased, though several later members were clergymen.

In modern times there have been in England three families who have devoted themselves to the Church, and have deservedly attained high rank in it. These families are the Wilberforces, Wordsworths, and Bickersteths. The first is quite of recent clerical origin, but already includes two bishops. The second includes a Dean of Christ Church, a Bishop of Lincoln, a Bishop of St Andrews, and a Bishop of Salisbury. To the third belong the late Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Japan; Edward Bickersteth, an evangelical preacher of considerable eminence, and the Dean of Lichfield.

The list of clerical families is by no means exhausted. Five generations of the Bisses were clergymen, the earliest being Archdeacon of Taunton in 1580; and the latest, Bishop of Hereford in 1721; while the Bests and Carsons were for five, the Woodroffes for six, and the Haringtons and Harrisons for five generations, clergymen of the Established Church.

#### THE CAPTAIN'S EXPLOIT.

It was a wet dreary night in that cheerless part of the great metropolis known as Wapping. The rain which had been falling heavily for hours still fell steadily on to the sloppy pavements and roads, and joining forces in the gutter, rushed impetuously to the nearest sewer. The two or three streets which had wedged themselves in between the docks and the river, and which, as a matter of fact, really comprise the beginning and end of Wapping, were deserted, except for a belated van crashing over the granite roads, or the chance form of a dock-labourer plodding doggedly along, with head bent in distaste for the rain, and hands sunk in trouser-pockets.

'Beastly night,' said Captain Bing, as he rolled out of the private bar of the *Sailor's Friend*, and ignoring the presence of the step, took a little hurried run across the pavement. 'Not fit for a dog to be out in.'

He kicked, as he spoke, at a shivering cur which was looking in at the crack of the bar-door, with a hazy view of calling its attention to the matter, and then pulling up the collar of his rough pea-jacket, stepped boldly out into the rain. Three or four minutes' walk, or rather roll, brought him to a dark narrow passage, which ran between two houses to the water-side. By a slight tack to starboard at a critical moment, he struck the channel safely, and followed it until it ended in a flight of old stone steps, half of which were under water.

'Where for?' inquired a man, starting up from a small penthouse formed of rough pieces of board.

'Schooner in the tier, *Smiling Jane*,' said the captain gruffly, as he stumbled clumsily into a boat, and sat down in the stern. 'Why don't you have better seats in this 'ere boat?'

'They're there, if you'll look for them,' said the waterman; 'and you'll find 'em easier sitting than that bucket.'

'Why don't you put 'em where a man can see 'em?' inquired the captain, raising his voice a little.

The other opened his mouth to reply, but realising that it would only lead to a long and utterly futile argument, contented himself with asking his fare to trim the boat better, and pushing off from the steps, pulled strongly through the dark lumpy water. The tide was strong, so that they made but slow progress.

'When I was a young man,' said the fare with severity, 'I'd ha' pulled this boat across and back afore now.'

'When you was a young man,' said the man at the oars, who had a local reputation as a wit, 'there wasn't no boats; they was all Noah's arks then.'

'Stow your gab,' said the captain, after a pause of deep thought.

The other, whose besetting sin was certainly not loquacity, ejected a thin stream of tobacco-juice over the side, spat on his hands, and continued his laborious work, until a crowd of dark shapes surmounted by a network of rigging loomed up before them.

'Now, which is your little barge?' he inquired, lugging strongly to maintain his position against the fast-flowing tide.

'Smiling Jane,' said his fare.

'Ah,' said the waterman, 'Smiling Jane, is it? You sit there, cap'en, an' I'll row round all their sterns while you strike matches and look at the names. We'll have quite a nice little evening.'

'There she is,' cried the captain, who was too muddled to notice the sarcasm; 'there's the little beauty. Steady, my lad.'

He reached out his hand as he spoke, and as the boat jarred violently against a small schooner, seized a rope which hung over the side, and swaying to and fro, fumbled in his pocket for the fare.

'Steady, old boy,' said the waterman affectionately. He had just received twopence-halfpenny and a shilling by mistake for threepence. 'Easy up the side. You ain't such a pretty figger as you was when your old woman made such a bad bargain.'

The captain paused in his climb, and poising himself on one foot, gingerly felt for his tormentor's head with the other. Not finding it, he flung his leg over the bulwark and gained the deck of the vessel as the boat swung round with the tide and disappeared in the darkness.

'All turned in,' said the captain, gazing owlishly at the deserted deck. 'Well, there's a good hour an' a half afore we start; I'll turn in too.'

He walked slowly aft, and sliding back the companion-hatch, descended into a small evil-smelling cabin, and stood feeling in the darkness for the matches. They were not to be found, and growling profanely, he felt his way to the state-room, and turned in all standing.

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'The mate's been at it again,' said the captain warmly, 'that's what he has. He's done



it afore and got left behind. Them what can't stand drink, my man, shouldn't take it, remember that.'

'He said we wasn't going to sail till Wen'sday,' remarked the man, who found the captain's attitude rather trying.

'He'll get sacked, that's what he'll get,' said the captain warmly. 'I shall report as soon as I get ashore.'

The subject exhausted, the seaman returned to his work, and the captain continued steering in moody silence.

Slowly, slowly darkness gave way to light. The different portions of the craft, instead of all being blurred into one, took upon themselves shape, and stood out wet and distinct in the cold gray of the breaking day. But the lighter it became, the harder the skipper stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked from the deck to the flat marshy shore, and from the shore back to the deck again.

'Here, come here,' he cried beckoning to one of the crew.

'Yessir,' said the man advancing.

'There's something in one of my eyes,' faltered the skipper. 'I can't see straight; everything seems mixed up.—Now, speaking deliberate and without any hurry, which side o' the ship do you say the cook's galley's on?'

'Starboard,' said the man promptly, eying him with astonishment.

'Starboard,' repeated the other softly. 'He says starboard, and that's what it seems to me.—My lad, yesterday morning it was on the port side.'

The seaman received this astounding communication with calmness, but as a slight concession to appearances, said 'Lor!'

'And the water-cask,' said the skipper; 'what colour is it?'

'Green,' said the man.

'Not white?' inquired the skipper, leaning heavily upon the wheel.

'Whitish-green,' said the man, who always believed in keeping in with his superior officers.

The captain swore at him.

By this time two or three of the crew who had overheard part of the conversation had collected aft, and now stood in a small wondering knot before their strange captain.

'My lads,' said the latter, moistening his dry lips with his tongue, 'I name no names—I don't know 'em yet—and I cast no suspicions, but somebody has been painting up and altering this 'ere craft, and twisting things about until a man 'ud hardly know her. Now, what's the little game?'

There was no answer, and the captain, who was seeing things clearer and clearer in the growing light, got paler and paler.

'I must be going crazy,' he muttered. 'Is this the *Smiling Jane*, or am I dreaming?'

'It ain't the *Smiling Jane*,' said one of the seamen; 'leastways,' he added cautiously, 'it wasn't when I came aboard.'

'Not the *Smiling Jane*!' roared the skipper; 'what is it, then?'

'Why, the *Mary Ann*,' chorused the astonished crew.

'My lads,' faltered the agonised captain after

a long pause. 'My lads.' He stopped and swallowed something in his throat. 'I've been and brought away the wrong ship,' he continued with an effort; 'that's what I've done. I must have been bewitched.'

'Well, who's having the little game now?' inquired a voice.

'Somebody else 'll be sacked as well as the mate,' said another.

'We must take her back,' said the captain, raising his voice to drown these mutterings. 'All hands stand by to shorten sail.'

The bewildered crew went to their posts, the captain gave his orders in a voice which had never been so subdued and mellow since it broke at the age of fourteen, and the *Mary Ann* took in sail, and, dropping her anchor, waited patiently for the turning of the tide.

The church bells in Wapping and Rotherhithe were just striking the hour of mid-day, though they were heard by few above the noisy din of workers on wharves and ships, as a short stout captain and a mate with red whiskers and a pimply nose stood up in a waterman's boat in the centre of the river and gazed at each other in blank astonishment.

'She's gone, clean gone,' murmured the bewildered captain.

'Clean as a whistle,' said the mate. 'The new hands must ha' run away with her.'

Then the bereaved captain raised his voice and pronounced a pathetic and beautiful eulogy upon the departed vessel, somewhat marred by an appendix in which he consigned the new hands, their heirs, and descendants, to every conceivable misery.

'Ahoy,' said the waterman, who was getting tired of the business, addressing a grimy-looking seaman hanging meditatively over the side of a schooner. 'Where's the *Mary Ann*?'

'Went away at half-past one this morning,' was the reply.

'Cos here's the cap'en an' the mate,' said the waterman, indicating the forlorn couple with a bob of his head.

'My eyes!' said the man, 'I s'pose the cook's in charge then. We were to have gone too, but our old man hasn't turned up.'

Quickly the news spread amongst the craft in the tier, and many and various were the suggestions shouted to the bewildered couple from the different decks. At last, just as the captain had ordered the waterman to return to the shore, he was startled by a loud cry from the mate.

'Look there!' he shouted.

The captain looked. Fifty or sixty yards away, a small shamefaced-looking schooner, so it appeared to his excited imagination, was slowly approaching them. A minute later a shout went up from the other craft as she took in sail and bore slowly down upon them. Then a small boat put off to the buoy, and the *Mary Ann* was slowly warped into the place she had left ten hours before.

But while all this was going on, she was boarded by her captain and mate. They were met by Captain Bug, supported by his mate, who had hastily pushed off from the *Smiling Jane* to the assistance of his chief. In the two leading features before mentioned he was not unlike the

mate of the *Mary Ann*, and much stress was laid upon this fact by the unfortunate Bing in his explanation. So much so in fact, that both the mates got restless; the skipper, who was a plain man, and given to calling a spade a spade, using the word 'pimply' with what seemed to them unnecessary iteration.

It is possible that the interview might have lasted for hours had not Bing suddenly changed his tactics and begun to throw out dark hints about standing a dinner ashore, and settling it over a friendly glass. The face of the *Mary Ann's* captain began to clear, and as Bing proceeded from generalities to details, a soft smile played over his expressive features. It was reflected in the faces of the mates, who by these means showed clearly that they understood the table was to be laid for four.

At this happy turn of affairs Bing himself smiled, and a little while later a ship's boat containing four boon companions put off from the *Mary Ann* and made for the shore. Of what afterwards ensued there is no distinct record, beyond what may be gleaned from the fact that the quartette turned up at midnight arm-in-arm, and affectionately refused to be separated—even to enter the ship's boat, which was waiting for them. The sailors were at first rather nonplussed, but by dint of much coaxing and argument broke up the party, and rowing them to their respective vessels, put them carefully to bed.

### SINGULAR FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

THE Etruscans of old believed in three kinds of lightning—one incapable of doing any injury; another more mischievous in its character, and consequently only to be issued with the consent of a quorum of twelve gods; and a third carrying mischief in its train, and for which a regular decree was required from the highest divinities in the Etruscan skies. Curiously enough, modern scientists, following the lead taken by Arago, have also decreed that the varieties of lightning are threefold. The first comprehends that in which the discharge appears like a long luminous line, bent into angles and zigzags, and varying in complexion from white to blue, purple, or red. This kind is known as forked lightning, because it sometimes divides into two or more branches before reaching the earth.

The second differs from the first in the range of surface over which the flash is diffused. From this circumstance the discharge is designated sheet-lightning; and if any real parallel can be instituted between the Etruscan and modern varieties, this may be said to correspond with the innocuous lightning which any single god of Etruria could launch at his pleasure.

The third class are not only remarkable for their eccentricities, but they have been made the subject of considerable contention. They differ so widely from the more ordinary manifestations that many meteorologists have denied their right to be treated as legitimate lightnings. They neither assume the form of long lines on the one hand, nor of sheets of flame on the other, but exhibit themselves as balls or globular lumps of fire. They are not momentary apparitions, but

meteors which take their own time, and travel at such a slow rate that one flippan't gentleman characterises them as 'the Government class of lightnings.' They last several seconds, show themselves to be more than a foot in diameter, and usually burst with a bright flash and a loud explosion, occasionally discharging flashes of lightning. More than one was seen during the heavy thunder-storms of last year; and one school-master in Liverpool, whose school was struck, declared that he saw a ball of fire strike the steeple and cause the panic which ensued.

A very singular story is told concerning the vagaries of one mass of globe lightning. A tailor in the Rue St Jacques, in the neighbourhood of the Val de Grace, was getting his dinner one day during a thunder-storm, when he heard a loud clap, and soon the chimney-board fell down, and a globe of fire as big as a child's head came out quietly and moved slowly about the room at a small height above the floor. The spectator in conversation afterwards with M. Babinet of the Académie des Sciences, said it looked like a good-sized kitten rolled up into a ball and moving without showing its paws. It was bright and shining, yet he felt no sensation of heat. The globe came near his feet; but by moving them gently aside he avoided the contact. After trying several excursions in different directions, it rose vertically to the height of his head—which he threw back, to prevent it touching him—steered towards a hole in the chimney above the mantel-piece, and made its way into the flue. Shortly afterwards—'when he supposed it had had time to reach the top,' the tailor said—there was a dreadful explosion, which destroyed the upper part of the chimney, and threw the fragments on to the roofs of some adjoining buildings which they broke through.

This explosive power is one of the foremost qualities exhibited by the electrical discharge. When the fluid happens to meet with some obstruction in its course, it frequently evinces its dissatisfaction by shattering the non-conducting object, exercising a radiating force like a bomb-shell and bursting substances asunder as if they had been charged with gunpowder. Many years ago the south-west pinnacle of the church of Breog, in Cornwall, was demolished by a stroke of lightning, and one stone weighing three hundred-weight was hurled southwards over the roof to the distance of sixty yards; while a second was sent to the north for the space of four hundred yards; and a third was projected in a south-westerly direction.

In the forest of Nemours, a tree was once struck: two pieces were rent from its trunk; the smaller was tossed to a distance of fifty feet, and the larger, which eighteen men could not move, to a distance of twenty feet or so in an opposite tack.

In 1838 the topgallant mast of H.M.S. *Rodney* was hit by a flash, and literally cut up into chips, the sea being strewn with the fragments as if the carpenters had been sweeping their shavings overboard. Shortly before, the topmasts of H.M.S. *Hyacinth* had suffered in a similar manner; and when the *Thetis* underwent a like visitation in Rio harbour, Captain Fitzroy described the foretopmast as 'a mere collection of long splinters almost like reeds.'



These are a few examples of the mechanical effects of lightning. It works chemically as well. It has the power of developing a peculiar odour, which has been variously compared to that of phosphorus, nitrous gas, and most frequently burning sulphur. Wafer mentions a storm on the Isthmus of Darien which diffused such a sulphureous stench through the atmosphere that he and his marauding companions could scarcely draw their breath, particularly when they plunged into the wood. The British ship *Montague* was once struck by globular lightning, which left such a Satanic savour behind it that the vessel seemed nothing but sulphur, and every man was suffocating. About a year ago, the newspapers recorded a similar experience of the crew of another English ship while crossing the North Pacific from China to the States. In this case the crew had to take to the rigging to prevent being choked by the sulphur fumes.

The magnetic effects produced are often very curious. A chest containing a large assortment of knives, forks, and other cutlery, was, not many years ago, struck in the house of a Wakefield tradesman, and magnetism imparted to the whole of the articles. Arago in his *Meteorological Essays* speaks of a shoemaker in Swabia whose tools were thus treated, to his indescribable annoyance. 'He had to be constantly freeing his hammer, pincers, and knife from his nails, needles, and awls, which were constantly getting caught by them as they lay together on the bench.' The same authority knew of a Genoese ship which was wrecked near Algiers in consequence of some pranks played by lightning amongst the compasses, the captain innocently supposing that he was sailing towards the north, when as a matter of fact he was steering due south.

Many other effects have been attributed to electrical commotions; but for some of these it would be hazardous to vouch. There are wells and springs which are thrown into a state of apparent ebullition on the approach of a storm. Fountains are said to pour out copious streams even in times of drought, when Jupiter 'media nimborum in nocte, cornua fulmina malitur dextra.' Subterranean thunders have occasionally been heard preparatory to an aerial eruption. The sea has cast up volumes of water, as if volcanoes were exploding below. The ground has burst open, and floods of water have gushed forth from the sides of hills or from fissures in the rocks. Taking another class of effects, cures have been performed by lightning: gouty men have been enabled to walk freely; epileptic persons have been healed; amaurosis has been removed, and rheumatism dispelled by a flash. But one dare not look too closely into the subject of medical electricity, nor venture to recommend any one to tempt lightning in the hope of experiencing its curative powers; for its action is arbitrary and oftener than not hurtful. Three hundred persons were once struck in Charleston prison and clean robbed of their muscular strength.

There is another class of phenomena produced by lightning which is well worthy of attention, but of which little is yet known; we refer to lightning-prints. We are all acquainted with

the peculiar action of light upon papers imbued with salts of silver or other chemical preparations sensitive to its influence, by which the images of surrounding objects are permanently and elegantly fixed upon paper. Well, a lightning flash now and again produces a similar result upon the thing or person it touches. M. Poey, who has treated the subject of lightning-prints very fully in the pages of the French scientific journals, mentions twenty-four cases of impressions on the bodies of men and animals. Of these, eight were impressions of trees or parts of trees; one of a bird, and one of a cow; four of crosses; three of circles or of impressions of coins carried about the person; two of horse-shoes; one of a nail; one of a metal comb; one of a number or numeral; one of the words of a sentence; and one of the back of an arm-chair. Crosses in this connection are very old, for Gregory Nazianzen declares that in the year 360 A.D. they were imprinted upon the bodies and clothing of the workmen occupied in rebuilding the Temple of Jerusalem. At the end of the sixteenth century a similar thing occurred at Wells Cathedral. Casaubon, who derived his information from Dr Still, the Bishop, says that during divine service in the cathedral two or three claps of thunder were heard, which frightened the worshippers so much that they all threw themselves on the ground. Lightning flashed without hurting any one present; but it was afterwards found that crosses had been imprinted upon the bodies of all who were in the church.

A horseshoe was found indelibly marked on the neck of a young man of Candelaria (Cuba), who was struck dead by lightning near a house upon one of the windows of which was nailed a horseshoe.

In 1853, a little girl was standing at a window near which stood a young maple-tree; a flash of lightning struck either the girl or the tree or both, and an image of the tree was found printed on her body. In another instance, a boy climbed a tree to steal a bird's nest; a lightning flash struck the tree; the boy fell to the ground, and on his breast the image of a tree, with the bird and nest on one of the branches, appeared most conspicuously.

#### DISCIPLINE.

CAN it be true that you have read in vain  
Life's strange, sweet parable of good and ill,  
And missed the meaning? Have you felt the chill,  
Hard force of winter, and the tender rain  
Of sunny springtide—seen the dawn and wane  
Of star on star that God had sent to fill  
The darkness of your sky with light, until  
The sun came forth to do his work again?  
The very fields, when storm and sun have done  
Their will upon them, yield one harvest vast  
Of praise unto their Maker! Are there none  
But wasted joys and sorrows in your past?  
Shall it be said of you: 'Lo! this is one  
Whom life hath failed to educate at last!'

KATE MELLERSH.

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### A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN SKETCH.

SOME English folks have a strong prejudice against everything Australian, from tinned mutton to millionaires, and especially against Australian wine. Not without reason at first, perhaps, so far as the wine was concerned, for in starting a new industry there are bound to be mistakes, and the Australian growers had everything to learn; for rules founded on long experience in the Old World do not always hold good at the antipodes, where so many things go by the rule of contrary. Then, too, the outlay being heavy and the return slow of coming, there was a great temptation to sell the wine before it was fully matured; hence some of it was 'fortified,' and sweetened with cane-sugar, and doctored in one way or another with no very good result. This penny-wise, pound-foolish plan gave it a bad name, and spoilt the market for those who produced a better quality. The prejudice thus formed was strengthened by the fact that some wine-merchants, knowing the popular taste, sold the better Australian wines as French, and inferior French as Australian. For a while the wine-industry in South Australia flagged and many growers gave it up; but of late years it has revived: with experience and better appliances, our wine-growers now produce a more even quality, and their wine is rising in the public favour. The export of wine is yearly increasing, new vineyards are being planted, new cellars built, and wine bids fair to take its place with wheat and wool as one of our staples.

One of the features a stranger first notices on arriving in Adelaide as adding materially to the charms of that pretty little town, is the range of hills that rises behind it. You see those hills when first you land a gray semicircle, highest in the middle; you see them from Adelaide more clearly, each rock and tree showing distinctly in the clear air; and when you have left the town and its suburbs behind you, you see the vines

upon their lower slopes, for on the foothills of the Mount Lofty range are some of our oldest and best known vineyards. In spring they show as light green patches; but you can see them more clearly in autumn, when the surrounding herbage is burnt and brown. Now April is the autumn month with us, not that it makes much difference to the native trees, which pay little heed to times and seasons; the bees are busy in the blossoming gums and amongst the withered sun-baked grass; some small green blades are peeping; this, and the fact that the sunlight is a soft golden radiance instead of a blinding white glare, is all we have to remind us that summer is over at last. But in garden and orchard the English trees are flaming with yellow and red; late apples and quinces are ready for picking; the last grapes are hanging dead ripe on the vines, and the vintage begun in March is in full swing.

The vintage—what a hackneyed theme it is in song and story, and what stereotyped ideas its name calls up. Vague mental pictures of 'purple grapes' and 'laughing girls,' of 'foaming must'—whatever that may be—and a 'merry set'—it always is a merry set, somehow—who sing and dance as indefatigably as the Quaker in the song; and a general impression that the vintage is a time of merry-making, its hardest work dancing on the above-mentioned 'foaming must,' which might be rather sticky work, but sounds all right when described by Macaulay. Well, that is not the way they make wine in Australia; and if any one with such illusions should visit a South Australian wine-cellar in March or April, he would be sadly disappointed. Still, though unpoetic, our vintage may be of interest—at least we find it so, even though it has not to us the charm of novelty; for one of us cherishes golden recollections of happy holidays spent amongst the long rows of vines in a dear old vineyard—of unrestricted feasting amid acres of luscious fruit—of many a rousing romp in the old wine-cellar, daring trapeze acts on the ropes used for raising casks from the lower cellar; and awe-struck peeps



into its black depths when the trap-doors were opened—memories that rise up fresh and clear as we walk briskly towards those gold-green foothills, where the yellowing vines show up against the sombre tints of the rocky gum-clad range behind them. We are soon in a shady road, with vineyards on either hand; while before us there flaunts a red ensign, giving notice to all whom it may or may not concern that the vintage is in progress here. This looks so picturesque and gay, that, as we pass the cellar which boasts this unusual decoration, we feel inclined to hum—

On the verdant banks of Loire,  
It was the vintage-time, &c.

But we soon realise that with the matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon even a vintage is a serious not to say a solemn thing.

First we come to a gang of pickers, not laughing girls with baskets on their heads, but men in unpoetic moleskins, decidedly grubby about the knees with kneeling on the red clay; and women in shabby dresses and flapping straw hats, carrying kerosene tins with handles like buckets. Yet, in spite of prosaic surroundings, there is a look of rich profusion about the fruit waiting to be carted away—tins of grapes, boxes of grapes, piles of grapes, great mounds of fragrant muscats all golden and brown with ripeness. Following one of the grape-carts, we go through a gateway and up a road, past more vines, on which small black clusters are hiding amongst leaves touched with a purplish crimson. At last we come to a clump of buildings half-way up the rise; carts are passing across the yard with their loads of grapes; while at one side a big van is being loaded with wine for export, so that we see the first and last of the process at one and the same time. Still following the grapes that we have watched so far upon their way, we find ourselves under a veranda at the end of one of the buildings. There are two shoots to receive the grapes and conduct them to the crushers—one is for black and the other for white grapes. At this our cart takes up its stand; a strong-looking young fellow, with a much-dinted wide-awake and a merry face, steps forward, and proceeds to pitchfork our luscious muscats into the shoot with as little ceremony as if they were so many coals. A grinding, squelching sound follows; and we go on to see what becomes of them, just peeping in passing at the genius of the place, a bright, well-cared-for steam-engine, by which the work of grape-crushing is done more quickly and more effectually than by older and more poetic methods. Coming to a brick archway, we find a notice posted on it which bids folks leave behind them, neither hope nor their umbrellas, but—'books, newspapers, pamphlets, and political and religious discussions.' Perhaps it is feared that the acrimony of argument might sour the wine. Having nothing contraband about us save a sketch-book, and being assured that these rules only apply to employees, we go down one or two steps, and find ourselves in the cellar. It is not a cellar in the strict sense of the word, the floor being only a few feet below the level of the ground, and the roof high and airy, while open windows on every side let in a flood of light and warmth. Experience has proved that wine does not mature so well in a

cold cellar; so they are now discarded, many of the new wine-cellars being two-storey buildings. Passing between rows of tall dark vats, we are soon beside the crushers and in the very thick of the work. Here, wedging ourselves between two large vats, in order to be out of the way, we watch events awhile. The grinding, squelching sound continues, and the crushed grapes fall from a wooden spout into a tub before us, while the stems fly out of a shoot to the left. Men with their sleeves turned up and their canvas aprons stained a dull purple—for they have been crushing black grapes till now—dodge about with buckets; there is a great deal of lading and pumping, and a general look of stickiness—in short, it puts one in mind of jam-making and washing-day rolled into one. And this is a vintage!

Not to be too minute, the process we watch is as follows: The grapes are passed through rollers, mangled, in fact, the stalks being separated from the berries. The tub into which the crushed berries—now termed 'marc'—fall is so constructed that the juice or 'must' may drain into an outer tub in which the first is set. As the tub fills, it is run off and pumped up into a little tub on wheels, which trundles away with it on a tramway over our heads and tips it into its destined vat. The marc meanwhile is ladled into a vat, where its own weight expresses more of the juice; and lastly it is taken away to the press for a final squeeze. The presses are being opened as we pass out, and disclose what look like blocks of purplish plum-pudding—all that is left of the purple grapes crushed this morning.

So much for this part of the business. As we take a hasty backward look at the cellar we are leaving, it gives us an impression of an elaborate study of perspective done in casks. We cross the yard and enter another cellar, where we see more casks, most of them new, and being tested; for the Customs' authorities will not allow a leaky cask to be shipped away, and sometimes the soundest-looking staves prove porous. These casks are of oak, as are many of the vats; but our guide informs us that native red gum is perhaps better for vats, the wood being harder and the grain closer. Leaving this cellar, which is nearly full of this year's wine, we pass into the next, where we are shown a new vat. It is certainly a notable member of the tub family, this great oak structure that towers above us—its capacity, as we may see by a chalk-mark on its side, is ten thousand seven hundred and twenty-five gallons. Our guide looks at it with affectionate pride, and calls it 'she'—says they are going to put up two more like it shortly. 'Is it full?' we ask. 'Yes; full to the brim,' is the answer. So also, it seems, are dozens of other vats, five thousand gallons and under, the smallest of which looks big enough to drown half-a-dozen Dukes of Clarence comfortably. This is not a pleasant thought—suppose one of them were to burst! Of course they won't; still, it is dark here in the shadow of these tall vats, and the air is heavy; so that we are not sorry when we pass out of this cellar into the next, where the bottling is done. Here we watch the processes of corking, sealing, and affixing capsules, facilitated in each case by some handy labour-saving machine. The corking-machine proceeds

with a lofty disregard of the relative sizes of corks and bottle necks, and will, if required, thrust two or even three full-sized corks into the neck of a small pint bottle. It is made to do so for our benefit, and makes one think of fate remorselessly jamming unhappy mortals into unpleasant positions. With this machine, four men can, we are told, bottle fifty dozen an hour.

Our investigations must end here. We have seen all that is going on at present, though not by any means the whole process of wine-making. The colourless, sweetish fluid we saw in the first cellar has to go through a great deal more before it becomes matured wine worthy of these neat seals and labels. It has to be racked, poor thing, as soon as it has done fermenting, 'racking' being the technical term for pumping it out of one cask or vat into another, in order to get rid of the lees or mud at the bottom. New wine is racked repeatedly during its first year, in order to clear it. Next, for some years it has an uneventful life in those big vats we saw; yet even in its dark prison it does not forget the parent vine, with which it seems to have some strange sympathy, for in spring-time, when the sap rises in the vines, the mud begins to rise in the wine, till by the time the buds are bursting it is quite cloudy, however clear it may have been. The mud soon sinks again, leaving it as clear as before. What with racking, cask-cleaning, and bottling, there is plenty to do in the cellars, even when it is not vintage-time, cleaning the vats being especially disagreeable work, for the carbonic acid generated by fermentation kills instantaneously any one unlucky enough to breathe it. A lighted candle should be lowered into each vat before it is entered. If it burns, well and good; if not, it is not safe to follow. But men are careless, and will neglect even this simple precaution to their own hurt, and deaths have occurred, though not in this neighbourhood, we are glad to learn.

But it is time to be turning homewards; the sun is dipping towards the silver strip of sea that shines beyond the plain at our feet as we take leave of our guide at the cellar door, and the last grape-cart we meet, as we hurry down the vine-fringed road, is gilded into picturesqueness by the sunset light.

### THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE LESSON OF THE STREET (continued).

ELSIE's guide stopped to greet a woman whom he knew. She had the usual baby on her arm. She was a sad-faced woman, with some refinement in her looks: she was wretchedly dressed, thin, pale, and dejected.

'The same story?'

'Yes, sir. It's always the same,' she sighed hopelessly. 'But he would work if he could get anything to do. Nobody will employ a man who's had a misfortune. It's hard—because such a thing may happen to anybody. It's like

measles, my husband says. He can't get drunk because there's no money. That's my only comfort.'

He gave her some money, and she passed on her way.

'Her husband was a clerk,' Mr Gray explained, 'who took to drink and robbed his employer. His father was a barrister, who died young. His grandfather was a well-known—almost a great lawyer. I know the whole family history. I learned it'— He stopped for a moment, as if his memory suddenly failed him—'somehow—a long time ago. It is a story which shows how our sins and follies fall upon our own children. This family sprang from the gutter. First, the working man: then his son, the shopkeeper: then his grandson, who became a great lawyer: then his great-grandson, not so great a lawyer. He, you see, is the first of the family who begins life as a gentleman and is brought up among gentlemen: he inherited money: he had a practice: he married in the class called gentle, and had children. But he lost all his money and in despair he killed himself. Cousinly affection is a cold thing at best. It helped the widow to a pittance, and sent her boys to a cheap school. At fifteen they had to take whatever employment they could get. Observe that this branch of the family was now going down-hill very fast. The future of a boy who has been taught no trade and has entered no profession is black indeed. One of the boys went out to New Zealand, which has little to give a friendless boy: another enlisted, served three years, and has never got any work since. I believe he carries boards about the street. Another became a tenth-rate actor, and now starves on fifteen shillings a week, paid irregularly. Another—the youngest—was put into a merchant's office. He rose to a hundred and twenty pounds a year: he married a girl of the clerical class—that woman you saw: he took to drink: he embezzled his master's money: he went to prison: he is now hopelessly ruined. He cannot get any lower in the social scale. What will his children do? They have no friends. They will grow up like the children around them: they will join the hopeless casuals: they will be hewers of wood. Property, my child, Property—has done this. He stole. In our society nobody will be tempted to steal. He drank—with us he would be kept judiciously under control until he could be trusted again. That would be the care of the State. He is another victim of Property. When his grandfather was framing Acts of Parliament for the protection of Property, he did not dream that he was making another engine for the oppression of his grandchildren.'

Said the other Voice: 'We rise by our virtues. We sink by our vices. Let these people suffer. Their sufferings should make the rest of us wiser. Teach the children to rise again as their great-grandfather rose. Do not contend against the great Law which metes out suffering in return for vice.'

'Those,' continued the Socialist Professor, 'who do most to make a few men rich are the real enemies of what they suppose themselves to be defending. Given a thousand women sweated for one man, and there presently arises indignation either among the women or among the

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bystanders. From indignation we get revolution, because the employer never gives way. He cannot. He would lose, if he did, his wealth, which is his Heaven. If you divide the thousand women into companies of ten, each company under its own sweater, and all the sweaters under other sweaters, you make a hierarchy of sweaters, culminating in one at the top. That was the old state of things. The man at the top was a Chief, a Patriarch: he knew his people: he sweated them, but kindly: he tossed them crumbs: he looked after the sick and the old. Now all this is changing. The old family tie—such as it was—is dissolved. The man at the top has disappeared: a Board of Directors has taken his place: there is nothing left but the Board and its employees. The men who work are no longer interested in the business of the firm, except so far as their pay is concerned. Their pay will go up, and the dividends will go down. And with every increase of wages so much Property is destroyed. Let everything—everything—be turned into Companies to help the destruction of Property.'

Said the other Voice: 'Property is strengthened by being diffused. Companies organise labour: they give capital its proper power: they are not easily intimidated: they interest all who can save anything. Let us turn into companies every industrial and distributive business in the country.'

'All times of change,' the Master went on 'are times of interest. We are living at a time when great changes are impending—the greatest changes possible. Before great changes there is always a period of unconscious preparation. The minds of people are being trained. Without any perception of the fact, old ideas are dying out and new ones are coming into existence. When the Revolution actually arrives, everybody is ready for it and nobody is surprised. It was so with the Reformation. For a hundred years and more the idea of the Great Revolt had been slowly growing in men's minds. When it came at last, there was no surprise and there were few regrets. For a hundred years and more the ideas of the French Revolution had been talked about by philosophers: these ideas sank down among the people. Nobody was surprised, not even the nobles themselves, when the end came. So with our Revolution. It is coming—it is coming—its ideas are no longer timidly advanced—here and there—by a fanatic here or a philosopher there: they are lying in the hearts of the people ready to spur them into action: they are helping on the cause by successive steps, every one of which means nothing less than the abolition of Property. These things are new to you, child. You were only born yesterday or the day before. I was born a hundred years ago or thereabouts. Consider again—he leaned against a lamp-post for greater ease, and discoursed as one addressing an audience—'Consider, I say, this great question of companies and their results. Formerly, one man made things which he took to market—sold or exchanged, and went home again. He, by himself, did everything. Then one man made, and another man sold. The next improvement was for twenty men to work, for one to receive and to collect their work, and for another to sell it. In this way the twenty remained poor, and

the two became rich. So they went on, and trade flourished, and the twenty producers more and more fell into the power of the two, who were now very rich and strong. Now the merchants are forming themselves into companies, and the companies are amalgamating with each other, and the small people may contemplate ruin. For these—now merchants, shopkeepers, manufacturers, workmen—there will be nothing but service in the companies: no possibility of acquiring Property, nothing but service all their lives. Now do you see how that helps the cause? They will become accustomed to work, but not for themselves: they will grow accustomed to work for a bare living and no more: they won't like either: but they will ask why the second should go with the first: the two great obstacles to Socialism will be removed. Then, either the step I spoke of just now—the abolition of the dividends—or which is just as likely, a revolution, when the servants of the companies shall make the State take over all and work them for the good of all. Some there are who think that the workman will have hope and power for union crushed out of him. I think not; but if so—woe to the rich! The Jacquerie and the French Revolution will be spoken of as mild ebullitions of popular feeling compared with what will happen then. But I think not. I do not believe that the working man will sink again. He has got up so far. But he needs must climb higher.'

'You think it would be impossible'—by this time a small crowd had got round them, but the speaker still addressed his disciple as if no one else at all was listening—for the State to take over the great producing and distributing companies. But it has been done already. The State has the Post and the Telegraph Services. They will deal with railways, steamers, coaches, cabs, omnibuses, trams, canals, water, gas, electric light, breweries, bakeries, factories, shops, just as they have dealt with these two. The State can take it all. The State will take the management of all. But, you say, the shares of the company will become Funds. They will, and the Funds will pay interest—but the interest will become rapidly lower and lower, so that what was once five per cent. is now but two and a half, and before long shall be two—one and a half—one—and nothing at all. There will be no cry of spoliation, because the holders of stock will be forced gradually into looking more and more to their own efforts, and because widows and sick people and old people, to whom the stocks were once so useful, will be all provided for by the State as a matter of right, and without any of the old humiliation of pauperdom. Pauper? Oh, heavenly word! Child, in the world of the future—the world which you will help to mould, we shall all be paupers—every one.'

He spoke with fine enthusiasm, his face lit up, his eyes bright. The girl was almost carried away, until the other Voice began coldly and judicially:

'Nothing is so good for man as to be ruled and kept in discipline, service, and subjection. It is a foolish and a mischievous dream which supposes all men eager for advance. The mass of mankind asks for no advancement. It loves nothing and desires nothing but the gratification

of the animal. Give it plenty of animalism and it is satisfied. That condition of society which keeps the mass down and provides for the rise of the ambitious few is the only condition which is reasonable and stable. Base your social order on the inertness of the mass. Make the workman do a good day's work: pay him enough, so that he shall have some of the comforts he desires: educate the clever boy and make him foreman, head-man, manager, or artist, journalist, dramatist, novelist. Give him the taste for wealth. Let him have some. Then he, too, will be ready to fight if necessary in the army of order.'

While the other Voice was speaking, there came slouching around the corner into the street where he held the fifth—perhaps the tenth part of a room, a really excellent specimen of the common or London thief, the habitual criminal. He was a young man—the habitual criminal is generally young, because in middle and elderly life he is doing long sentences—he had a furtive look, such as that with which the jackal sallies forth on nocturnal adventures: he had a short slight figure, a stooping and slouching gait, and narrow shoulders. His eyes were bright, but too close together: his mouth was too large and his jaw too heavy: his face was pale, his hair was still short, though growing rapidly: his hands were pendulous: his round hat was too big for his little head: he wore a long loose overcoat. His face, his figure, his look proclaimed aloud what he was.

He stopped at the corner and looked at the little crowd. Everybody, for different reasons, is attracted by a crowd. Professionals sometimes find in crowds golden opportunities. This crowd, however, was already dispersing. The speaker had stopped. Perhaps they had heard other and more fervid orators on the Socialist side. Perhaps they were not in the least interested in the subject. You see, it is very difficult to get the hand-to-mouth class interested in anything except those two organs.

'This street,' said the Master, observing him with professional interest, 'is full—really full—of wealth for the observer. Here is a case now—an instructive though a common case.' The fellow was turning away disappointed, perhaps, at the melting of the crowd and any little hope he might have based upon their pockets. 'My friend'—he heard himself called, and looked round suspiciously—'you would like, perhaps, to earn a shilling honestly, for once.'

He turned slowly: at the sight of the coin held up before him, his sharp eyes darted right and left to see what chance there might be of a grab and a bolt. Apparently, he decided against this method of earning the shilling. 'What for?' he asked.

'By answering a few questions. Where were you born?'

'I dunno.'

'Where were you brought up? Here?—In this street? Very well. You went to school with the other children: you were taught certain subjects up to a certain standard. What trade were you taught?'

'I wasn't taught no trade.'

'Your father was, I believe, a thief?'—The lad nodded.—'And your mother too?'—He nodded again, and grinned.—'And you yourself and your

brothers and sisters are all in the same line, I suppose?'—He nodded and grinned again.—'Here is your shilling.' The fellow took it, and shambled away.

'Father—mother—the whole family, live by stealing. Where there is no Property there can be no theft. In our world, such a creature would be impossible. He could not be born: such parents as his could not exist with us: he could not be developed: there would be no surroundings that would make such a development possible. He would be what, I believe, men of science call a Sport: he would be a deformity. We should put him in a hospital and keep him there until he died.'

'In that world,' said the other Voice, 'there would be deformities of even a worse kind than this—the deformities of hypocrisy and shams. By a thousand shifts and lies and dishonesties the work of the world would be shifted on the shoulders of the weak. The strong man has always used his strength to make the weak man work for him, and he always will. The destruction of Property would be followed by the birth of Property on the very self-same day. There is the power of creation—of invention—which is also a kind of Property. Laws cannot destroy that power. Laws cannot make men industrious. Laws cannot make the strong man work for the weak. Laws cannot prevent the clever man from taking advantage of the stupid man. When all the failures—all the deformities—have been killed off, the able man will still prey upon the dull-witted. Better let the poor wretch live out his miserable life, driven from prison to prison, an example for all the world to see.'

It was at this point that Elsie discovered the loss of her purse. Her pocket had been picked by one of the intelligent listeners in the crowd. She cried out on finding what had happened, in the unphilosophic surprise and indignation with which this quite common accident is always received.

'Child,' said the Master, 'when there is no longer any Property, money will vanish: there will be no purses: even the pocket will disappear, because there will no longer be any use for a pocket.—Did the purse contain much? Suppose you had nothing to lose and nothing to gain. Think of the lightness of heart, the sunshine on all faces, which would follow. I fear you are rich, child. I have observed little signs about you which denote riches. Your gloves are neat and good: your dress seems costly. Better far if you had nothing.'

'Master, if I were like that girl on the other side, would you like me better? Could I be more useful to the cause if I dressed like her?'

The girl was of the common type—they really do seem, at first, all alike—who had on an ulster and a hat with a feather and broken boots.

'If I were like her,' Elsie went on, 'I should be ignorant—and obliged to give the whole day to work, so that I should be useless to you—and my manners would be rough and my language coarse. It is because I am not poor that I am what I am. The day for poverty is not come yet, dear Master.'

'In the future, dear child, there shall be no poverty and no riches. To have nothing will be the common lot. To have all will be the common



inheritance. Oh! there will be differences: men shall be as unlike then as now: we shall not all desire the same things. You and such as you will desire Art of every kind. You shall have what you desire. In our world, as in this, like will to like. You shall have the use for yourselves of pictures, of musical instruments, of everything that you want. The rest of the world will not want these things. If they do, more can be made. You shall have dainty food—the rest of the world will always like coarse and common fare. Think not that we shall level up or level down. All will be left to rise or to sink. Only they shall not starve, they shall not thieve, they shall not be sweated. Oh! I know they paint our society as attempts to make all equal. And they think that we expect men no longer to desire the good things in the world. They will desire them—they will hunger after them—but there will be enough for all. The man who is contented with a dinner of herbs may go to a Carthusian convent, which is his place, for we shall have no place for him in a world which recognises all good gifts and assigns to every man his share.

Then spoke the other Voice, but sadly: 'Dreams! Dreams! There are not enough of the good things to go round—good things would become less instead of more. Without the spur there is no work. Without the desire of creating Property, all that is worth anything in life will perish—all but the things that are lowest and the meanest and the commonest. Men will not work unless they must. By necessity alone can the finest work be ordered and executed. As men have been, so will men always be. The thing that hath been, that shall be again.'

'You have learned some of the lessons of Poverty Lane, Scholar,' said the Master.—'Let us now go home.'

#### HOW WE SAW THE BAHAMA CABLE.

BRIGHT and warm as usual, although the middle of January, was the day in those sun-loved isles, the Bahamas. Blue, as usual, was the sky above; blue, also, the waters around. A slight breeze was blowing, which, on sea, raised here and there little curling breakers; and on land stirred gently the drooping, graceful heads of the palms and cocoa-nut trees. Heedless and unconcerned were the elements as to why that strange large steamer was lying off the bar of Nassau harbour. Not so, however, were the inhabitants of the little colonial town which has the honour of being the capital of the Bahamas. Great and deep interest did they take in that boat. For did she not bear their long-looked-for and long-hoped-for Cable, that mysterious and wonderful link of connection which was at last to join them to the outside world? The *pros* and *cons* of obtaining one had been discussed and weighed for several years; but now all difficulties had been overcome—the cable was to be established. Its advent had been eagerly looked for; great hopes had been formed of the blessings it would bring to the colony: how it would improve trade and open up business connections; what a number of fresh American visitors it would probably allure for the winter months, visitors, who, though keenly enjoying the delightful, health-giving

climate during those months, do not care to be cut off from all possible outside communication except by the fortnightly mail; and, in fact, how in every way it would increase the prosperity of the place. From the moment the smoke of the steamer had appeared above the horizon, and the signal flag on the fort had proclaimed what she was, many had hurried to their seaward-looking verandas and watched her plough her way surely and steadily to Nassau. She was to stay three or four days, get her shore-end laid here, and then depart for Jupiter—not the planet, for she had neither wings nor aerial apparatus, and the islanders did not yet aspire to hold telegraphic communication with unknown beings in the stars, but were contented at present merely to be more closely connected with this prosaic earth and ordinary fellow-creatures. The Jupiter our cable boat—by name the *Westmeath*—was bound for was a little town on the coast of Florida where a permit had been granted to lay the cable.

We must go across the harbour, beyond the bar, and board the ship to see the wonderful cable. A party is arranged; the boat to take us is lying at the wharf; the different individuals stroll up by twos and threes till the number is complete, the early ones rather fuming and impatient, thereby making themselves all the hotter, for, though but the middle of January, it is indeed scorchingly hot upon the low-lying unsheltered wharf. The sun beats down on our devoted heads, and no breath of breeze comes to fan us from the calm waters of the harbour, shut in as it is and naturally formed by a long-stretching island, named, for no apparent reason, 'Hog Island.' At last we are all on board our little sailing-boat, longing to get out on the open sea. The boat we have to-day, though off duty for the present, is ordinarily a sponger; and very dangerous her decks must be to the poor spongers if sea or weather is at all rough. She has no bulwarks; the roof and walls of the cabin rising about three feet from the deck fill the centre of the boat; and round this run her narrow and utterly unprotected decks. However, it is calm enough this morning; so we seat ourselves comfortably on the aforesaid roof in the generous shade of her mainsail. There are about ten of us, one American, all the rest English. Clerics predominate. Ah! it is nice to be comfortably lolliing in the shade like this, after the hurry down to the wharf. But alas! the boom against which so many are confidently reclining begins ominously to move, and threatens to clean sweep all off the cabin roof into the water, which lies so still and transparently clear below. Not desiring a ducking just now, inviting though the water appears, we get up hurriedly. Orders are given for all to go below till the sails are fixed up and the boat fairly started. Into that stuffy cabin this hot day! I linger behind, politely allowing others to pass down first; and find, when all but one or two equally lothful ones are in, that there is no room for me, so stay on deck and watch operations.

Soon the boat begins to move, carried by the tide, I suppose, for there seems scarcely a breath of wind; but 'we shall be getting a nice breeze when we are off a bit,' says the dusky sailor, and I trust him. We certainly do somehow get clear of that melting wharf and slowly

begin to cross the harbour. 'Oh the exquisite blueness of that sea—what a glorious colour it is! I look down through the lucid depths, clearly seeing the bottom, and watch the innumerable and many-coloured little fish dart among the flowing sea-weeds and coral-formed rocks. How clear and cool it looks down there; how nice to be a nymph or some other amphibious creature on a hot day! Suddenly, 'A shark!' calls out the sailor. In an instant I am by his side; and there, not ten yards from us, see for the first time that dreaded terror of fish and man lazily and unconcernedly paddling past our boat. 'He is near upon eighteen feet long,' says the sailor. I shudder, and feel glad, after all, I am not a nymph, &c.; for I have no desire to become part of a shark. It is more comfortable to be safe above his reach, even though seated on a blistering deck, where you can feel a superior contempt for him, which perhaps would not come so readily at closer quarters.

But now the promised breeze is filling our sails, and all are again on deck. The discomforts of heat are forgotten as we feel the delicious breath of the dear old Atlantic on our faces, as it meets us straight from the ocean beyond the bar. We soon clear the half-mile of harbour, safely cross the bar, not without a good deal of lurching on the part of our ship; for on the calmest days a swell is there; and after a few more detours reach the *Westmeath*, our goal. How massive and inaccessible her ironclad sides appear, towering so far above our humble little decks. Nothing but a break-neck-looking spiral staircase can be seen whereby to enter. But the *Westmeathians* soon hail us, and orders are apparently given to lower a gangway, for a safe and inviting stairway is swung down before our eyes, making an easy and comfortable ascent for ladies as well as gentlemen. How delightful it is to be on board a really big steamer once more. Although looked down on by ocean liners as 'only a tramp,' the officers inform us she is by no means small; and to us, who have been forced to brave the sea in little sailing-boats or a small interinsular steamer, she seems deliciously spacious and so strong and powerful. At first we run about her, exploring with almost childish glee, thinking for a time, I imagine, more about the boat itself than her precious freight we had come to see. Her decks seem so broad and long, and how high up we feel above the water! We lean over the bulwarks of her seaward side, looking down at the water, which seems so far below, and imagine that we have all just come on board bound for England and home. For does not the dear old country lie away out there, across that blue expanse, and is it not natural that 'our lingering hearts will turn, beloved home, to thee,' and that memories of happy moments gone again crowd freshly on us! I, who have been out but a few months, feel this; while some of these have not seen their native land for years. Our eyes wander dreamily over the restless waters and little curling white breakers to the far-distant horizon. When shall we really cross it again? What are those we love, on far-distant shores, doing now? What changes is Time working?

But we have come on board to see the cable and not to dream. The officers and electricians are most genial and kind. They have welcomed

us from the first moment with true British frankness, evidently as really glad to see us as we are to exchange greetings with fellow-countrymen from over the water; for it is delightful to meet and talk to fresh Englishmen again. They have come direct from London, have not even stopped at New York, as ordinary travellers to these indirect islands have to. They can give us the very latest news, that of a fortnight old being new to us, having at that time no telegraphic communication. They were in London on Christmas eve, the boat compelled to remain in the docks all Christmas day, a most fearful and pitiless fog harassing all movement. 'With the greatest difficulty we found our boat,' some of them murmur; 'the fog hung over the city like a death-pall.'

We shudder, and congratulate ourselves on our sunny skies and genial warmth. The whole week before they had had glorious skating. Pangs of deep envy dart through us as we think of our never-ending summer. We stand thus, high up on the bridge, some time talking, the delicious fresh breeze fanning and invigorating us, and the blue sea, blue sky, and bright sun beautifying everything. But in spite of the fascinating interest which this sort of conversation has, we leave it for a while, and descend on deck now at last, really to view the cable. We are guided through a rather dirty passage, on one side of which are penned some fine broad-shouldered sheep, which look happy and comfortable and as if sea-life agreed with them. These animals must have been a source of wonder to any native Bahamians who have not seen an English sheep, the native sheep being miserable objects of skin and bone, almost woolless, and when converted into mutton giving herculean labours to the teeth and jaws.

Soon we come to the open decks again, and there yawn the immense tanks which hold the two hundred and fifty miles of cable. We peep down. At first, in those dark depths which reach to the hold, we dimly see water surging up and down. It startles you at first, making you have the uncomfortable feeling that the ship has sprung a gigantic leak. But soon the eyes get accustomed to the light, and easily distinguish the mighty cable lying coiled up, still and lifeless, with foamy, dirty-looking water surging to and fro over it with the swing of the boat; for the cable must be kept in water. Lifeless indeed it lies, and yet we look down upon the wondrous work with almost feelings of awe; for is it not to be filled with that mysterious electrical life which will enable it in a moment of time to carry a message thousands of miles! What we are utterly unable to do, this now lifeless coil is to accomplish for us. I almost feel that it may rise from its watery couch and sweep us puny mortals from the deck.

But I want to see and examine it closer: one has not a chance of viewing a submarine cable every day, and I had not seen one before. So one of the electricians takes me down to the electrical room. Very bright, burnished, and mysterious-looking are the brass fittings, stops, and the rest of the electrical paraphernalia. Rows and rows of jars filled with chemicals line the walls, giving the place the appearance of a storeroom for jams. Pieces of cable in different stages of completion are lying about. Here is



the medium which carries the electrical fluid, a twisted rope of seven copper wires encased in a coating of gutta-percha. Here it is in its second stage, the gutta-percha core again encased in flax surrounded by steel wire. And here it is completed with a protective covering of tarred hemp. How carefully thus is the copper wire protected and insulated!

There is more to be seen yet of the wonderful inventions of man. So we go up again, examine the paying-out machinery at her bows, which has now been brought to such necessary perfection; for cables have often been injured by imperfect appliances for paying-out. Close by is the latest invention for taking soundings. I do not of course understand exactly the hieroglyphics on its dial or the lightning movements of the needle; but the engineers say it is a wonderful and beautiful piece of machinery, saving infinite trouble. It certainly looks ingenious; and if it saves trouble, must of course be all right.

Having seen all there is to be seen of the cable, we still linger a little while. The Englishmen have secured treasures and trophies of these western shores to take back with them, and are anxious to know if we think they have made good bargains. We see two large turtles which would have delighted the heart of a City alderman, lying in one corner of the deck, aimlessly wagging their heads and feebly moving their flabby fins. The happy owner is going to try to take them back to England alive. He will very probably succeed; for they keep alive for weeks if a little sea-water is dashed on their heads now and again. The proud possessor of a pink pearl shows us his treasure, yielded, he tells us, after beating down an enormous price, 'for an old coat.' The Bahamas have sometimes been called 'the land of the pink pearl.' They are obtained from the conch-shells found on these shores, and are frequently of great value and exceeding beauty. This one is very small, but quite worth the price given, I should think. Another sunburnt young Englishman has invested in sponges, which are plentiful enough in these parts. You can often buy enough for a few shillings to last a lifetime. He shows an immense one which would almost fill an ordinary bath, and when saturated with water, would require a Goliath to wield. From the stern of the boat is dangling an immense chain, baited with an enormous piece of meat, to tempt sharks. But they have up till now proved shy of the boat, probably because as soon as one was caught sight of anywhere near, he was instantly popped at with pistols; and not appreciating such a welcome to his meal, usually decamped swiftly. They did, however, manage to land one great fellow before the boat finally departed.

But now we really have to go; and much indeed have we enjoyed the visit, for the West-meathians have been very good and hospitable to us. We, perhaps reluctantly, descend the gangway; our imaginary journey is over, and yet we are back in the same place! We again place ourselves about our insignificant little boat. Again we look up the towering sides of the big ship, seeing the pleasant sunburnt faces of the Englishmen looking down on us from her bulwarks; the breeze begins to rustle our sails; we are soon a little way from the boat; the separate

figures grow a little indistinct. But they are shouting out something to us. What is it? 'Oh, a camera on board. They want to photograph us.' Almost unconsciously, hair is smoothed, hats set straight. The cap is off; we are taken. We learnt afterwards that in the hurry and excitement they had forgotten to put a plate in, so the galaxy of beauty will not be handed down to posterity. We are receding farther and farther from the *Westmeath*. We hear the reports caused by futile attempts to put a plate in, and fainter. Soon we are again tossing over the bar. Our visit to the cable is ended.

We shall never see it again. For when the *Westmeath* returns from Jupiter, for a few days, to join up and connect our shore-end, the cable we have just viewed will be paid out and uncoiled, stretching its immense length right across from the coast of Florida; resting quietly hundreds of fathoms down in the wonderful world of the deep blue sea, quietly and unobserved doing its duty. What thousands of messages will soon flash through its serious body! What secrets now will be entrusted to it! But secrets are safe with the silent cable. It will not betray them, not even to the fishes which will play about it, at first, perhaps, with a curious wonder; not even to the shellfish and other parasites which will cling and cleave to it. No difference will it make to the mighty cable whether it is to convey a message to our own most gracious Sovereign or the humblest peasant in the land; to the richest Cæsar or the poorest beggar. It will carry all equally well—the greatest State secret, the simple message of love; tragic messages, flippant messages; messages of danger, death, or awful catastrophe; messages of joyful home-comings; prosaic business messages from one merchant to another; messages for evil, messages for good. It will carry them all unquestioningly, uncomplainingly, doing its duty. Will it improve, ennoble, enrich our little colony? Will it fulfil the hopes that have been formed? Time will show.

## THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

### CHAPTER IV.—ALARUM.

A FEW days before this, the Vicar's son, Captain Norham, arrived at Linlaven. He had been on sick-leave for some months. The wound which he had received at Tel-el-Kebir was quite healed, but his general health had been injuriously affected by the severities of the campaign. Clara had joined him when in February he landed at Southampton; and as he was too ill to proceed northwards at once, they had together passed the early spring months in the Isle of Wight. Nor would he have been at Linlaven now, but for the circumstance that he had been hurriedly summoned home. This was in consequence of a letter from Mr Brookes, who has been already spoken of as the family lawyer to the late Squire Norham of Brathrig Hall, and who still acted in that capacity for the Squire's widow. Mr Brookes' letter had intimated to Captain Norham and his wife that the old lady at the Hall, having heard of the gallantry which had distinguished the Captain's conduct in the Eastern campaign, had evidently relented

somewhat of her former severity and bitterness against the daughter of her lost son Arthur, and was apparently disposed to alter the will by which she had conveyed her wealth away from her natural heir and given it to an alien. But before doing anything, she wished to have an interview with her grandchild Clara and her husband; hence Mr Brookes desired that they should come north at once.

Alas for the hazards of a repentance that awakens not the conscience till the eleventh hour! The day before the arrival of the Captain and his wife, the old lady had a stroke of paralysis, from which her physicians had pronounced it impossible that she should recover. And so passed all hope of her being able to rectify the injustice she had already done.

The aged Vicar's joy at once more receiving his gallant boy under his roof was consequently not unmingled with sadness. Nor was George himself much more cheerful. It is true that the sight once more of the little girl and boy who called him father, filled his heart with pleasure and gratitude; but in the background sat black Care distilling pain. Shattered in health, and poor in estate, he could not help reflecting with ominous feelings upon what the future might have in store for his wife and children.

The conversation which we have above recorded between Uncle Giles and Mrs Dale as to the evident premeditated departure of the former took place on a Friday evening. On the following day Captain Norham, in the course of an afternoon stroll, and wearied somewhat and fatigued with the heat and glare of the summer sun, walked across the graveyard and entered the church, the doors of which stood open. It was to him a more than usually sacred place, for here was the pew in which he had sat from infancy to manhood, side by side with the mother who had long since passed into the higher sanctuary behind the veil, and side by side also with her who had been the true love of his youth and was now the mother of his children.

Inside the church, all was calm and peaceful. The sun shone bright and hot on the old stained-glass windows, but soft and cool were the purple shadows within the ancient aisles. He sat down in the vicarage pew, and gave himself up to pleasant reveries of the past. He heard the hum of bees about the windows, and saw the green branches swaying beyond the open door. Whether, lulled into restfulness by the calm and stillness of the holy place, he fell asleep, or not, he could not tell, but once more he heard the bells toll out in the church-tower, and he experienced once again all he had seen and heard in that far-away dream of his sick couch at Cairo. He saw the same shadowy figure walk down the aisle, saw the man halt before the tomb of the Norhams, heard again the accents of grief and dejection with which he uttered the words: '*He—gone; and I—unforgiven.*' Thereupon followed a sudden noise, which woke him to consciousness.

The noise was caused by the slamming of one of the church doors, as if thrown to by a draught; but this time it was not all a dream. There *was* some one in the church. The tall figure of an aged man, white-haired and slightly stooping, was approaching softly down the aisle. The Captain

withdrew himself noiselessly within the shelter of a curtain at the end of the pew, whence he could see without being seen. The man walked slowly forward, looking from side to side like one who had simply come thither from a feeling of curiosity, and with no special purpose. By-and-by he reached the tomb of the Norhams, with its white marble effigies and golden emblazons. Something here seemed to attract the man's attention. It was the arms of the family cut upon a shield surmounting the tombstone. He looked at it for a few seconds in a kind of wonder, as if it recalled something to his memory. Then, putting his hand into his breast, he drew out a small leather case, from which he extracted a paper, and seemed for a moment to be comparing something on the paper with what he saw cut upon the shield.

The effect upon the man was strange—almost startling. He grew suddenly pale, as if some unexpected revelation had burst upon him; and with the cry of 'My God! what be this?' turned, and fled from the church.

Captain Norham sat for a few minutes in amazement. What did this mean? What could this repetition of his dream, followed by the appearance and attitude of this stranger, portend?

Quitting the church, he was in a few seconds at the vicarage.

'Clara,' he said to his wife, 'I thought I knew everybody in the village. But to-day I have seen a tall old man, with white hair, whom I feel sure I never saw before.'

'Why, George,' replied Clara, 'that is our little Lucy's friend, whom you have heard her speak so much about. That must have been Uncle Giles. Where did you see him?'

'In the church.'

'In the church?' she said, with a questioning and half-amused air. 'Why, your father has vainly besought him to go to church, but could never succeed with him. The man is evidently decent, and is well behaved; but he has some mysterious scruple as to going to church. He is altogether a good bit of a mystery to everybody.' And she went on to tell her husband the story of his coming among them.

George listened attentively, and then proceeded to tell of the repetition that day of the Cairo dream, and what he had afterwards seen and heard in the church.

Clara, who had at first treated the matter somewhat lightly, was now in turn much impressed by what she heard.

'Why, do you know,' she said, 'the first time I saw the man—it was when he was in a state of delirium—he took me by the hand and called me Esther. I never mentioned it before to any one.'

'Well, and what of that?' queried her husband.

'What of that?' repeated Clara. 'Esther was my mother's name.'

'Oh!' exclaimed George, in a tone between wonder and curiosity. Then, after a pause, he added: 'And does no one know who the man is?'

'Nobody, more than I have told you.'

'Then, Clara, you and I must find out. Put on your bonnet; we must seek him at once.'



They walked down the garden-path together in the direction of Lawrence Dale's house. The cottage which Giles inhabited was adjoining the garden wall, and was approached by a greenhouse, through the door of which you could see the entrance. This being Saturday afternoon, and work suspended, Lawrence Dale and a few other villagers were seated on the bench outside the door. Among these was Giles, who, on his way from the church, had been intercepted by two or three lads with a request that he would arrange some fishing-tackle for them. He was now busied with this, and at the same time listening to what Lawrence was reading aloud from a newspaper. Both the miller and his wife came originally from Yorkshire, and the paper was apparently one sent to them by old friends.

Clara drew her husband back a little. Mrs Dale was evidently one of the listeners too, for they could hear her voice inside the cottage door, as from time to time some news of particular importance would call for an exchange of opinion between her and her husband.

'Ah, Milly,' cried Lawrence, 'hark thee to this. Sarah Dobson ha' married Jem Metcalfe after all. It's here in black and white. Did thou ever hear the like?'

'Oh, indeed,' replied Milly; 'that be news. Why, how she did flout that young man o' hers, to be sure! "Happen," she would say, "lads shall be so scarce thou will ha' to seek them wiv a candle, ere I marry Jem Metcalfe." Yet she ha' took him at the last. Well, well!'

Lawrence scarcely heeded Milly's concluding comments, for something of apparently more engrossing interest had attracted his attention in the paper, and he read a few lines to himself as if by way of tasting its flavour before offering it to the others. 'It's put in big type, anyway,' he said at length; 'it must be something worth reading.' And without further exordium he proceeded.

'STRANGE DISCOVERY.—At the *White Horse Inn*, about three miles from this town, a somewhat singular discovery was made a few days ago. Some changes were being effected in the interior arrangements of that long-established and popular hostel, when, in the course of the operations, the workmen had occasion to lift the flooring of the Blue Room. While doing so, one of them found under the floor, close to the wall on the west side, a gold watch, which appeared, from the dust that had gathered round it, to have lain there for a long time. A piece of thin silver chain was attached to it; and on the outer case of the watch was an engraved monogram. Inside the case was a paper bearing that the watch had been cleaned and repaired by the firm of Lessing & Jobson, of this town, more than a quarter of a century ago. Upon inquiry being made of this firm, they found from their books that the watch had belonged to a gentleman of the name of Arthur Naseby, which agreed with the monogram "A. N." on the back of the watch. This discovery has excited much interest in the town, as our older readers will remember the somewhat extraordinary disappearance from our midst of the gentleman above named. A great deal of mystery surrounded the whole affair;

but it was believed by many, after his disappearance, that the name by which the owner of the watch was known here was not his real name. We refrain at present from entering into details that might be painful to some of his friends who may still be alive among us; but we may mention that there was some reason, from what transpired after his disappearance, for thinking that his real name was Norham, and that he was connected with an ancient and aristocratic family in the north of England. What gave additional mystery to the disappearance of this young gentleman, was, that he had only been about a year married, and was much respected and beloved within the circle of his acquaintance.'

When Clara and her husband had first come within sight of the group, and heard Lawrence, in his loud, slow, drawling Yorkshire voice, ponderously retailing the news of the day, it was more from a feeling of amusement than any other motive that Clara waited and listened. But as he continued to read, a deeper interest was awakened in her. From where she stood, she could see Uncle Giles seated on the bench, and was astonished at the extraordinary expression which his countenance assumed at the mention of the finding of the watch. The blood entirely deserted his face, and he let the tackle on which he was working fall from his hands as if he had been struck with paralysis. Captain Norham saw this also, and watched his wife's demeanour with something of alarm. As Lawrence read on, her eyes gradually developed a look of strained attention, as though every word he uttered went deep down into her very soul. A strange pallor overspread her face; she reached out her hands and clasped with a feverish grip at the back of a garden chair that stood near by, as if her limbs were no longer able to support her; then, as the reader concluded, she uttered a stifled shriek, and fainted away.

Her husband caught her in his arms as she was about to fall. Her cry brought Lawrence Dale and the others to her help, and she was carried back to the vicarage.

In the confusion that followed upon Clara's cry of distress, the movements of the old man Giles were unobserved. When the reading of the newspaper was ended by that sudden cry, the little group before the cottage was suddenly scattered; whereupon he immediately rose and entered his house. He was ghastly pale, and trembled like a man in an ague fever. A sharp fire burned in his eyes, and he clutched at the wall for support as he went.

'It ha' coomed at last,' he muttered. 'Be thou ever so fleet o' foot, the vengeance o' God is fleet.'

He did not sit down, or tarry for a moment; but going to where he had thrown his packed valise the evening before, he lifted it up, and taking a staff from the wall, quitted the house.

He walked off, at first slowly, but, as he regained composure, at an increasing pace, going directly towards the Old Grange. He was about to enter the familiar door, when he hesitated, and looked as if he would turn away without entering. There were voices within, and this startled him in a strange way. Yet what was there to fear? The men inside were only workmen, every one of

whom he knew, busily engaged in completing some repairs upon the old place. He might easily pass up the tall stairs to his own quarters without being seen. Yet still he hesitated. At length he said: 'It must be done, whether they see me or not. I cannot make my way with never a penny in my purse.'

He ascended the long stairs with slow and cautious foot. When he had reached the top floor, he unlocked a drawer near his bench, and took therefrom a little box which contained a few silver coins. Putting them in his pocket, he was about to leave the room, when he observed, just where the evening sun streamed warmly in through the dusky pane, the little maid Lucy lying asleep beside her playthings.

'Ah, thou here!' he said in a low voice, that had a perceptible quiver in it. He approached, and bent down over the sleeping child. 'I see it all, my little Lucy. Thou ha' been seeking Uncle Giles, and a-waiting for him till thou ha' fallen asleep.' And as he touched her fair tresses, his first impulse was to raise her up and carry her home—as at other times he would have done. But he dared not do this now. It might frustrate in some way his departure, and he *must* go. She was safe enough; her nurse was sure to seek and find her here.

Lifting a pair of scissors from the miscellaneous gathering of tools upon the bench, he raised one of the shining locks of the sleeping child, and cut off part of it; then taking from his breast that same little leather case we have before seen, he placed the tress inside, and turned to go. But once more he came back and looked at the child, with something pensive and touching in his eyes. 'God bless thee,' he said, 'and keep thee! May thou sometimes think on old Uncle Giles when he be far away.' Then he began to descend the stairs—slowly, with groping hands, and a great mist in his eyes.

He had soon left the valley behind, and was ascending the hill-road by which, only a few months before, he had first entered Linlaven. At the outset he walked quickly, as if dreading observation or interruption; but as he entered the solitude of the broad Fell, he went upward with slow and yet slower steps, turning from time to time to gaze on the village below. The place never looked to him more beautiful than now, under the splendid effulgence of the summer sunset, with the level light gleaming along the mere, and wrapping the high church-tower in a golden glory. All the hills around were bathed in the yellow light; and far beyond he could see the mountains of Westmoreland rising up dark against the kindling west, their broken and serrated ridges gleaming like massive jewels through the soft purple haze.

It could be seen that various and strong emotions had taken possession of the man's soul. 'For nigh thirty years I ha' fled from my fate, yet it dogs my footsteps as I ha' seen a bloodhound nose the track of a slave.' Yet still he passed upwards, heedless more and more of his surroundings. The wild thyme and the bright-eyed tormentil were at his feet, and around him was the sweet scent of the pines; but they had no charm, because they had no existence, for him. Once over the brow of the Fell, with village and lake and church-tower all hidden from his sight,

he sat down on the heath, and gave vent to his misery in tears. Here, among these scenes, he had for a time been tranquil—almost happy; and now, driven forth by the exigencies of his own blighted existence, he must leave them, and for ever. For thirty years, as he numbered it, had he fled before the slow foot of retribution; and yet, here, among those wilds, was not Nemesis coming up with him at last?

Sitting there—the moor-birds circling with wild screams round his head, and then darting away with a warning cry—he took no note of time. Suddenly he was aroused out of his reverie by a quick sound that struck upon his ears. It was the bells of Linlaven!

Why should these bells be ringing now? Was it the curfew? No; for they were ringing out in tones harsh and angry. Never, surely, during the three centuries since our Lady of Langleydale brought over these bells from Holland, and hung them in the gray church-tower of Linlaven—never had they given forth such clamorous and discordant music. The man started to his feet, and stood for a brief moment listening to that wild alarm, re-echoing and reverberating among the hills.

'It must be fire,' he said, as he turned and ran towards the ridge he had just crossed, and from which Linlaven could be seen. The bells sounded out with a still more angry and dissonant clangour as he came within sight of the valley. The sun had already left it; but the twilight was yet clear along the lake, and he could see a dark cloud of smoke floating ominously in the calm air.

'It *is* fire!' he exclaimed. 'And,' in a horrified whisper, as he looked again, 'it is the Old Grange! And Lucy—my little Lucy—what if they ha' not found her? Oh God,' he cried, in a voice of agony—'must yet another sin be laid to my charge?' And as he uttered these words he rushed madly down the hill towards the village, dashing onwards with all the recklessness and energy of despair.

## ON MAN-EATING REPTILES.

By DR ARTHUR STRADLING, C.M.Z.S., &c.

THE popular concept of a reptile embodies the very presentment and incarnation of that which is hurtful, repulsive, and, above all, aggressive. Serpents are endowed with venom to enable them to wreak destruction on the human and every other race with which they are brought into contact, or—under the most charitable ascription—are provided with the same 'as a means of self-defence.' Crocodiles and alligators are always on the chase for man, if they do not prey exclusively upon him; and the minor members of the scaly tribe are regarded with a vague sense of disfavour, grounded, no doubt, on that involuntary antipathy which lies outside the province of reason or the will, but capable, nevertheless, of entertaining any evidence as to their misdeeds with a preconceived readiness to believe it.

Still, the vast majority of reptiles may safely be pronounced to be innocuous to human beings, poisonous snakes of course constituting one, and



much the greatest, exception. It would be foreign to the purpose of this paper to recapitulate the terrible records of death from the bite of these creatures in India; and in our consideration of reptiles likely to regard us from a dietetic point of view, we may dismiss in their entirety two of the four great orders of reptiles, the lizards and the chelonians. Of the former, there are no bigger existing representatives than the monitors of Africa, India, Malaysia, and Australia, attaining a length of seven feet, fierce in their resentment of interference, and capable of inflicting a nasty wound with their iron teeth, but credited with no more sensational feat than that of occasionally devouring young crocodiles on the Nile; while most certainly the beak of no tortoise or turtle now living on this earth could do more than exhaust its powers for evil in an awkward pinch.

In connection with the question of man-eating, habitual or casual, we have therefore left to us among reptiles of the present day only the crocodilians and pythonoid snakes; and with regard to the former, unhappily their capability admits of no dispute. From every part of the world where these creatures are found, we gather accounts, only too well authenticated, of human beings carried off and devoured by them. It is said that crocodiles kill more people annually in Africa than all the rest of the wild animals of that continent together; but then, the destruction of life by beasts of prey is not very great in Africa compared with what obtains in many other countries. Indeed, it is just possible that the homicidal propensities of alligators and crocodiles, while by no means a fiction, may have been slightly over-rated. At anyrate, I have spent a considerable part of my life in various reptile-ridden countries where the rivers, tanks, and lagoons teemed with these brutes, so potent for good and ill, and have made it my business to hunt up and inquire into cases of the sort; but I have everywhere found those in which definite evidence was forthcoming very few and far between, though in many instances persons had disappeared in such a manner as to suggest a fair inference that they had come by their death in this way. On the other hand, I have seen numerous severe injuries, obviously inflicted by huge crocodilians, limbs crushed and mangled so as even to require amputation, as well as many slighter lacerations, where yet the sufferer, in spite of being so terribly mauled, has been allowed to escape by his assailant. Such cases used to be not at all uncommon amongst the coolies on the cane-pieces in Guiana, where the whole country is intersected by 'canals,' trenches of muddy water which effectually concealed the ragged jaws lurking beneath the surface; and this is the more curious, seeing that animals once seized rarely if ever escape, even powerful cattle.

Much more difficult to answer is the query, Do snakes eat men? It is hardly necessary to say that the greater *Boidea*, the anaconda of tropical America, the reticulated python and rock-snake of the East Indies, and the African

pythons, some half-dozen species in all, can alone be taken into account in discussing this matter, as no others are of sufficient size to admit of their swallowing a human being. No serpent masticates or in any way subdivides its prey; whatever it takes in the shape of food it must bolt whole and entire; and this peculiarity excludes from our present consideration all the venomous snakes—none of which grow to more formidable dimensions than a length of twelve or fourteen feet at most, with the girth of a man's wrist—as well as the rank and file of the colubrine snakes and smaller constrictors. The boas, which seem to be regarded popularly as synonymous with all that is biggest in the serpent world, are comparatively small reptiles, of exceedingly beautiful coloration, confined to South and Central America, where a specimen of ten feet would be considered worthy of remark.

I believe we have no evidence whatever to justify us in assuming that these snakes are man-eaters, and that there is not a single authenticated instance of the sort on record. One cannot, of course, deny that the constrictors which I have specified as the giants of their race may, and frequently do, attain such a size as would render them quite capable of the deglutition of an adult human being. The anaconda falls not far short of forty feet in the hot swamps of Brazil and the Isthmus; the West African python has been measured dead at thirty-three; while there is a reticulated python in the London Zoological Gardens the length of which is estimated at twenty-six feet. No live snake can be measured with accuracy, because, big or small, it is never seen in a straight line; curiously enough, and probably for the same reason, it always appears very much shorter than it really proves to be when the tape is applied to its dead body, or to its shed slough if cast unbroken. That such monsters as these could swallow men admits of no doubt whatever, any more than that they do occasionally in their wild state feed on deer and other large game. Within a few inches of my pen as I write is a royal python, the smallest species, about five feet long. Two hours ago it ate a dead chicken, half-grown, yet its neck is scarcely thicker than the penultimate joint of my thumb, and has to accommodate spine, muscles, nerves, blood-vessels, windpipe, and many other structures besides the gullet. But I am persuaded that the most gigantic of serpents does not, in its native haunts, habitually take the large prey with which it is credited, and I know that in captivity they thrive infinitely better and live longer if fed on relatively small objects. The anaconda or rock-snake, whose size would permit the constriction and deglutition of an antelope, would probably be found to feed by choice on animals corresponding to rabbits and ducks, though he might affect heavier morsels if hard pressed; small fur and feather, however, would always be the more plentiful and more readily obtained.

There are two stock anecdotes, and only two, which are invariably quoted by writers who contend for the anthropophagous habit, and one of those anecdotes is nearly a hundred years old. One is that related by M. Girouard, in his *Twenty Years in the Philippines*, concerning a murderer,

who had been apprehended by the authorities, but who had succeeded in eluding their vigilance, and, escaping, had hidden himself in a cavern, where his father supplied him with the necessaries of life. On going to the cave one day with rice, he discovered a huge boa (python?) asleep, while the fugitive from justice was nowhere to be seen. He killed the serpent, and found the body of his son within it. The other is an account given in the *Bombay Courier* of August 31, 1799, to the effect that a Malay proa, making for the port of Amboyna, missed her daylight off Celebes, and anchored there for the night. One of her sailors went on shore to collect betel-nuts in the forest, and, as was afterwards surmised, lay down to sleep on the sea-shore. Cries for help were heard by the crew during the night and they at once put off to the island, where they found the Malay crushed to death by an immense snake, which was preparing to swallow him. But the shouting for assistance is a fatal bar to our accepting the story; no more inconceivably sudden death can befall man or beast than would result from the onslaught of a giant constrictor.

I was present at the post-mortem examination of the body of the unfortunate man Karoli, who was squeezed to death by a python eighteen or twenty feet long in Madrid some years ago. He was performing with the creature wound about him when he chanced to vex it in some way; the brute tightened on him, and with a gasp he fell on the stage. The audience applauded, thinking it was part of the play, but the *dompteur* was dead. And we found no fewer than eighty-seven fractures of the bones; while lungs, liver, and intestines were split across, all in that one swift, silent, terrible embrace. Squeezed, did I say? *Smashed* would more fitly convey an idea of what these great reptiles can effect by their sinews of supple steel; there could be no crying out for aid, nor could aid be of any avail in such a case. Two of my own ribs were broken by a Natal python, the 'bight' of whose body gripped my side to an extent scarcely more than I can span with my hand. It is remarkable, however, that although many of these snakes are very savage in captivity, and will inflict even serious lacerations by biting, they seem never to put forth their constrictive force as a means of defence or for any other purpose than that of feeding, unless they are held or restrained in some way. A fierce serpent will dash at a fancied aggressor open-mouthed over and over again—I have had my clothes ripped off me by an anaconda which had got loose in a small room—yet they never seem to remember the power of their lateral muscles until they feel themselves grasped.

A most circumstantial narrative of a man-eating serpent in Trinidad appeared in the *Port-of-Spain Gazette* on March 30, 1889, and was extensively copied by newspapers throughout the world, an account so free from the gross exaggeration which characterises most of these stories as to render it apparently worthy of credence. It set forth that on the previous Sunday morning the inhabitants of Arima—a district in the interior of the island—were thrown into a state of consternation by the news that three children had disappeared from the Ward of Gnanapo during the past week. The names and residence of these children were given, as well as those of

every one concerned in the matter, down to the minutest corroborative details. Later in the day came the intelligence from Aripo that two more children had been lost, the one on Saturday and the other that same morning; further, that the mother had actually been the terror-stricken eye-witness of the capture of the second by a colossal snake, which had glided off with its victim into the depths of the forest.

A number of inhabitants quickly banded themselves together with the avowed object of destroying the fiend. Dogs were employed, and an attempt was made to track the serpent by scent, without success. The wildest rumours as to its dimensions and crimes began to prevail; but misrepresentation was modestly deprecated, and the length assessed at fifty feet. On the following Tuesday, frenzy was wrought to its highest pitch by a report, subsequently confirmed, that the anaconda had appeared on the heights, and that two more children had been carried off by him. A hunter had fired two charges of shot into him, the only result of which was to hasten his retreat in the direction of the Morne Bleu Mountains. The warden now thought the news so serious as to induce him to request assistance from the capital, and the Colonial Secretary accordingly despatched a sergeant and six policemen, armed with Martini-Henry rifles, by the afternoon train to Arima, as the guns which the majority of the pursuers carried did not seem to possess sufficient penetrating power to effect the slaughter of an animal endowed with more than feline plurality of lives. At six the next morning a motley cavalcade issued forth towards the Guacharo Caves in the Morne Bleu, where the monster had been 'marked down' on the previous evening; and here he was found and slain with a dramatic environment of the most picturesque horrors.

The search-party proceeded into one of the caverns as far as the light of day penetrated, walking with noiseless footsteps through a gloom and silence broken only by the sound of a distant waterfall and the mournful cry of the mountain birds. Suddenly their progress was arrested by a deep black pool of water, hardly to be discerned in the dim twilight. The dogs began to howl, and in a few moments they beheld, with vision now accustomed to the obscurity, the huge head of the snake rise above the inky surface, its eyes lighted with a diabolical gleam as it glared at the intruders. The next moment a hiss seethed forth from its jaws, as though a red-hot beam had been plunged in the water. A deafening volley rang out from the levelled guns, displacing large masses of stone overhead, which actually wounded some of the party. This, however, did not give the Minotaur his quietus, for, rearing himself twenty feet on high, and rapidly uncoiling his length from the depths of the pool, he launched himself forward, with his body bent in a great curve, on his assailants. A second discharge, however, produced the desired effect; the snake leaped out of the pool, and lashing the floor and the surface of the water, died in terrific convulsions. He was found to measure forty-seven feet, with a diameter of two and a half, the described colour accurately indicating an anaconda. Opened on the spot by the knives of some cocoa-pruners, it was found that



all traces of the children had disappeared; but the half-digested body of a deer, probably swallowed on the previous day, was disintombed, along with a number of official papers, conjecturally the relics of some unhappy overseer. The carcase of the serpent was then skinned, and the bones extracted for exhibition in the Council Hall of Port-of-Spain.

No contradiction of this extraordinary story seems to have reached any of the European or American papers which had quoted it; but my friend Dr Knox, of San Fernando, sent me the sequel. A couple of days after the publication of the narrative, crowds of people from far and near came flocking in to the Council Hall to view the hide and skeleton of this Brobdingnagian reptile, that being the date fixed for its arrival—only to find that the whole affair was a hoax, and to be reminded that the day was the first of April!

Quite recently a well-known venomous snake, the hamadryad (*Ophiophagus elaps*), has been amplified into a man-eater in certain forests of Ganjam, where, it is declared by the Khonds and Uriyas, who hold it in such dread that nothing will induce them to enter some of the woods, to attain a length of thirty feet, and to add not only human beings—which it is said to pursue with relentless activity—but jackals, wolves, leopards, and sambur to its normal diet of snakes.

In conclusion, let me give two possible instances as they were given to me of serpents devouring very young children. A friend of mine, whose *bona fides* I could not for one moment doubt, a man well known in the world of science, though not a zoologist, assured me that he had seen the tiny dead body of a newborn baby seized by a snake as it lay exposed on the steps of a church in a remote village of Southern Italy. He had passed the spot but a few minutes before, when the screams of a boy caused him to retrace his steps, and then he perceived a large striped serpent, which had plunged its widely distended jaws over the naked shoulder of the child. Sticks and stones caused it to loosen its hold, and it flashed away into the bushes. The biggest of the European snakes, the beautiful four-rayed *Elaphis*, is certainly found in that locality, but it grows to no more than six feet, and is of slender habit. My friend did not profess to have noted the appearance of the reptile sufficiently to enable him to describe it.

The other story comes from Manila. When I was there, many years ago, there was a poor crazy *mestizo*, or half-breed, who was quite a noted character in the island. She lived in one of the Tagal huts outside the city on the muddy Pasig River; but was not unfrequently to be met in the canopied side-walks of the streets, or wandering along the *calleada* in the evening, when that beautiful drive and promenade is thronged with carriages and pedestrians, enjoying the strains of the military band and the sea-breeze. This woman was a withered, shrivelled creature, who might have been sixty, seventy, or a hundred years old; but it was currently reported—and I can well believe it—that she was little more than thirty. Her wants were sufficiently provided for, and a certain amount of supervision was exercised over her movements; but every

now and then she escaped from a not very stringent control, and roamed through the length and breadth of Luzon, usually returning of her own accord after an absence of weeks, or even months, though occasionally rescued and brought back by those who encountered her and knew her.

Her one passion in life and the object of her wanderings was to catch snakes. These she would seize upon unhesitatingly wherever she met with them—and probably few knew their haunts better than she—and would keep them twisted about her, tied with plaited grass to her wrists or around her neck, or folded in the hem of her scanty *saya*, where she would talk to them, scold them, beat them, caress them, according to her mood, all day long, until they succeeded in regaining their freedom. On more than one occasion she had returned thus decorated to the Indian quarter, causing no little consternation; and it was even said that she had been responsible for a general stampede from the great Chinese store in the Calle Escolto, the Regent Street of Manila, by appearing at one of the doorways chattering to a huge poisonous snake. I was conducted to her hut by a Dominican friar who had described to me a serpent which he had recently seen in her hands, and which seemed to me to be a specimen of the rare and deadly *Ophiophagus*. Our tedious journey up the bewildering maze of fetid creeks which extend away to the base of the mountains was, however, fruitless, for neither *mestizo* nor snake was to be found in the nipa-thatched tenement. I learned from the friar that one of her arms, one leg, and her jaw had been broken by falls in the course of her snake-hunting rambles, and had remained permanently deformed from the want of surgical treatment; but that she was not known to have been bitten by any of the ill-omened protégés she handled so unceremoniously.

Concerning this woman I was told a tale of horror. True or false, no one in Manila appeared to question its accuracy. At the age of fifteen, when she was an exceedingly beautiful girl, she married a Spaniard high in office in the port, a member of one of the old 'Peninsular' families, who found it hard to forgive such a *mesalliance*. (This, I may remark, would possibly account for her position at the time of my visit, watched and cared for to a certain extent by an ample provision of money, but a pariah none the less.) A few weeks after the birth of her first child, she was taken, for the sake of her health, to a *quinta* or villa in the mountains, to escape the excessive heat and noisome smells of the city and low-lying foreshore, her husband's official duties compelling him to remain at their residence in the town. One afternoon she was sitting in a low rocking-chair, placed in a shady corner of the veranda which ran round two sides of the *quinta*, commanding an extensive view of the glorious bay far below; her Indian maid lay asleep on the floor, and she, with the baby, now a month old, in her lap, presently succumbed to the heat of the day, and slept too—slept long and heavily. She heard no sound; she was disturbed by no movement; but she woke suddenly, to find her baby gone, and an enormous python lying gorged at her feet. As she sprang from the chair, the snake struck her on the breast, inflicting a jagged

wound, the scar of which I saw, then sped off down the hill-side. With a wild cry, the poor creature fell to the ground, mercifully bereft of reason from that moment.

### HOW THE ACREAGE RETURNS ARE OBTAINED.

IN September 1889 a Board of Agriculture was established in England for the first time. It took over the powers formerly exercised by the Agricultural Department of the Privy-council, and those of the Land Commission relating to tithes, commons, and the enclosure of lands. Its duties include the following matters: Contagious cattle diseases, injurious insects, the collection and preparation of statistics on agriculture and forestry, and the promotion of lectures and instruction on such subjects. The Board consists of the President, or Minister of Agriculture; the Lord President of the Council; the Secretaries of State for the Foreign, War, Home, and Colonial Departments; the First Lord of the Treasury; the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; the Secretary for Scotland, and such other persons as the Queen may from time to time appoint. One of the principal, if not the principal, duties of the Board is the preparation of the yearly 'blue-book'—it is, however, sometimes slate-coloured—containing the Agricultural Returns of Great Britain. These Returns have now been furnished for twenty-six years, and £15,300 was annually voted for their cost. The collection of the statistics has always been entrusted to the officers of the Excise branch of the Inland Revenue Department, who have until this year been paid for the extra work thus devolving on them, about ten thousand pounds being divided among the various officials concerned. The remuneration has now been withdrawn.

The particulars of the acreage of the land under cultivation for crops; the quantity of meadow, fallow, and moorland; the number of cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses of various kinds, poultry, and silos, are ascertained in the following manner. About the end of May each year, a form containing headed columns for all the items of information desired is sent by post by the local revenue officer to all persons whose names appear in the parish ratebooks as occupiers of land above a quarter of an acre in extent. These schedules are stamped, and addressed for return. After a few days, the officers proceed to write to or call upon such occupiers as have failed to make the required Returns, and endeavour to persuade them to fill up their papers or give verbally the necessary details. In the event of non-compliance, the particulars are obtained roughly from some friendly resident in the parish; or, in the absence of such assistance, the officer himself makes an estimate of the crops and live-stock on the farm or holding.

The difficulties of the collection have always been great, and have not much diminished as the

years have progressed; indeed, the inaccuracies are as great and as many as ever. In the Returns for 1889 the number estimated was stated to be 18,832 out of a total of 574,840 Returns; but there is no doubt that a much larger number—probably sixty per cent.—have to be amended, and partially, if not wholly, estimated, owing to various causes. The forms issued are of a very complicated nature, and well calculated to puzzle the agricultural mind, which, as John Bright once observed, is not very enlightened. Parish overseers sometimes put obstacles in the way of the collecting officials, to delay and prevent them revising their list of land occupants by the rate-books. It is entirely optional whether farmers and others fill up their Returns—there is no compulsion—only solicitation at present, though there is some talk of making the next Returns compulsory. In cases where the Returns are made, the forms are frequently so carelessly filled up that it is necessary for the officers to make additions or deductions in order to make the total average agree with that of the previous year. This operation is known as 'cooking' the Returns.

Another serious fact which retards the officials is that they have no right to go upon the land of a farmer to determine his crops and stock, and irate agriculturists have been known to threaten to set their dogs on too persistent officers. The thousands of prosecutions that take place all over the country for keeping dogs and carriages, killing game, carrying or using guns, &c., without licenses, and other violations of the revenue laws, render the officers unpopular with the very persons whose Returns they are requesting. An occupier of land after he has been fined will refuse to fill up an optional Return. The Returns were at first regarded, and still are by some, as preliminary to some dark scheme for future taxation, and by many as a partial check upon their income-tax declarations.

It is a matter of difficulty to the occupant of a large farm to give, even approximately, the number of acres under each crop, if he honestly desired to do so; it is therefore evident that it is impossible for officers with no special knowledge of agricultural matters, and frequently fresh from cities, to arrive at a reliable conclusion as to the crops and stock on a farm upon which they are not permitted to go, and of the boundaries of which they are ignorant. These Returns are required at a busy portion of the year, and are in addition to and unconnected with the other multifarious duties of revenue officials. Even if they were authorised to make personal inspection of the holdings of non-returning occupiers, it is doubtful whether many officers would have time to do so. The large number of Returns that require 'correction,' and holdings that have to be guessed at or estimates manufactured, are included in the totals with the Returns that profess to be correct, making the whole inaccurate, and thus of less value as a basis for the arguments, conclusions, and calculations regarding them which appear every year in the leading journals. The Board of Inland Revenue and the Board of Agriculture are aware of these defects in the Returns, and number among their advisers officials who have been through every grade of their service, to whom the difficulties



referred to are matters of actual knowledge. Moreover, year after year, in the columns of the Civil Service papers, have appeared letters from the collecting officers showing how impossible it is under the present conditions to obtain trustworthy Returns. It is apparent, too, under the circumstances mentioned, how hard it is for those concerned in their collection to obtain entirely correct Returns; and in order to get the work completed in the few weeks allowed much 'revision' of the schedules is inevitable.

In their anxiety, under the official pressure put upon them, to show as few 'estimates' as possible, the officers sometimes overstep the mark, and resort to expedients which bring down upon them punishment in the shape of dismissal, reduction in rank, and censures. This has, unfortunately for them, been especially the case over the last Returns, the punishments being exceptionally numerous and severe. The schedules sent out are often treated with scant respect by the recipients, being regarded as an objectionable inquisition, for which the Prime Minister who may be in power is responsible. Some contemptuously tear up the forms sent them, the fragments being found scattered about adjoining lanes, blown by every wandering wind. In other cases, instead of the information requested, ridiculous answers and satirical queries are freely scrawled on the forms. Instead of the extent of the land planted, '10,000 cabbages' will be returned. 'How is the G.O.M.?' one will humorously inquire. Another will ask, 'What is the price of jam?'—'If you want to know the number of my chucks, come and count them' was endorsed on one form. A farmer's wife offered an officer chalk to mark the hens and chicks, as she could not tell their number 'to a hundred one way or the other.' The little pig that ran about so that he could not be counted has numerous parallels. Occasionally, some hitherto 'mute inglorious Milton' will 'drop,' like Silas Wegg, 'into poetry.' Here is a specimen of a rhyming Return, actually sent to one of the officers by a rural intellect of more than ordinary brightness and waggery:

Ten acres of wheat; no barley or bere;  
Eight acres of oats; rye (corn)? none here.  
Of beans, peas, and 'taters,' I grow just a score,  
And of turnips and mangolds about six or more,  
Though of swedes I must tell you I have not a pole,  
As the wireworms have paid their 'devours' to the whole.

Of carrots? let's see—I think there is one.  
Cabbage? Not planted. Kohl-rabi not sown.  
Rape? Well, not guilty. Beetroot enter nil.  
Chicory—vetches or tares—no true bill.  
To lucerne I'm a stranger; I sing not its praise;  
But green crops such as rhubarb just one rood I raise.

Of flax not a yard; of hops not a pole;  
Of fallow ploughed acres, I've four on the whole,  
Of hay-crop—I've just got a score in the park.  
Though of other grass land I could not sod a lark.  
Working horses there's four, of cattle eleven,  
Sheep I have none, but of grunners I've seven.  
Of sios? What nonsense to come to that pass,  
The man who stacks ensilage I think him an ass.  
The last-mentioned quadruped, sometimes call'd a moke,

I'm not to return, so forgive me the joke;  
I know of a pair, sir, the compliment's double,  
You for your patience, I for my trouble.

To the non-agricultural reader it may be explained that 'bere' is a light sort of Scotch

barley; 'kohl-rabi' and 'rape' are a species of green crop, and 'lucerne' an artificial grass for cattle.

Their employment in the collection of agricultural Returns is termed by the officers being 'on the acreage;' and in the days when there was a duty on malt instead of beer, it was a pleasurable duty roaming among villages and farmhouses on horseback or cycle, in dogcarts, or on that 'fiery and untamed steed' known as 'shanks' pony.' In the bright and pleasant summer-time the malthouses were always 'silent'—that is, closed, and the revenue officials had little to do in the rare June days. Now, however, all is changed, and the collection is regarded as an undesirable addition to their already heavy work. Various propositions for an alteration in the method of collection have been made. All agree that the Returns should be compulsory, with a fine for non-compliance or incorrect Returns. A simpler form of schedule, more suited to the understanding of Hodge, is also deemed necessary. It has been proposed, too, that the work of collection should be undertaken by the parish overseers, the police, or the postmen. A reform of the system prevailing is manifestly urgently required, and cannot come too soon, in the interests alike of agriculturists, revenue officials, and the public.

#### BALLADE OF ROSES AND THORNS.

THE month that brings the Summer heat  
Unfolds the buds that filled in May;  
The red flow of the morn is sweet,  
And sweeter is the ebb of day.  
So fair the pleasant land's array,  
So deep the joy on every side,  
That men forget this ancient lay,  
'The roses pass, the thorns abide.'

Though hidden in a sure retreat,  
The roses' blushes soon betray  
Their secret, and the thorns that meet  
Around them cannot once away  
The plunderer who seeks such prey,  
For he will pluck them, and in pride  
Upon his breast will wear the spray  
Where roses pass, but thorns abide.

Alas! the hours have flying feet,  
And Pleasure will not deign to stay  
For anything that maids entreat,  
For anything that men can say.  
To sigh and prayer she answers 'Nay.'  
All for her going must provide,  
Or they will find to their dismay  
That roses pass, but thorns abide.

ENVOY.

Princes, pluck roses on your way,  
Though under thorns the roses hide;  
Yet think ye on my rhyme, I pray—  
'The roses pass, the thorns abide.'

J. T. LEVENS.

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## THOMAS THE RHYMER.

WHAT Merlin the Prophet is to the Welsh, that Thomas the Rhymer is to the Scots. He is the *sacer vates* of Scotch tradition and history. His name, and the predictions associated with his name, are known and repeated in every district of Scotland. Though to Berwickshire is assigned the place of his birth, he is equally well known throughout all the Borders, from east to west. He is known in Strathclyde and Galloway, in the Highlands and Western Islands, along the north-eastern seaboard of Banff and Aberdeen, and among the peasantry of the Mearns, of Fife, and of the Lothians. There are few families of any antiquity or eminence, few castles or houses of distinction, but have attached to them some jingling rhyme or other, bearing upon their destiny, and attributed to the Rhymer. Some of these rhymes have the ring of antiquity about them, and are undoubtedly ancient; others smack of the modern method, and may be referred to the cunning or waggery of some local poetaster. But each and all of them serve to keep in memory a name that was long a name to conjure with in Scotland, and scarcely any great battle took place, or any striking crisis in the country's history occurred, but there was produceable some vague oracular prediction of the Rhymer's, pointing to what had happened or was about to happen. That these predictions were in many instances manufactured to serve the purpose of the hour, goes without saying.

While Thomas the Rhymer, or 'True Thomas,' has his parallel in Merlin the Prophet, yet an important distinction must be drawn between them. The one comes down to us on the wave of tradition only; the other is distinctly an historical personage. We have no fact of history to which we can point as evidence that Merlin ever actually lived; he may have simply been rendered the living channel and embodiment of Cymric legends and traditions—the creation of the Cymric imagination. But of the existence of Thomas the Rhymer we have reasonable historical

proof; his place of residence is moreover linked with a definite locality, and this not by tradition, but by an existing title-deed to the property dating as far back as the close of the thirteenth century, and containing his own name and the name of his son and heir.

The name of the Rhymer's residence was Ercildoune, now Earlston, on the banks of the Leader, in Berwickshire. The vale of Leader is of singular beauty, and embraces within it many places whose names have been made memorable in Scottish song and story. The Leader takes its rise in the Lammermoor Hills, and flows southward in devious and wilful wanderings till it merges itself in the Tweed. Here we have the St Leonard's Banks and Leader Haughs of the seventeenth-century minstrel Burn, who gave to Wordsworth the measure and rhythm of his three Yarrow ballads. This stanza might not have done discredit to Wordsworth himself, in the grace and fervour of its lyrical melody:

Sing Ercildoune and Cowdenknowes,  
Where Humes had once commanding,  
And Drygrange, with its milk-white ewes,  
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing;  
The bird that flees through Redpath trees  
And Gladswood's banks each morrow,  
May sing and sigh sweet Leader Haughs,  
And bonny holms of Yarrow.

It is to a district so hallowed about with song and tradition that Thomas the Rhymer belongs. He 'flourished'—to adopt a time-honoured locution—in the later half of the thirteenth century, or, more specifically, from perhaps 1220 to about 1290. The first fact as to his existence which has been ascertained is in connection with the witnessing of a charter which was granted to the Abbot and Convent of Melrose by Thomas's near neighbour, Petrus de Haga of Bemersyde, an ancestor of the ancient family regarding whom the Rhymer is said to have predicted that

Tyde what may betide,  
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

And the prediction still holds good after the lapse



of six hundred years. The deed referred to, and which we have seen and handled, is now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch. It is a little bit of yellow parchment, nine inches by six, with the writing as clear and distinct as at the day on which it was penned, and has the remains of two seals attached to it by little separate tags of parchment. The one seal is that of the grantor of the charter, Haig; the other is that of Abbot Oliver of Dryburgh, who heads the list of witnesses. Deeds of this nature were not witnessed then as such deeds are now—that is, by each witness subscribing his signature beneath the document. In those days, writing was not so common an accomplishment as now, and probably to avoid invidious distinctions among men of hot and aristocratic tempers, with swords by their side, the clerk who engrossed the deed simply wrote therein a list of the men who were then present, and who had witnessed the transaction entered upon and completed. The last name mentioned of those who stood around the table on this occasion is *Thomas Rymor de Erchildoun*.

Here, then, we have one solid historical fact upon which to base the actual corporeal existence of 'True Thomas.' The charter in question is not dated; but as it is ascertainable through other historical channels that the above Oliver was Abbot of Dryburgh in 1262, and was still Abbot in 1268, we are able to approach very near to the actual date when the Rhymer witnessed the charter—say, between 1260 and 1270.

The next transaction which brings the Rhymer upon the page of actual history belongs to the year 1286, and in this instance we have him in his traditional character of prophet. Walter Bower, who was Abbot of the Monastery of Inchcolm—an island in the Firth of Forth—wrote, in the first half of the fifteenth century, a history of Scotland, in which he tells us how Thomas of Erchildoun foretold the calamitous death of King Alexander III. The Earl of Dunbar of those days had a great castle which stood about a mile to the east of Erchildoun, and under the protecting shadow of whose walls a village would naturally spring up; the name of which village—Earl's-town—has gradually supplanted the older and more poetical Erchildoun. Thomas, paying a visit to the Earl one day, was asked by him half-jocularly what was to happen on the morrow. The Rhymer, sighing deeply, said: 'Alas for the morrow, a day of calamity and misery! Before the twelfth hour shall be heard a blast so vehement as shall exceed all that have yet been heard in Scotland.' The alarming nature of this prediction led the Earl and his associates to watch the atmosphere closely next morning; but the sky gave no sign of any impending storm, and by the ninth hour they were becoming disposed to regard Thomas and his prediction with something like contempt. The Earl, however, had scarcely sat down to dinner, and the hand of the dial pointed the hour of noon, when a messenger arrived at the gate, bringing with him the tidings of the king's death, who in the darkness of the previous night had been killed by a fall from his horse while galloping along the sea-

shore near Kinghorn. 'This,' said Thomas, 'is the wind that shall blow to you the great calamity and trouble of all Scotland.' And so of a surety it did; for it led to the disputed succession in the sovereignty of the kingdom, to the interference of Edward I. of England, to the long wars of Wallace and Bruce, the storm ending only in the victory of Bannockburn. 'This Thomas,' says a later chronicler, 'was a man of great admiration to the people, and showed sundry things as they fell. Howbeit,' he quaintly adds, 'they were aye hid under obscure words.'

The Rhymer is next referred to in an authentic document of the date 1294, in which his son, who styles himself 'Thomas of Erchildoun, son and heir of Thomas Rymour of Erchildoun,' conveys to a neighbouring charity all the lands which he held by inheritance in the village of Erchildoun. What the object of the younger Thomas was in thus divesting himself of his inheritance is not stated in the deed. But the natural inference is, that before this time, and before the son had entered on his inheritance, his father, True Thomas, was dead. Blind Harry, in his rhymed life of Wallace, represents the Rhymer as still alive in 1296 or 1297; but no one who knows the blind poetaster's method of writing history would give the slightest weight to his authority, as against a document which, on the face of it, presupposes that the Rhymer was dead previous to November 1294.

But while history has thus substantiated for us the actual existence and personality of Thomas the Rhymer, it has not informed us either as to the precise year of his death or as to the manner of it. But here tradition steps in and tells the story in a way more picturesquely and poetically than we should have had it from history. In view, moreover, of the methods of tradition, it is not quite consistent to speak of the Rhymer's 'death;' for, according to this type of legend, men like Merlin and Arthur and True Thomas do not die—they only pass from the sight of men for a time. Hence we have 'The passing of Arthur'—not his death—as he goes 'a long way' to the island valley of Avilion,

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

And tradition expected that he should once more return; as it, too, expected Merlin's release from the fatal spell woven round him by the wily Vivien.

And as tradition dealt with those, so it dealt with Thomas the Rhymer. The manner of his 'passing' was thus. At an early age he had been carried off to Fairy Land as the lover of the Fairy Queen, and while there had acquired his miraculous gifts of knowledge and of prophecy. At the end of seven years he was warned that it was time for him to return to earth; but his mistress made it a condition that he should come back to her when it pleased her to recall him from earth. One day, therefore, while Thomas sat in his house of Erchildoun, feasting and making merry with his friends, a person entered, and in a state of wonder and fear, informed him that a hart and hind from the neighbouring forest were 'composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly rose, left his

habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is one day expected to revisit earth.'

How far the actual sayings and doings of the Rhymer when on earth justified the extraordinary reputation which he obtained for his mingled gifts as a prophet and a poet, it is impossible now to say; but that that reputation was well established before his death is proved by the fact that a manuscript exists containing a prophecy said to be uttered by him, and which manuscript must have been written before 1320, probably before 1314, or within thirty years after his death. There are still extant two poems which have been ascribed to him. His authorship of one of these, called *Sir Tristram*, is more than doubtful; but the first portion of the other poem claimed for him—and which tells how he saw the Fairy Queen riding down by the Eildon tree, how he had kissed her lips, and how he wended his way with her to Fairy Land—may not improperly be regarded as his. The antique language in which it is couched will debar many readers from enjoying it; but, as poetry, it is of high quality, instinct with the colour and movement of life, with strong imaginative effects, and in places fervid with passion. The popular version of it which Scott received from a lady who resided near Ereildoune, and which he collated with another version in Mrs Brown's possession, may be regarded as a good paraphrase of the original poem composed by one who was familiar with that original.

True Thomas lay on Huntlie Bank;  
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;  
And there he saw a ladye bright,  
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;  
At ilka tett of her horse's mane  
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas hailed the fair lady with all a poet's gallantry. She told him she was the 'Queen of fair Elfland'; and he, in spite of her warning as to the consequences to himself, 'kissed her rosy lips, all underneath the Eildon tree.'

'Now, ye maun go wi' me,' she said;  
'True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;  
And ye maun serve me seven years,  
Through weal or woe as may chance to be.'

She mounted on her milk-white steed;  
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;  
And aye, whene'er her bridle rung,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind. . . .

O they rade on, and farther on,  
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk mirk night, and there was nae sterner light,  
And they waded through red blood to the knee;  
For a' the blood that is shed on earth  
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

At the end of Thomas's services in Elfland, the Queen once more guides him back to earth, and offers him, as wages, the gift of 'the tongue that can never lie.' 'A goodly gift ye would gie to me,' replied Thomas, not having quite forgotten after his long absence what manner of place the

earth is. What use to a man among men would be 'the tongue that can never lie?'

'I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
At fair or tryst where I may be.'

The situation is a little confused in the popular version, but is clear enough in the original poem. Scott himself has put in verse the Rhymer's final departure with the hart and hind:

Some said to hill, and some to glen,  
Their wondrous course had been;  
But ne'er in haunts of living men  
Again was Thomas seen.

J. R.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—'I KNOW THE MAN.'

'ANOTHER evening of mystery, Elsie?' said Athelstan.

'Yes. Another, and perhaps another. But we are getting to an end. I shall be able to tell you all to-day or to-morrow. The thing is becoming too great for me alone.'

'You shall tell us when you please. Meantime, nothing new has been found out, I believe. Checkley still glares, George tells me. But the opinion of the clerks seems on the whole more favourable, he believes, than it was. Of that, however, he is not perhaps a good judge.'

'They shall all be turned out,' cried Elsie. 'How dare they so much as to discuss'—

'My sister, it is a very remarkable thing, and a thing little understood, but it is a true thing. People, people—clerks and *le Service* generally—are distinctly a branch of the great human tribe. They are anthropoid. Therefore, they are curious and prying and suspicious. They have our own faults, my dear.'

All day Elsie felt drawn as with ropes to Mr Dering's office. Was it possible that after that long evening among the lessons of Poverty Lane he should remember nothing? How was she to get at him—how was she to make him understand or believe what he had done? Could she make the sane man remember the actions and words of the insane man? Could she make the insane man do something which would absolutely identify him with the sane man? She could always array her witnesses: but she wanted more: she wanted to bring Mr Dering himself to understand that he was Mr Edmund Gray.

She made an excuse for calling upon him. It was in the afternoon, about four, that she called. She found him looking aged, his face lined, his cheek pale, his eyes anxious.

'This business worries me,' he said. 'Day and night it is with me. I am persecuted and haunted with this Edmund Gray. His tracts are put into my pockets; his papers into my safe: he laughs at me: he defies me to find him. And they do nothing. They only accuse each other. They find nothing.'

'Patience,' said Elsie softly. 'Only a few

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days—a day or two—then—with your help—we will unravel all this trouble. You shall lose nothing.'

'Shall I escape this mocking devil—this Edmund Gray?'

'I cannot promise. Perhaps.—Now, my dear guardian, I am to be married next Wednesday. I want you to be present at my wedding.'

'Why not?'

'Because things have been said about George: and because your presence will effectually prove that you do not believe them.'

'Oh! Believe them? I believe nothing. It is, however, my experience that there is no act, however base, that any man may not be tempted to do.'

'Happily, it is my experience,' said the girl of twenty-one, 'that there is no act of baseness, however small, that certain men could possibly commit. You will come to my wedding, then. Athelstan will give me away.'

'Athelstan? Yes; I remember. We found those notes, didn't we? I wonder who put them into the safe? Athelstan! Yes. He has been living in low company, I heard—Camberwell.—Rags and tatters.'

'Oh!' Elsie stamped impatiently. 'You will believe anything—anything, and you a lawyer! Athelstan is in the service of a great American journal.—Rags and tatters!'

'American? Oh! yes.' Mr Dering sat up and looked interested. 'Why, of course. How could I forget it. Had it been yesterday evening, I should have forgot. But it is four years ago. He wrote to me from somewhere in America. Where was it? I've got the letter. It is in the safe. Bring me the bottom right-hand drawer. It is there, I know.' He took the drawer which Elsie brought him, and turned over the papers. 'Here it is among the papers of that forgery. Here is the letter.' He gave it to Elsie. 'Read it. He writes from America, you see. He was in the States four years ago—and—and—What is it?'

'Oh!' cried Elsie, suddenly springing from her chair—'Oh! Do you know what you have given me? Oh! do you know what you have told me? It is the secret—the secret—of my fortune. Oh! Athelstan gave it to me—Athelstan—my brother!'

Mr Dering took the letter from her and glanced at the contents. 'I ought not to have shown you the letter,' he said. 'I have violated confidence. I forgot. I was thinking of the trouble—I forgot. I forget everything now—the things of yesterday as well as the things of today. Yes; it is true, child: your little fortune came to you from your brother. But it was a secret that he alone had the right to reveal.'

'And now I know it—I know it. Oh! what shall I say to him?' The tears came in her eyes. 'He gave me all he had—all he had—because—oh! for such a simple thing—because I would not believe him to be a villain. Oh! my brother—my poor brother! He went back into poverty again. He gave me all—because—oh! for such a little thing!—Mr Dering!' She turned almost fiercely upon him. 'After such a letter, could you believe that man to be a villain? Could you? Tell me! After such a deed and such a letter!'

'I believe nothing. My experience, however,

tells me that any man, whoever he is, may be led to commit'—

'NO! I won't have it said again.—Now, listen, Mr Dering. These suspicions must cease. There must be an end. Athelstan returned six weeks ago—or thereabouts. That can be proved. Before that time, he was working in San Francisco on the journal. That can be proved. While these forgeries, with which he is now so freely charged, were carried on here, he was abroad. I don't ask you to believe or to disbelieve or to bring up your experience—oh! such experience—one would think you had been a police magistrate all your life.'

'No, Elsie,' Mr Dering smiled grimly. 'There was no need to sit upon the bench; the police magistrate does not hear so much as the family solicitor. My dear, prove your brother's innocence by finding out who did the thing. That is, after all, the only thing. It matters nothing what I believe—he is not proved innocent—all the world may be suspected of it—until the criminal is found. Remove the suspicions which have gathered about your lover by finding the criminal. There is no other way.'

'Very well, then. I will find the criminal, since no one else can.'

Mr Dering went on without heeding her words.

'They want to get out a warrant against Edmund Gray. I think, for my own part, that the man Edmund Gray has nothing to do with the business. He is said to be an elderly man and a respectable man—a gentleman—who has held his chambers for ten years.'

'They need not worry about a warrant,' Elsie replied. 'Tell your brother, Mr Dering, that it will be perfectly useless. Meantime—I doubt if it is any good asking you—but—if we want your help, will you give me all the help you can?'

'Assuredly. All the help I can. Why not? I am the principal person concerned.'

'You are, indeed,' said Elsie gravely—'the principal person concerned. Very well, Mr Dering—now I will tell you more. I know the—the criminal. I can put my hand upon him at any moment. It is one man who has done the whole, beginning with the cheque for which Athelstan was suspected—one man alone.'

'Why, child, what can you know about it? What can you do?'

'You were never in love, Mr Dering—else you would understand that a girl will do a great deal—oh! a great deal more than you would think—for her lover. It is not much to think for him and to watch for him—and for her brother—the brother who has stripped himself of everything to give his sister!' She was fain to pause, for the tears which rose again and choked her voice.

'But, Elsie—what does this mean? How can you know what no one else has been able to find out?'

'That is my affair, Mr Dering. Perhaps I dreamed it.'

'Do you mean that you will get back all the papers—all the transfers—the dividends that have been diverted—everything?'

'Everything is safe. Everything shall be restored.—My dear guardian, it is a long and

a sad story. I cannot tell you how. Presently, perhaps. Or to-morrow. I do not know how I shall be able to tell you. But for your property, rest easy. Everything will come back to you—everything—except that which cannot be stored in the vaults of the Bank.'

The last words he heard not, or understood not.

'I shall get back everything!' The eyes of the Individualist lit up and his pale cheek glowed—old age has still some pleasures. 'It is not until one loses Property that one finds out how precious it has become. Elsie, you remember what I told you, a day or two ago. Ah! I don't forget quite everything—a man is not the shivering naked soul only, but the complete figure, equipped and clothed, armed and decorated, bearing with him his skill, his wit, his ingenuity, his learning, his past, and his present, his memories and his rejoicings, his sorrows and his trials, his successes and his failures, and his Property—yes—his Property. Take away from any of these things, and he is mutilated: he is not the perfect soul. Why, you tell me that my Property is coming back—I awake again. I feel stronger already; the shadows are flying before me: even the terror of that strange forgetfulness recedes: and the haunting of Edmund Gray. I can bear all, if I get my Property back again. As for this forger—this miscreant—this criminal—you will hale him before the judge.'

'Yes—yes. We will see about the miscreant afterwards. The first thing is to find the man and recover your Property, and to dispel the suspicions resting on innocent persons. If I do the former, you must aid me in the latter.'

'Assuredly. I shall not shrink from that duty.'

'Very well.—Now tell me about yourself. Sometimes it does good to talk about our own troubles. Tell me more about these forgetful fits. Do they trouble you still?' Her eyes and her voice were soft and winning. One must be of granite to resist such a voice and such eyes.

'My dear'—Mr Dering softened. 'You are good to interest yourself in an old man's ailments. It is Anno Domini that is the matter with me. The forgetful fits are only symptoms—and the disease is incurable. Ask the oak why the leaves are yellow.—It is the hand of winter. That is my complaint. First the hand of winter, then the hand of Death. Meantime, the voice of the grasshopper sings loud and shrill.' In presence of the simple things of age and death, even a hard old lawyer grows poetic.

'Tell me the symptoms, then. Do you still forget things?'

'Constantly. More and more. I forget everything.'

'Where were you yesterday evening, for instance?'

'I don't know. I cannot remember. I have left off even trying to remember. At one time I racked my brains for hours, to find out, and failed. Now I remember nothing. I never know when this forgetfulness may fall upon me. At any hour.—For instance—you ask me about yesterday evening. I ordered dinner at home. My housekeeper this morning reminded me that I did not get home last night till eleven. Where was I? Where did I spend the evening?'

'At the Club?'

'No—I took a cab this morning and drove there under pretence of asking for letters. I asked if I was there last night. The hall porter stared. But I was not there. I thought that I might have fallen asleep here. I have done so before. Checkley tells me that I went away before him. Where was I?—Child!—he leaned forward and whispered, with white cheeks—'I have read of men going about with disordered brains doing what they afterwards forget. Am I one of these unfortunates? Do I go about with my wits wandering? Oh! horrible! I picture to myself an old man—such as myself—of unblemished reputation and blameless life—wandering about the streets demented—without conscience—without dignity—without self-respect—committing follies—things disgraceful—even things which bring men before the law'— He shuddered. He turned pale.

'No—no,' murmured Elsie. 'You could not. You could never'—

'Such things are on record. They have happened. They may happen again. I have read of such cases. There was a man once—he was like myself—a Solicitor—who would go out and buy things, not knowing what he did. He bought new hats—every day twenty new hats—cricket bats, though he was long past the game of cricket: once he bought six grand pianos—six—though he knew not the use of any instrument. Then they gave him a companion, and he found out what he had done. The shame and the shock of it killed him. I have thought of that man of late. Good Heavens! Think, if you can, of any worse disaster. Let me die—let me die, I say, rather than suffer such a fate—such an affliction. I see myself brought before the magistrate—me—myself—at my age, charged with this and with that. What defence? None, save that I did not remember.'

'That could never be,' said Elsie confidently, because she knew the facts. 'If such a thing were to befall, your character would never be changed. You might talk and think differently, but you could never be otherwise than a good man. You to haunt low company? Oh! you could not even in a waking dream. People who dream, I am sure, always remain themselves, however strangely they may act. How could you—you—after such a life as yours, become a haunter of low company? One might perhaps suppose that Athelstan had been living among profligates because he is young and untried—but you?—you? Oh! no. If you had these waking dreams—perhaps you have them—you would become—you would become—I really think you would become'—she watched his face—'such—such a man as—as—Mr Edmund Gray, who is so like yourself, and yet so different.'

He started. 'Edmund Gray again? Good Heavens! It is always Edmund Gray!'

'He is now a friend of mine. I have only known him for a week or two. He does not think quite as you do. But he is a good man. Since, in dreams, we do strange things, you might act and speak and think as Edmund Gray.'

'I speak and think as— But—am I dreaming? Am I forgetting again? Am I awake? Edmund Gray is the man whom we want to find.'



'I have found him,' said Elsie quietly.

'The forger—if he is the forger'—

'No—no. Do not make more mistakes. You shall have the truth in a day or two. Would you like to see Edmund Gray? Will you come with me to his Chambers? Whenever you call, you—you, I say—will find him at home.'

'No—no. I know his doctrines—futile doctrines—mischievous doctrines. I do not wish to meet him. What do you mean by mistakes? There are the letters—there are the forgeries. Are there two Edmund Grays?'

'No—only one. He is the man they cannot find. I will show you, if you like, what manner of man he is.'

'No. I do not want to see a Socialist. I should insult him.—You are mysterious, Elsie. You know this man, this mischievous doctrinaire—this leveller—this spoliator. You tell me that he is a good man—you want me to see him. What, I ask, do these things mean?'

'They mean many things, my dear guardian. Chiefly they mean that you shall get back your Property, and that suspicion shall be removed from innocent persons—and all this, I hope before next Wednesday, when I am to be married. We must all be happy on my wedding day.'

'Will—will Mr Edmund Gray be there as well?'

'He has promised.—And now, my dear guardian, if you will come round to Gray's Inn with me, I will show you the Chambers of Mr Edmund Gray.'

'No—no. Thank you, Elsie—I do not wish to make the personal acquaintance of a Socialist.'

'He has Chambers on the second floor. The principal room is large and well furnished. It is a wainscoted room with two windows looking on the Square. It is not a very pretty Square, because they have not made a garden or laid down grass in the middle—and the houses are rather dingy. He sits there in the evening. He writes and meditates. Sometimes he teaches me, but that is a new thing. In the morning he is sometimes there between nine o'clock and twelve. He has an old laundress, who pretends to keep his rooms clean.'

She murmured these words softly, thinking to turn his memory back and make him understand what had happened.

'They are pleasant rooms, are they not?' He made no reply—his eyes betrayed trouble. She thought it was the trouble of struggling memory.

'He sits here alone and works. He thinks he is working for the advancement of the world. There is no one so good, I think, as Edmund Gray.'

He suddenly pushed back the chair and sprang to his feet.

'My Scholar! You speak of me?'

It was so sudden that Elsie cried out and fell backwards in her chair. She had brought on the thing by her own words, by conjuring up a vision of the Chambers. But—the trouble was not the struggle of the memory getting hold of evasive facts.

'Why, child,' he remonstrated, 'you look pale. Is it the heat? Come, it is cooler outside. Let us go to the Chambers in Gray's Inn. This old fellow—this Dering—here he sits all day long.

It is Tom Tiddler's ground. It is paved with gold, which he picks up. The place—let us whisper—because he must be in the outer office—it reeks of Property—reeks of Property.'

He took his hat and gloves. 'My Scholar, let us go.' With the force of habit, he shut and locked the safe and dropped the bunch of keys in his pocket.

(To be continued.)

### A PENNY IN THE SLOT.

THE latest automatic novelty is a contrivance by which gas is supplied to small consumers on putting 'a Penny in the Slot.' We are all familiar with the bewildering development which has of late taken place in this system of retailing various commodities. At most railway stations and other public places there are automatic machines, which, if set agoing by the deposit of the essential coin, will show your height or weight, test your pulling strength, give you an electric shock, tell your fortune, or supply you on demand with a box of matches, packets of chocolate, confectionery, cigarettes, cigars, sheets of note-paper, postcards, postage stamps, or other articles of more or less utility. The same principle is now being applied to save householders of modest means from the recurrence of quarterly gas bills. In many towns the tenants of small houses have hitherto been deterred from using gas on account of the first cost and the periodical mode of payment. That difficulty is overcome by the prepayment meters, of which various types are being largely furnished in different towns by rival patentees and manufacturers. Their mechanism is said to be extremely simple, and such as can be readily attached to the top of any existing meter. All the consumer has to do is to turn a small handle, drop a penny in the slot, and the equivalent value in gas immediately has access to the meter. But the purchase need not be so limited. More than one penny can be deposited for larger supplies. Each meter, besides the automatic arrangement, comprises an ordinary register for every foot of gas consumed, the dial and pointer showing the quantity in reserve and how much has been expended. In Liverpool alone, more than four thousand of these new prepayment meters are now in successful daily use; indeed, there is some difficulty in supplying enough of them to meet the growing demand from that city, as well as from London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bolton, Blackburn, and other places.

Noteworthy as some of these automatic novelties are, they were equalled in cleverness and ingenuity by those of olden time. There is, however, one material difference. Nowadays they are being more and more applied to useful purposes, whereas during the boyhood of our grandfathers they were mainly designed to mystify or amuse. One of the most perfect of the machines which used to puzzle and entertain our ancestors was constructed by M. Vaucanson, and exhibited at Paris in 1738. It represented a flute-player, which placed its lips against the instrument, and produced the notes of twelve different tunes with its fingers, in the same manner as any human player. In 1741 he made a flageolet-player, which with one hand beat a

tambourine, playing twenty country-dances; and in the same year he produced a wonderful automatic duck. It was made to conduct itself on the water in every respect like its animated pattern. It swam, dived, ate, drank, dressed its wings, &c., as naturally as its live companions. Most wonderful of all, by means of a solution in the stomach it actually appeared to digest its food! This illusion was, however, exposed by Robert Houdin, the celebrated conjurer, into whose hands Vaucanson's duck was placed for repair. He found out that the so-called digestive process was brought about by a vulgar trick unworthy of its inventor, who was beyond doubt a clever mechanician.

A Swiss named Droz made for the king of Spain a sheep that bleated, and a dog which guarded a basket of fruit. If any of the fruit was taken away, the dog barked incessantly until it was replaced. He also made a singing bird; but it was quite eclipsed by another made by Maillardet.

Nothing is more difficult than to construct any mechanism to imitate the human voice. Attempts have, however, been made with some measure of success. A certain Abbé—Mical by name—is said to have made two large heads of brass which could clearly pronounce two or three complete sentences; but this is nothing to what Edison's phonographic dolls can now accomplish. Mical wanted the French Government to buy his speaking heads. The Government, however, declined to do so; and the unfortunate artist, burdened with debts, smashed them in a moment of despair, and died in a destitute state in 1786. Some years previously he had presented to the Science Academy at Paris two other heads which articulated syllables. They had an ingenious imitation of the human throat and vocal organs. Descartes constructed a clever automaton which represented the figure of a girl. He called it his daughter Francine. During a voyage the captain had the curiosity to open the box in which Francine was enclosed. His interference set the works going. This so alarmed him that he threw her into the sea, fearing she was an instrument of magic, or inspired by the devil.

The first automata actually authenticated do not date farther back than the beginning of the last century. But there are some traditions of marvels of the kind at a much earlier period. It is said, for instance, that an artificial eagle was constructed which flew before the Emperor Maximilian when he was entering Nuremberg. Roger Bacon is reported to have forged a brazen head which could speak some words, and acted in fact as a doorkeeper. It was broken to pieces by Aquinas. Knauss exhibited at Vienna an automaton which could write; but it was not equal to a long letter, and there was no variety in its composition. Two inventors named Kauffman and Maelzel made a couple of automatic trumpeters which could play several marches. One of the ancients is said to have made an iron fly, which could flutter round the room and return to his hand.

Returning to the more reliable records of modern times, some of our readers may remember the piping bullfinch which was first shown at the London Exhibition in 1851. It was a perfect example of those automata, now more numerous,

which imitate the movement and song of birds. It was contained in a box not much bigger than a snuff-box. When the spring was touched, a tiny bird sprang out, fluttered its wings, and trilled the true pipe of the bullfinch. The sound in reality came from the box, not from the bird itself. It was indeed an elaborate adaptation of the same principle as is applied to the mechanical cuckoo in the well-known Swiss clocks.

Of late years all previous efforts in the making of automata have been surpassed by Mr J. N. Maskelyne, who may be truly said to have commenced a new era in these marvels. His first one, Psycho, was introduced to public notice in January 1875. It was a seated figure of light construction, which moved its head, and from a rack in front of it chose the cards necessary for a hand at whist, which it played in a masterly manner. It also worked out calculations up to 100,000,000, showing the total in a box by opening a sliding door. It acted without any mechanical connection with anything outside of it, and yet was so much under control that it carried out orders, as if with intelligence. How it worked was a profound secret, even to Mr Maskelyne's assistants. In 1877 the same gentleman produced Zoe, another wonderful automaton. During the performance there was placed in front of it a sheet of drawing-paper upon which it traced the likeness of any public character chosen by the spectators from a list of two hundred names. Mr Maskelyne has constructed some automata which play upon musical instruments. Automatic chess-players have also been made. A remarkably clever one was exhibited some years ago at the Crystal Palace. Elaborate automata of the old style were very expensive, and the curiosity of the public was not sufficiently long sustained to repay the outlay. We have now reached a time when simpler and less complex mechanism is commonly applied in a practical way to more utilitarian purposes than in bygone times.

## THE BELLS OF LINLAVEN.

### CHAPTER V.—THE SACRIFICE.

EVENTS had moved rapidly that afternoon in Linlaven. Within the vicarage all was confusion and distress. When Clara recovered sufficiently to remember what had happened—the reading of the paper—the finding of the watch, which, she felt convinced, must have been her father's—the terror-stricken face of Uncle Giles as the report was read out—all came back to her vividly, and the first use which she made of her returning consciousness was to ask her husband to go and find that old man at once. She felt that she had read her fate in his face.

Captain Norham had left the house on this errand, when his attention was arrested by a rider coming rapidly down the drive from Brathrig Hall. It was Mr Brookes. He had been summoned to the death-bed of Dame Norham that morning, and now he had ridden down to the vicarage to say that all was over.

'What is to be done?' asked the Captain.

'Nothing can be done, so far as I can see,' replied the lawyer. 'Linley will have taken



possession by Monday, and the estates will go to a man who has scarcely any reasonable claim to them, except that he was remotely connected with the Norhams by the female line, and that the old lady has made a will in his favour.'

'But might not the will be disputed?—Look here.' And he took from his pocket the paper which Lawrence Dale had been reading from. He opened it, pointed to the paragraph, 'Remarkable Discovery,' and passed it to the lawyer.

Mr Brookes read the paragraph twice over carefully, and not without some expressions of astonishment. 'Extraordinary—startling—watch belonged to one Arthur Naseby—real name Arthur Norham—the first clue we have got to all this mystery.—But, George,' he said, turning to the Captain, 'this may all come to nothing. We cannot tell whether Arthur Norham is dead or alive—or, if dead, when he died. Then where are we?'

Captain Norham narrated to him what he and his wife had seen that afternoon as the paper was being read—the agitation of the old man who was a stranger in the place—also what he himself had seen in the church, as well as the fact that this man, when in his delirium, had called Clara by her mother's name.

'There is something strange, certainly, in all this.—Go, George, and find this man, and bring him to the vicarage. We must at least speak with him on the matter.'

Uncle Giles was not to be found. His cottage was empty. No one had seen him since afternoon. 'But, Captain,' said Mrs Dale, 'he often walks of an evening round the head of the lake to Langley Bridge, and he may ha' gone there now.'

The Captain walked off in the direction indicated; but he saw no one. He reached the bridge, and stood for a little upon it, meditating on the distracting events of the day. The sun had now set, and twilight was rapidly deepening. The silence was for a time unbroken save for the rushing sound of the brook as it swept beneath the bridge; then there came the sounds of hurrying footsteps. In a few minutes a man appeared, shouting something which in the distance the Captain was unable to catch. The man, however, instead of coming on straight towards him, turned up by the road that led to the church; and shortly thereafter the bells rang out from the tower with unwonted violence and clamour.

It at once occurred to Captain Norham that fire had broken out somewhere. Little did he know how terrible to his own heart and Clara's the result of that fire might be.

When he entered the village, all was turmoil, commotion, and alarm. The Old Grange was on fire. A woman was flying towards Lawrence Dale's cottage. It was Lucy Norham's nurse.

'Oh, Lawrence,' she cried, 'have you seen our Lucy? I have been out at tea at Millridge Farm, and when I came home she was not to be found.'

'I ha' not seen her, lass,' replied Lawrence, as he walked off towards the fire; 'but thou may keep thy mind easy. She be safe enough somewhere with old Giles.'

Captain Norham also hurried on towards the burning edifice, in front of which every living creature in the village had now congregated, the

women uttering loud exclamations of distress and alarm, and the men hurrying hither and thither, vainly suggesting expedients for checking the fire. When they saw Captain Norham approach, they waited for his directing hand.

'We cannot save the old building,' he said, after a quick survey of the situation; 'but its connection with the mill must be cut off.' And under his orders, some wooden and other temporary structures that had been erected between the Grange and the mill were forthwith torn down and removed by willing hands. Upon the Old Grange itself the fire had already got a firm hold; the ancient time-dried woodwork of its floors, with the various combustible materials stored in it, fed the fire with fierce rapidity, and in an almost incredibly short space of time the flames had burst forth from the lower range of windows, threatening the whole building with immediate destruction.

In this crisis Captain Norham felt a hand on his arm. It was Clara, with anxious eyes, asking if no one had seen Lucy.

'Miss Lucy?' said a bystander. 'She will be wi' Uncle Giles. I saw her a-seeking for him i' the afternoon.'

'No, ma'am,' said a lad who had overheard the conversation; 'Miss Lucy be not with Uncle Giles, for I saw him a-goin' up the Fell more 'n an hour ago, and there was no one wi' him.'

'Oh, my child, my child,' cried Clara, 'where can she be?' And she looked at the door of the burning building, as if she even dared go into the jaws of death itself in quest of her child. Captain Norham stepped forward in order to draw his wife back from the crowd. At that moment, a tall man, with uncovered head, and white hair streaming in the wind, dashed in amongst them.

It was Uncle Giles.

Clara was at his side in an instant. 'Oh, Giles,' she cried, with wild eagerness, 'have you seen our Lucy?'

'Yes,' he replied, and there was a kind of preternatural calmness in his demeanour, like that of a man who has strung himself up to the doing of a great action—'yes, I ha' seen her; and wi' God's help I shall see her again.'

And before the onlookers had time to take in the full significance of his words, he had made a dash forward into the red-illuminated space, and disappeared within the doorway of the burning edifice.

Clara, with lightning rapidity of perception, gathered from his words and his mad action that her child was there—within these blazing walls. The knowledge was too much for her already overstrained powers, and she sank back in her husband's arms, like one dead.

Meanwhile, the crowd looked on with breathless anxiety. They had seen the man enter the red doorway, to struggle upwards through the fiery furnace; should they ever see him return? 'The stairs must be burning,' said one. 'It is the foolhardiness of a madman,' said another. And as yet there had been no sign from within the building. From moment to moment the flames belched forth in their red fury, and at other times the whole building seemed to be covered with a cloud of smoke and fire. A few moments more elapsed, and there was heard the crashing of glass in the upper storey, and through

a gap in the curling smoke the white hair of the brave old man was seen at the open window. A half-suppressed cheer burst from the crowd; but the event was too greatly fraught with peril and anxiety for any long indulgence in exultation.

They heard his voice up there at the window. 'The child is here,' he cried; 'but the stair is burning, and I cannot return that way. Send me up a rope.—There!' And he flung a ball of cord from the window out amongst the crowd, retaining the loose end of the ball in his hand. 'Fasten a rope to it,' he shouted again; 'and for the bairn's sake be quick.'

Almost in shorter time than we can tell it, a rope was made fast to the cord, and Giles was drawing it up towards him. The people awaited with breathless suspense till he reappeared at the window. At last—he is there! The child is in his arms, wrapped up in some large covering for its better protection. He leans forward for a moment to watch when the lower windows are clear of flame, and then the child is seen to be descending through the air. Quickly, but yet cautiously, does the old man pay out the rope upon which depends the life of this little burden, so precious to his heart. A score of hands are held up to receive it; and as Lucy is safely rescued and placed in her mother's arms, tears might have been seen on many a sunburned face.

Before this had been more than done, it was observed that the man who had saved the child, high up in that place of danger and death, was attaching the rope to something within the building, and was himself preparing to descend. The first part of the descent on the rope was made, hand over hand, quickly and skillfully, 'as if he had been a sailor all his life.' So said an onlooker. But just when he had reached the windows of the second floor, the fall of some portion of the interior sent a fierce volume of flame with a suffocating rush from the shattered windows, half enveloping the descending man. He was seen to make an unsteady clutch at the rope, but missed it; and, to the horror of the spectators, in another second he had fallen heavily, with a dull thud, to the ground.

'He saved others'—came from amidst the crowd in deep, tremulous tones. It was the Vicar who had spoken, standing there with white uncovered head.

There was mounting and riding in Linlaven that night. A doctor had to be brought from a distance, as also a Justice of the Peace; for Mr Brookes, with lawyer-like instinct, having been informed of all that was known and suspected about the old man now lying once more unconscious on his bed, thought it well to be prepared for any emergency that might arise. If this man, as would appear from what had been seen by Clara and her husband that day, knew 'Arthur Naseby,' a clue might be found to some of the hidden mystery of the lost Arthur Norham's life.

Two hours elapsed before the doctor and the magistrate arrived. The former immediately proceeded to examine into the injured man's condition, and after a time pronounced his injuries fatal. He might possibly live till morning, but could not live long.

Clara stood by the bedside, watching with more than womanly solicitude. This man, whoever he was, and whatever he may have been, had saved the life of her child at the cost of his own; and as she thought of this, and all his tender ways aforetime towards the little Lucy, her heart went out to him in deep love and compassion.

Slowly the hours moved on, one by one, and still the sufferer gave no sign of returning consciousness. The night passed, and the gray dawn began to show itself at the window; whereupon Lawrence Dale raised the blind, extinguished the lamp, and allowed the soft fresh light to enter the room. Gradually a flush of rosy brightness kindled in the eastern sky, and then the sun himself came up over the hills, shedding a golden halo through the curtained window on the pale face resting there before them—so calm, yet so death-like in its rigid lines. Clara thought of that morning when she first looked upon it—not more death-like now than it was then; and a faint hope quivered in her breast for a moment, as she thought it possible that he might yet live. Before she was aware, she found that he had opened his eyes, and that they were resting full upon her.

'Ah, Esther,' he said, in faint tones, 'it be thee. I knowed thou would find me at last.'

Then the eyes again closed, and he lay thus for some time. When he once more looked up, he seemed to recognise his surroundings, and asked in an anxious voice: 'Where be little Lucy? Ha' thou found her?'

'Yes,' replied Clara. 'Thanks to you, Giles, she is sleeping safe and sound in her little crib.'

'Thank Heaven, and not me, missus. It were me as left her in danger; and her death would ha' been another burden on my soul. God knows I ha' enough.'

A look from Mr Brookes to Clara indicated that the time had come when she might now speak.

She went forward to the bedside and said softly: 'Giles, you have twice called me Esther, and I am wondering why.'

A strange look passed over the man's face, as if he were suddenly brought into touch with some great sorrow; but he remained silent. He lay thus for a little; then, as if communing with himself, he said: 'It were true as the preacher said: "Be thou ever so fleet o' foot, the vengeance o' God is fleeter." It ha' come up wi' me now, and I cannot die with the burden on my soul.'

His eyes moved slowly round the room until they rested on Lawrence Dale, and he said to him: 'Thou remembers what was in the paper thou read from, about the *White Horse*, and the finding o' the watch?'

Lawrence nodded, but did not speak.

'Then my time ha' come, and I must tell it all.'

While this was proceeding, Mr Brookes had got paper and ink in readiness; and, although the story was told by the dying man in slow words, and after long intervals, it was to the following effect:

In that year of Revolutions, 1848, this man, who now gave his name as Giles Barton, had



become a member of a society which, although its aims were to benefit the social condition of working men, was in reality a secret and somewhat dangerous combination. The members were enrolled under feigned names; and one of these members was Arthur Naseby. On one occasion, two or three years later, a riot broke out in the street, and Giles was seized among others by the police; whereupon Naseby had headed a rescue party, and carried the prisoners off while on their way to the police office.

It was a time when Government was very severe upon such offences; and Giles and Arthur Naseby fled. Grateful for the liberty which had thus been secured to him, the former advised Naseby to go to Stockborough, in Yorkshire, where he would find refuge with Giles's aunt, Mrs Hales. He himself would take passage in a vessel as a marine engineer, and leave the country for some years. He gave Naseby a letter to his aunt, also a message to his cousin Esther, his aunt's only child. Esther he had loved from his boyhood, though he had never spoken of it to her, for she was well educated, and he but indifferently so; yet he imagined there was a sort of understanding between them, and fondly hoped that, by industry and success, he might some time be in a position to ask Esther Hales to be his wife. The winning of her love had been the dream and the ambition of his life.

He remained abroad for nearly two years, returning to England towards the end of 1853, when he wrote to Arthur Naseby, saying that he was most anxious to visit his aunt and cousin, and asking if it was safe for him yet to do so. He was afraid the police had not forgotten him. In reply he received a letter stating that inquiries had quite recently been made in the town regarding him, and not in the meantime to come nearer Stockborough than the village of Bromley, a few miles to the south. Here he received a second letter from Arthur Naseby, stating that the writer, after an absence of two days, was returning home to Stockborough, and would meet with him on the following evening, after dark, at a place indicated, between Stockborough and the *White Horse Inn*.

'He came,' said the old man, addressing Clara; 'and how can I tell thee what took place between us? All these years, and all the way home, I had been thinking of Esther Hales; I had done well, and my heart was set upon winning her—more'n tongue can tell. And when I met him, and found as how he had married her—the man who had carried my last message to her—I think I mun ha' gone stark mad. I mun ha' threatened him; for he throwed his arms around me to keep me from striking him; but in my madness I shook him off, dashing him to the ground. We were on the road by the river-bank; and when he staggered from me, and fell, he rolled down the bank into the river. The night was dark, and I could not see him, and the river was in high flood. I only heard the splash in the water, and his wild cry.—This brought me summat to mysen, and I saw the terrible thing I had done. I had been the death of the man who had been my friend till this wild love o' mine for Esther Hales came between us.

'I ran wildly along the water's edge; but nowt o' my old mate could I see. I called

for help, but no one came. I said, "I am a murderer!" A great fear came upon me, and I turned and ran off through the darkness, I knowed not where. At last I saw lights. It was the *White Horse*, and I went in. There were voices loud in the bar-room; but no one mun ha' seen me, and I went into the Blue Room. In the light of the fire, what was my horror to find a watch dangling at the end of a bit of chain that had fixed itself to a button of my coat? It was the watch o' the man whose death I had been! I could scarce handle it, for it looked in my eyes as if red wi' blood, and I a'most sickened at the sight of it. I tore it from its fastening, and looked about to see where I could hide it. There was a broken part in the wainscoting, and I dropped it down there, and rushed from the house.

'Ah, that runnin' away was the one great mistake o' my life! But I could not go back to Stockborough, and look on Esther Hales, and know that I had been the death o' the man who loved her—the man, too, as was my friend. I fled; and summer and winter, from year to year, I ha' been trying to fly from mysen ever since. How I wished to die that night in the storm on the Fell! Yet here, in Linlaven, I ha' been a'most happy—happier than I ha' been for all these thirty years; for I found folks as were kind to me; and I loved thee—and thy bairn. But the coat-of-arms on the tombstone in the church gave me a great scare; for they were the same as was on the last letter Arthur Naseby wrote me. And when the story was read from the paper o' the finding o' the watch, I said to mysen: "I will fly from my fate no longer," and was agoin' to tramp to Stockborough, to give mysen up, when the bells called me back. I knowed where thy little Lucy was, and I could not leave her to perish.'

Clara asked him if he had still Arthur Naseby's letters.

He put his hand into his breast and drew out the little leather case. There first fell out the tress of fair hair he had shorn from Lucy's head, which he held out his hand to receive back, and pressed to his lips; and then two letters. Both, the Vicar saw at once, were in the handwriting of Arthur Norham. The latest one, in which he had named the final and fatal place of meeting, was, curiously enough, written on the back of the last letter which the Vicar had written to Arthur before his disappearance, and which had the Norham arms stamped upon it. Arthur's letter was dated, 'Christmas Eve, 1853.'

'That is sufficient,' whispered Mr Brookes to the Captain; 'it forms indisputable proof that Arthur Norham was alive after the time of his father's death. Consequently, he was the heir of the Brathrig estates according to his father's will. We can beat off Linley now, and the estates are safe.'

But Clara heard nothing of this. She was intent upon every word that fell from the lips of the dying man.

'Thou knows now,' he said, 'the story o' my miserable life; and I feel easier in my heart that I ha' told thee of it.'

Clara went close up to him, and took his hand. 'Giles,' she said, 'Esther Hales was my mother.'

'Thy mother?—Ah!' And he looked as if a great light had burst in upon him. 'Thou be Esther Hales's child?—and Lucy be thine?—little Lucy?'

He lay silent for a while, and then said: 'Yes, that be it. I knowed there was summat about thy little Lucy as went beyond me. I see it all now. She ha' Esther Hales's eyes—my Esther's.—And yet,' he added, looking at Clara as if in fear, 'I were the death o' thy father.'

'And you have atoned for it,' said Clara, stooping and kissing the brow of the dying man, 'for you have saved my child—and hers.'

Some hours after, as they stood by the bedside, watching his last moments, there stole along upon the sunbright air the sound of Linlaven bells—not harsh and dissonant, as on yestereven, but soft and melodious, like the winged messengers of peace and forgiveness. Once more, as on that other Sabbath morn, came the clear melody of the bells, filling all the room with their sweet jargon; and the eyes of the dying man opened, and his lips were seen to move. He was saying 'Our Father!' Was he once more in the old church at home by his mother's knee, with his hand in hers, the sunshine and the pleasant music filling all the place? Again the penitential words are on his lips: 'Forgive us our sins'— And again a great change has come, 'quick and sudden-like.' But not surely this time into Darkness. Rather, let us hope, into the Day that knows no evening, into the Light that has no eclipse.

'UNCLE GILES.' That was the name by which they had known and loved him; it is the name you may still see carved upon the little headstone above his grave; and that grave is in the place which of all places was most pleasant to him—within the sound of 'them beautiful bells,' the Bells of Linlaven.

THE END.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VERY interesting paper was recently read before the Institute of Naval Architects by Mr Yarrow, describing a series of experiments which he has lately conducted with a view to trace the causes of vibration in screw steamers. These experiments were made on a fast torpedo boat, the engines of which revolved at the rate of two hundred and forty-eight times per minute. These experiments clearly showed that the vibration, so familiar to all travellers by sea, is not due to the action of the propeller in the water, but is caused by the machinery itself, and by the want of due balancing of the various cranks, piston rods, &c. To prove this, the vessel was deprived of its propeller while held fast by cables in still water, when it was found that the vibration of the hull was communicated to the surrounding water, and the ripple commotion caused thereon was conspicuous enough to be photographed. Mr Yarrow pointed out that by the use of weights and other devices the vibration of the machinery could be greatly reduced.

For a long time the locomotives on our trunk

railway lines have been so constructed that they are able to take up water from tanks placed between the rails even while going at full speed. A method of taking up coal without stopping has been invented in the United States, and the apparatus is to be tried upon one of the main American railroads. A working model has been made, but the details of the mechanism have not yet been published.

A great deal of attention has lately been directed to the question of carrying a life-line ashore from a vessel in distress. It was recently proved on the occasion of a wreck on our southern coast that the rocket apparatus is limited in its range, and this limitation is, of course, increased when the projectile has to force its way against a strong wind. Some successful experiments have been made near New York City with a large kite, which can be folded up when not in use, and will pack into a very small space. The kite is attached to a buoy, and will quickly convey that buoy across the roughest water. By this means it is possible to carry to the shore a very much heavier line than it is feasible to carry from the shore by means of a rocket; and it will readily be seen that the strong wind which forms such an obstruction to the passage of the latter, is a great help in carrying the kite to land.

The reindeer has been introduced into Alaska by the Government Agent of Education there, Dr Sheldon Jackson. It is believed that as this useful animal flourishes so well in Siberia it will soon become acclimatised in Alaska, where the conditions of vegetation, temperature, &c., are much the same. The experiment is most important from an economic point of view, for there are few animals which are more generally useful than the reindeer. Besides being valuable for drawing sledges, it is also greatly esteemed for its meat, its milk, and also for the value of its skin.

The manufacture of an artificial india-rubber has lately been protected by patent. The component parts of this composition are manila gum, benzine, bitumen, and resin oil. It is said that the product obtained from careful admixture and special treatment of these materials gives a substance which possesses all the elasticity, solidity, and suppleness of the finest india-rubber. It can, moreover, like the valuable product which it imitates, be vulcanised in the usual way. It is probable that the new compound will be found valuable to the electrician as an insulator, but we have not heard whether it has yet been tried in that capacity.

Mr H. A. Fleuss, whose life-saving apparatus formed the subject of an article in our columns some years ago, has produced a hand ice-making machine, which was described in a paper read by him at a recent technical meeting of one of the Societies. This machine embodies the principle of the Carré ice-making machine, particulars of which can be found in all the physical text-books. But in Mr Fleuss's machine the mechanism has been simplified and much improved, so that it is possible to procure a small quantity of ice at a few minutes' notice and with very little expenditure of labour. The machine will be invaluable on small yachts and other sailing-vessels which find their way to warm



latitudes. On larger vessels, where steam is available, ice, as is well known, is readily produced by the compression and expansion of air.

From a consular Report we learn that the paper-manufacture is one of the chief industries in Corea. The paper is made in the most primitive manner from the bark of a tree which is indigenous to the country and which is closely allied to the mulberry. The bark is gathered in the spring, and is boiled for a long time in water to which wood-ashes have been added, until it is reduced to pulp. This liquid pulp is placed in vats, and flowed over bamboo screens, which may be taken to represent the wire-work moulds used for hand paper-making in our own country. The web of paper thus formed is placed on a hot floor and ironed by hand. The Corean paper serves a great many useful purposes, for beyond its common use for books and writing, it is made into hats and boxes, is used for covering walls and ceilings, and also finds its way to China and Japan for the manufacture of umbrellas.

One of the New York theatres is employing the incandescent electric lamp in a novel manner, namely, to give the effect of sunrise on the stage. The apparatus consists of a curved screen partly made of gauze, behind which are arranged a number of incandescent lamps, which are so controlled by switches that the light given by them can be made to gradually increase in power. The electric current is also used in the same theatre to give the effect of a bursting shell, the shell itself being made of paper containing just enough powder to give a flash and to destroy it, while a current is simultaneously sent to a gun behind the scenes, which makes the necessary noise for the explosion.

General readers very seldom trouble themselves about the contents of those volumes constantly issued by government authority under the name of Blue-books. A blue-book is indeed looked upon as the synonym of something very dry and uninteresting. Yet these volumes occasionally give details which are worth attention even by the ordinary reader, and particulars of important proceedings are found here which cannot be readily gleaned from any other source. As a case in point, we may turn to the blue-book containing an account of the mines and minerals raised in Britain during the past year. From this we learn that the value of the gold smelted amounted to nearly £14,000, while the silver was valued at upwards of £2000. Iron stands first among the remaining metals, for its produce, after smelting, amounted to nearly £12,000,000. This unfortunately represents a falling-off of £3,000,000 when compared with the amount smelted in the previous year. Next in order comes tin, the value of which is put at £800,000; while the lead raised amounted to £400,000, and the zinc to about half that amount. The figures we have given represent the amounts in round numbers, and they all show a decrease on previous returns, except in the case of gold.

A new kind of miner's pick has been introduced by Messrs Canini, Bagshaw, & Co., of Lead Mill Steel Works, Sheffield. The chief feature of the new tool is that it is not made in one piece like the ordinary pick, but consists essentially of a steel casting which fits upon the shaft, hollowed out at end for the reception of the points or

blades of the instrument. By a clever device these points are perfectly tight when fixed, and they can be instantly released by a small wedge, which the miner can carry in his waistcoat pocket. It is possible to make the points or blades of better steel than when the pick is all in one piece, and these points can be replaced instantaneously when worn out, at small cost. One great advantage in using this new tool is that only one pick need be taken down the pit, while the points for renewal only need to be carried about. It is said that the new pick, weighing two pounds, will do better work than the older kinds, which weigh fifty per cent. more. The cost is about the same as the old pattern pick.

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latitudes. On larger vessels, where steam is available, ice, as is well known, is readily produced by the compression and expansion of air.

From a consular Report we learn that the paper-manufacture is one of the chief industries in Corea. The paper is made in the most primitive manner from the bark of a tree which is indigenous to the country and which is closely allied to the mulberry. The bark is gathered in the spring, and is boiled for a long time in water to which wood-ashes have been added, until it is reduced to pulp. This liquid pulp is placed in vats, and flowed over bamboo screens, which may be taken to represent the wire-work moulds used for hand paper-making in our own country. The web of paper thus formed is placed on a hot floor and ironed by hand. The Corean paper serves a great many useful purposes, for beyond its common use for books and writing, it is made into hats and boxes, is used for covering walls and ceilings, and also finds its way to China and Japan for the manufacture of umbrellas.

One of the New York theatres is employing the incandescent electric lamp in a novel manner, namely, to give the effect of sunrise on the stage. The apparatus consists of a curved screen partly made of gauze, behind which are arranged a number of incandescent lamps, which are so controlled by switches that the light given by them can be made to gradually increase in power. The electric current is also used in the same theatre to give the effect of a bursting shell, the shell itself being made of paper containing just enough powder to give a flash and to destroy it, while a current is simultaneously sent to a gun behind the scenes, which makes the necessary noise for the explosion.

General readers very seldom trouble themselves about the contents of those volumes constantly issued by government authority under the name of Blue-books. A blue-book is indeed looked upon as the synonym of something very dry and uninteresting. Yet these volumes occasionally give details which are worth attention even by the ordinary reader, and particulars of important proceedings are found here which cannot be readily gleaned from any other source. As a case in point, we may turn to the blue-book containing an account of the mines and minerals raised in Britain during the past year. From this we learn that the value of the gold smelted amounted to nearly £14,000, while the silver was valued at upwards of £2000. Iron stands first among the remaining metals, for its produce, after smelting, amounted to nearly £12,000,000. This unfortunately represents a falling-off of £3,000,000 when compared with the amount smelted in the previous year. Next in order comes tin, the value of which is put at £300,000; while the lead raised amounted to £400,000, and the zinc to about half that amount. The figures we have given represent the amounts in round numbers, and they all show a decrease on previous returns, except in the case of gold.

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torsos. Urns and small lamps bearing Christian emblems, and small coins of the third and fourth centuries, have been found. The excavations will be continued under the direction of the French archaeologist, Monsieur Toutain.

### A WINTER'S TALE.

We were watering the oxen at the well—Douglas and I—smoking and talking as we watched the cattle drinking and sniffing between each bucketful with a lazy satisfaction peculiar to their kind, and then carefully knocking over the pails with their noses after every drink. When I reflect on the number of pails Brandy and Soda broke in a year by these and other means, it is a wonder to me now that we made out as well as we did at first with our farming operations.

Douglas was a Scotch Canadian, up from the Portage on a visit to some friends, but an old-timer who knew the North-western prairies from Winnipeg to the Rockies, and from Prince Albert to the Moose Mountains, as well as the Red Men themselves.

We were sorry to hear from him that the Indians had prophesied an open winter, for we knew that they seldom blundered as to weather. Open winters, he continued, were a nuisance and hard on axles, for they meant severe frosts and little snow, with frequent heavy thaws—a state of affairs that would not admit of running sleighs successfully, and knocked wagons to splinters. Still the Indians had foretold it, and—at that time—I agreed with him that it was hopeless *our* trying to learn anything that *they* did not know about the weather; about hunting, fishing, and trapping; the operations of nature; the habits of bird, beast, and fish, and such-like occult arts and sciences.

But when spring came and the clang of the geese echoed on river, lake, and slough (Canadian pronunciation 'Sleugh'), and the long-drawn caw of the crow as he loafed across country resounded down the valley; and the young poplars and the willows, the saskatoon and all wild fruit-trees seemed to vie with one another in the race of growth, I began to wonder to myself what a hard winter was like, if the last six months represented an open one.

About the middle of October 1887 the 'Colonel' and I left our temporary winter-quarters a short distance from Castle Avery, to go down with the oxen and wagon to Birtle to enter for our land, and lay in stores and clothing for the winter. We started one day after dinner, travelling the twelve miles to Shellmouth before supper, and staying there till morning, covered the fifty miles thence to our destination in the course of the next two days.

We entered for our homesteads, and having attended to other necessary business, made all haste to get back, for the weather was wild and threatening, and the hard state of the trails and frequent snow-showers made our mode of progression unpleasant in the extreme; though on other matters we had no anxiety, as we had left everything at the ranch in care of our good friend Leslie.

We did well to hasten, for on the night of the 22d there was a heavy snowstorm, and the

mercury suddenly fell to fifteen below zero. The next day, Will Jameson, Jim Burt, and I broke the ice at the North Crossing of the Assiniboine, and made our way over the river in the boat, because we were afraid that the comparatively thin crust of ice would not bear us. I remember the occasion well, for Jameson and I stood on the south bank for about twenty minutes, shouting in the teeth of a bitter wind, to attract the attention of Burt's folks on the other side; and had not Burt come out by chance, we might have been standing there yet, for all the good our shouting did. After spending another quarter of an hour breaking the ice, Burt finally succeeded in getting across and taking us aboard the old second-hand and leaky egg-box that did duty for a boat; but there was so much water in it that I quite spoiled a brand-new pair of Indian moccasins I was wearing for the first time.

I don't think I shall ever forget Burt's crossing of the Assiniboine. I was telling him only the other day I intended making it figure in the first story I tried to write; and here it is. I have never yet crossed at this spot, owing to the wretched means of transit, without getting wet. As a general rule, of the two making the passage in the boat the passenger has to bale for dear life; and the ferryman for the time being has to pull like a Trojan to get across without egg-box and all going under; and when the river is high and running like a mill-race, it would be almost exciting if it were not so confoundingly damp. Well, the ice is getting pretty thin now, being early spring, and last night when I was taking Jimmy's mail to him, I suddenly landed up to my waist in a hole against the north bank, where the sun strikes at noonday. Luckily, the house is not more than two hundred yards away; so I soon obtained a change of clothing, and, not altogether relishing the idea of another bath in ice-cold water and after dark, I stayed at Burt's all night; but before I go over there again I shall insure my life. But this is all by the way—I must get back to my 'Winter's Tale.' A few days after our crossing in the boat, the ice was strong enough to bear a team, and remained in a state of rock-like solidity till the middle of April 1888, when the Martins, on the way back to their homesteads in the West, after wintering in the valley, found it strong enough to sustain the weight of the fifty head of cattle they took with them. It was indeed a long and weary winter.

Snow fell pretty often during November and December, and on and off in that time the Colonel and I were busy getting home the cattle and 'fixing-up' our houses and stables.

Before Christmas we registered fifty-seven degrees of frost; but on one occasion the wind blew from the west with a warmth that strongly resembled the Chinook (the name applied to the westerly wind that frequently springs up in that section of the North-west that lies near the Rocky Mountains, where it has its origin, and has the peculiar effect of raising the temperature from often below zero to above freezing-point in a few hours, melting the snow, and inducing an almost spring-like warmth), that so often prevails at this season of the year nearer the Rocky Mountains. On Christmas Eve and Christmas Day the snowfall was incessant; and then the fierce

Manitoba winter shut down with a snap, and for nearly four months blizzards, forty below zero, and snowstorms, followed one another with a regularity and pertinacity that became monotonous; while up to the end of May we did not experience more than three weeks of pleasant weather.

Christmas Day was the jolliest I had spent in the country since I left home. The Colonel's plum-pudding was a triumph of culinary art; while my beef-steak pie was as dismal a failure. I shall always believe it was his fault for leaving the oven door open while I went up to the post-office for our letters.

Leslie and Bickford came up to help us to eat the good things—at least the roast pork and pudding, for I had to devour every scrap of that steak pie myself. I had made enough for four men with appetites in proportion to the time of year; so I was quite a while performing the feat, and the number of times that pie appeared on the scene during the rest of the winter was wearisome in the extreme. The only drawback to the glory of the feast was the want of flavouring with the pudding—that kind of flavouring that goes very well with a pudding, and is not wholly unappreciated without.

After dinner or supper—it came off at five P.M.—we had a little music and singing, *Nancy Lee*, and the like, accompanied by Leslie's concertina. About half-past ten Bickford decided to go home, in spite of our urging him to stay till morning; and the last I saw of him that night was being pitched out of the saddle over blind Poll's head; but the snow was so deep that he sustained no damage. In some respects, indeed, it was rather an elevating end to a pleasant evening, but I myself prefer alighting from the saddle in a more deliberate and less energetic manner.

Two or three days after Christmas, I was helping Leslie to thresh; but what with ice and barley beards, my spectacles became so misty that about all I could see was the way to the house, whither I retired and thawed the glasses out. It was wonderful the number of times I had to do this in the course of the day.

During the rest of that week I helped the Colonel to get in supplies of wood and hay; and on the last day of the year went down to Shellmouth with the Castle Avery mail. The trails were bad; but with a good hand at the reins the ponies had to get there, and in spite of the drifts we hardly broke the trot the whole twelve miles. Arrived at Shellmouth, I met the 'Skipper,' and together we went out to his place (Trincomalee), where I stayed ten days; but as there was not employment for more than one, I was not overworked, and in fact grew restless for want of something to do, and longed to be out of doors to do it. But the time was near at hand when I was only too glad to remain in the house. On the 10th of January the Skipper drove me home, and never shall I forget that drive.

The thermometer registered twenty-five below zero when we started at noon, with a biting north-westerly wind; but the day was fairly bright and clear. We went a mile and a half out of the way to pick up Blanc, and then pulled out for Castle Avery and home; and though we were behind as good a team as there was at the time in this section of the country, it took us nearly five hours to travel the thirteen miles.

Nor were we exactly prepared for what was in store, for with the exception of some straw at the bottom of the wagon-box, which was mounted on sleighs, the horse-blankets, and Blanc's ox-hide, we had no suitable covering to protect us from such intense cold. As it was, the trail was hardly ever visible between Blanc's Bluff and Castle Avery. For a few minutes the horses would find it below the drift; the next instant, in their endeavour to follow it, they would mount miniature walls of snow, caked hard enough to bear the weight of the 'whole outfit' for a few yards successfully; suddenly, the treacherous crust would crack, and, slipping and plunging, now on the trail and now off, with one runner cutting nearly to the ground, and we ourselves in danger of being pitched out over the side, they toiled painfully and gallantly forward, the Skipper giving them their heads and constantly cheering them to further efforts—and they responded to the call. All the time, the wind, as if delighting in our helplessness, swept down and smote us with an icy keenness that made us curl up and shiver and chilled us to the marrow.

Once clear of Hamilton's Lake, the worst was over; and as we neared Castle Avery and the more wooded country, the edge was somewhat taken off the blast, and we felt cheered at the prospect of getting through in safety. But our destination was two miles beyond the Castle, and though we were sure of a kindly welcome and thaw-out within its hospitable walls, we, as we passed, merely dropped Blanc, who was bound thither, and never drew rein till we reached home. Fortunately, none of us were frozen, but stiff and weary from the exposure, the Skipper and I were able to eat but a morsel of supper. After seeing that his team and the cattle were comfortable for the night and taking a few whiffs, we turned in under all the blankets we could find, and awoke none the worse next morning for all we had gone through.

During the night the wind shifted to the opposite quarter, and when I bade the Skipper and the Colonel—whose turn it was now to go visiting—good-bye, there was a raging snow-storm from the south-east, that increased in intensity and vigour all day, continuing till about midnight, when the snow ceased, and the wind veered round again to the north-west, ushering in the direful blizzard of Thursday, January 12, 1888, disastrous alike to the lives of man and beast from the Mackenzie to Southern Iowa, while it was felt, more or less, right down to the Gulf of Mexico.

And yet the tale of frozen human corpses to be found during the next few days in this little understood and much abused province of the Great Lone Land might have been counted on one's fingers—a fact which will compare favourably with the havoc and distress wrought by the same tempest in the United States.

While it lasted, the maximum temperature for forty-eight hours was twenty-eight below zero, and the minimum at night-time forty-two below. The cattle and I kept warm and snug; but on the first day the pipe of the heating-stove in my bedroom was burned out and rendered useless; and for ten days I was obliged to live in the kitchen, where for a time I was a little crowded,



since Bickford, who lived only half a mile away on the river-bank, found his shanty too cold to remain in, and therefore came and stayed with me, bringing a friend or two with him. Indeed, the most serious matter was the hay running short. I did get a small 'jag' on the Friday from Bickford's nearest stack, and on my way back 'dumped' it, sleighs and all, in a gully near the house. But with the help of ropes and logging-chains, and a good steady pull, and no jerking, from Brandy and Soda, I succeeded in righting and getting the load home with no worse result than a frozen nose for myself. But alas! for the next two nights I had so many four-footed visitors as well, in the shape of a neighbour's horses I was temporarily accommodating, that soon there was but little of the jag left. However, Sunday falling quite calm, enabled me to fetch a good load, and from that time till the end of winter the supply of hay was well maintained.

The blizzard fairly over, we entered upon a short spell of steady cold, but delightfully fine and crisp weather, such as, I believe, is only to be found in these latitudes. From the instant when the night began to wane before the softly stealing dawn, when the first light touch that told of the nearing of the sun rifted out over the land in gleams of faintly roseate hue, all through the short day till the last of the afterglow, reflected in the eastern sky, slowly died away, the hours were full of sunshine and brightness, unflecked by cloud and unruffled by the slightest breeze. And the daylight had scarce left us, ere, night after night, the Northern Lights, like giant torches pointing the path to heaven, flashed forth and glinted weirdly, with a radiance that rivalled the glory of the winter's moon, till wooded crest and fertile valley, ice-chained river and glistening lake, homestead and hamlet, were illumined with a more than earthly splendour; and the wolves, as if angered by the flaming brilliancy, howled in dismal and tuneless chorus.

But all too soon we were to experience another series of snowstorms and heavy winds, that lasted till well on to the end of February, though, of course, the temperature became warmer and outdoor work less irksome. But as I continued to 'run the show' single-handed till the Colonel's return, I performed only the most necessary duties, such as tending the cattle, keeping up the stock of wood and fodder—as a substitute for water we melted snow, and the beasts went down every day to the water-hole cut in the river ice—and those odd jobs that always crop up on a Manitoba farm, as elsewhere.

Still I was far from feeling lonesome. Our shanty was on the trail to the lumber camp forty miles north, to the various hayricks in the valley, and to the bush for cutting both logs and firewood, so that friends used constantly to give me a call on their way past with their teams, sometimes remaining long enough to warm and have their meals with me, or perchance staying all night.

When the worst of the weather was over, the Colonel returned, and was shortly followed by Boffin and Rumbles, who, coming up from the timberless country some miles to the south of Castle Avery, elected to live with us while cutting a set of stable logs. We were a jolly party.

Besides the Colonel—whom I was glad to welcome back—and our two friends, there was Leslie, who came over day by day to hew the logs as they were cut, and a pretty regular stream of the wayfarers before mentioned. So that when the day's work was done, the dishes washed, and the cattle fixed up for the night, we had plenty of fun before we turned in. We went to bed early, for the work was more trying than even in mid-winter. The very warmth of the days caused us to get wet through from the knees downward in the melting snow, and this was followed by a sudden chill that came as soon as the sun began to sink, with the result that our trousers and felt boots were frozen as stiff as boards, which made us glad enough to come in to supper and the welcome warmth of the stove.

With the departure of Rumbles and Boffin after a fortnight's visit, and the completion of our own work in the bush, the Colonel and I began throwing down Benson's house, which we had bought, preparatory to hauling the logs; it was built of to our homesteads, only leaving the work to help our neighbours with their house-raising, which came off as soon as the softened state of the snow permitted of turning up the earth sufficiently to lay the corner stones. These house-raising frequently gave us heavy, but by no means unpleasant work, when we all pitched in with a will—contented in the knowledge that we were helping our friends, and could count on their assistance at some future time for any like work that we might wish to undertake for ourselves.

We attended the first of these bees about the middle of April. Bickford was putting up a new stable, and I remember what a task it was to lift the heavy twenty-five feet ridge-pole into its place.

It was very warm in the sun, though the snow was still quite deep, with hard frosts at night, and we were looking forward to the advent of spring, for though on April 5th we experienced a fearful snowstorm, during the continuance of which I had to dig away the drifts from the stable doors three times, the geese had returned on the 7th, and their welcome cry was a sure forerunner of that grand summer weather which came at last, though slowly and reluctantly.

#### M O R N I N G.

THE tide of human life ebbs to and fro,  
For night and sleep's forgetfulness are past,  
And toiling men awake to come and go,  
Upon the turmoil of a city cast.  
Afar from ways that breathe of sordid care,  
Of aching hearts, and many a life forlorn  
In weary want, I turn my sleepless eyes  
To where the maiden Morning's smiles are fair,  
By rippling streams beneath unsullied skies,  
Where winds come murmuring through the balmy air  
With sound of angels' wings in Paradise;  
And still beyond, where blossoms have no thorn,  
And souls no striving; shades of grief and woe  
Lost in the glory of Eternal Morn.

MARY CROSS.

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## A GLIMPSE OF CYPRUS.

'Six o'clock, sir; just rounding Cape Gatta; Limasol in sight;' so said the steward, rousing me out on a fine shining morning to have my first peep at Cyprus.

In five minutes I was on deck, glass in hand, eagerly examining the shore. In the foreground was Cape Gatta, a bold headland, running far out into the waters of the blue Mediterranean; next, the salt marshes, so little above the sea as to be hardly distinguishable from it; farther round the bend of the bay, a few white dots; two or three minarets pointing their slender black tops to the sky; some firs, olives, and one or two straight palms, marking the position of Limasol; while far in the background, shimmering in the heat, rise the blue masses of Mount Troödos and its attendant hills, towering towards the clouds. Behind and on each side of the town the country looks brown and yellow; undulating, thickly dotted, especially near the sea, with small trees, and continually rising in height; broken and cut up in all directions by precipices and ravines, till at length it gradually merges into the blue hills in the far distance.

No sooner had the anchor been dropped than the ship was surrounded by boats with fruit for sale. Enormous bunches of purple grapes made our mouths water; but nothing could be done till the arrival of that most important official, the Health officer. At last we got *pratique*; then came the struggle to buy fruit, get breakfast, and rush on shore. Just inside the ship were lying a good many small Mediterranean craft, two of which were sponge-fishers, with very queer rigs, ornamented by strings of sponges hanging up to dry. Landing on a good pier, which has been built since the occupation, we managed to get a guide, and starting up the main street, soon found ourselves surrounded by a varied crowd of all nationalities—Greeks, Italians, Arabs, Cypriots, Nubians, and Turks, all seemed to have representatives here. The streets are for the most part paved with slabs of stone, but are

very dirty and narrow in parts. In the main street, at the back of the new custom-house, there was a kind of market going on. The pavement was lined on the shady side by women selling silks, neckerchiefs, and cotton stuffs made in Cyprus. Some of these materials were really very pretty; one, in particular, was a silk and cotton stripe, costing there about eightpence per yard; but sold at very much higher prices in London, by firms who buy up large quantities that are made in Nicosia, the capital of the island. There were also bright red, yellow, and purple handkerchiefs, roughly printed with designs round the edges that seemed to please the natives. Right under the wall was a man selling by weight some kind of pastry, simply floating in syrup—the weights used being simply bits of stone, supposed to be one oak—equal to two and three-quarter pounds English. We heard that a law had lately been passed, and was gradually coming into use, making the employment of proper weights compulsory. In one of the sweet-shops where we bought *Rahatlikom* (Turkish Delight), the weights were simply pieces of iron with bits of wire and stone tied on.

The dress of the peasant men consists of a Turkish fez bound with a turban, loose, very often striped red and white; blouse tucked inside a coloured cumberbund; and very baggy trousers, sometimes of a fine peacock blue colour; finishing up with thick half-knee boots. The women had much the same dress, with the addition of a petticoat or two. This kind of dress was worn chiefly by the country-people, the town-people being partly dressed in European costumes.

The queerest things of all in the dress were the half-knee boots. These were worn almost exclusively by every peasant, man and woman, in the place. Made of rough thick leather, all in creases, worn quite brown on the edges, the boots appeared as though they had not been cleaned or oiled for years. The soles were about one inch thick, studded all round with enormous iron nails, which are beaten up on the side of the sole so as to form a sort of side-plate. The reasons



for wearing such enormous footgear are twofold—firstly, as a protection from the snakes, which abound during harvest-time; and secondly, to keep the sand from their feet as much as possible. The 'yarn' is, that the boots are seldom taken off, people even sleeping in them.

After walking the streets for some time, we went to see the Greek church. This was a very barn-like building in a courtyard, with a high wall and gate next the street, so that no one could find it unaided. In front of the door of the church were a few marble slabs in memory of Greek priests; and on the interior walls were a few frescoes, very badly drawn and coloured. The chancel was divided from the church by a splendid carved wooden reredos, with panels gilt and painted with figures of saints, giving a very rich effect to the whole church. One of the priests came in, dressed in his robes, a high black circular hat, with the top edge turned outwards, and a long black cassock. As he could not speak a word of English, and we as little Greek, there was not much conversation; but we admired his altar, and remembering the Greek word for 'beautiful,' parted with beaming smiles.

There is a very nice club in Limasol, kept up for the benefit of the army and some civilians. The rooms seemed very cool after our morning's tramp in the hot sun, and a long drink of wine and soda was most inviting. The wine was very like good Sicilian claret, rather more fruity and dry, but not doctored with potato spirit, as much of that is. This wine is brought into the town in sheep-skins with the legs tied up, and the liquid poured out through the neck. In one of the streets we saw a courtyard full of wine-skins, some full, some empty, all lying about on the ground, stained blood-red with wine, and looking exactly as though it was a slaughter-house.

On Mount Troödos, about thirty-five miles from Limasol, is the summer camp of our troops. This is a very pretty spot, surrounded by trees, and about six thousand feet above sea-level, making it quite cool, so much so, that, in the camp, soldiers were sleeping with four blankets, and then hardly warm, when people down at Limasol were gasping and trying hard to keep cool. The road to the camp is in many places very rough, often running along the side of precipices, where one false step would mean death; so that, although only thirty-five miles, the ride often takes six hours, or, by using a change of ponies, four hours. The ambulance bringing down women and children takes some fourteen hours to do the same distance; but then of course they do not move beyond a walk. There are two more camps used in the winter—one at Polymedia, about three miles from Limasol; and the other at Perapedia, at the foot of Mount Troödos.

There used to be plenty of shooting when the occupation first took place; but since the English have shown the natives that birds can be hit on the wing, every man who can manage it gets a gun and goes shooting every thing that flies, except snipe, as they cannot manage to hit these yet. The consequence is that if you want shooting now you must work hard, and be thankful for what you can get.

The majority of the houses in Limasol are built of sun-dried bricks, made from mud mixed with

seaweed, and built together with mud for mortar. The door-openings have often stone angles and arches, the doors themselves being made in two leaves, studded with large nails, and with a carved post in the centre. Small images are often fixed in the sides of the doorway.

The blacksmiths use a peculiar kind of bellows for their forges, made in two parts, with handles at the end of each, and worked by a man sitting in the centre and alternately pushing each part. These seemed to give an almost continuous blast with little trouble.

In one house was a man carding wool in quite a novel way. Squatting on the floor, he held in front of him a bamboo bow about six feet long, strung with thick catgut. This gut he kept on pulling out just sufficiently to touch a heap of rough wool, a small quantity of which was torn out and thrown on a heap of fine carded wool by the rebound, the jerk being sufficient to card it beautifully. Shoemakers and mule-saddlers were greatly in the majority amongst the trades, dozens of them everywhere. Well-made baskets of white bamboo are of native manufacture and very cheap.

On our way to the landing-place we passed a gang of prisoners guarded by 'zaptiehs,' uniformed in white, with a red fez, and armed with rifles and bayonets. The prisoners were dressed in light blue, not unlike our own convicts. On turning the corner we saw the prison, originally an old castle, looking very solid and strong, with high stone walls, and embrasures on top. We decided that it would be interesting to see the inside; but how? was the question, as an order was wanted, and we had none. We will try, was the decision; and going up a short flight of steps, we came to a small heavily-barred and studded door, at which, by luck, a native had just knocked and was now waiting to go in. As soon as it was opened, we walked in, waving the jailer to one side, as though we had a dozen orders, went right round the prison, followed all the time by the jailer, saw all the prisoners on the ground-floor, and were starting to come out again, when cries of 'order' were hurled from a top gallery on the head of our poor jailer, making him try to tell us, by gestures, that we must clear out if we had no order; so out we went.

The prison was one large vaulted hall, with a gallery half-way up, and cells on the ground-floor and gallery. These were simply vaulted holes with an open barred grating in front, and from one to three men in each, with their names and sentences on a board hanging outside. The furniture was simply one or two wooden table-beds and a rough blanket, but everything very clean.

Our time was getting short; so back to the boats was the order, passing on the way through some of the busiest streets of the town, full of small shops and traders—here a Soudanese, black and shining as a well-polished boot; there a Cypriot sitting cross-legged on a board; farther on, rows of tinmen, all finding the greater amount of their material in paraffin tins; mule-saddlers, boot-shops, and all the one-hundred-and-one small trades that exist in an Eastern town.

Oh those paraffin tins! what would the Easterns do without them? Pots, kettles, ovens,

boxes, lamps, flower-pots, and a dozen other things besides, are all made from them. A short time after leaving Cyprus, I saw some standards captured from the Mahdi at the battle of Toski; even these had pointed tops to their staffs made from paraffin tins, and bearing the stamp, 'Safe from fire.' Rather a parody on the adventures of the wretched flag.

Now back on board again, very glad to get a good wash and change, to free ourselves from some of the Cyprus sand. Then sitting on the deck and watching Cyprus fade away into the dim blue distance, we felt that at least we had not wasted our time.

### THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—ATHELSTAN'S DISCOVERY.

On the evening of that same day the same discovery was made by another of the persons chiefly concerned.

You have seen that Athelstan on his return made haste to find out the commissionaire who had presented the forged cheque. Happily, the man remembered not only the circumstance itself but also his employer on that occasion. A generosity far above what is commonly found among those who employ the services of that corps endeared and preserved the memory of the day. He had received, in fact, half a sovereign for an eighteenpenny job; and the commissionaire is not like the cabby, to whom such wind-falls are common. Not at all. With the former we observe the letter of the law.

After eight years this man's memory was rewarded. This thrice blessed job produced yet more golden fruit. Heard one ever of a more prolific job?

After breakfast, Athelstan was informed that a commissionaire desired to speak with him. It was his one-armed friend.

'Beg your pardon, sir,' he said, saluting after the military manner—'you said I was to come and tell you, first thing, if I found your man for you.'

'Certainly. I told you also that I would give you a five-pound reward for finding my man, as you call him. Well—I will be as good as my word if you have found him.'

'I saw him yesterday. The very same old gentleman that sent me to the Bank that day. He's older, and he doesn't look so jolly, and he walks slower; but I knew him at once.'

'Oh! are you quite sure? Because a resemblance, you know?'

'Well, sir, I can swear to him. I remember him as well as I remember anybody. He sat in the chair, and he laughed, and he said: "You've been quick over the job, my man. There's something extra, because you might have dropped the money down a grating, or run away with it, or something," he says. "Here's half a sovereign for you, my man," says he; "and I daresay you can do with it." "I can so, sir," I says, "and with as many more like them as I can pick up."

Then he laughed, and I laughed, and we both laughed.—And that's the same man that I saw yesterday evening.'

'Oh! this is very curious. Are you quite sure?'

'I'd swear to him anywhere. A man can't say fairer.'

'No—as you say—a man can hardly say fairer, can he? Now, then, when did you see him?'

'It was between six and seven. I'd been doing a message for a gentleman in the Strand—a gentleman in the dining-room line to a gentleman in Holborn in the sausage and tripe line, and I was going back with a letter, and going through Lincoln's Inn for a short cut. Just as I was getting near the gate to the Fields, I saw coming out of the door at No. 12 the very man you want to find. I wasn't thinking about him, not a bit—I was thinking of nothing at all, when he come out of the door and walked down the steps. Then I knew him. Lord! I knew him at once. "You're the man," I says to myself, "as give me the half-sov. instead of eighteenpence." Well, I stood at the corner and waited to see if he would remember me. Not a bit of it. He stared at me hard, but he never recollected me a bit—I could see that. Why should he? Nobody remembers the servant any more than they remember the private in the ranks. The very same old gentleman; but he's grown older, and he didn't look jolly any more. Praps he's lost his money.'

'Came out of No. 12, did he? Why, Dering & Son's office is there. What does this mean?'

'I thought I'd like to find out something more about him; and I thought that a five-pound note was better worth looking after than eighteenpence—so I let the letter from the tripe and sausage man lay a bit, and I followed my old gentleman at a good distance.'

'Oh! you followed him. Very good. Did you find out where he lived? I can tell you that. He went to No. 22 South Square, Gray's Inn.'

'No; he didn't, sir.—But you are not very far wrong. He went through Great Turnstile; then he crossed Holborn and turned into Featherstone Buildings, which is all lodging-houses. But he doesn't live there. He walked through the Buildings, and so into Bedford Row, and he stopped at a house there.'

'What! In Bedford Row?'

'Yes; in Bedford Row—and he pulls out a latch-key and lets himself in. That's where he lives. No. 49 Bedford Row, on the west side, very near the bottom. He lives in Bedford Row.—Well, sir, I like to do things proper, and so, to make the job complete, I went to the *Salutation*, Holborn, where they keep a Directory, and I looked out his name. The gentleman that lives at No. 49 Bedford Row is named Edward Dering—and among the names of No. 12 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, is the name of Dering & Son.—So, sir, I don't think it is too much to say that your man is Mr Dering, who belongs both to Bedford Row and Lincoln's Inn. He's the man who sent me to the Bank eight years ago.'

Athelstan stared at him. 'He the man?' he cried. 'You are talking impossibilities. He can't be the man.'

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'Nobody else, sir. If that was Mr Dering that I saw yesterday walking home from New Square to Bedford Row—he's the man who sent me for the money.'

To this statement the man stuck firm. Nor could he be moved by any assertion that his position was impossible. 'For, my friend,' said Athelstan, 'the man who sent you with the cheque was the man who robbed Mr Dering.'

'Can't help that, sir. If the gentleman I saw yesterday walking from Lincoln's Inn to Bedford Row was Mr Dering—then he robbed himself.'

'That's foolishness. Oh! there must be some explanation. Look here! Mr Edward Dering leaves his office every evening between six and seven. I will be in New Square on the west side this evening at six. You be there, as well. Try not to seem as if you were watching for anybody. Stand about at your ease.'

'I'll make it sentry-go, sir,' said the old soldier. 'I'll walk up and down in front of the door same as some of our chaps got to do in front of shops. You trust me, sir, and I won't take no notice of you.'

This little plot, in fact, was faithfully carried out. At six o'clock Athelstan began to walk up and down outside the gate which opens upon Lincoln's Inn Fields—the commissionaire at the same time was doing sentry-go in front of No. 12 in New Square. When the clock struck six there was a rush and a tramp of hurrying feet: these were the clerks set free for the day. There are not many solicitors' offices in New Square, and these once gone, the place becomes perfectly quiet. At half-past six there was the footfall as of one man on the stairs, and he descended slowly. He came out of the door presently, an old bent figure with white hair and shrivelled face. Paying no heed to the sentry, he walked away with feeble step in the direction of Chancery Lane. Checkley this was, on his way to look after his tenants and his property.

Athelstan looked after him, through the gate. Then he called his old soldier. 'See that man?' he asked. 'That's the man who sent you to the Bank.'

'No—he isn't.' The man was stout on that point. 'Not a bit like him. That old man's a servant, not a gentleman. See the way he holds his hands. Never a gentleman yet carried his hands that way. You can always tell 'em by their hands. The other day I met an old pal—seemed to forget me, he did. Wanted to make out that he'd never been in the army at all. So I lay by for a bit. Then I gets up—and he gets up too. "Tention," says I, and he stood to 'tention like a good old Tommy Atkins. You watch their hands whatever they say. Always tell 'em by their hands. That old man he's a servant. He isn't a gentleman. He can't sit among the swells and order about the waiters. He hasn't learned that way. He'd get up himself, if you asked him, and put the napkin under his arm and bring you a glass of sherry wine. He's not my man. You wait a bit.'

At a quarter to seven another footstep was heard echoing up and down the empty building. Then an old man, erect, thin, tightly buttoned, wearing neat gloves and carrying an umbrella, came out of the door. His face was hard, even austere. His walk was firm. The Sentry, as this person

walked out of the gate, followed at a distance. When he was beside Athelstan, he whispered: 'That's the man. I'd swear to him anywhere. That's the man that sent me to the Bank.'

Athelstan heard in unbounded astonishment. That the man? Why—it was Mr Dering himself!

'Let us follow him,' he whispered. 'Not together. On opposite sides of the road. Good Heavens! this is most wonderful. Do not lose sight of him.'

To follow him was perfectly easy, because Mr Dering turned neither to the right nor to the left, but marched straight on through Great Turnstile, across Holborn, through Featherstone Buildings, and into Bedford Row. At No. 49, his own house. Where else should he stop?

Athelstan took out his purse and gave the man the five pounds. 'I don't know what it means,' he said. 'I can't understand a word. But I suppose you have told me the truth. I don't know why you should make up a lie'—

'It's Gospel Truth,' said the man.

'And therefore again—I don't understand it. Well—I've got your name and your number. If I want you again I will send for you.'

The man saluted and walked away. Half a sovereign for an eighteenpenny job, and eight years afterwards five pounds on account of the same job. Robbery, was it? Robbery—and the old man pretending to rob himself. Now what did that mean? Laying it on to some poor harmless innocent cove, the soldier guessed: laying it on to some one as he had a spite against—the old villain—very likely this young governor—most likely—Donations on account of that same job, very likely—the old villain!

As for Athelstan, he returned to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where, the evening being fine and the sun warm and the place quiet except for the children at play, he walked up and down the east or sunny side for half an hour turning the thing over in his mind.

For, you see, if Mr Dering went through the form of robbing himself and finding out the robbery and coldly suffering the blame to fall upon himself—then Mr Dering must be one of the most phenomenally wicked of living men. Or, if Mr Dering robbed himself, and did not know it—then Mr Dering must be mad.

Again, if such a thing could be done on a small scale, it might be done on a larger scale with the same result—namely, suspicion to fall upon a blameless person; obloquy to gather round his name—for in some cases simply to be charged is almost as fatal as to be convicted: and perfect impunity for himself. 'This is not my own writing, but a forgery,' said the man who had been robbed. Then, who is the forger? You—you. None but you. The bare suspicion becomes a certainty in the minds of those who were once that man's friends.—And his life is cankered at the outset. He thought of his own life; the bitterness of alienation and exile. Never any time for eight years when he could explain the reasons of his exile. Debt, the cultivation of wild oats, failure to pass examinations—anything would do for such a reason except suspicion of forgery. Athelstan was a cheerful young man. He seldom allowed himself to be cast down by the blows of fate. Nevertheless, during his whole time of exile, the drop of bitter-

ness that poisoned his cup was that he could not tell the whole story because the world would believe no more than half—that half, namely, which contained the accusation. When one walks about thinking, there comes a time when it seems no good to think any longer. The mind can only get a certain amount out of a case at one sitting. That amount absorbed, the best thing is to go on to something else. Athelstan went on to dinner. He left his sister to the care of her young man, and dined by himself. He took a steak at a Holborn restaurant with an evening paper, which he considered professionally. After dinner he returned to his subject. Perhaps he should get a step farther. No—perhaps on account of the sweet influence of dinner he got no farther at all. Here was an astonishing fact. How to account for it? You have seen—by one of two ways—malignity unspeakable: or madness—madness of a very curious kind—the madness of a man whose calm cold judgment had made him appear to his friends as one with an intellect far above any ordinary weaknesses of humanity. Mr Dering mad? Then the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the President of the Royal Society, the President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, the Cambridge Professors of Mathematics—all these men might be mad as well. And nobody to know it or to suspect it. Mr Dering mad! and yet, if not, what was he?

There was one way. He had tried it already once. He left the restaurant and turned eastwards. He was going to try South Square, Gray's Inn, again. Perhaps Mr Edmund Gray would be in his rooms.

He was not. The door was shut. But the opposite door stood open, that of Freddy Carstone. Athelstan knocked, and was admitted with eloquence almost tumultuous.

'Just in time,' said the coach. 'I've got a new brand of whisky, straight from Glasgow. You shall sample it. Have you had dinner yet? So have I. Sit down. Let us talk and smoke tobacco and drink whisky and soda.'

'I will do the talking and the tobacco at any rate.'

'I love Virtue,' said Freddy. 'She is a lovely goddess—for if Virtue feeble were, Heaven itself would stoop to her. She has only one fault. There is reproach in her voice, reproach in her eye, and reproach in her attitude. She is an uncomfortable goddess. Fortunately, she dwells not in this venerable foundation. Do not imitate Virtue, old boy. Let me— That's right. We shall then start fair upon the primrose path—the broad and flowery way—though I may get farther down than you. Athelstan the Wanderer—Melnoth the Wanderer—Childe Harold the Pilgrim—drink and be human.' He set the example. 'Good whisky—very good whisky. Athelstan, there's a poor devil up-stairs, starving for the most part—let's have him down. It's a charity.' He ran up-stairs, and immediately returned with the decayed Advocate, who looked less hungry than usual, and a shade less shabby—you have seen how he borrowed of Mr Edmund Gray through Elsie.

'Now,' said the host, 'I call this comfortable: a warm August evening: the window open: a

suspicion of fresh air from the gardens: soda and whisky: and two men for talk. Most evenings one has to sit alone. Then there's a temptation to—to close the evening too quickly.'

'Freddy, I want to hear more about your neighbour. You told me something, if you remember, a week or two ago.'

'Very odd thing. Old Checkley at the *Salutation* is always pestering about Mr Edmund Gray. What has he to do with Mr Edmund Gray? Wanted me to answer his questions.'

'And me,' said Mr Langhorne. 'I did answer them.'

'Well—Mr Edmund Gray is— What is he? An old gentleman, of cheerful aspect, who is apparently a Socialist. We must all be allowed our little weaknesses. All I ask for is— He reached his hand for the whisky. 'This old gentleman carries his hobbies so far as to believe in them seriously. I've talked to him about them.'

'I have heard him lecture at Camden Town,' said the Barrister. 'I go there sometimes on Sunday evening. They have a tea-feast with ham and cake and toast. It is a pleasant gathering. It reminds one of the Early Church.'

'Well, Athelstan, what else can I tell you? Hark!' There was a step heard ascending the stairs. 'I believe that is the old man himself. If it is, you shall see him. I will bring him in.'

He went out to meet the unknown footstep on the landing. He greeted the owner of that footstep: he stopped him: he persuaded him to step into the opposite room. 'You must be lonely, Mr Gray, sitting by yourself. Come in and have an hour's talk. Come in. This way. The room is rather dark. Here is Mr Langhorne, your overhead neighbour, whom you know; and here is Mr Athelstan Arundel, whom you don't know. Those who do know him like him, except for his Virtue, which is ostentatious in one so young.'

It was now nearly nine o'clock. The lamp was not lit, and the room lay in twilight. It is the favourite shade for ghosts. A ghost stood before Athelstan, and shook hands with him—the ghost of Mr Dering.

'I am happy,' the ghost held out his hand, 'to make your acquaintance, Mr Arundel. An old man, like myself, makes acquaintances, but not friends. His time for new friendships is gone. Still, the world may be full of pleasant acquaintances.'

He sat down, taking a chair in the window: the shade of the curtain fell upon his face so that nothing could be seen but a white circle.

'Let us have candles, Freddy,' said Athelstan.

'By all means.' Freddy lit a lamp on the table and two candles on the mantel-shelf. By their light the lineaments and figure of the ghost came out more distinctly. Athelstan gazed on it with bewilderment: his head went round: he closed his eyes: he tried to pull himself together.

He sat up: he drank half a glass of whisky and soda, he stared steadily at the figure he had not seen for eight years, since— Good Heavens! and this man had done it himself! And he was as mad as a hatter.

Mr Edmund Gray looked serenely cheerful. He lay back in the long chair, his feet extended and crossed: his elbows on the arms of the chair,



his finger-tips touching; his face was wreathed with smiles: he looked as if he had always found the world the best of all possible worlds.

Athelstan heard nothing of what was said. His old friend Freddy Carstone was talking in his light and airy way, as if nothing at all mattered. He was not expected to say anything. Freddy liked to do all the talking for himself—therefore he sat watching a man under an illusion so extraordinary that it made him another man. Nothing was changed in him—neither features nor voice nor dress—yet he was another man. 'Why,' asked Athelstan, 'why did he write that cheque for seven hundred and twenty pounds?'

Presently Freddy stopped talking, and Mr Edmund Gray took up the conversation. What he said—the doctrines which he advanced, we know already. 'And these things,' said Athelstan to himself, 'from those lips! Is it possible?'

At ten o'clock Mr Edmund Gray rose. He had to write a letter; he prayed to be excused. He offered his hand again to Athelstan. 'Good-night, sir,' he said. 'To the pleasure of seeing you again.'

'Have we never met before, Mr Gray?' Athelstan asked.

'I think not. I should remember you, Mr Arundel, I am sure,' Mr Gray replied, politely. 'Besides, I never forget a face. And yours is new to me.—Good-night, sir.'

#### A VISIT TO THE POST-OFFICE.

STUDYING the statistics of the last Post-office Report kindled a desire in the writer of this article to see something of the working of this vast and huge machine, for without a personal visit it is perhaps difficult to gain any correct impression of its immensity, or of the perfect discipline and order which pervade the buildings devoted to postal and telegraphic work. I think it is a visit which should be made by every Londoner, if possible. They would then marvel that we get our letters and papers in the short time we do, if they were to see the thousands upon thousands that are poured into St Martin's-le-Grand day by day. As the authority who piloted me through the mazes of the building told me, the General Post-office never sleeps with the exception of Sunday between twelve and half-past one. The work is never at a standstill.

I began my visit inspecting what is known as the 'blind' department, where letters with indistinct, incomplete, and wrongly spelt addresses are puzzled out by those specially trained in solving such mysteries. Scrap-books are kept in this department, into which the curious and amusing addresses originally inscribed on the face of letters transmitted through the Post-office are copied and preserved. Whilst looking at these a post-card was handed in to one of the officials merely addressed Jackson. Whether the sender thought it would go around to the various Jacksons in London, I know not, but anyway it was decided to take the trouble to return it to the sender, advising him that it was insufficiently addressed. The trouble careless individuals give the Post-office is inconceivable, and the way some

try to cheat in the manner of registering letters needs to be seen to be believed.

From the 'blind' department I was conducted to the 'hospital,' where letters and parcels badly done up which have come to grief are doctored and made sufficiently secure to reach their destination. When it is recollected that our letter and parcel post is so cheap, the outside public might at least take the trouble to do them up properly without putting the Post-office to the enormous trouble it does, and which is done without a murmur and without extra charge. Some are put into fresh envelopes, others are sealing-waxed where slits have occurred, and others are properly tied up with string. All this trouble might be saved by a little forethought on the part of the senders.

The number of samples that different firms send through the post each day is astonishing. Mother Seigel's Syrup has reached 35,000 a day. Innumerable samples of tea go through the post daily, as well as patterns of new materials. The Prudential Insurance Company is quite a small post-office in itself, sending 11,000 despatches of one kind and another every day. It is said that 1,504,000 pattern and sample packets are posted annually in the metropolis. In addition to those just mentioned, alpaca, corduroy, gloves, ribbons, plush, whalebone, muslin, linen, bisuits, oilcakes, pepper, yeast, toilet soap, sperm candles, mustard, raisins, &c., are sent by sample post. One firm alone posted 125,418 packets containing spice.

The time to visit the sorting process at the Post-office is between half-past five and eight o'clock in the evening. At closing time the letters are simply poured by thousands into the baskets waiting to receive them, and each one as soon as full is wheeled off in an instant to the sorters and other officials waiting to deal with them. Deposited on the innumerable tables, the first process is to face the letters—not so easy a task when the shapes and sizes of the letters are so varied. As soon as the facing process is over, they are passed as quick as lightning on to the stampers, who proceed to deface the Queen's head. The noise whilst this process is being gone through is deafening. Some stampers have a hand-machine, whilst others are making a trial of a treadle stamping-machine recently introduced, and which stamps some four hundred letters per minute. From the stampers the letters pass on to the sorters. Whilst all this is proceeding, the visitor should step up into the gallery for a minute or two and look down on the busy scene below. It is a sight well worth seeing and not likely to be forgotten—the thousands of letters heaped on the tables, and the hundreds of workers as hard at work as it is possible for them to be. The envelopes are separated and placed in the several pigeon-holes which indicate the various directions they are to travel. Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Glasgow have special receptacles for themselves, as the first three cities have on an average fifteen thousand letters a day despatched to each; and further, there are eight despatches a day to these places, eleven thousand per day go to Glasgow, and between eight and nine thousand to Edinburgh. All official letters—that is, 'On Her Majesty's Service'—have a special table to themselves.

Some eighty-nine thousand Savings-bank books pass through St Martin's-le-Grand daily. Some sorters get through between forty and fifty letters a minute, whilst a new-comer will not be able to manage more than twenty or thirty.

The nights on which various mails go out are extra busy ones, especially Friday evening, when the Indian, Chinese, and Australian mails are sent. The reduction of the postage has made an enormous difference in the contents of the mail-bags to these parts of the world. One would have thought, as every post-office notifies the reductions by placards, and the press also directed attention to the alteration, that it would have been known by all those interested in sending letters abroad; but letters with fivepenny and sixpenny stamps have been noticed months afterwards. It may be interesting here to note how the mails are dealt with at Brindisi. Van after van conveys the mail-bags from the train to the ship, where two gangways are put off from the shore to the ship's side. Lascars run up one and down the other with the bags. Each lascar has a smooth flat stick like a ruler, and as he deposits his mail-bag on a long bench over the hold he gives up his stick to a man standing by. When five lascars have arrived, the sticks go into one compartment of a small wooden box; and when the box is full—that is, when a hundred have been put in—the box is carried off and another brought forward. Three hundred and ninety-two bags is a good average, and they take just under forty minutes to put on board. The French and Italian mails are included in these; but no other European mails go by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. At Aden, two sorters come on board and spend their days in some postal cabins sorting the mails for the different parts of India, &c. The bags in which these mails are enclosed are only used once. They are made in one of our convict prisons, and fresh ones are distributed each week both outward and homeward.

Amusing incidents—so Mr Tombs, the Controller, tells us—occur sometimes even in the dull business of sorting and despatching letters. One of the clerks of olden times, in accordance with the practice of 'calling out' when the circulation of a letter was not known, amused his fellow-workers by vociferating 'Barbadoes without a county.'

Some of the latest specimens of curiously addressed letters are given in Mr Tombs' *Postal Service of To-day*; amongst these are: 'E. C. CHAMBERS seaman H.M.S. *Dane* Sarlaryhon Cape Carst Carcel or elsewhere. [Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle].—HERAN & SON Obanvidok [Holborn Viaduct].—RICHARD ROGAN Ship in Hunger [Chipping Ongar] Essex.—SUR GENARELL PANSELEE our Queens Privet Pus Keeper Bucom Palus.'

Turning from the General Post-office South, which is now exclusively utilised for letters and papers, I proceed to the General Post-office North, which is devoted solely to the telegraph department, and for the time being the administrative offices are housed here until the new building in course of erection close by is ready for their reception. Alterations in the Post-office buildings are always being made every year to make more room for the ever-increasing work. Cold-

bath Fields Prison has been rapidly converted into a home for the Parcel Post, and this building will be kept exclusively for parcels. The Savings-bank department was originally in the same building as the telegraph, but owing to the rapid increase in both departments, the Savings-bank has been removed to Queen Victoria Street. Some three thousand male and female clerks are employed in the telegraph department alone. The top floor of the building is devoted to the metropolitan districts. A telegram sent from one suburb of London to another is bound to pass through St Martin's-le-Grand; it cannot be sent direct. The second floor deals with the provinces. The pneumatic tube is used a great deal now, by means of which some fifty telegrams can be sent on at once, and not singly, as would be the case if the telegraphic instrument was the only instrument in use. The tube is mostly used at the branch offices. It was tried by the General Post-office to carry the mail-bags to Euston Station by means of the tube; but it was not very successful, and consequently had to be abandoned.

The press is a great user both of the postal and telegraphic department. In the postal department the representatives can call for their letters at any hour, provided they are enclosed in a distinctive-coloured envelope, such as bright red or orange. Of course this privilege has to be paid for. In the telegraph department the press can obtain their 'private wires' after six in the evening, as the wires are no longer required for commercial purposes. The plan adopted in sending the same message to every provincial town which has a daily journal is the following: all along the route the operators are advised of the fact, and whilst the message is only actually delivered at its final destination, the words are caught as they pass each town by means of the 'sounder.' By this ingenious arrangement, dozens of towns are placed in direct communication with the central office whence the message is despatched. To carry on our telegraphic arrangements three miles of shelves, on which are deposited forty thousand batteries, are requisite.

Such are some of the interesting features of this marvellous machine, which is ever in motion, and assisting in no small degree to realise the dream of 'universal brotherhood.'

## THE MAYOR OF SAWMILL FLAT.

By WILLIAM ATKINSON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It was the 1st day of September 1888. In far-away New York City good citizens were either in bed and asleep, or were preparing to retire; in more remote London, the milkmen and market-gardeners had already opened up the business of a new day; but in South-western Arizona it was the hour of sunset.

Seated upon a camp-stool, in front of a frame-shanty that boasted two small apartments, was a man, handsome in spite of his rough dress and weather-tanned countenance, but prematurely gray and careworn. His white locks betokened threescore years at least; but if the register of



a certain parish in the North Riding of Yorkshire tells the tale truly, John Lee was born in the year of grace 1850, and was therefore just thirty-eight years old. A shingle protruded from the entrance of the rude cabin, upon which some apprentice hand had printed the legend—'DR JOHN LEE, Physician and Surgeon.'

Now, although Dr Lee was the only medical man within forty miles in every direction, he was not overburdened with patients, and had long since arrived at the conclusion that, viewed from a professional standpoint, Sawmill Flat was altogether too healthy a locality. Indeed, on this especial September evening he had been calculating the length of time since his services were last in requisition. He found that it was exactly eight weeks since he extracted a bullet from Tombstone Hank's hip—placed there by Hank's bosom friend, upon the occasion of a slight difference over a friendly game of Seven-up—for which the grateful Hank had paid him six dollars—nominally as a ten per cent. deposit, but in reality as payment in full. It will be readily conceded, even though Arizona doctors are not compelled to purchase dress suits, attend receptions, and make their professional calls in broughams, that six dollars is, to say the least, a thin income for two months; so it is scarcely surprising that John Lee was about resolved to

Fold his tent, like the Arabs,  
And silently steal away;

or, in the more concise language of Saw Mill Flat, to 'dig out.'

For a man who had spent his boyhood's days in one of the most picturesque of the North Yorkshire dales, the prospect from John Lee's shanty door was not particularly inspiring. Immediately before him was the Santa Fé Trail—that great South-western emigrant road along whose thirteen-hundred-mile course hundreds of scalpless corpses have been left to rot in the summer sun and bleach in the autumn winds. Half a mile down the trail could be seen the score of low shanties occupied by the workers—who were also shareholders—in the Big Bug Silver Mine, whose location was betrayed by the huge derrick and pulley-wheel rising high above the cabins. Beyond the mine—south, east, and west—was an endless expanse of waste sandy soil, which sustained no life save that of the deadly rattlesnake.

To the north the view was not quite so dismal, although it was dull enough. More than a mile away, surrounded by a clump of dwarfed cottonwood trees and sickly oaks, was the sawmill which gave the name to the settlement; while stretching away as far as the eye could reach rose tier above tier of low sandhills, that finally merged into the desert mountain range which crosses Central Arizona. Before the setting sun reached the horizon, John Lee was so disgusted that, as he had done many times before, he took refuge in a pipe of tobacco and shut out the view with thick clouds of smoke.

Now, because Tombstone Hank had settled with

the Doctor upon 'the instalment plan,' it must not for a moment be supposed that Sawmill Flat was the home of a poverty-stricken community. Lacking it may have been (and was) in fine scenery and other natural advantages as well as in good society, schools, churches, and other refining influences; but in gold and silver—especially silver—by no means. For two years the output of the Big Bug Silver Mine had been enormous, and had made rich men of at least a dozen of the citizens of Sawmill Flat; while Jim Hawkins, the proprietor of the sawmill, and Andy Dunbar, the keeper of the general store, both had, in addition to their respective properties at Sawmill Flat, healthy balances at the First National Bank of Tucson. As a matter of fact, money was literally 'no object' to some of the Sawmill Flat people, who frequently paid most extravagant prices for the commonest necessities of life, but lived on and toiled on in the hope that railroads yet unbuilt would some day bring the outside world to their settlement; or else that they themselves, when rich enough, would leave Arizona Territory for the comforts and civilisation of 'the States.'

The clouds of tobacco smoke from John Lee's pipe so effectually shut out the Doctor's immediate surroundings, that he speedily lost himself in a maze of thought, and was considerably startled when a loud voice exclaimed: 'Evenin', Doc.!'.

'Good-evening, Hawkins.'

'Going along, Doc.?'.

'Going along where?'.

'To the Flat. Where else? Come, hurry up, Doc.'

'Why, what's going on? I've been as far as the mine once to-day, and it will soon be my bedtime. No; I think I'll not go, Hawkins.'

'Not go? Why, man alive, it's the night of the town meeting. Come on!'

'Meeting? By Jove, that's a fact, though I had clean forgotten it. Anyhow, what's the use in me going to the town meeting? No; I won't go.'

'Confound it all, Doc., ain't you a public-spirited citerzen? Ain't you a real-estate man? Ain't you a man of edgercation? Don't you live at Sawmill Flat, anyhow, and ain't this a meetin' of Sawmill Flat townsfolks?'

John Lee felt compelled to laugh at this man's curious but earnest appeal, and the laugh temporarily dispelled his blueness. Hawkins was a pretty shrewd man, and, in his way, he was generous too.

'You're down in the mouth, Doc., that's what's the matter with you. Don't you lose heart so quick, pardner, for this here place is jest agoin' to strike ile, sir, you bet! In two years from now the City of Sawmill Flat will have five thousand people and five railroads; and your two hundred acres, that you'd be derved glad to get two hundred dollars for to-day, will be cut into streets and sold at high prices for city lots.—Bless my soul, Doc., you'll soon have a big city practice, and be a millionaire land-owner to boot.'

'Meanwhile?' grinned the Doctor.

'Meanwhile, if you want a nugget or two to help you out, you know where old Jim Hawkins lives, don't you?'

'You're very good, Hawkins—very good. Well, I'll go down and look on.'

The two men took several paces in silence. Then, with much abruptness, Hawkins asked: 'Why don't you merry Andy Dunbar's darter? Jen would say "Yes" too quick; and Dunbar would be tickled to death, and set you up in good shape. Why don't you do it, Doc?'

John Lee pulled at his gray moustache for some moments before he replied: 'Hawkins,' he said, 'a few months ago you showed your good-will to me, so I will answer your question. I broke one girl's heart, and that is sufficient for me. I do not love Jenny Dunbar, and I shall run no more risks where a good woman is concerned.'

'Doc,' said Hawkins bluntly, 'I ask your pardon, sir.'

Sawmill Flat formed part of the town (or township) of San Bernardino, a district fully as large as the English county of Lincoln, settled by a sparse population of but two or three hundred, most of whom resided at Sawmill Flat. Looking to the future, this township had been formed for local government purposes, the chief executive being none other than Jim Hawkins, who was known as the Reeve. The other township officers were one Eliphalet Younghusband, Justice of the Peace, and his constable, Pedro Lopez. The law called for a town meeting twice a year, when all the male residents of legal age were entitled to give voice to their opinions and to present resolutions, &c., regarding public matters. Hitherto, during the six years' history of San Bernardino the town meeting had been systematically ignored by the citizens. But on the present occasion the Sawmill Flat people intended to boom their settlement, and become incorporated under the municipal laws of Arizona as a City. No cash and no enthusiasm was to be spared to bring about the desired result.

The meeting was held in the town-hall, which was a room about twenty feet square, and was attended by well-nigh every resident of Sawmill Flat. No time was lost in appointing the Reeve and the Justice a deputation to wait upon the Governor of Arizona for a charter; nor was it long before fourteen thousand dollars was subscribed to be spent in erecting a new City Hall and an Hotel, in sinking wells for a water-supply, and in widely advertising the advantages and glorious outlook of the new City.

This having been done with much unanimity, Chairman Jim Hawkins arose to make a speech. 'Boys—Feller Citirzens, I should say—from the looks of things, the City of Sawmill Flat will come into existence on the 1st day of January 1889. When it does, we want a man to take charge—a good man and a smart man. We don't want no shyster for Mayor, which we are pretty sure to get if we don't make the office a liberal paid one. We want a competent man, a man with a level head, and a man with interests in Sawmill Flat. In other words we want one of ourselves, and one of our best selves at that. Now, you fellers as know how to do things up in proper shape can make a good living, and you ain't going to neglect your business to run this city for next to nothing a year. We ought to pay the Mayor of Sawmill Flat a salary of at least five thousand dollars, and then he'll do the

fair thing—at least, if he don't, we can string him up or tar and feather him.'

This proposition of the Reeve's was also duly moved and seconded without a dissentient.

But the salary question being settled, there were many aspirants for the honour of the nomination to be first Mayor of the new City. The meeting now took the form of a genuine political caucus; and some sensation was caused when, after two or three names had been mentioned, Joe Brice got up and said: 'Gents, I nominate my old pard, Zack Pegg. Zack is a rich man, and an old settler in the Flat, and he 'lows that if he's 'lected Mayor, he'll donate his entire salary to the citizens, which I think is handsome and generous.'

But Jim Hawkins suddenly vacated his chair and took the floor. 'Justice,' he said, 'have the kindness to preside for a few moments while I say my say. This here generosity of Zack Pegg's puts me in mind of the man what got pretty hungry and cut off his pet dog's tail, which he biled and eat, and then gave the bone to the dog. Zack would only be giving back to the boys what he got from them, which wouldn't be much of a virtue in Zack, seeing as he's a-rolling in boodle. But don't you see, boys, it's considerable like bribery to make such offers; and if Zack did get elected on any such scheme, he might find himself in the pen. [penitentiary] instead of Mayor of Sawmill Flat. No; I've got a name to propose that I think will fill the bill. It's the name of a clever man and a well edgereated man, a man of experience, a man who owns real estate in this town, and a man that's one of ourselves. He needs the money that will go with the office of Mayor; and because he needs it, he'll try to earn it. I erlude to Doc. Lee; and he's a blamed good feller, as we all know.'

The Doctor's name was cordially received, and there was a hurrah as Hawkins resumed his seat in the chair. John Lee was well liked in the Flat, except by one or two new-comers.

One of the new settlers arose as Hawkins sat down. 'Feller-citizens,' said the man, 'I take it that you meant what you said at the outset when you resolved that the Mayor of Sawmill Flat must be a good man, an honest man, and a man with a clean record. Now, I don't suppose you want a jail-bird—a murderer, for instance—a'

There was an angry buzz of voices, and many a hand found its way to a pistol-pocket when the insinuation was uttered. But anger changed to surprise when the audience discovered that the speaker was looking squarely at Lee, whose face was a deep crimson. When, therefore, Hawkins called for order, quiet was quickly resumed.

'Gentlemen,' said Lee in a low voice that noticeably shook with violent agitation, 'I beg very respectfully to withdraw my name from the consideration of this meeting. On no account will I permit my name to be presented for the Mayoralty.—Mr Reeve, if it is within your province, and if you will do me a favour, I should like you to adjourn this meeting for one week, when I will request the privilege of addressing my friends—and others—in this room.'

It was well for John Lee, as well as for the man who had cast so terrible a slur upon him, that he promised what was evidently to be an



explanation at a future meeting. Otherwise, there would probably have been a terrible uproar that night in the embryo City of Sawmill Flat. As it was, Dr Lee's request was complied with, and the meeting stood adjourned for one week.

### ROYAL MUSICIANS.

It is perhaps not generally known that the late Duke of Clarence, although no brilliant executionist, had inherited the keen ear for and love of music with which his father is endowed, and which, it may be said, distinguish all members of the House of Guelf. The Princess May of Teck, too, is generally known to be a clever musician. These reflections call to mind how many royal personages of the present and past day are likewise endowed.

Lord Chesterfield said cynically: 'If you like music, listen, and pay the violin-player for it; but never play yourself. It makes a man look stupid, and often brings him into bad company, wasting time that might be otherwise well spent. Not so Luther; for in his excellent and sound sermon on Music the great reformer says: 'Kings and Princes should exercise and patronise music; for great potentates ought to patronise noble and useful arts, as even if private persons seriously wish to do so, they are far from having the opportunities of the Great. We learn, indeed, from the Bible that mighty and God-fearing kings supported and rewarded singers.'

If Lord Chesterfield's words held good, many Princes of the past and present time would not be considered 'gentlemen.' But happily on this point the great moralist was wrong; for we all know, for instance, of the keen delight with which the Duke of Edinburgh practises violin-playing, His Royal Highness having even on several occasions performed in public with much distinction, as, for example, once in a quartette at the Albert Hall, and more recently 'solo' at Plymouth. In fact, the Duke's enthusiasm for the art is so great that he has expended a small fortune in the purchase of the instruments of old Italian masters. Again, both his brothers, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, have their musical 'hobbies'—the former, at all events, at one time not very long ago, delighting his intimate friends with performances on the banjo, an art which, by the way, His Royal Highness rapidly acquired, and that at a comparatively late time of life; whilst the Duke of Connaught beguiles many a leisure hour with the 'silvery flute,' an appropriate instrument for the 'Irish Prince.' Prince Leopold was also a gifted pianist.

The Queen plays no longer; but in former days Her Majesty was habitually found at the organ—her favourite instrument. Mendelssohn relates how surprised he was, during a visit to Buckingham Palace in 1844, at finding the Queen and the Prince Consort so 'musically finished.' 'The Prince,' says the great composer, 'played a chorale on the organ so beautifully and correct that the performance would have done the highest credit to any professional artist.' And when presently Mendelssohn performed 'How lovely are the Messengers,' the Queen and the Prince Consort, carried away with enthusiasm, began to sing; 'and, later on, I accompanied the Queen at several

songs, which Her Majesty sang with great warmth of feeling and true artistic expression.'

The Princess of Wales is a skilled pianist; and not long since the Princess Beatrice made her debut as a composer with a pretty song, 'The Sunny Month of May.' And here, dealing with musicians of the House of Guelf, it may be in place to mention that Prince Henry of Prussia—brother of the Emperor—is also no mean composer, pianist, and violin-player, his productions, however, being of a martial order. On several occasions they have been played before the Queen at dinner, a particular graceful act of Her Majesty being to select one of his Royal Highness's 'moreaux' for performance on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor and himself at Osborne at the grand banquet given in their honour.

Turning to foreign courts, we encounter a host of gifted royal musicians. We have, in the first instance, the Czar, an actual 'worshipper' of music, His Majesty's personal 'forte' being singing. And when in Denmark his greatest pleasure is to invite the students to sing their glees and ballads before him and his relatives in the evening, His Majesty often leading or joining in the same. The students of the North are—as visitors to Lands of the Midnight Sun are aware—particularly distinguished for their part and chorus singing. Needless to say the Czarina also delights in hearing the well-known Norse ballads of her childhood. All the children of the Czar and Czarina are likewise endowed with a deep love of music, particularly the youthful Grand-duchess Xenia.

Crossing the waters to the Swedish court, we find another royal musician in King Oscar, who may often be heard for hours 'fantasera' on the piano, and more particularly on the organ—an instrument almost unknown in private circles abroad. His Majesty is also, like the Czar, a great lover of glee-singing; and not so long ago he appeared unexpectedly one night at a concert of the Masonic Lodge in Stockholm and took part in the glee-singing of the elder members, His Majesty's voice sounding fine and manful in spite of his threescore and a half years. His brothers, Charles XV., and Gustavus—who died at the same age as the late Duke, or who would otherwise have succeeded to the throne—were equally gifted musicians and lovers of that noble art; and, as recently stated in the pages of the *Gentlewoman*, Prince Gustavus Adolphus, the eldest grandson of King Oscar, and future king, already evinces that admirable early love of music which is the heirloom of the gifted House of Bernadotte.

The king of Portugal likes to pose as a violin-player, although his teacher, Professor Casella, appears to have been more of the courtier than the musician, for on one occasion, we are told, His Majesty, after many unsuccessful attempts, at last mastering a difficult passage, he said to the Professor: 'Candidly, now, how *did* I play that?' The answer was: 'Sire, what Princes perform is invariably good.' But a similar though somewhat stinging answer was made by Handel to a German sovereign that shall be unnamed, who asked the king of oratorios 'how he played.' 'Your Majesty,' responded Handel, 'plays *like a Prince*.'

Coming to other courts, the charming Queen Margherita is styled 'a brilliant pianist,' and

what is termed by masters 'thoroughly musical.' And here is an excellent illustration of the words of Luther, as well as of Her Majesty's true love of music. When last summer paying a memorable visit to Venice—memorable through the significant presence of the Mediterranean fleet and the pick of the Italian navy—Her Majesty visited the famous Library of the Doges, and here were shown her some old manuscripts by Stradella, Monteverde, and other famous Italian masters, when, without a moment's hesitation, the real 'Queen of the Adriatic' ordered that they should be published forthwith, adding: 'They will thus delight the world far more than being buried in a glass case!'

Touching the Empresses of the world, we are aware that the Empress of Austria is a charming performer on that curious and heart-stirring instrument of her land, the zither; whilst the consort of the Mikado—as those rare visitors from Europe that have had the honour to ascertain testify—is equally 'at home' on the native string instrument, the 'koto.'

To examine the list of royal musicians closer, it appears that the gifted 'Carmen Sylva' is a fair pianist, but a far more brilliant harpist, stringing the 'lyre of Roumania' to the weird folklore songs of that strange nation. Finally, we may mention that King George of the Hellenes, brother of the Princess of Wales, shows a curious ear for music by delighting in playing all kinds of melodies on the 'glass zither' and wine-glasses, besides handling with great skill the cymbals.

Such is a cursory review of the princely musicians of our own age. But harking back, we find the same love, if not general brilliant execution, of 'the art that charms a savage breast.' For we know as an historical fact that that curious mixture of statecraft, superstition, and 'amour,' King Henry VIII., composed two entire masses, often sung in His Majesty's private chapel, and that a good deal of his time was occupied with more or less artistic performances on the flute! In addition, the great Tudor king is said to have set to music several madrigals and composed some ballads. Indeed, few readers would believe that some of the much-abused king's compositions have endured to the present day, and indicate beyond a doubt a remarkable musical talent, and that, too, developed—very rare, and the more remarkable if we bear in mind the crude and coarse bent of the times.

Queen Elizabeth performed, we are told by her admirers, with wonderful dexterity on the 'spinnet,' or, more correctly speaking, on the 'virginal,' an earlier form of the same, resembling a harpsichord. And here Dr Burney relates a good story, which not only confirms but also clearly indicates that Mary, Queen of Scots, should rank among royal musicians. 'Sir James Melville,' says the celebrated historian, 'relates a remarkable conversation with Queen Elizabeth, when, as envoy of Queen Mary in 1564, he was despatched to her court. Having inquired how the Scotch queen dressed, the colour of her hair, whether prettier than her own, who was the most beautiful, who was the taller, Queen Elizabeth asked what she occupied her time with. "I answered," says Melville, "that when serious affairs of state permitted, Her Majesty studied history or amused herself by playing the lute or the

virginal." "Is she a good player?" said Queen Elizabeth. "Irreproachably for a queen," was my answer. The same afternoon, Lord Hunsdon took me to a gallery at the Palace to hear some music—it was the Queen playing the virginal. Having listened for a time, and lifting the curtain, I beheld Her Majesty; but having her back turned towards me, I looked for a while. Suddenly, she turned and saw me, appeared surprised, and then indignant. Presently, I was called, when she said she only played to avoid being melancholy. Next she asked who played best, Queen Elizabeth or Queen Mary. I of course gave the prudent answer that Her Majesty was the superior executionist.'

Charles I., we are also told, played the violoncello or bass-viol with great precision; and James I. of Scotland was endowed with such a keen ear and musical nature that several old traditional Scottish songs are attributed to him. He maintained at his court a host of lute, harp, violin, and horn players, who, it is shown by accounts, were paid regular salaries. It is even said that King James was the sovereign who introduced the organ in the kirk.

Frederick the Great was an enthusiastic musician and a first-rate flute-player. It is said that sometimes, after a victorious battle, he would repair to his tent and amuse himself with his favourite instrument. And the Czar Alexander I., although his father, in blind autocracy, prohibited his learning it, practised and loved music all his life.

Finally, nearly every Emperor of the House of Hapsburg has been musical, and some even composers of considerable merit. Leopold I. was an excellent pianist and a composer of arias and cantatas displaying great musical talent. And Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., has rendered herself famous by composing 'Partant pour la Syrie.'

Truly, the list of royal musicians might be extended indefinitely; but those quoted will go to show that Princes and Princesses are not behind ordinary mortals in love of one of the most noble and soul-stirring gifts of Nature.

#### IN A SILENT SEA.

SOME years ago I was homeward bound from the East Indies. We had rounded the Cape without getting the usual dressing, and had picked up the South-east Trades much sooner than we expected. Everything had so far been in our favour, and it was only when we got into the latitude where we ought to have picked up the North-east Trades that, instead of the usual breeze, we came in for nothing but a succession of light winds and variables. With these we gradually worked along until we got into about twenty degrees north latitude, when we had a calm for two days. Shortly before midnight on the second day a light breeze sprang up from the southward. There was only enough wind to keep the sails full, and we glided along at about two knots an hour, with lazy little bobs to a swell that came up from the eastward. All that day the breeze continued light. The sun beat down with tremendous power, and towards noon the breeze died almost entirely away, though the swell continued with long, low,



regular undulations. Away on our port bow heavy clouds began to appear on the edge of the horizon, and the glass was falling rapidly.

I was at the wheel in the first dog watch. We lay heading all round the compass, the ship having no steering-way, and I watched the bank of clouds gathering ominously on our port quarter. The sun seemed to set in a perfect atmosphere of sulphur, leaving some angry-looking streaks of red and gold that gleamed like flashes of lightning suddenly arrested. The skipper paced the quarter-deck, occasionally diving below to look at the glass, and each time returning with a more anxious countenance, and saying to the mate that he had never seen the glass so low since he had been to sea.

'We'll reef her right down at four bells, Mr Jarvis,' he said; 'for there's everything good, bad, and indifferent mixed up in those clouds, like an Irish stew.'

As soon as the watch came on deck, sail after sail was clewed up and furled, until we had nothing on her but the two lower topsails, fore-topmast staysail, and storm staysail. The ship, now denuded of her sails, stood out like a skeleton against the background of copper-coloured clouds. The men began to get somewhat depressed, as with a sky and atmosphere like that we knew it was no ordinary blow that we had to expect; and I could hear the shrill voice of a little shrivelled-up old seaman named Lester croaking more than was his wont, and calling to mind the time when he was in the China seas some thirty years before; how the clouds had gathered up in the same way, and how the ship foundered, and all hands were lost except himself.

'Here! cut that yarn,' said one of the men. 'You're a regular old Jonah!'

The watch below turned in at eight bells, having been cautioned to be ready for a rouse-out. I paced the deck for some time. The captain and the mate were discussing the dirty appearance of the weather. The ship looked absolutely desolate, with her long bare masts tapering away into the darkness.

'I don't like the way that stuff hangs about,' said the skipper; 'when it does come, it will come with a run.' Here and there a star would faintly show itself, and the sea glittered with phosphorescent lights. Hour after hour we lay under the shadow of those dense clouds, waiting for the storm to burst. The watch dragged wearily on till close on midnight, when suddenly a bright flash of lightning seemed to part the clouds asunder; then others followed in quick succession.

'We'll catch it directly,' piped the shrill voice of Lester, and he was right. Scarcely were the words uttered when we heard a roaring sound in the distance, which increased into a whirling shriek. In an instant it was upon us. Fortunately, it struck us on the quarter. The ship for a moment plunged forward, burying her bows in the sea. At the same instant there was a terrific bang as the topsails were blown clean out of the bolt ropes; there was not a stitch of canvas left on her, and we scudded under bare poles, the sea bubbling around us, a mass of seething foam. It was impossible to stand upright, and we had to crawl about as best we could.

We were thankful when daylight came, as the

horrors of the storm had been much intensified by the pitchy darkness. When the sun rose, sea and sky presented a wild and grand sight. The scud was flying above us, and the foam below. Everything was rushing madly before the hurricane; there, alone on this wild and desolate world of waters, was our gallant ship staggering before the mighty blast, and fighting the waves like a living thing.

For two whole days and nights we drove along, accompanied only by the incessant roar of the storm. On the third night the ship seemed to lose her buoyancy, and by the heavy deadened way she rose and fell, we thought she had sprung a leak, for her motion was now more like that of an old water-logged Quebeccar than of an East Indian clipper. About midnight we sounded the well, but she was as dry as a bone. The sea also became much smoother, and we seemed to be simply rising and falling on a huge swell, instead of going through a heavy sea. As the night wore on the force of the wind greatly abated, inasmuch that we were able to get new topsails from below and make them ready to bend. It was intensely dark, and as the hurricane went down an awful stillness prevailed. It seemed as if the continued shrieking of the storm for the last three days had affected our sense of hearing, or else there was something strange, as no one could hear the swish of the sea, and no water came aboard. We simply rolled about in absolute silence.

The wind gradually died away until it was a dead calm. We lay aloft and bent the new topsails; and by the time we were ready to hoist the yards the morning was beginning to break.

As daylight came on we were astonished to find that, instead of being in a clear open sea, we seemed to be in a huge green meadow-land. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but a heaving mass of green. We had been driven into the midst of the Sargasso Sea. This accounted for the way she had laboured, and the deathlike silence which prevailed. The weeds were already clinging to the sides and bow of the vessel. The sun rose clear and bright, and as the day advanced the heat was excessive. There was not a breath of wind anywhere, so that we lay utterly helpless amidst this tanglement of weeds. We could do nothing now but wait for a breeze to release us. During the day the swell went down, and by night we lay quite motionless, and with a most appalling stillness reigning around.

The night was beautifully clear, and the stars shone out brilliantly; so we spent our first night amongst this sea of weeds and grass, rather pleased than otherwise at the quiet, which was a relief after the three days' incessant shrieking of the hurricane. At sunrise the calm still continued, and the men began to get impatient for a breeze. The day was occupied in scraping the weeds from the sides of the vessel. The heat was intense; there was not a breath of air, and the sky was without a cloud. As far as the eye could see, even from a royal yard, nothing was visible but one unbroken plain of floating weed. The frightful stillness of everything was the worst part of it. Hour by hour it became more oppressive. It was a silence so intense that one seemed to hear it, and by sundown even the nerves of the roughest old seaman had become so unstrung, that

the putting down of a pannikin\* made every one start. Day after day went on without even a catspaw of wind, and the captain soon saw that the only thing to keep up the men's spirits was to give them plenty of work. We painted the ship, tarred down, scraped, holystoned, and did every other conceivable kind of work until it became hard to find anything else to do. Curious kinds of creatures crawled about on the top of the weeds, gazing at our unfortunate craft with their meaningless fishy eyes.

When we had been thus becalmed for three weeks, the captain thought it advisable to put us on a short allowance of food and water, as there seemed no more prospect of a breeze now than there was on the day in which we had first got entangled. At first we tried to get up entertainments, but no one seemed to have heart for anything, and all our attempts at amusements failed. The one absorbing thought of the whole crew—morning, noon, and night, waking or sleeping—was, 'When shall we get a breeze?' What preyed on our minds most was the appalling stillness. It hung round us like a funeral pall.

One night, whilst the crew were lying about the deck trying to sleep, I was suddenly roused by a voice shouting: 'Let go your royal hal-yards.'

In a moment every one was on the alert, thinking and hoping that we were in for a breeze. It was a bright moonlight night, not a cloud was to be seen. On the fore-castle head stood a seaman waving his arms and calling out that a squall was approaching.

'Where away?' shouted the mate.

'Let go!' he yelled in reply.

We now saw that the poor fellow was raving, and immediately a couple of hands secured him. He became very violent, so much so that it became necessary to put him in irons. All that night the poor fellow raved piteously, chiefly about his wife and child, who he thought were stowed away in some place, all alone, and where all was silence. For three days he refused to eat or drink, and appealed incessantly to us to let him go and help his dear ones.

On the fourth morning of his illness it was my turn to watch him. He had been lying quiet for some time breathing heavily. Presently he struggled violently, and I had to call for the assistance of another man to hold him down. Suddenly, with a supreme effort, he burst the irons from his wrists; but the strain had been too much, and he lay back exhausted for a few minutes. Then raising himself on his elbow, he looked round in a dazed way, and putting his hand in mine, said in a quiet voice: 'The silence has gone now, Kitty!' and died.

Now that the ravings of this poor tar had ceased, the silence seemed even more awful than before; and the skipper, in order to keep the men from brooding, ordered a couple of boats to be got out and efforts made to tow the ship clear of the weeds. Our first business was to bury our dead; and as soon as the long-boat was over the side, we lowered the corpse into it. Poor old Jack! he had been a good shipmate, though always rather sentimental! Four A.B.s and the mate manned the boat, and with much labour and difficulty they managed to get her along until she was about one hundred yards away. We

then saw two of the men parting the weeds with the blades of their oars, so as to form a grave. The mate stood up in the stern-sheets and read the burial service, whilst the body of poor old Jack lay across the midship thwarts. I shuddered as I saw him dropped over amongst the dark clinging weeds.

'Oh!' said Lester in his shrill voice, 'there goes the first; I'll warrant it won't be the last.'

'Croaker,' some one remarked; and we set to work to get the other boat over, whilst the funeral party made their way back to the ship.

For a whole week we tried all possible means to shift her with the aid of the boats, but it was not of the slightest use; for if we cleared the tangle of weeds away one day, they were as bad as ever the next; so after a time we gave up this work in despair. Two more of the men now became light-headed, and had to be put under restraint. Day by day things became more desperate, and to our horror we saw that the food and water could not hold out much longer.

The skipper and the mate, after a long consultation, determined to provision a boat and send her to find out how far it was to the open sea.

The mate and four seamen, myself amongst the number, formed the crew. We started at day-break, and made our way slowly along. When night came, we could still see our vessel across the flat extent of green; but we had made fairly good progress, as she was hull down. We divided ourselves into two watches, so that we could keep going both night and day. After three days of this, we found the weeds getting much scarcer, and for the first time for six weeks we felt just a flutter of air. Upon this, the mate determined to return and make another effort to tow the ship. When we got back to the vessel, our report somewhat raised the desponding spirits of the men; and it was arranged to make one great effort to tow the ship away on the morning after our return.

That night one of the sick men died. We buried him at sunrise in the same manner as his shipmate, and then started the work of towing. For hours we toiled, the skipper encouraging us from the poop.

'There she moves, my lads—that's it—keep her going,' and so on, though I don't think we moved her half a fathom the whole day; and when we returned aboard at nightfall, every one felt more disconsolate than ever. Even the captain, who had always appeared to keep his spirits up, seemed thoroughly downcast; and the deadly stillness was only broken occasionally by the cries of the poor fevered man below.

I lay down on the main hatch to sleep, but found it impossible. I was a good deal distressed at the death of the man we had buried that morning, who had been a great chum of mine; and I lay on my back looking up at the starry heavens, wondering if we were to die off one by one, and if so, who would be the last. The more I thought, the more morbid did my thoughts become. In time the vessel would be carried out of the bed of weeds by some storm or current, and when picked up, there would be no one to explain how the crew had all gone mad, and died miserably, killed by the utter silence. I grasped my head with my hands. Was I to be the next? Oh God! I could feel my brain going.



The fearful stillness seemed to come over me in huge waves. I prayed hard and wept desolate tears. I had no energy to move or speak. The sense of overwhelming stillness overpowered me and made me absolutely helpless. Suddenly I heard the mate shout out: 'Port main-brace.'

At the same instant a gentle puff of air swept across my face, and the sails that had been hanging idly for so many weeks filled out to the gentle pressure of the breeze. This brought me to my senses. The frightful feeling in my head vanished as I joined the others in trimming the yards. Yes, there was a breeze, but very, very light. The royals and topgallant sails appeared to be drawing, but we did not seem to be in motion. Presently the captain suggested putting a lighted tarpot over the side, to see if we were making any way. We were only just moving. Men dared hardly speak lest their voices should drive the breeze away.

When the sun rose the wind freshened, and by eight bells we were perceptibly moving. We brought our sick man on deck, hoping the breeze would revive him; but he never rallied, and died that night; and as we dropped him over the side, the voice of Lester could be heard saying: 'Number three gone! We ought to get along all right now.'

'You're the Jonah,' replied his shipmates. 'If we had put you overboard at first, we might have been in dock two months ago.'

In two days' time we once more heard the splashing of the sea as the waves danced and curled around the ship's side, carrying the weeds that had grown to her for yards to leeward. Thus, after a captivity of fifty-three days, we found ourselves again on the restless ocean; and even the roar of angry billows was the sweetest music to us, after our long imprisonment in the 'Silent Sea.'

#### TABLE TRAITS.

To many of us there is an inexpressible magic in the sound of the word 'dinner'—a certain boding of something good, far more telling than thousands of its brethren in the dictionary. We beget a fondness for it, like the armature for its poles. But the derivation of the word is much more hazy than its meaning. It is believed by some that it springs from a corruption of the words *dis-heures*, indicating the time at which, in the old Norman days, this meal was taken. The mere idea of having dinner at the barbarous hour of ten o'clock in the morning would in all probability send a modern *chef* into a fit; yet it was at this early time that persons of quality, both in this country and in France, partook of the meal. Froissart mentions waiting upon the Duke of Lancaster at five in the afternoon, after he had supped; and during the reigns of Francis I. and Louis XII. of France, fashionable people dined from half-past ten, and supped at the latest at six in the evening. And again, from a Northumberland Household Book, bearing date 1512, we learn that the family rose at six, breakfasted at seven, dined at ten, supped at four, and shut the gates at nine P.M. Speaking generally, though the dinner hour then, as now, was later in this country than in France, Louis XIV. did not dine

till twelve; whilst his contemporaries, Cromwell and Charles II., took the meal at one. In 1700, the hour was advanced to two; and in 1751, we find that the Duchess of Somerset's dinner-time was three. In 1760, Cowper speaks of four o'clock as the then fashionable time. After the battle of Waterloo, six P.M. was the time at which the *beau-monde* took their substantial meal; while at the present day many of the nobility do not dine until eight or nine; so we see that, through four hundred years, the dinner-hour has gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from nine A.M. to nine P.M. When the dinner hour was so early, often no previous meal was taken.

The Romans, in the time of Cicero and Augustus, took an early breakfast, from three to four in the morning, a luncheon at twelve or one, and at about three o'clock the *cena*, or principal meal of the day, corresponding with our dinner. Concurrently, we read of some not dining until sunset. A Roman dinner at the house of a wealthy man consisted chiefly of three courses. All sorts of stimulants to the appetite were first served up, and eggs were indispensable to the first course. Amongst the various dishes we may instance the guinea-hen, pheasant, nightingale, and the thrush as birds most in repute. The Roman gourmands held peacocks in great estimation, especially their tongues. Macrobius states that they were first eaten by Hortensius, the orator, and acquired such repute that a single peacock was sold for fifty denarii, the denarius being equal to about eightpence-halfpenny of our money.

As exemplifying the pitch to which Roman epicureanism was carried, and indicative of a truly barbaric nature, a dish consisting of the tongues alone of some thousands of the favourite songsters of the air was requisitioned at immense cost to satisfy the inordinate cravings of one of the emperors. One can hardly avoid the reflection that such a being must have been extremely untuneful. The liver of a capon steeped in milk was thought a great delicacy; and of solid meat, pork appears to have been most relished.

The staunch Roman who did not take his pleasure homeopathically, reclined during dinner on a luxurious couch, his head resting on his left elbow, supported by cushions. Suetonius draws attention to a superb apartment, erected by the extravagant Nero, in which his meals were partaken, constructed like a theatre, with shifting scenes changing with every course. The amount of money often expended by the wealthy Romans on their sumptuous meals appears fabulous. Vitellius is said to have spent as much as four hundred sesteria (about £4228 of our money) on his daily supper; and the celebrated feast to which he invited his brother cost no less than £40,350! It consisted of two thousand different dishes of fish, and seven thousand of fowls, with other equally numerous meats. His daily food was of the most rare and exquisite nature; the deserts of Libya, the shores of Spain, the waters of the Carpathian Sea, and even the coasts and forests of Britain, were diligently searched for dainties to supply his table; and had he reigned long he would, observes Josephus, have exhausted the great opulence of the Roman empire. By the way, we wonder if these happy-go-lucky Romans

ever suffered much from indigestion! Of one thing we are certain, that in order to render the bridge from one feast to another less tedious, an occasional resort was had to the persuasive powers of an emetic. The extravagance of these times was indeed so boundless, that to entertain an emperor at a feast, unless you were a Cræsus, were to encounter almost certain financial ruin—literally, to be eaten up. One dish alone at the table of Heliogabalus has been known to cost a sum equal to four thousand pounds of our money.

No wonder, therefore, observes a recent writer, that these imperial feasts were lengthened out for hours together, and that every artifice, often revolting in the extreme, was used to prolong the pleasure of eating; or that Philoxenus should wish that he had the throat of a crane with a delicate palate all the way down. Many of the guests at such feasts, long before the close, must have been in the condition of an editor who, when asked at a public dinner if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction: 'Owing to a crowd of other matters, we are unable to find room for it.' The elegant Romans declared that a repast should not consist of a less number of courses than the Graces or of more than the Muses. According to ancient rule, an invitation not replied to in twenty-four hours was deemed accepted; and from an invitation given and accepted, nothing released the contracting parties but illness, imprisonment, or death.

At a Saxon dinner, the dining-table was oblong and rounded at the ends. The cloth was a rich crimson, with a broad gilt margin hung low beneath the table. The company sat upon chairs with concave backs, and were arranged with regard to the sexes, much as at the present day. The dishes consisted of fowls, fish, flesh of oxen, sheep, deer, and swine, both wild and domestic—not excepting certain portions of the sea-swine or porpoise—a food at present little cared for, but at that period no unfrequent article of diet. Bread of the finest wheaten flour lay on two silver baskets upon the table.

Almost the only vegetable in use among the Saxons was kalewort; and the condiments, salt and pepper. The various articles used were boiled, broiled, or baked, and were handed by the attendants upon small *spiles* to the company. Prior to the introduction of forks into England, which was not till James I.'s time, our ancestors made use of Dame Nature's forks, their fingers; and for the sake of cleanliness, each person was provided with a small silver ewer containing water, and two flowered napkins of the finest linen. Their dessert consisted of grapes, figs, nuts, apples, pears, and almonds. In the tenth year of the reign of King Edward III. there was an Act of Parliament passed which ordained that no man should be served with more than two courses, except upon some great holiday therein specified, on which occasion he might be served with three.

The following bill of fare for the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Wax-chandlers, in 1478, will give a good idea of the prices then charged for provisions, and make many wish for a return of the 'good old days': 'Two loins of veal and two loins of mutton, 1s. 4d.; one loin of beef, 4d.; one dozen of pigeons

and one dozen of rabbits, 9d.; one pig and one capon, 1s.; one goose and a hundred eggs, 1s. 0½d.; one leg of mutton, 2½d.; two gallons of sack, 1s. 4d.; eight gallons of strong ale, 1s. 6d.—total 7s. 6d.: truly a most moderate bill.

Peter the Great disliked to have many attendants round him while he ate—'listening lacqueys,' he called them. He loved a dinner composed as follows: 'A soup with four cabbages in it; gruel; pig, with sour cream for sauce; cold roast meat, with pickled cucumbers or salad; lemons and lamprey; salt meat, ham, and Limburg cheese.'

Though we express surprise at the gormandising powers of our forefathers, our own elaborate public dinners are little less disgraceful than they were four hundred years ago. An eminent physician describing our present-day dinners said: 'We begin with soup, and perhaps a glass of cold punch, to be followed by a piece of turbot or a slice of salmon with lobster sauce; and while the venison or Southdown is getting ready, we toy with a piece of sweetbread, and mellow it with a bumper of Madeira. No sooner is the mutton or venison disposed of, with its never-failing accompaniments of jelly and vegetables, than we set the whole of it in a ferment with Champagne, and drown it with Hock and Sauterne. These are quickly followed by the wing and breast of a partridge or a bit of pheasant or wild-duck; and when the stomach is all on fire with excitement, we cool it for an instant with a piece of iced pudding, and then immediately lash it into a fever with undiluted alcohol in the form of Cognac or a strong liqueur; after which there comes a spoonful or so of jelly as an emollient, a morsel of ripe Stilton as a digestant, a piquant salad to whet the appetite for wine, and a glass of old Port to persuade the stomach, if it can, into quietness. All these are more leisurely succeeded by dessert with its baked meats, its fruits, and its strong drinks, to be afterwards muddled with coffee, and complicated into a rare mixture with tea, floating with the richest cream.' If there are many whose daily diet is too varied, too luxurious, there are also many who, through unkind and unpropitious circumstances, are scarcely able to supply the wherewithal to satisfy the legitimate wants of Nature. There are not a few who think themselves lucky if at the dinner hour they are able to allay the cruel pangs of hunger with a philosophic pipe.

#### WIRE AND WIRE PRODUCTS.

POSSIBLY but few persons realise the enormous strides made of late years by the wire industry, or the constantly increasing consumption of an article which, in one form or another, enters into almost every art and industry, and ministers directly and indirectly in no small degree to the comfort and well-being of every civilised community. Wire is no new thing; specimens of metallic shreds dating as far back as 1700 B.C. are stated to have been discovered; while a sample of wire made by the Ninevites some eight hundred years B.C. is exhibited at the Kensington Museum in London. Both Homer and Pliny allude to wire. The art of wire-drawing was not practised until the fourteenth century, or intro-



duced into this country until the seventeenth century, all wire made previously having been formed by hammering into rounded lengths narrow strips of metal cut from plates previously beaten out.

The manufacture of wire as now carried out may be briefly and concisely stated, and consists in attenuating or reducing in section thin rods of the metal under manipulation by drawing them cold through holes in a draw-plate, usually made of hard steel. The wire-drawer's bench is furnished with a horizontal cylinder, driven by steam or other power, on which the wire is wound after leaving the draw-plate. The holes in the draw-plate are arranged in decreasing diameters; and a fine wire may require some twenty or thirty drawings ere it is reduced to the size desired. Much friction is generated in the process, notwithstanding the use of lubricants; and 'annealing' is necessary to counteract the brittleness produced in the wire. Where great accuracy is requisite, the wire is drawn through rubies or other hard stones in the draw-plate. The speed of the drawing cylinder is increased as the diameter of the wire diminishes.

Much confusion has existed in regard to the gauges of wires, no fewer than fifty-five different gauges being mentioned by a recent writer, of which forty-five were for measuring and determining the sizes of wire as made and sold within the United Kingdom. The Whitworth gauge, introduced in 1857 by Sir Joseph Whitworth, and the Birmingham wire-gauge (B. W. G.) have been extensively employed. In 1884 an imperial standard wire gauge became law, and constitutes the legal gauge of this country. It ranges from half an inch to one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

The wire industry is actively carried on in Great Britain, Germany, and Belgium, also in the United States of America, and has attained enormous dimensions. A leading continental firm has alone an output of some fifty thousand tons of wire and wire products per annum.

A few figures may here be cited to illustrate how important a part wire plays in our leading industries and manufactures. The output of coal in Great Britain alone, which may be taken at fully two hundred million tons per annum, is mainly raised by the agency of wire-ropes. The importance of carding-wire may be appreciated, from the fact that Great Britain's woollen export trade is worth twenty-seven million pounds per annum. The consumption of wire-netting is enormous; and the annual output in America and Europe of the one item of barbed wire for fencing—a comparatively new adaptation—is estimated to exceed one hundred thousand tons.

The world-wide use of wire for telegraphic and other electrical purposes is too well known to need comment, one company in America owning no fewer than six hundred and forty-eight thousand miles in their own system.

Perhaps, however, as striking a figure as can be adduced in relation to wire is its consumption in

the pinmaking industry. With but few exceptions, all pins are made from brass wire, and the daily production of pins in Great Britain is placed by competent authorities at fifty millions, of which Birmingham supplies about three-fourths. How this stupendous output is consumed affords matter of no small wonderment; and when the proverbial trifling value of each individual pin is further borne in mind, the interest in this branch of the wire industry will be still further augmented.

A point of interest to many of our readers may be noted in connecting our mention of wire with the Forth Bridge, and in pointing out that in the erection of that gigantic structure fully sixty miles of steel wire-rope were temporarily employed.

#### THE HAPPY LOVERS.

They had no 'partings in the wood,'  
No 'meetings in the hawthorn lane,'  
'Beside the sea' they never stood,  
Nor 'watched the sunset after rain.'  
Their pathway was the busy street,  
Their trysting-place the Office stair,  
Yet well I know joy more complete  
Did never visit mortal pair.

And why should rustic love alone  
Be decked with all poetic art?  
These dull, gray city walls have known  
The beating of a nation's heart.  
The weary workers come and go;  
The secret of each soul is dumb;  
Yet still at times a radiant glow  
Across their wayworn lives may come.

And these, my happy lovers, knew  
Hard toil, small wage, and scanty fare;  
The skies they saw were never blue,  
But Love made gladness everywhere.  
His step upon the Office floor  
Was sweet to her as thrush's song;  
Her face that passed the open door  
For him made sunshine all day long.

And doubtless, though these two would fain  
Have left awhile the city's roar  
To loiter down a country lane,  
Or linger by some lonely shore;  
Yet sometimes Fate was kind, as when  
They travelled by 'the Underground,'  
And in a carriage meant for ten,  
No other than themselves they found.

You laugh?—My lay is dull, I know;  
Truth needs a daintier garb than this;  
A gayer scene let others show,  
My lovers dwell in happy bliss.  
So let the world wheel on its way,  
Earth holds not out a dearer crown;  
God give the same to all, I pray,  
Who live and die in London Town.

MARY MACLEOD.

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## ON IGNORANCE.

‘THERE is no darkness but ignorance,’ is a profound saying of one of our profoundest thinkers. Ignorance in the mental, moral, or physical world, is the darkness wherein man thinks and works until he has gained, or been given, light that is knowledge. As a child, he tries with his infant touch everything within his reach, drawing back oftentimes with a cry of surprise and pain at what he encounters. As a man, he works towards the light, testing and trying this or that course of action—often drawing back, stung or pained; and the exclamation, ‘What a fool I have been, to be sure!’ is the cry of his heart or conscience.

So essential is knowledge—or, as we say, wisdom—to carry a man safe through the snares and pitfalls of life, that, as a matter of course, this wisdom has many counterfeits, pretended wisenesses, which, like false guides or incompetent pilots, themselves constitute not the least of his dangers. But for their misguidance, he might perhaps, by dint of keeping his eyes open, have floated on, with here a rub against a rock, and there a shove-off from a shoal, weathering the storm pretty successfully. Whereas, with the false pilot, Cunning, on board, lulling his watchfulness with a delusive sense of safety, or flattering his vanity into overweening self-confidence, poor Ignorance is pretty sure to become involved in the intricacies of a short-cut to wealth or wisdom, and damage or shipwreck is an incident of the voyage. And when the disaster is imminent, and wreck apparently inevitable—when the chances of saving life are at their lowest, and organised effort has nearly ceased, then Cunning finishes the work of Ignorance with the selfish cry of *saute qui peut*—each one for himself, and deuce take the hindmost; and that place he, the ignorant, the cunningly selfish, is resolved shall be, at any cost, not his. Of a friendship that will keep faith under such circumstances, will wait for, hold out a helping hand to—risk even its own chance of rescue in order to preserve a comrade

—Ignorance, and its adviser Cunning, know as little as of the lifelong if secret self-reproach which many a man, who has deserted, from whatever motive, a friend in his hour of need, carries silently with him into his grave. What a genuine thief’s maxim it is, that ‘Every man for himself!’—clutching always at a momentary fancied benefit to itself, no matter at whose expense, only to fall a little sooner, a little later, into the hands of the officer.

‘Every man for himself,’ says the phoenix financier, rising from the ruins of companies, heedless of the sobs of the women, the execrations of the men, he has helped to ruin, in their ignorance; to recall and ponder over them, perhaps, in the silent night-watches of a sleepless old age. ‘Every man for himself’—it is the quintessence of smartness and wide-awakeness to the ignorant egotist hurrying to grow rich, who, without knowing it, has entered a *cul-de-sac* whence there is no egress, and where he will one day awake to find himself—as in a prison—alone.

But it is not merely this pinchbeck knowledge, this wisdom for a man’s self alone, that misleads Ignorance and frustrates its own object. There is a fatal superabundance of resource, a too keen and anxious foresight, which will sometimes lend itself to defeat. In the later part of Napoleon’s career, for instance, when providing, as he calculated, against every contingency that could by any possibility arise, he foresaw and calculated on everything except the stupidity of his enemies. Thus, perceiving too clearly the weak points in his plans, which his adversaries were by no means clever enough to discover, Napoleon weakened his whole design by providing against surprises which were obvious only to a general of genius equal to his own. This is precisely the mistake of many a chess-player, who is too careful to guard every avenue which he sees—but which his opponent does not see—may be attacked, to leave himself enough strength for an efficient assault.

A contrary form of ignorance is well indicated by the proverb which bids us ‘Beware of “If I had wist”’—beware, that is, of the man, or woman,



who cannot look forward, who cannot weigh consequences, or perceive 'what will follow out of what,' on whose lips are perpetually the words, 'If I had only known!' Yet this conscious nescience, which cries out upon itself, is hardly so dangerous as the sublime pedantry which closes its eyes in tranquil assurance and says, 'I know'—not I think, or I imagine, or I hope, but 'I know.' The reflection that the ignorance of one age condemns that which is cried up for wisdom in the succeeding age, might tend to subdue this infatuation. But two centuries since, a lady's will—that of Lady Glanville—was disputed on the ground of her ladyship's alleged lunacy at the time it was executed, the allegation in support of her lunacy resting mainly on the fact that her Ladyship collected insects and was fond of observing their habits. Imagine, years hence, any one attempting to upset the testament of Sir John Lubbock on such grounds!

And Ignorance has been at all times but too apt to attribute wickedness to what is new to it and what it finds it difficult to understand. Many respectable people thought it wicked to travel at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, when railways were first invented; it was new, it was incredible, it was 'flying in the face of a Providence that had not endowed us with wings.'

As with individuals, so with nations. The Chinese have for ages been wise for themselves only. Sixteen centuries ago they possessed a seismometer, displaying a philosophical insight into the action of earthquakes, and bearing a close resemblance to modern instruments; to-day, they close a coal-mine, and insist that it shall not be worked, lest it let loose the 'Earth-dragon,' whatever that may be. Age after age has passed in a shut-up, selfish, wise-in-their-own-conceit fashion; Celestials to themselves, to other nations the slavish victims of pagan prejudices, neither giving nor receiving the benefits of the mutual exchange of knowledge with the rest of the world. As with nations, so with individuals. An egotistical miser, living on in the house in which he was born, scraping a fortune together by the exercise of a persistent regard for his own interests alone, an ingenious reaping of small advantages, unneighbourly, niggardly, never by any chance entertaining angels unawares, because never entertaining strangers at all—this man, though a born and bred Britisher, is in his ignorance and prejudices what the heathen Chinese nation has been for centuries among the nations.

One form of ignorance, very telling upon the patience of those among whom it appears, is the ignorance displayed in conversation by one who neither knows nor cares, so long as he can hear the sound of his own most sweet voice, whether his auditors are equally satisfied with himself, with the subject on which he has chosen to dilate. He has, primarily, no idea of conversation but as a monologue. As a miser probably began to save with an object, and ends by making an object of saving, so the talker begins by talking perhaps with an idea, and ends by having no idea save talking. If your interest and attention unavoidably flag, he will pause to say, 'But perhaps I weary you?' Perhaps! And he takes your mournful 'By no means' in its entirety, and the monologue is resumed with even renewed vigour.

Pausing upon this exhibition of ignorance of, and possibly indifference to, the feelings of others, we can more readily forgive another shape of blindness made manifest in a stolid reserve. Your reserved man only vouchsafes a monosyllable in reply to any observation you may hazard. Whoever ventures on a 'duel of silence' with him will infallibly be worsted. Wrapped in his self-containing mantle, he stalks abroad among his fellows, admired by the eager and loquacious for a reticence they cannot emulate; and feared, because not understood. Should years or accident bring to light the qualifications of the taciturn man, his reticence will sometimes be found to have covered not shyness, or modesty, or prudence, or caution, but a vacuum: he has been very reserved about nothing at all; but that he found a very good covering for his ignorance, we must admit.

It is ignorance that, as we have said, is prone to attribute evil or wrong to the thing, or person, unknown to itself. Wilfred Osbaldistone's objection to his cousin was founded on the fact that he had 'a strange outlandish binding on's castor.' Hundreds entertain a dislike for a new-comer for no more solid reason, perhaps, than the cut of his whiskers. Even the very appearance of those involuntary adjuncts is said to be so obnoxious to the fine sensibilities of the undergraduates of a certain university, that they will insist on their removal from the harmless, if hirsute, face of a comrade, yea, even denude him of them with their own hands if necessary. 'I've only seen the back of his head, but I hate him;' this, though ludicrous enough from the lips of a Dundreary, is the very note, in a different disposition, of the sullen scorn of ignorance. And, start the dislike, depreciate callously and calmly, but persistently, clinch it with a nickname, and you may as well hang the dog, says the proverb most truly, to whom an ill-name has been given. 'He has a hangdog look;' no doubt he has, for he feels acutely the doubtful looks that are cast at him. How can he be frank or free in his conduct, poor brute! when suspicion gleams on him from every eye? How can he graciously and joyously wag a tail, which his conviction of the unjust scepticism with which he is regarded keeps permanently depressed?

We ventured above to take exception to the thief's maxim, 'Every man for himself;' but the wit of one and the wisdom of many—as proverbs are proverbially said to be—is nobly vindicated in a saying which the ignorant—and we are all of that class—would do well to bear in mind, 'Tout savoir c'est tout pardonner.' Ignorance would lose half its venomous quality if it could be brought to own that it does not, that it cannot by any possibility 'know all' about even its nearest neighbour, who has maybe affronted it; and that, if it could by a revelation, once arrive at that complete knowledge, a conviction of that neighbour's pardonableness must be the result.

To conclude—as there is no darkness but ignorance, so a very safe way of continuing in darkness is to declare to ourselves and others that we have got light and can see; by this means we can effectually deprive ourselves of any redundant side-lights which might have been afforded us by any more open-eyed or better spectacted

than ourselves; and we may remain securely to the end of our days in that state of blissful ignorance which it would be folly to exchange for wisdom, according to the saying of a certain successor of Solomon.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—CHECKLEY SEES A GHOST.

To Checkley, watching every evening, though not always at the same time, sooner or later the same discovery was certain to come. It happened, in fact, on Friday evening, the day after Athelstan shook hands with Mr Edmund Gray. On that night he left the office between six and seven, walked to his lodgings in Clerkenwell, made himself a cup of tea, and hurried back to Gray's Inn. Here he planted himself, as usual, close to the passage in the north-east corner of South Square, so that he could slip in on occasion and be effaced. Like many of the detective tribe, or like the ostrich, fount of many fables, he imagined himself by reason of this retreat entirely hidden from the observation of all. Of course the exact contrary was the result. The Policeman regarded him with the liveliest curiosity: the laundresses watched him daily: the newspaper vendor came every evening from the gateway to see what this ancient spy was doing, and why he lurked stealthily in the passage and looked out furtively. He was one of the little incidents or episodes which vary the daily routine of life in the Inn. Many of these occur every year: the people who come to their offices at ten and go away at five know nothing about them: the residents who leave at ten and return at six or seven or twelve know nothing about them. But the Service know: and they talk and conjecture. Here was an elderly man—nay, an old, old man, apparently eighty years of age. What did he want, coming night after night to hide himself in a passage and peer out into the Square? What, indeed? The Policeman, who had done duty in Hyde Park, could tell instructive stories from his own experience about frisky age: the laundresses remembered gentlemen for whom they had 'done,' and pranks with which those gentlemen amused themselves: but no one knew a case parallel to this. Why should an old man stand in the corner and secretly look out into the Square? He generally arrived at half-past seven, and he left his post at nine, when it was too dark to see across the Square. Then he went to the *Salutation* and enjoyed society, conversation, and a cheerful glass, as you have seen.

The time he chose was unfortunate, because Mr Edmund Gray, when he called at his Chambers, generally did so at half-past six or seven, on his way to the Hall of Science, Kentish Town. Therefore, Checkley might have gone on watching for a long time—say an æon—watching and waiting in vain. But an accident happened which rewarded him richly for all his trouble. It was on Friday. Elsie, provided by this time with a latchkey to the Chambers, arrived at Gray's Inn at six. She was going to spend

the evening with the Master. She walked in, ascended the staircase—Mr Gray had not yet arrived—opened the door, shut it behind her, and entered the room.

The hand of woman was now visible in the general improvement of the room. The windows were clean and bright: the wainscoted walls had been cleaned: the ceiling whitewashed: the carpet had been swept and the furniture dusted: there were flowers on the table: there was an easel, on which stood Elsie's fancy portrait of Mr Dering, so wonderfully like Mr Gray—a speaking likeness: books lay about the table—they were all books on the Labour Question: on the Social Question: on the Problems of the Day: all the books on all the questions with which men now torture themselves, and think thereby to advance the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven. There were new curtains, dainty curtains, of lace, hanging before the windows; and window-blinds themselves were clean and new. Elsie looked about her with a certain satisfaction: it was her own doing, the work of her own hand, because the old laundress was satisfied to sit down and look on. 'At the least,' she said, 'the poor dear man has a clean room.' Then she remembered that in a day or two she would leave him to his old solitude, and she sighed, thinking how he clung to her and leaned upon her, and already looked upon her as his successor—'a clean room,' she said, 'when I have left him. Perhaps he will leave the room, too, and be all day long what he used to be.—Sane or mad? I love him best when he is mad.'

The table was covered with manuscripts. These were part of the great work which he was about to give to the world.

Elsie had never seen the room behind this. A guilty curiosity seized her. She felt like the youngest of Bluebeard's wives. She felt the impulse: she resisted: she gave way: she opened the door and looked in.

She found a room nearly as large as the sitting-room. The windows were black with dust and soot. She opened one, and looked out upon a small green area outside, littered with paper and bottles and all kind of jetsam. The floor of the room was a couple of inches deep with dust: the chairs and the dressing-table were deep in dust. The bed was laid, but the blankets were devoured by moths: there was not a square inch left whole. It looked as if it had been brought in new and covered with sheets and blankets and so left, the room unopened, the bed untouched, for the ten years of Mr Edmund Gray's tenancy.

Between the bedroom and the sitting-room was a small dark room, containing a bath, a table for washing up, knives and forks in a basket, teacups and saucers.

'The pantry,' said Elsie, 'and the scullery, and the housemaid's closet, all together. Oh! beautiful! And to think that men live in such dens—and sleep there contentedly night after night in this lonely, ghostly old place. Horrible!' A rattling behind the wainscoting warned her that ghosts can show themselves even in the daytime. She shuddered, and retreated to the sitting-room. Here she took a book and sat by the open window, heedless of the fact that she could be seen by any one from the Square.

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It was seven o'clock before Mr Edmund Gray arrived. 'Ah! child,' he cried tenderly, 'you are here before me. I was delayed—some business. What was it? Pshaw! I forget everything. Never mind—I am here; and before we take a cab, I want you once more to go through with me the points of my new Catechism. Now, if you are ready.'

'Quite ready, Master.'

At half-past seven Checkley arrived at his corner and took a preliminary survey of the Square. 'There he is,' said the Policeman. 'There he is again,' said two laundresses conversing on a doorstep. 'There he is as usual,' said the newspaper man. 'Now,' asked all in chorus, 'what's he want there?'

Mr Checkley looked out from his corner, saw no one in the Square, and retreated into his passage. Then he looked out again, and retreated again. If any one passed through the passage, Checkley was always walking off with great resolution in the opposite direction.

Presently, in one of his stealthy peerings, he happened to look up. Then he started—he shaded his eyes: he looked his hardest. Yes; at the open window, freely displayed, without the least attempt at concealment, he saw the head and face of Miss Elsie Arundel. There! There! What more was necessary? Edmund Gray was Athelstan Arundel, or George Austin, or both—and Elsie Arundel was an accomplice after the act. There! There! He retreated to the seclusion of the passage and rubbed his hands. This would please Sir Samuel. He should hear it that very night. This ought to please him very much, because it made things so clear at last. There she was—up-stairs, in the Chambers of Mr Edmund Gray—in the very room! There! There! There!

Perhaps he was mistaken. But his sight was very good—for distant things. In reading a newspaper he might make mistakes, because he was one of those elderly persons who enjoy their newspaper most when they can nail it upon the wall and sit down to read it from the other side of a large room. He looked up again. The setting sun shining on the window of the side where he stood—the eastern side was reflected upon the windows of No. 22—Elsie's shapely head—she had taken off her hat—was bathed in the reflected sunshine. No doubt about her at all. There she was. There! There! There! The old man was fain to take a walk up Verulam Buildings and back again, to disguise his delight at this discovery. He walked chuckling and cracking his fingers, so that those who saw him—but there are not many in Raymond's Buildings on an August evening—thought that he must be either a little mad or a little drunk or a little foolish. But nobody much regards the actions of an ancient man. It is only the respect of his grandchildren or the thought of his possessions that gives him importance. Only the strong are regarded, and an old man who looks poor gets no credit even for foolishness and silly chuckles. Then Checkley went back to his corner. Oh! what was that? He rubbed his eyes again. He turned pale: he staggered: he caught at the doorposts. What was that? He shaded his eyes and looked again—bent and trembling and shaking all

over. Said the Policeman: 'Looks as if he's going to get 'em again.' Said the laundresses: 'He looks as if he'd seen a ghost.' The newspaper boy stepped half-way across the Square. 'He's looking at Mr Edmund Gray and the young lady. Jealous—praps—knows the young lady—wouldn't have believed it, prob'ly.'

Yes—Checkley was looking at that window. No doubt of that at all. He was not able to disguise his astonishment: he no longer pretended to hide himself. For he saw, sitting in the window, the young lady whom he believed to be an accomplice in the crime; and standing over her, with an expression of fatherly affection, was none other than Mr Dering himself.

Yes—Mr Dering. Most wonderful! What did it mean? Had Mr Dering resolved to clear up the mystery of Edmund Gray? Had he penetrated the Chambers and found there—not Edmund Gray—but Elsie Arundel?

'My friend,' said the Policeman, standing before him so that the view of the window was intercepted, 'you seem interested over the way.'

'I am. I am. Oh! yes. Much interested.'

'Well—don't you think you've looked at that old gentleman long enough? Perhaps he wouldn't like so much looking at. There's a young lady, too. It isn't manners to be staring at a young lady like a stuck pig.'

'No—no, Policeman—I've seen enough—thank you.'

'And, still talkin' in a friendly way, do you think Mr Edmund Gray over there would like it if he knew there was a detective or a spy watching every evening on the other side of the Square? What's the little game, guv'nor? Anything in our line? Not with that most respectable old gentleman, I do hope—though sometimes— Well—what is it? Because we can't have you goin' on as you have a been goin' on, you know.'

'Policeman'—Checkley pulled him aside and pointed to the little group at the window—'you see that old gentleman there—do you know him?'

'Certainly. Known him ever since I came to the Inn—two years ago. The people of the Inn have known him for ten years, I believe. That's Mr Edmund Gray. He's not one of the regular residents, and he hasn't got an office. Comes here now and then when he fancies the place—Mr Edmund Gray, that is. I wish all the gentlemen in the Inn were half as liberal as he is.'

'Oh! it's impossible! Say it again, Policeman. Perhaps I'm a little deaf—I'm very old, you know—a little deaf perhaps. Say it again.'

'What's the matter with the man?' For he was shaking violently, and his eyes stared. 'Of course that is Mr Edmund Gray.'

'What does the girl do with him? Why are they both there together?'

'How should I know why she calls upon him? She's a young lady, and a sweet young thing too. He's her grandfather likely.'

Checkley groaned.

'I must go somewhere and think this out,' he said. 'Excuse me, Policeman. I am an old man, and—and—I've had a bit of a shock and— Good-evening, Policeman.' He shaded his eyes again and looked up. Yes—there they

were, talking. Then Elsie rose, and he saw her putting on her hat. Then she retreated up the room. But still he stood watching.

'Not had enough yet, guv'nor?' asked the Policeman.

'Only a minute. I want to see her go out.—Yes—there they are—going out together. It is, after all— Oh! there is no mistake.'

'There is no mistake, guv'nor,' said the Policeman. 'There goes Mr Edmund Gray, and there goes that sweet young thing along of him—Ah! there's many advantages about being a gentleman. No mistake, I say, about them two.—Now, old man, you look as if you'd had a surprise. Hadn't you better go home and take a drop of something?'

It was earlier than Checkley generally went to the *Salutation*. But he delayed no longer. He tottered across the Square, showing very much of extreme feebleness, looking neither to the right nor to the left, his cheek white, his eyes rolling. The people looked after him, expecting that he would fall. But he did not. He turned into the tavern, hobbled along the passage, and sank into an armchair in the parlour.

'Good gracious, Mr Checkley,' cried the barmaid as he passed, 'whatever is the matter?'

Some of the usual company were already assembled, although it was as yet hardly eight. The money-lender was there, sitting in his corner, taking his tobacco and his grog in silence. The decayed Barrister was there, his glass of old and mild before him, reading the morning newspaper. The ex-M.P. was there. When Checkley tumbled into the room, they looked up in surprise. When he gazed about him wildly and gasped, they were astonished, for he seemed like unto one about to have a fit.

'Give me something, Robert—give me something,' he cried. 'Quick—something strong. I'll have it short. Quick—quick!'

Robert brought him a small glass of brandy, which he swallowed hastily.

'Oh! he groaned, sitting up, 'I've seen—I've seen.'—

'You look as if you'd seen a ghost,' said the barmaid, who had come along with a glass of water. 'Shall I bathe your forehead?'

'No—no. I am better now—I am all right again.—Gentlemen'—he looked round the room solemnly—'I've seen this evening a good man—an old man—a great man—a rich man, gentlemen, wrecked and cast away and destroyed and ruined. With a little devil of a woman to laugh at him!'

'They don't generally laugh at the men when they are ruined,' said Mr Langhorne. 'They laugh while they are ruining them. It's fun to them. So it is to the men. Great fun it is while it lasts. I daresay the little woman won't really laugh at him. In my case'—

His case was left untold, because he stopped and buried his head in his newspaper.

Then Shylock spoke. He removed his pipe from his lips and spoke, moved, after his kind, by the mention of the words wreck and ruin, just as the vulture pricks up its feathers at the word death.

'To see a rich man wrecked and ruined, Mr Checkley, is a thing which a man may see every day. The thing is not to lose by their wreck—

to make money out of it. Rich men are always being wrecked and ruined. What else can you expect if men refuse to pay their interest and to meet their Bills? The melancholy thing—ah! the real sadness—is the ruin of a man who has trusted his fellow-creatures and got taken in for his pains. Only this morning I find that I've been let in by a swindler—a common swindler, gentlemen—who comes round and says he can't pay up—can't pay up—and I'm welcome to the sticks.—Which kind of man might your friend be, Mr Checkley, the man who's trusted his neighbour and got left—or the neighbour who's ramped the man that trusted him?'

'It isn't money at all,' Checkley replied.

'Then, sir, if it isn't money,' said the money-lender, 'I don't know why you come in frightening this honourable company out of their wits. If it isn't money, how the Devil can the gentleman be wrecked and ruined?'

For two hours Mr Checkley sat in silence, evidently not listening to what was said. Then he turned to Mr Langhorne the Barrister: 'You've known Mr Edmund Gray a long time, I believe?'

'Nine years—ten years—since he came to the Inn.'

'Always the same man, I suppose?' said Checkley. 'Never another man—not sometimes a young man—or two young men—one rather a tall young man, looks as if the world was all his—supercilious beast?'

'Never more than one man at once,' replied the Barrister with a show of forensic keenness. 'He might have been two young men rolled into one; but not to my knowledge: always the same man to look at, so far as I know—and the same man to talk with.'

'Oh! yes—yes. There's no hope left—none. He's ruined and lost and cast away and done for.'

He rose and walked out. The company looked after him and shook their heads. Then they drew their chairs a little closer, and the gap made by his departure vanished.

## INFANTICIDE IN INDIA.

THE question of early marriages in India is one which has been before the public in this country a great deal of late, and in India itself it has been a question of very great moment, and has been the subject of legislation there. The discussion of this question has led to much attention being given to the position of women in India and the wrongs from which they suffer. Among these wrongs there is none more cruel than the crime of infanticide, for by that term is meant almost exclusively the destruction of female children. The writer of this paper, when in the service of the Government of India, had many instances of this crime brought to his notice, and a summary of the results he obtained is given below.

It would be wrong to suppose that this crime is prevalent in all parts or among all the people of India. Happily, it is not so, for it is only practised by the members of a few of the many castes, and chiefly among the Rajpoots, who were originally the warrior or soldier caste. How long this custom has existed cannot now be told, but there are indistinct traces of its having been



practised among the people living near the Indus, at the time of the invasion by Alexander the Great. However this may be, infanticide came almost suddenly into view in the year 1789, when Mr Jonathan Duncan was the British Resident at Benares. Mr Duncan obtained unequivocal admissions from the natives themselves as to the existence of the crime among them; but they did not admit the offence to be a very heinous one: their palliation for it then was the same that is offered now—namely, the intense pride of caste which prevents them from marrying their daughters to the sons of any tribe lower than their own. Among the Rajpoots is a sub-tribe called the 'Chohans,' and it is amongst them that the destruction of female offspring exists in the most marked way. If a Rajpoot did allow his daughter to grow up, he would be obliged to marry her before she came to the age of puberty, and to give with her a very handsome dowry; while, on the other hand, if it was a son, he could hope that he would live to get married and would bring a dowry to him.

Although a Rajpoot speaks of infanticide as only a venial offence, he does not claim any religious sanction for it: he knows, on the contrary, that his sacred books condemn the practice, as, for instance, it is mentioned in the *Brahma vaivartta Purana* that to kill a female is as criminal as to kill a Brahman, and one guilty of such is to suffer in *narka* or hell. The Rajpoots also admit that the crime is against all natural affection, and it is also known to be a terrible trial to the mothers to have their infant girls destroyed. Indeed, the harder task is assigned to the mother of not only giving an unwilling consent, but also that of aiding in the commission of the crime. Some of the wealthier Rajpoots in the North-west Provinces of India live in houses surrounded by a walled enclosure. This isolation from the nearest villages and neighbours has rendered the crime easier of concealment. Mr Charles Raikes in his *Notes on the North-west Provinces* has the following: 'At Mynpoorie there is an old fortress which looks far over the valley of the Eesun river. This has been for centuries the stronghold of the Rajahs of Mynpoorie—Chohans, whose ancient blood descending from the great Pirthee Raj and the regal stem of Neem Rana represents the *crème de la crème* of Rajpoot aristocracy. Here, when a son, grandson, or nephew was born to the reigning chief, the event was announced to the neighbouring city by the loud discharge of wall-pieces and matchlocks; but centuries had passed away and no infant daughter had been known to smile within these walls.' Mr Raikes gives the following supplement to his story, to show how the Government approved of the conduct of the Rajah who first preserved a female child: 'In 1845, thanks to the vigilance of Mr Unwin—a magistrate of the district who had exerted himself to put down infanticide—a little grand-daughter was preserved by the Rajah of that day. The fact was duly notified to the Government, and a letter of congratulation and a dress of honour were despatched from headquarters to the Rajah.'

Although the attention of judicial and police officers has been directed to this crime for many years, but little is known as yet as to the mode by which it is committed. It is not difficult

in any case to sever the bond to life in a new-born babe. As a Rajpoot, who was favourable to the cessation of infanticide among his clan, said, when pressed for an answer as to how the female children were killed: 'What is easier to destroy than the blossom of a flower.' It is believed that in the greater number of cases the child is left to die from want of nourishment; in many others, the death is effected by suffocation, and in a small number by poison.

Infanticide is diminishing because of the activity with which the suppression of it is pursued, and for the same reason the cases that escape judicial inquiry are now fewer. It is only with those into which an inquiry is made that any knowledge whatever can be arrived at as to how the death was accomplished. A part of the judicial inquiry may include a post-mortem examination by a medical officer, and as a result of this there may be a reference to a chemical expert, if there should be a suspicion of poison having been used. Of these cases, I am in a position to say that between the years 1873 and 1888, both years inclusive, two hundred and twenty-three cases of infanticide by poison were referred to me from the North-west Provinces and Oudh alone, and the result of my inquiries was to show that poison was detected in thirty-six of them. The poison detected was opium in thirty-four, and arsenic in two of them. In one of the latter, the poison had been administered with great clumsiness, as gritty particles of white arsenic were found adherent to the highly inflamed mucous membrane of the infant's stomach.

The number of cases in which opium was found gives a percentage of fifteen of all the cases referred. These numbers testify that poison is one of the modes of infanticide, and they also bring out that when it has been determined to kill by poison, opium is employed. The Rajpoots, then, had acquired this knowledge about opium, that it is out of all proportion more fatal to very young children than it is to adults. I need hardly add that all medical men know this fact very well. Concerning the administration of this drug for the purpose of infanticide, it is said there are two methods used, both of which exhibit a ruthless kind of skill: the one method is to smear the drug over the nipple of the mother, so that the child will imbibe the poison along with its mother's milk; the other is to spread on the roof of the child's mouth a little opium and allow it gradually to be dissolved and swallowed. This latter is probably the most frequent method employed.

No sooner was it discovered that infanticide was practised among the Rajpoots, than a means of suppressing it was sought for. Mr Jonathan Duncan, only a few months after his discovery, persuaded the Rajpoots around Benares, who were under British rule, to enter into a covenant by which they engaged themselves to abolish the crime. This, however, turned out a failure; for the crime was still rampant in the same part of the country in 1816; and the magistrates then stationed there—Messrs Fortescue, Smith, Shakespeare, and others—reported to the Governor-general of the day that infanticide still existed.

Mr Duncan, from being Resident at Benares, had been promoted to be Governor of Bombay,

and there he soon stirred up inquiries on the subject of infanticide, and the result was to find it was largely practised in Gujerat, Katch, and Kattiawar, among a tribe called the 'Jadehas,' who are nearly identical with the Rajpoots. In 1897, Major Alexander Walker was commissioned to make an extensive inquiry embracing the countries named above; and this officer did much to bring about a better state of things. In Northern India little was apparently done till the year 1841, when Mr Robert Montgomery (afterwards Sir Robert Montgomery, Lieutenant-governor of the Punjab), then magistrate of Allahabad, made a vigorous crusade against infanticide. He established the system, which, with modifications, is that which is still used for its suppression. His efforts were followed up by those of an officer already mentioned, Mr Unwin, the magistrate of Mynpoorie, who instituted a system of inspection in the villages of the district in which Chohan Rajpoots dwelt. This consisted in the village watchmen being called on to report the birth of a female child to the police, who, in turn, had to report to the magistrate. An order was then issued that one month afterwards the health of this child was to be again reported on; and if it became ill, it was to be seen by a police officer, who again reports; and if it died under suspicious circumstances, a post-mortem examination must be made by the civil surgeon of the district. The effect of this system of inspection was that in six years after its institution there were one thousand two hundred and sixty-three girls of six years and under living in the Chohan villages of the Mynpoorie District; while at the beginning of those six years there were none at all. In other words, at the end of 1843 there were no girls in those villages of Chohan parents; in May 1851 there were over twelve hundred of them. This statement gives some idea of the destruction of life that would have taken place had this able magistrate not interfered in the way he did.

The means taken to suppress female infanticide in later years are similar to those instituted by Mr Unwin. Since 1870, these measures have had the authority of a special Act of the Legislative Council of India, the Female Infanticide Act being Act VIII. of that year. This enactment was chiefly for use in the North-west Provinces. It gives power to the local Government to proclaim villages where the crime is known to be practised; and to entertain police in excess of the ordinary establishment, for the detection and prevention of the crime; and to keep registers of births, deaths, and marriages, or to take a census of suspected classes and persons, as well as other minor regulations. The working of the Act during the last twenty years has been attended with a great decrease of the crime, as may be seen from the following: In the Administration Reform of the North-west Provinces for 1881-82, the number of proclaimed villages was 2368; in the Report for 1883-84 it is said that the practice had been suppressed to a considerable extent, and was then confined to a very few families; in the Report for 1886-87 the crime was stated to be getting still rarer, and the number of proclaimed villages had gone down to 1573. It is also remarked that the custom of the father of the bride receiving a sum of money from the bride-

groom had been adopted, and was increasing. This in itself tends to diminish the temptation to infanticide. In the Report for 1887-88, it is said that the proclaimed villages were 1381, nearly two hundred fewer than in the previous year. It is also remarked that the alteration in the marriage custom just mentioned was at work, and producing favourable results, the crime still decreasing, so that hopes are entertained that it will soon disappear.

## THE MAYOR OF SAWMILL FLAT.

### CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THE reader doubtless inferred, when he discovered an Englishman of talent and refinement in the wildest frontier Territory of the United States, that such a man had his own good reasons for being there. The inference was a correct one. John Lee was a man with a history—an unpleasant history—and he went to South-western Arizona to begin life over again, and to 'grow up with the country.' The day after the town meeting, the remarks of the new settler among jail-birds and the subsequent confusion of Dr Lee furnished the topic of conversation throughout the settlement. At the noon hour several miners and others gathered, as was their wont, in front of Andy Dunbar's store. Jim Hawkins, whose faith in Lee was still unshaken, was there and bore as long as he could the generally unkind remarks which fell upon his ear.

'Boys,' he said at last, 'you don't give the Doctor a fair shake. You've knowed Doc. Lee longer a good deal than you've knowed this feller Cadwell, and yet just because Cadwell gets up and makes some dirty remarks which ain't proven, not by a jugful, you jump on the Doctor with both feet. Wait and see what Lee has to say for himself. I'll just bet any of you lads an even thousand that Cadwell is a liar, and will crawl down from his perch. Here's the cash—who wants to cover it? Put up or shut up!'

The men felt somewhat ashamed of themselves, and no one cared to accept Hawkins' bet. The old man continued: 'There's just one thing I'll promise you, boys. If Cadwell can't or won't prove his words, Jim Hawkins is a-going to lick him clear out of Arizona. Yes, sir, that's what I'm a-going to do, Reeve or no Reeve; and if the Justice wants to have me arrested for assault, I'll pay a good round fine with pleasure.'

Jim Hawkins' blood was hot and his fingers tingled. He was an old Westerner, and had lived most of his life in communities where law and order were only theories. But the old Anglo-Saxon comes strongly to the surface in Western men, and his love of fair-play was as keen as his hatred for a slanderer or a coward. He felt that he could not wait a week to thrash Cadwell, so on his way home he stopped at John Lee's shanty. The Doctor was busy writing in the room that he called his surgery. There was a blank dull look upon his face, which did not brighten as usual at the sight of his friend, and neither of the two offered any greeting to the other.



'Doc,' said Hawkins shortly and excitedly, 'was you ever in jail?'

'Yes, Hawkins, I was.'

Those words cost John Lee his best friend, just when he needed him the most. If he had only qualified his reply, or if Hawkins had pursued his inquiry a little further with a view to learning particulars, the result would have been different. But no more words were spoken; and Jim Hawkins, shocked and disappointed, walked away to his mill with a faltering step. For if there was in Sawmill Flat that day a man with a heavier heart than John Lee carried, that man was honest Jim Hawkins.

That same night John Lee lay down as usual upon his rather hard couch, but he could not sleep. He lay awake, ruminating upon the mysterious ways of Providence and of mankind. He had never in his whole life done aught of which he need be ashamed; and yet he had been incarcerated for weeks in a prison, had been put upon his trial for murder, and acquitted only because of a persistent disagreement in three different juries which had been impanelled to try him. He had left his native land with the dark shadow of suspicion resting upon him—a shadow which he and his many friends were utterly powerless to dispel. Despairing of ever regaining his old standing in any English community, John Lee, hoping against hope that he might be justified in the sight of his fellow-men before death should claim him, emigrated to the Western world, and took up his abode upon the frontier of civilisation. And as he lay upon his sleepless bed, he could not but think how very small, after all, the world is. For he had travelled six thousand miles to escape the sneers and black looks of those who had mistrusted him, only, when Time was beginning to heal his wound, to find himself confronted by one of the men who verily believed him guilty of a foul crime.

Lee had seen this man Cadwell several times during the six months' residence of the latter at Sawmill Flat; and yet, although something about the man had always seemed familiar to him, he had, strangely enough, never made Darius Cadwell's acquaintance. But when, at the town meeting, the man arose and in hard tones utterly void of feeling asked the assemblage if they wished to elect a jail-bird or a murderer for their Mayor, Lee in a moment recognised him as a member of one of the juries that had tried him at the York Assizes.

Far into the night the doctor lay thinking upon the cruelty of his fate. It was two o'clock perhaps when he fell into a troubled doze, only to be awakened by a hammering upon the door of his shanty. He started up but half awake, and went to the entrance, almost expecting to see the cold-blooded jurymen.

'What now?' he asked, loudly and roughly for John Lee.

The door was now open, and by the moonlight could be seen a man, haggard and weary and covered with dust. In the left hand he held the rein of a saddle horse, and Lee could see that both horse and rider had travelled a long distance.

'Air you Doc. Lee?'

'I am.'

'I'm from Rosario, near the Mexican line. It's seventy miles from here. We've got the yellow fever—got it bad. The town's picketed, and I'm the last man out. We only had one doctor, and he died 'tending the first case. We heered you doctored yellow fever in Louisiany, two years ago. Is that right?'

'Yes, it is. I have seen a good deal of yellow fever.'

'Will you come down to our town and help us out, Doc?' The man gasped his request as if he dreaded a negative reply. He was a rough specimen, but he realised that he spoke for dying men and women.

'Yes, I will—right off,' replied Lee, as he commenced to dress himself. 'How many cases when you left—and when did you leave?'

'Thirty cases and eight deaths already, boss. I left at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. Been riding ever since, and my mare's clean tuckered out.'

'Well, you just take a wash and then lie down for half an hour. Here is water and a towel. I've got a couple of good ponies out here at the back. I'll bring them round while you rest.'

Lee was wide awake by this time, and his professional interest was aroused. He had plenty to think of now besides his own troubles, and that suited John Lee. He set all that his modest larder contained before the tired messenger, and gave him a glass of whisky-and-water.

'Do you feel like doubling?' Lee asked the man half an hour after his arrival.

'You bet I do, Doc. I'm made over, and I'm good for a hundred miles.—By the Lord, Doctor, you're the stuff, you are. I suppose you know, sir, that once you're in Rosario you can't get out?'

'Come on; never mind that. Let's start.'

Both men stepped outside where the ponies were waiting. Lee locked the door, and with a piece of chalk wrote upon it: 'Gone to Rosario—Yellow Fever.' Then they leaped into their saddles and cantered away.

The settlement or town of Rosario was a much larger place than Sawmill Flat, although the settlers were by no means so prosperous as those at the Flat. Rosario was now visited by that fearful scourge from which none of Uncle Sam's territory bordering on the Gulf and the Mexican line is altogether exempt. The terrible summer climate, the morasses and swamps, and the bad drinking-water, all lend their aid to the plague itself, which, when it once breaks out, flees before nothing but the winter frosts.

It was noon when Lee and his companion reached the 'dead' line of pickets, posted for quarantine purposes around the afflicted place by the people of the adjacent districts, and there the physician parted with his guide.

Lee was not at all fearful. He had himself suffered from the 'yellow jack' in a mild form; and he had afterwards been one of the most active and successful doctors when the scourge had visited New Orleans two years before. Of course he incurred some risks, but not so many as those who had never been attacked by the disease, or who knew nothing of the correct method for treating it.

He was a welcome arrival in that miserable community of dead and dying, and he plunged right into his work. Before dark he had visited every case, and had enrolled a corps of assistants to nurse the sick and to enforce the rules which he drew up to minimise the spread of the plague. By nightfall, too, he had forgotten for the time being his personal troubles and the existence of Darius Cadwell.

Besides Jim Hawkins, whose good-will he had now lost, John Lee had at least one other staunch friend in Sawmill Flat. This was none other than Jennie Dunbar, the belle of the settlement, and only child of the wealthy storekeeper and trader, Andy Dunbar. Perchance she loved the handsome and interesting Doctor; at all events, she much admired him, and, with a woman's instinct, believed that he was innocent of any such fearful crime as had been indirectly charged to him by Cadwell. Her acquaintance with Lee was very slight and superficial. Of course, in so limited a community they had met often; but Lee, for good reasons, which he had partially explained to Hawkins, had steadily and consistently refrained from paying any particular attention to the girl, who was very handsome, and, though spoiled by her father, possessed of much good common-sense. Now, this girl of twenty years knew well the value and good moral effect of an expression of sympathy and confidence; and she judged rightly that such an expression from herself to Dr Lee at this time would have an immense influence with 'the boys' of Sawmill Flat, who one and all admired the girl and esteemed her father.

Upon ordinary occasions, Jennie would have been the last to make any overtures to Lee or any other man for a closer acquaintance, but the present was not an ordinary occasion. Her father had just bought her a spirited horse, and on the very day of the town meeting a spick and span new buggy had arrived from St Louis. She resolved to make this an excuse for inviting Lee to drive with her, knowing that if they two were seen riding together it would be a tacit but unmistakable intimation that she believed in Lee and counted him her friend. So, immediately after breakfast, on the morning that John Lee was riding hard and fast to fever-stricken Rosario, Jennie Dunbar drove out to the Doctor's shanty, and was the first to read the notice written in chalk upon the door.

The girl was not only surprised and disappointed; she was thunderstruck. She sat down upon the bench where the Doctor often smoked his pipe, and remained there some moments lost in thought. Then she looked at her watch. It was just seven o'clock. She sprang into the buggy and drove to her father's house, which she entered. In ten minutes she came out again with a small bundle in her hand, and behind her she had left a note for her father and mother. The bundle contained one cotton dress and a change of underwear. The note ran as follows:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—I have gone to Rosario to nurse the yellow-fever cases. I knew it was no use to ask your permission. But do not be angry; I want to do something useful. I feel sure that I shall come back soon and well; so don't worry.  
JENNIE.

That night, Jennie Dunbar left her new horse and buggy with one of the quarantine guards, and passed through the dead line into Rosario to report at Dr Lee's headquarters as a volunteer nurse.

Jennie Dunbar was an impulsive girl; and as is the case with most young women of a similar nature, her impulses were usually good. Do not let it be supposed for a moment that her sudden trip to Rosario was a foolish escapade, nor yet merely a girl's tribute of love to the man who had well-nigh—if not quite—won her heart. She had longed over and over for such an opportunity as this; for Jennie Dunbar was not the sort of a girl to remain contentedly the spoiled favourite of a small frontier settlement. She wanted work, and work of a nature wherein she could display her sound judgment and her fearless spirit. Such work was now before her.

Lee shook hands with the girl, and cordially welcomed her. He was not an effusive man, but he was just as glad to see the familiar face of a woman whom he knew he might fully trust with his most critical cases.

'Your father and mother know of your coming of course?' remarked Lee.

'Yes,' replied the girl—which she believed, rightly, to be true enough by that time.

'Well, you take a rest, and I will assign you to work at daylight,' he said; adding, as he looked at his watch, 'it is now ten o'clock.'

It is not necessary here to detail the hard and weary life, full of both discouragement and cheer, which the Doctor and his nurses led during the next few weeks in that pest-smitten town. At first the number of patients increased steadily, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of Lee, each day found Death reaping a rich harvest. But in three weeks the climax was reached and the fresh cases became fewer.

When October arrived, the worn-out watchers at Rosario began to look eagerly for the first night-frost of autumn, however slight; for frost and yellow fever never dwell together.

During the long weeks the Doctor had become acquainted with well-nigh every man, woman, and child in Rosario; but there was one man who had carefully avoided Lee. This was an Englishman, who was taken down with the fever on the 1st day of October, and in forty-eight hours he was a doomed man. His tongue was swollen badly, but he managed to ask the Doctor how long he might expect to live.

'The chances are, my poor fellow, that you will have exactly twenty-four hours of life. Is there anything you wish done—any message to send to any one?'

'Yes, Doctor, I've got a message for the whole world, but most of all for you. Can't you guess who I am?'

A curious gleam played upon John Lee's face, and mingled feelings crowded his bosom as the truth dawned upon him. 'Good God!' he exclaimed. 'Yes, you are—you are Richard Dent!'

The dying man nodded assent. After a pause, in which to gain strength, the doomed victim asked: 'Did you ever suspect—er—er—anything, Doctor?'

'Suspect? Suspect? Why, Dent—I know



beyond the shadow of a doubt that you murdered the father of my betrothed bride.'

Again the man nodded. 'Yes, that's right. I didn't mean to, but I did, and I let you shoulder it all. I wasn't man enough to toe the mark and let you out, Doctor. You came mighty near—yes, you did—mighty near swinging for it. But I'll pay it all up pretty soon, Doc. Twenty-four hours you said, that's all.'

There was another pause, during which Lee gave Dent some medicine to relieve him a little.

'Why don't you tell the boys, Doctor? There's time to hang me yet. Those fellows would hang me or burn me, or a dozen like me, if you only say the word. There's time enough—twenty-four hours.'

'Bah!' replied Lee. 'I wouldn't hurt you. You've probably paid a big price already. Don't think about me, Dent: a dying man should make his peace with God—not with men.'

'There ain't a notary or a magistrate you could get, is there? I could make a—you know—yes, a deposition.'

'No; there's no one, and if there was one, I wouldn't bother. I must leave you for a while; but I will return soon. Your nurse is on the veranda.'

When John Lee left, by the front door, the house in which Richard Dent lay dying, Jennie Dunbar, who, unseen, had heard all, ran out at the back. As fast as she could go, she hastened to the picket line, which she reached at a spot where mounted messengers waited to do errands for the imprisoned people of Rosario.

'Two of you,' she said, quietly but quickly, 'start at once for Sawmill Flat. One of you find Jim Hawkins, and the other look for Darius Cadwell. Tell them that I, Jennie Dunbar, and Dr Lee both demand their presence on a matter of more than life and death. The yellow fever is not to stop them. Hurry, for God's sake, men! One thousand dollars apiece if you bring them here within twelve hours; and one hundred dollars extra for every hour saved from twelve. You know me—you know the Doctor: our promise is good.'

Before the last word was spoken, the two men were in the saddle galloping toward Sawmill Flat, and Jennie Dunbar began to count the minutes until their return. She had not intended to deceive them when she gave her order in Lee's name: she only did it to add weight, for scarcely a man in Rosario but would have deemed it an honour to make some sacrifice for the brave physician who had served them so well.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when the two messengers departed from Rosario: at five o'clock in the morning they were back with Hawkins and Cadwell—the former of whom had come willingly enough; the latter after some demur.

The anxious girl was waiting for them, and at once conducted them to the cottage where Richard Dent, in all the throes of the last stages of the fever, awaited his rapidly approaching end. They were none too soon, for the power of speech had already left him, and delirium would speedily set in.

Lee, who was in the room, was much surprised

when Hawkins and the others entered, and would have ordered them out. But Hawkins had been advised of what was necessary by Jennie.

'Excuse my rudeness, Doc,' he said; 'but I am here by virtue of my magisterial commission received from the Governor of Arizona.—Now, Cadwell, you ask questions of this poor cuss. I will listen.'

Cadwell at once began. 'Do you know anything of the murder of old Squire Bowes of Leyburndale, Yorkshire?'

Dent nodded.

'Did this man, Dr Lee, have aught to do with it?'

A shake of the head was Dent's reply.

'Do you know who did commit that murder?'

Again Dent nodded affirmatively.

'Can you tell us who did?'

The dying man nodded once more and feebly pointed his forefinger at himself.

'And your name is Richard Dent?'

Another nod.

'That will do, Cadwell,' said Hawkins, who now stood over Dent.—'Doctor, hold up the sick man's hand.'

Lee complied.

'Now, then,' said Hawkins, 'you solemnly swear that the murder of one Bowes at Leyburndale, Yorkshire, England, was committed by you, Richard Dent; and that John Lee was not a party to the act in any way, shape, or manner? That is the truth, so help you God?'

For the last time Dent nodded assent, and then all but the Doctor left the room.

Richard Dent was the last victim of the yellow fever at Rosario; but the quarantine was not removed for some weeks, during which time all the Sawmill Flat people were compelled to remain within the prescribed limits. Even when the dead line was wiped away, only Jim Hawkins and Jennie Dunbar returned to the Flat.

John Lee, worn out with his labours, went up into the mountains of Colorado to recuperate; while Darius Cadwell, after making an elaborate statement in writing, which he signed before a notary, decided that he might find elsewhere a more comfortable residence than his shanty at Sawmill Flat.

On the 1st day of January, John Lee was still at Denver, and there, about a week later, a letter from Jim Hawkins found him. The following is the letter, with all grammatical errors eliminated:

CITY OF SAWMILL FLAT, ARIZONA TERRITORY,  
Jan'y 1st, 1889.

DEAR FRIEND—We have just held our election for Mayor. The boys nominated you, and we polled a full vote. You are elected by acclamation. Hurrah! How soon can you come and take hold of the City? All the boys send their regards.—Your friend,  
JIM HAWKINS.

Mayor Lee replied in person, for he at once went down to 'take hold.'

Whether or not the City of Sawmill Flat will ever attain the success anticipated by its progenitors is as yet an unsolved problem. But Dr John Lee is still its honoured Mayor, and he will without doubt do his best for his friends

and neighbours; while, if there is one person who approaches him in popularity it is his wife, who bears a striking resemblance to Jennie Dunbar.

### RATS ON SHIPBOARD.

It was a very great while before the mariner came to realise that among the perils which beset his calling he must reckon the existence of rats on shipboard as by no means an insignificant one. That sailors have for centuries viewed the vermin with a superstitious eye is evident upon the testimony of many old writers. Shakespeare, in the *Tempest*, says:

A very carcass of a boat,  
Nor tackle, nor mast—the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it.

The reputation of the rat as an evil omen, therefore, is beyond question very ancient; but as a pest whose presence is a menace to the safety of life at sea the animal has earned a distinction which is quite modern. A most remarkable instance of the mischief which the creature is capable of doing came to light during the proceedings of a Naval Court of Inquiry held in August 1875 for the purpose of investigating the cause of the loss of the barque *Commodore*, of Hartlepool. The vessel, which was burnt at sea, had been loaded with a cargo of timber, and the fire broke out in the hold in a most mysterious manner. It was eventually proved, on the evidence of the entire crew, that beyond a shadow of doubt the outbreak was originated by a rat carrying off a lighted candle, which had stood in the fore-castle, and was presently missed by the sailors, and dropping it among the dry and resinous pine stowed below. The *Shipping Gazette*, in commenting upon this extraordinary case at the time, and speaking of the danger generally of rats on shipboard, said that 'they have caused the foundering of many ships by gnawing holes in the planking, or so eating away the inner sides of the wood as to leave very little for the straining of the hull to do in completing the aperture; they have been known to nibble the timber at the waterways until the wood was so thin as to admit rain-water through it; they will attack the bungs of casks and create leakage; find out the soft parts of the knees or lining, and make a passage for themselves from one part to another.' So fully has the danger of this now come to be recognised, that such contingencies are generally provided for in the insurance of wooden-built ships.

As one pair of rats will produce three or four dozen young ones in the course of a twelvemonth, it may easily be conceived that a sailing-vessel, loaded with a cargo likely to prove particularly attractive to the rodent quadrupeds, by the time she returns from an ambling voyage around the world must be literally infested with the creatures. Various are the means of extermination employed. The owners of the big lines of steamships find it necessary to engage a regular rat-catcher; and on the return of each vessel, as soon as the freight has been discharged, he sets to work with all the science of his calling to remedy the nuisance. In a passage across the Atlantic and back again, occupying barely a

month, it is commonly found that the rats have increased so prodigiously, notwithstanding the ship sailed with an apparently clear hold, as to require a good-sized cart to remove the carcasses when the professional gentleman has made an end of his work. The common plan in use among shipmasters who do not aspire to the dignity of employing a regular rat-catcher is to smoke the animals out of the hold. Dana, in his admirable *Two Years before the Mast*, gives a good account of the manner in which this is done. He says: 'As the next day was Sunday, and a good day for smoking the ship, we cleared everything out of the cabin and fore-castle, made a slow fire of charcoal, birch bark, brimstone, and other materials on the ballast in the bottom of the hold, calked up the hatches and every open seam, and pasted over the cracks of the windows and the slides of the scuttle and companion-way. Wherever smoke was seen coming out, we calked and pasted, and, so far as we could, made the ship smoke-tight. The captain and officers slept under the awning which was spread over the quarter-deck; and we stowed ourselves away under an old studding-sail, which we drew over one side of the fore-castle. The next morning, we took the battens from the hatches and opened the ship. A few stifled rats were found: and what bugs, cockroaches, fleas, and other vermin there might have been on board, must have unrove their life-lines before the hatches were opened.'

It has frequently happened that ship-captains, finding their vessels whilst at sea overrun with rats to such a degree as to be a serious inconvenience, have attempted to deal with the nuisance by scattering poisons in the hold. The remedy has of course proved effectual, but in the end, far worse than the disorder; for the creatures, perishing at the bottom of the ship, naturally begin to decompose after being dead a little while, and then the vessel is haunted by a most villainous odour. Imagine a craft becalmed for days under a broiling equatorial sun, with hundreds of rats decaying among the inaccessible nooks and crannies of her hold! The origin of more than one marine pestilence might doubtless be traced to this cause.

Sailors have a novel rat-trap, which, we believe, was devised in the first instance by an old Jack as an amusement for the rest of the fore-castle. Its great charm is its perfect simplicity. An inverted box is placed upon the deck, one end of which is tilted upon a short stick that balances it, and attached to which is a piece of twine, leading into the hand of a seaman who lies stirless in his hammock with his eyes cautiously peering over the rim of it. Under the box are dropped a few crumbs of biscuit or a small cube of salt junk. Presently the rats in the forepeak beneath, finding all still overhead, venture up through the interstices between the timbers. The sight of their sharp snouts and small bright eyes is as cheering to the expectant sailor as the bob of the float is to an angler. By-and-by one of them spies the bait, and makes for it, when jerk goes the string, down comes the box, and the animal is imprisoned.

A writer in the *Nautical Magazine* tells a story of how a Yankee skipper contrived to free his ship from rats. Whilst he lay in port, he



discovered that one of the British ships then in the harbour had amongst her cargo a great quantity of cheese. He thereupon found an excuse for hauling over to her and mooring his own packet alongside. The next step was to procure a plank, smear it well with an odouriferous preparation of red herrings, and place it so as to lead through one of the ports on board the Englishman. The immediate result was a wholesale emigration of the rats from the American ship's hold to the cheese-laden vessel alongside.

The sagacity of the rat is not perhaps to be equalled by that of any other animal, the dog alone excepted. Their instinct in quitting a sinking ship is remarkable. Nor do they always rush up just as the vessel is settling down and leap blindly overboard in the manner generally supposed. Some years ago a ship whilst lying secured to a quay was run into and stove by another vessel. She was sinking rapidly, when a long trail of rats were observed very cautiously creeping along the hawsers which connected her with the wharf, and scampering away as hard as they could pelt for the shelter of a friendly warehouse the moment they touched the land. There is even more talent shown in this procedure than in the monkeys' manner of bridging a river.

The sea-going rat occasionally exhibits an extraordinary and most perilous desire to get at water. Some little while since, a vessel, then almost new, began to leak so seriously that she had to be docked before she could proceed on her voyage. It cost the shipwrights a long search to discover the weak spot; but at last they found that right aft, in the bilge, the rats had gnawed clean through the planking; and nothing kept the water from rushing in save the thin sheets of metal with which the vessel was sheathed. The leak was repaired and the ship sailed; but after a short time she began to make water again rapidly, leaving no doubt that the rats were still the cause of the mischief. Upon this the captain, wisely imagining that it must be thirst which drove the creatures to this expedient of nibbling away the timber, ordered a daily allowance of water to be placed for them upon the hatch-coamings in the 'tween-decks. This they were not very long in discovering; 'and never again,' concludes the captain, in telling the story, 'during all the while that I remained in the ship and carried out this plan were we troubled with any more leaks.'

All of us must recollect the story of the shipwright in the *Uncommercial Traveller* who bartered his soul to the devil for an iron pot, a bushel of tenpenny nails, half a ton of copper, and a rat that could speak; and how this rat was incessantly signifying the fact by repeating the melancholy refrain:

A lemon has pips,  
And a yard has ships,  
And I'll have chips!

"What are you doing, Chips?" said the rat that could speak.—"I'm putting in new planks where you and your gang have eaten old away," said Chips.—"But we'll eat them too," said the rat that could speak; "and we'll let in the water, and we'll drown the crew, and we'll eat them too." Chips, being only a shipwright, and

not a man-of-war's man, said: "You are welcome to it!"

It is perhaps a pity, seeing that the animals swarm to such a degree on board every variety of vessel, that some means of utilising them could not be devised. The first idea to naturally follow this reflection is, why not *eat* them? Let not the epicure shudder at the suggestion: one and all who, whether by necessity or curiosity, have partaken of the rat declare it to be by no means such an unsavoury morsel. The flesh when cooked is about the colour of a pigeon's, and of a flavour that combines with the tenderness and succulence of the rabbit the higher and more matured qualities of the hare. The famous Sir Sidney Smith entertained a high opinion of the delicacy of rats. 'He asserted,' says Lieutenant Parsons in his entertaining *Nelsonian Reminiscences*, 'that rats fed cleaner and were better eating than pigs or ducks; and agreeably to his wish, a dish of these beautiful vermin was caught daily with fish-hooks, well baited, in the provision hold, for the ship was infested with them, and served up at the captain's table. The sight of them alone took off the keen edge of my appetite.' No doubt, the feeling of disgust which exists against the idea of employing the rat for gastronomic purposes is largely due to the want of discrimination which the creature shows in its own feeding. It will devour with equal avidity human flesh or decayed vegetable matter; whilst its known predilection in favour of the sewers is enough to nauseate the most unscrupulous appetite. But it may at least be urged that whilst the rat is on shipboard it is free from the contamination of the drain-pipe; and as to its indelicacy of feeding, it cannot surely be worse or more debauched in its taste than the hog or the duck, or a great many other animals which are reckoned very choice eating indeed. Different nations have different palates, and amongst the Chinese and other eastern races the rat is considered so much of a dainty that it is no uncommon circumstance for a vessel entering one of the ports of the Celestial Empire to be boarded by a party of natives who come to offer money for permission to hunt the ship in search of the animals. During the siege of Paris, rats were consumed in prodigious quantities, and one of the luxuries of that dreadful time was a rat-pie made with mushrooms.

The rat on board ship, as elsewhere, has a disagreeable trick of getting into the most untoward places. Herman Melville in one of his books describes how, after he had long been eating molasses from a certain jar, he discovered a rat lying smothered in the stuff; whilst one of the commonest things possible is to find the creature drowned in the scuttle-butt which holds the fresh water, or hopelessly wedged into a tierce of beef that is opened to replenish the harness-cask. A case was quite recently reported by one of the shipping papers in which the water-tanks of a vessel newly arrived from the antipodes, on being emptied and cleared out, were found to contain the skeletons of many dozens of the creatures, so that the crew were startled by the discovery that for the whole voyage home their water had been sinetured with an infusion of rats. Yet the health of all on board had been wonderfully good during the passage, nor had the least disagreeable

taint been apparent in the water beyond the flavour of the brine used to preserve it. Such is the effect of the imagination upon the bodily health, that had the crew *known* they were drinking from a cistern full of dead rats, the flavour of the water would have been found most repugnant, and possibly a good deal of sickness would have been reported upon the ship's arrival.

The seafaring rat is not as a rule of such a ferocious disposition as his brother rodent of the sewers. Sailors when on long and tedious voyages, such as a whaling cruise, will often make pets of them, training them to come up out of the hold at certain hours to be fed. We knew of one old sailor who used regularly to sleep with a rat in the clews of his hammock, till one night he was rudely awakened by being precipitated to the deck. He at first imagined his shipmates had been playing a very common fore-castle prank upon him; but he discovered, on examining the lanyard which had suspended his hammock, that the sharp teeth of his favourite rat had gnawed right through it. This was the occasion of a little coolness between them.

Many are the stories of rats on board ship which might be told were there space; but one more must now suffice. A vessel lying moored in the river Hooghly neglected the usual precaution of unbending sails, and kept her canvas furled upon the yards. She stayed at Calcutta for about a fortnight. When she was ready to get under way, sail was of course made; but imagine the astonishment of all on deck when the gaskets had been cast off and the canvas dropped loose, at seeing a perfect shower of rats fall squeaking through the air! The various sails in which the animals had harboured themselves were nibbled through and through, so as to resemble sieves, and were rendered so perfectly useless that the vessel could not leave until fresh ones had been bent in their place. For what reason the rats should have taken to the rigging, or how they managed to get aloft, was a speculation which, but for his vexation at the loss of his sails, the captain might well have amused himself in trying to solve.

## THE OLD BARGE.

By THOMAS ST E. HAKE.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.—ALONGSIDE.

ON the river-bank, a mile above Battersea Bridge, there once stood—it stands there no longer—a small thatched house. It was constructed of wood; and the two diamond-paned windows, one on each side of the porch, looked out upon the Thames. The house was not accessible at all hours. At high-tide the garden was sometimes under water; and there were times—though these were fortunately of rare recurrence—when the whole structure threatened to get under weigh and take a seaward course with the ebb. But when the tide was out there was an impassable barrier of mud betwixt it and the water's edge. Between tides was the best moment for landing. A few rugged stone steps led up from the bank to a gateway facing the porch.

One evening, about the hour of sunset, a young girl came out into the garden, stopped at the gateway, and looked down at a barge moored alongside. It was an old barge, long and narrow: a 'one-horse' canal barge, that had seen its best days, and was now leading an amphibious existence, rising when the water rose, and sinking reposefully upon mud and slime when the water fell. It had marks of wet-rot upon it, and of dry-rot too. Time and tide had carried away every vestige of paint from its sides long ago.

On board this barge were seated two men. One of them was old, the other young. The latter, seated upon the upper deck, or cabin roof, was making a large net, which hung over the cabin door between him and his companion. He was a dark-skinned young man, with something of the gipsy in his appearance. He had black watchful eyes, when no one else's eyes were bent upon him; but when he thought himself observed—and he was keenly suspicious—all his senses seemed concentrated upon the net-work in hand. The old man, who was sitting in the stern, smoking a short clay pipe, appeared completely lost in thought. He was staring down-stream, towards Battersea Bridge; but it was obvious that he saw nothing—nothing of the light craft that floated to and fro—except in an absent-minded, dreamy way. He was a small-featured, weather-beaten bargee, with a white beard, and thick white eyebrows; and the deep lines at the corners of his eyes expressed a certain degree of cunning. There were deeper lines across the brow, which gave a care-worn, anxious look to the face. His broad muscular frame had, to all appearance, lost none of its strength; and he had large bony hands, which had a peculiar grasping tendency. But frequent work at the tiller, the handling of ropes, barge-hooks, and barge-oars for so many years, might account for this.

'Grandfather,' said the girl, after watching the two men for a moment in silence, 'you'll come in and sup with us to-night; won't you?'

The man gave a slight start at the sound of her voice. 'Why,' said he—'why should I come in to-night? Come now.'

'It's my birthday,' replied the girl, half apologetically.

'Ah!' and the old man glanced towards his companion, whose eyes, happening to be bent upon him, were at once cast down upon the net. 'What do you say, John?'

'I?' and he flashed a look at the old man and then at the girl. 'I'm not invited.'

At this moment the sound of sculls, falling with a soft plash upon the water, attracted their attention. They all looked quickly round. A light skiff, rowed by a handsome young fellow, pulled into the little creek where the barge was lying, and came alongside. 'Good-evening!' and the boatman, speaking in a cheery voice, raised himself into the barge and attached his skiff to the iron ring. 'Good-evening, all!—Bertha,' he added, looking up with an eager face towards the girl—'look!' and he pointed to a little scarlet flag that was fluttering in the stern of his boat. 'Brand-new, and hoisted in honour of the occasion. Happy returns!'

The girl's face had brightened at sight of the boat. The boatman's voice brought a look of



radiance into her eyes. They were large eyes, that contained something more than mere gratitude for his words. She reddened slightly as she said: 'Thank you, Davy;' and added: 'You'll stay and take some supper with us to-night?' Her look and tone expressed more than an invitation; it seemed like an appeal.

'Ay,' the old bargeman chimed in, 'Davy will stay.' Then glancing at the net-maker, he said: 'Come, Morison! you're invited too, you know. Go and keep them company.'

John Morison, never raising his eyes, never ceasing to work at the net, answered: 'You're not going to sup indoors, are you, Mr Landrick? I've never known you do it, birthday or no birthday. Very good. Then I shan't, and that settles the matter.'

As Davy Rotherford stood there, looking at these two men, an odd thought crossed his mind. What had put the idea into his head, and why it should come to him at such a moment, he could not comprehend. He had seen these men seated there scores of times before. He had seen Morison making nets, and always in the same attitude, ever since Landrick had brought his barge alongside and settled down here to pass his remaining days within sight of his own home. Perhaps it was something in these men's expressions, something in their attitudes towards each other. He could not say; but he saw in this swarthy young net-maker a quaint resemblance to a dark spider spinning a web; and he saw in the old bargeman an unconscious victim, who would presently get caught in the toils.

'Ah, well,' said Landrick, evidently displeased at Morison's refusal. 'Please yourself, John!—Run up to the house, Davy, and cheer up grandmother. She's a bit low-spirited, Bertha says. I shall stop o' board. It has been my habit for nigh upon fifty years; and habit is second nature. At my time o' life a man can't alter his habits, bad or good. He can only drift, as we say, with the tide.'

Bertha had already gone in; and Rotherford now followed. The room which he entered from the porch, without crossing hall or passage, was a low-pitched kitchen supported by oak beams overhead. The furniture was antique. A great clock, resembling a sentry-box, stood between the window and door, with the date upon its cracked and yellow face. The chairs were of dark oak, with bars in their backs like prison gratings. In one of these chairs was seated, beside a smouldering fire, a gray, wrinkled woman bent with age. She looked up quickly, as though startled out of a nap, as the young man closed the door.

'Who's that?' said she, shading her eyes with her hand. 'What's the matter? The tide ain't ebbing yet, is it?'

'Why, Mrs Landrick,' said Rotherford, 'don't you know me? I'm David—Davy Rotherford, your old favourite. Ain't you glad to see me?'

The woman's face softened. 'Come in, Davy,' said she—'come in. I thought it was Morison: I was dreaming about him. That's how it was. He's aboard with Landrick, ain't he?'

'Yes; and too busy net-making,' said Rotherford, 'to leave his work.—Why, how,' he added, as his odd thought suddenly recurred—'how does he happen to be troubling *your* dreams?'

A listening look became intently expressed in Mrs Landrick's whole attitude. 'Wait, Davy,' said she significantly—'wait! The tide ain't ebbing yet.'

Rotherford was standing with his eyes bent upon the woman. He was trying to put some clear construction upon her words. Suddenly he looked round and caught sight of Bertha Landrick standing at an inner door. Her face was so changed—so pale and expressive of alarm—that he took a quick step towards her, for she seemed on the point of falling. But she recovered almost before he reached her side, and lifted her finger to her lips to enforce silence. He sat down at the supper-table without a word; and Bertha began to busy herself in getting some provisions into a basket for her grandfather. Glancing presently towards the old bargeman's wife, Rotherford was surprised to find that the woman had relapsed into her drowsy state, with her head bent forward over the fire, and her hands clasped upon her lap.

Rotherford was the son of a master-lighterman. He was employed all day in his father's office; and of an evening was usually out upon the river. Landrick had served his father in his earlier days, and Rotherford had been for many a journey on river and canal with the bargeman when a boy. They had always been on friendly terms; and since Bertha had budded into womanhood, it would seem that Davy's visits by no means diminished.

As he sat there to-night, eating his supper with an appetite after his vigorous row up stream, he was greatly concerned when observing that Bertha would eat nothing. That unaccountable appearance of anxiety was still expressed in her restless eyes and pale cheeks. He longed to question her; but she scarcely remained at table two minutes at a time. Her thoughts seemed all the while to be centred in her grandfather; for she was constantly hurrying out to the barge to see if he needed anything. Davy found it impossible to get a word with her; and he had many words to speak of—words he had rehearsed over and over again to the quick dip and plashing tune of his sculls.

Bertha had gone down to the barge for the twentieth time at least, leaving Rotherford alone with the drowsy old woman. Mrs Landrick awoke suddenly, as she always made a point of doing, and glanced eagerly round. The red glow of the setting sun, looking aslant through the window, touched her face. 'Not night yet?' she muttered, blinking her eyes in the glare of sunlight—'Not night yet? I dreamt it was quite dark—dreadful dark, and that the tide was ebbing fast.—Where's Bertha?'

'On board the barge,' said Rotherford, crossing to the window. 'She'll be back directly.'

Mrs Landrick looked quaintly at the young man. There was a puzzled expression on her face. 'Davy,' said she, 'I dreamt that the barge was gone—that my old man was gone—and then—and then I awoke.'

'Gone?' said Rotherford, with a smile. 'Do you mean sunk?'

'I don't know,' said the woman. 'Gone—disappeared. I can't get the dream out of my head! I've had the dream before: it's the second time since daybreak. Can there be anything wrong?'

Look out, Davy. Is the old barge alongside?

'Yes, yes. It's lying snugly alongside,' said he. 'There's nothing wrong. But it's nearly high tide,' he added, 'and time for me to be getting home. Good-night, Mrs Landrick.'

'Good-night, Davy. You're sure the tide ain't ebbing yet?'

'Quite sure.'

When Rotherford reached the barge and stepped on board, he found that Morison had taken his leave. There was no spider; but the web lay spread across the deck. Bertha was in the cabin, putting a match to her grandfather's stove; and the old bargeman was busying himself with trimming his lamp for the night.

'So you still sleep on board, Mr Landrick?' remarked the young man.

'Ay, ay,' was the reply.

Rotherford looked thoughtful. 'Now, wouldn't it,' he persisted, 'at your time of life be safer to sleep indoors?'

The bargeman glanced suddenly round: 'Where's the danger here?'

'Oh, I was merely going to remark,' Rotherford hastened to explain, 'that you might find your house, perhaps, preferable to an old barge! The river-fogs and cutting winds are apt to get at one, you know, when the winter comes round. That's all.'

The girl was still bending down over the stove. She looked up with a thankful face at Rotherford. 'You are right, Davy,' said she—'I am sure you are right.'

'Davy,' said the old bargeman, as he lit the lamp and fastened it on its hook overhead, 'I've been used to this sort of life, as I've often told you, ever since I was a lad. And there's another thing I've told you,' he added, 'many a time—a man can't change his habits at my age. He must drift along with the tide.'

The sun had set; but it was still broad daylight, with a deep glow over the sky. It was an autumn evening; and a chilly wind fled across the river with a shivering sound and died away. The cry of some water-fowl in its flight over the marshes reached their ears, and that too died away. Was the night likely to prove a stormy one? In the upper sky the clouds were motionless, but their distorted shapes expressed commotion.

The desire on Rotherford's part to speak with Bertha, since he saw that it was equally her desire to speak with him, became intense; and as he lowered himself over the side of the barge and she went forward to loosen the rope, he seized the moment to whisper: 'Bertha! what is troubling you?'

She glanced about her with that look of dread again in her eyes. 'I cannot tell you now,' said she hurriedly. 'Grandfather will think there's something amiss if he hears us talking together. I'll try,' she added, 'though I can't promise—I'll try to come to you before the twilight is gone. Will you wait for me?'

'You know I will!' and he pressed her hand to his lips. Then he quickly added: 'At the old ferry steps?'

The girl nodded. The boat was detached; and with a turn of the sculls Rotherford was out in the tide. He rowed quickly down stream. Not

that there was any need for so much haste; for even had Bertha been able at once to slip away by the little pathway behind the house, she could not have reached the ferry steps before him. But Davy was naturally impetuous; and the mere thought of seeing Bertha, of speaking with her alone, impelled him to pull vigorously at his sculls. In a few minutes he reached the ferry steps, attached his boat, and walked up and down by the river-side, waiting impatiently for her. It was a deserted, lonely spot. For since Battersea Bridge had been built, the ferry had fallen into disuse, and few people passed this way. But it was a spot which Rotherford loved. He and Bertha had met here many a time. It was here that he had avowed his love for her; it was here that she had given him her promise that she would one day be his wife.

He was troubled about Bertha to-night. The strange look of dread upon her face, which he had never seen there before, sorely perplexed him. Was some peril at hand? He could comprehend nothing: his brain was crowded with a hundred odd fancies, that flashed upon him and took to flight, and came back again, only bringing bewilderment and a deeper state of anxiety concerning her.

Nearly half an hour had passed, and he had begun to despair of Bertha's coming; for it was beginning to grow dusk, and he knew that when the twilight was gone he must give up all hope of seeing her. But in the midst of these despondent thoughts he descried her pretty figure hurrying along the pathway. He hastened forward to meet her.

'Davy,' said the girl, answering his inquiring look, 'it's about grandfather I'm worried. A danger threatens him. I have come to tell you what it is. You will help me—will you not?'

He answered her earnestly: 'Dear Bertha! you know I will. Tell me what this trouble is.'

They sat down side by side on the ferry steps. Rotherford took the girl's hand, and looked with eager interest into her uplifted face. The twilight was fast fading out of the sky; and the gusts of wind that came across the Thames ruffled the water, and rocked Rotherford's boat as it lay close by with the tide lapping at its sides. With scarcely a pause and in a low hurried tone, Bertha explained to David Rotherford the cause of her distress.

'I'm going to tell you something,' said she, 'that grandfather believes is only known to himself and me. He is wrong. His secret is known to others. It is known to those who can and will injure him, as I fear, before daybreak—unless,' she added, 'you remain on guard all the night through. Can I ask you to do that?'

'Why, Bertha,' said Rotherford, 'do you think that would be a hardship to me? You do not know how deeply I love you.'

An expressive sigh escaped Bertha's lips. 'Davy,' said she, 'I will tell you everything. Ever since grandfather brought the old barge alongside the home, as you know he has led the same life on board as when he was an active bargeman making journeys up and down canals. He cannot change his habits, as he is always reminding us. The cabin is his home, and the little stove his fireside. How often have I seen



him seated there, smoking his old clay pipe, and looking as though he would scorn to change places with a Prince! He has been a very sober, thrifty man; and during his long lifetime he has saved a good deal of money. In his cabin on board the barge there is a small cupboard, and in this cupboard, locked up in a strong iron box, are all his savings—quite a little fortune.—Now, listen! If he is robbed of this, Davy, he and grandmother will be destitute. At least, she added, 'they will probably be dependent upon me—upon the little that I can earn—for their support. For grandfather will be too broken to go on making or mending nets, as he does now. Indeed, I scarcely dare think what would happen to him if the mere dread of any such disaster crossed his mind.' As Bertha whispered these words there was fear in her look and tone.

Rotherford sat for a moment silent, staring intently over the darkening river, deep in thought. Suddenly he started up. 'You suspect some one,' he said; 'you know that a plot is hatching to rob your grandfather. Yes, and I can name the man.'

'Stay!' said Bertha. Rising hastily, she placed her hand upon his arm. 'Don't breathe his name, not even in my ear. The very thought of him frightens me. He may be listening, as I always think he is, in hiding hard by. He haunts me; and grandmother, as you must have noticed to-night, is haunted by him too.—Now, Davy, the girl went on, 'I'm going to tell you something strange.' Her hand was still upon his arm, and her scared face still raised to his in the growing dusk. 'When it is high tide,' said she, 'the water lies close under our windows on the river-side; and often, the night being still, voices will come to us from the Thames and startle us out of our sleep, as a dream will sometimes do. It is sometimes a shout—possibly a warning of danger to some one—that wakes us. Sometimes it's a cry—a shrill cry of distress—that sets one's heart beating fast. But the voices that have meaning in them, speaking together as they go by with the tide, are the voices that frighten us most; and among these voices more than once we've heard his voice: we've heard enough to satisfy us that he's planning to rob grandfather of his gold; and it's to-night he's for carrying out his scheme. Davy! what shall we do?'

Rotherford took both the girl's hands in his own and tried to reassure her. 'Leave all to me! I will keep guard along the bank,' said he, 'and be within call of the old barge, until day-break. Be brave! Trust me, Bertha. Good-night.'

Bertha threw her arms about his neck without a word, and then she hastily left him and went back along the pathway to the thatched house.

It was now almost dark; and when Bertha entered the kitchen it was quite dark there; for the fire was almost out. But she managed to light the lamp by the smouldering embers, and with it in her hand she went through the rooms, only four in number, to assure herself that all was well before locking up the house for the night. In one of these rooms she found her grandmother sleeping; for Mrs Landrick always retired to bed at sunset, though she slept a good part of the day in her armchair by the fireside.

Bertha looked out of the window towards the place where the old barge was moored. Gusts of wind, louder and more frequent now, passed over the river; and the rain had begun to fall and beat against the panes. But the barge-lamp was burning steadily over the cabin door, and she felt satisfied that all was well on board.

She drew her grandmother's chair towards the fire and sat down to keep her guard within doors. She would not think of resting while Davy was out upon the Thames and on such a night. She would sit here till daybreak—till the danger was past, and then she would go down to the ferry steps to thank Rotherford for his watchfulness and devotion. She was exceedingly wakeful for an hour or more. She listened nervously to every gust of wind, as though she thought the voices that had frightened her on other nights might again reach her ear. But no sound of voices came; and gradually her eyelids drooped and her head sank upon her arm and she lay there fast asleep.

Suddenly a loud voice wakened her. It was a shout such as she had heard at night upon the Thames many a time before. But she started up with a cry upon her lips and ran to the window and looked out into the night. The light that she had seen burning steadily, before she fell asleep, was not visible now. She threw a cloak about her shoulders, took the lamp from the table, and hurried out. It was a pitch-dark night; and the wind and rain beat in her face. With difficulty she found her way to the water's edge. Raising the lamp over her head she looked down upon the dark river. A cry of despair escaped her—the old barge was gone!

#### LOVE.

STRANGE are his moods, and strange is he,  
A child of divers ways:  
He leads you on through flowery paths,  
Through bright and golden days;  
And guided by his gentle hand,  
And listening to his song,  
And gazing in his lovely eyes,  
You walk for ever on.

And many pass you by, and they  
Stretch out their hands in vain;  
Some go with Death, and Sorrow some  
Walk hand in hand with Pain;  
And some with Scorn go laughing by,  
And some who weep and moan:  
But all of them young Love ignores,  
And on they pass alone.

And through the pathways where they go  
No ray of light appears;  
No gleam of sunshine ever comes,  
The way is wet with tears.  
Sad for a moment, too, you grow,  
And beg Love take them too:  
He smiles, and shakes his golden curls—  
'They cannot come with you.'

FLORENCE MALCOLM LEVEAUX.

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## A TOURIST'S HOLIDAY IN VENICE.

Does not a Tourist who has entered the hard service of Cook—who has made Baedeker's closely-printed itineraries his rule of life—who has thoughtlessly asked his friends before starting, 'What ought I to see?' and dare not face them again until he has obeyed their so lightly uttered, 'Go there; do this; be sure to see that'—does not such a one, by all that is fatiguing, deserve a holiday? Who shall condemn him if for once he plays truant, shuts the guide-book with as deep a sigh of relief as erstwhile the daybook, and leaves undone, wittingly, much that reason and conscience assure him he ought to have done?

Thus we, hard-wrought tourists, have taken a holiday; partly in bravado, defying the bondage of sight-seeing—partly in despair at finding our task beyond us. 'Venice,' says the methodical Baedeker, 'may be seen in three or four days;' and forthwith he allots to each day its share of churches and pictures and points of view. Have we not plodded after him, book in hand, day after day? Have we not cricked our necks agonisingly in the study of ceiling paintings, climbed towers, explored *pozzi*, with the best will in the world, only to find ourselves at the end of a week hopelessly in arrears? We play truant to-day, therefore, half from weariness, and half with the hardened conscience of the boy who knows if he did go to school it would only be to sit at the bottom of the class—in conspicuous failure.

Baedeker left at home, and our minds clear alike of cant and Ruskin, we wander forth with an unwonted air of leisure, to enjoy such humours of life as we may chance upon. It is a brilliant morning, in a course of fitful weather. Last night's rain lies still in the hollows of the pavement, and is baled out by gondoliers as they make their boats smart for the day's custom. One turns his cushions, revealing their orange-striped, fair-weather sides; another wreathes the prow of his boat with flowers; a third spreads the gayest of carpets for his patron's feet. But we do not

succumb to these lures, for, to tell the truth courageously, we find the swaying motion of a gondola anything but pleasant, and immensely prefer the penny steamer. So, with a half-formed purpose of ultimately taking a steamer up the Grand Canal, we drift with the general tide of humanity towards the square of San Marco. It is early, but the shops are open, and fascinating as usual, and we glance as we pass at the long array of windows stored with trinkets, pictures, photographs, lamps of wrought-iron, necklaces of coral and pearl, mosaics, and a thousand trifles of Venetian glass. Reaching a street corner, we are stayed by a gathering crowd, and find, emerging from one of the narrow *calle*s or lanes between the closely-built, tall houses, a funeral procession, preceded by the most perfunctory of hired mourners, whose insignia of office, tall four-wicked candles, carried indifferently at all angles, flare smokily in the sunlight, and bespatter with wax as they pass the people and the pavement on either hand. Then follow the clergy and the bier and the real mourners, all slowly making for the adjacent church of San Moise, where the long service is to be performed. As they disappear within its great doors, the spectators disperse, most resuming with us their way to the square of San Marco, the heart of Venice. As we enter the square, a man mutely offers infant turtles for sale, creatures no bigger than garden snails, each in a little open box, with a supply of green meat of some sort—net cost probably ten centimes, although the vendor as we glance at them speculatively suggests half a franc. Next comes a dealer in sweetmeats, holding forth long wooden pins—I should say skewers, did that not suggest cat's meat—on which are threaded pieces of orange, or two or three figs, or shelled walnuts, each cluster encased in caramel, and valued at fifteen centimes.

At every doorway of the glittering shops all round the great arcade, ingratiating tradesmen greet you as you pass with cordial good-mornings, and entreat you, with spider-like friendliness, to walk into their parlours. Out-at-elbows loafers



make for you as you leave the importunities of the arcade for the open square, and thrust upon you brown paper cones of peas, wherewith to feed the numberless pigeons circling overhead, and pecking about, more tame than winter robins, at your feet. As you come near the glorious façade of St Mark's—fain to stand and look to your heart's content at the rich glow of these mosaic pictures filling the arches, and the oriental beauty of the clustered domes beyond them—a flight of greasy touts surround you, and clamour for the privilege of showing you the Campanile, the Baptistery, the Church itself.

There is no peace, no holiday, you perceive, for the tourist among these birds of prey, and you turn off at random out of the square into one of the narrow *callés* on your left. Narrow alleys are these streets, as a rule scarce more than three feet wide; and the light which reaches the little shops and ground-floor dwellings of the tall houses on either hand cannot even in midsummer be more than twilight. Yet all sorts of trades are carried on briskly in these obscure regions: milliners, bakers, smiths, jewelers, poulterers, display their wares in the dusky recesses on either hand; rows of poultry in the last instance ingeniously proclaiming their original nature by means of a few ruffled duck, or turkey, or ordinary hens' tail feathers still decorating their otherwise plucked and trussed carcasses. A calf's head, ghastly in its pallor, is faintly visible from the *chiaroscuro* of a butcher's shop; and at the adjacent barber's you find yourself literally face to face with, and within a few inches of, the be-lathered customer upon whom he operates. You emerge upon the open paved *campo*, originally the burying-ground of the little island parish you happen to be traversing. It is Saint's day in this parish—and some little boys have dressed a tiny shrine in the corner near the church, an old wooden chair, whose seat is covered with handfuls of grass, stuck with half-withered flowers; among them a floating wick in a saucer of oil burns in front of the little coloured print, representing some sacred subject, propped up like an altar-piece against the broken back of the chair. The boys dart at you with saucers, clamouring for a donation towards expenses; and before you can cross the *campo*, the church doors open, and out streams a procession of the Host—a larger edition, as it were, of the child's-play you have just seen. Tonsured, and glorious in stiffly-flowered brocade, they parade under a golden canopy, preceded by acolytes swinging empty censers, and bearing outshone candles in the face of the sun. Some dozen of the crowd, stopped perforce to make way for them, kneel, and uncover as the Host passes; most glance indifferently, and press on as soon as the way is clear.

The next *campo* we cross is almost deserted, except for a flower and vegetable market in one corner, and in the centre a Venetian baby, taking a walking lesson. I do not know whether the means of instruction used is peculiar to Venice; in any case, it is worth description. The little one-year-old was put, standing, in a sort of crinoline of wicker-work very wide at the base, and at the top fitting under the baby's arms. The mother stood some way off, the child stretching its hands to her, and at every step of the

little dancing feet the light framework slid forward, while it could not upset. The self-satisfaction of the baby with the random progress it found itself making was evident in its happy face and crowing laughter.

We found ourselves by this time again in the neighbourhood of San Moise. The funeral party had not yet emerged from the church; and in the nearest canal, gondolas draped with black and silver waited to convey the bier to the cemetery island. Later, as we wait on one of the floating barges used as steamboat stations, we see the funeral barge and its attendant gondolas slowly rowing away across the lagoon, accompanied by music, which sounds doubly sweet and mournful across the water. We are waiting for a steamer to the Lido, that long island which lies, a protecting barrier, between Venice and the sea. The Lido is a sort of Cockney pleasure resort for Venetians. There are no churches on it, neither altar-piece nor ceiling painting to constrain attention; and Baedeker scorns to include an excursion thither in any of his well-filled days. It is all modern, and somewhat vulgar. Big restaurants anticipate your custom in self-laudatory leaflets thrust upon you ere you land. Weather-beaten sailors, professional Jacks-ashore of the Brighton and Margate type, pursue you with trays of shells and coral; and to convey you across from the inner to the outer shore of the island, a tramway presents itself, drawn by two creatures almost as startling at first as griffins or dragons, but which you realise are horses—the forgotten beast of traffic and burden common to all the universe, Venice alone excepted. To jolt across the Lido behind them is of course a thrilling experience for the Venetian Cockney, and our consciences prick us not a little as we, on whom such pleasures palled in childhood, selfishly take possession of two of the seats so greatly in demand.

Arrived at the other side of the Lido, we may wander at will on the long sandy shores of the island, may sit on the grassy banks, where, here and there, storms and high tides have left a tangled wreath of seaweed to mark their farthest claim. And here we may, and we do, fleet the time, basking in the sunlight, and breathing in the drowsy balm of the soft sea-wind, as we watch the coming in of the tide from the wide Adriatic, whose waters, so wonderfully blue, break in iridescent foam at our feet, each bubble rainbow-hued, like the fairy-haunted foam-bells of Sir Noel Paton's pictures. We looked vainly for the little sea-horses, said to strew the shores here, and had indeed to condescend to buy some afterwards from the shell-vendors rather than return empty-handed. We searched in vain for these; but we chanced on a rarer wonder. Beaten down among the foam at the edge of the tide by the wind, which, though so warm, was too strong for him, we found a dragon-fly, his long rainbow-wings clogged with wet sand, his gleaming body limp and motionless. He revived, however, in the warmth and shelter of his rescuer's hand; and before we left the Lido, we placed him in the leafy seclusion of a garden hedge, to dry his beautiful wings at leisure and take stock of his strange experience.

Our holiday was over. We returned to Venice and our hotel, with its electric-lit *table-d'hôte*;

and although in the general jabber of exchanged confidences there we could not say we had 'done' a tithe of the sights our fellow-travellers could boast of since we parted at breakfast, yet, on soul and conscience, we thought, and incline to think still, that we had secured a holiday well worth remembering.

J. M. S. M.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—THE DAY AFTER THE GHOST.

WHEN Mr Dering arrived at his office next morning he observed that his table had not been arranged for him. Imagine the surprise of the housewife should she come down to breakfast and find the ham and the toast and the tea placed upon the table without the decent cloth! With such eyes did Mr Dering gaze upon the pile of yesterday's letters lying upon his blotting-pad, the pens in disorder, the papers heaped about anyhow, the dust of yesterday everywhere. Such a thing had never happened, before in his whole experience of fifty-five years. He touched his bell sharply.

'Why,' he asked, hanging up his coat without turning round, 'why is not my table put in order?' He turned and saw his clerk standing at the open door.—'Good heavens! Checkley, what is the matter?'

For the ancient servitor stood with drooping head and melancholy face and bent shoulders. His hands hung down in the attitude of one who waits to serve. But he did not serve. He stood still, and he made no reply.

He understood now. Since the apparition of South Square he had had time to reflect. He now understood the whole business from the beginning to the end. One hand there was, and only one, concerned with the case. Now he understood the meaning of the frequent fits of abstraction, the long silences, this strange forgetfulness which made his master mix up days and hours, and caused him to wonder what he had done and where he had been on this and that evening. And somebody else knew. The girl knew. She had told her lover. She had told her brother. That was why the new Partner laughed and defied them. It was on his charge that young Arundel had been forced to leave the country. It was he who declared that he had seen him place the stolen notes in the safe. It was he who had charged young Austin and whispered suspicions into the mind of Sir Samuel. Now the truth would come out, and they would all turn upon him, and his master would have to be told. Who would tell him? How could they tell him? Yet he must be told. And what would be done to the jealous servant? And how could the old lawyer, with such a knowledge about himself, continue to work at his office? All was finished. He would be sent about his business. His master would go home and stay there—with an attendant. How could he continue to live without his work to do? What would he do all day? With whom would he talk? Everything finished and done with. Everything—

He stood, therefore, stricken dumb, humble, waiting for reproof.

'Are you ill, Checkley?' asked Mr Dering. 'You look ill. What is the matter?'

'I am not ill,' he replied in a hollow voice, with a dismal shake of the head. 'I am not exactly ill. Yes, I am ill. I tried to put your table in order for you this morning, but I couldn't, I really couldn't. I feel as if I couldn't never do anything for you—never again. After sixty years' service, it's hard to feel like that.'

He moved to the table and began mechanically laying the papers straight.

'No one has touched your table but me for sixty years. It's hard to think that another hand will do this for you—and do it quite as well, you'll think. That's what we get for faithful service.' He put the papers all wrong, because his old eyes were dimmed with unaccustomed moisture. Checkley had long since ceased to weep over the sorrows of others, even in the most moving situations, when, for instance, he himself carried off the sticks instead of the rent. But no man is so old that he cannot weep over his own misfortunes. Checkley's eye was therefore dimmed with the tear of Compassion, which is the sister of Charity.

'I do not understand you this morning, Checkley. Have you had any unpleasantness with Mr Austin—with any of the people?'

'No—no. Only that I had better go before I am turned out. That's all. That's all'—he repeated the words in despair. 'Nothing but that.'

'Who is going to turn you out? What do you mean, Checkley? What the devil do you mean by going on like this? Am I not master here? Who can turn you out?'

'You can, sir, and you will—and I'd rather, if you'll excuse the liberty, go out of my own accord. I'm a small man—only a very small man—but, thank God! I've got enough to give me a crust of bread and cheese to live upon.'

'I tell you what, Checkley: you had better go home and lie down and rest a little. You are upset. Now, at our age we can't afford to be upset. Go home, and be easy. Old friends don't part quite so easily as you think.' Mr Dering spoke kindly and gently. One must be patient with so old a servant.

Checkley sobbed and choked. Like a child he sobbed. Like a child of four, Checkley choked and sniffed. 'You don't understand,' he said. 'Oh, no—you can't understand. It's what I saw last night.'

'This is very wonderful. What did you see? A ghost?'

'Worse than a ghost—who cares for a ghost? Ghosts can't turn a man out of his place and bring him to be a laughing-stock. No—no. It was a man that I saw, not a ghost.'

'If you can find it possible to talk reasonably'—Mr Dering took his chair and tore open an envelope—'when you can find it possible to talk reasonably, I will listen. Meantime, I really think that you had better go home and lie down for an hour or two. Your nerves are shaken; you hardly know what you are saying.'

'I was in Gray's Inn yesterday evening. By accident, at eight.' He spoke in gasps, watching his master curiously. 'By accident—not spying.

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No—by accident. On my way to my club—at the *Salutation*. Walking through South Square. Not thinking of anything. Looking about me—careless-like.

'South Square, Gray's Inn. That is the place where the man Edmund Gray lives: the man we want to find and cannot find.'

'Oh! Lord! Lord!' exclaimed the clerk. 'Is it possible?' He lifted his hand and raised his eyes to heaven and groaned. Then he resumed his narrative.

'Coming through the passage, I looked up to the windows of No. 22—Mr Edmund Gray's Chambers, you know.'

'I believe so.' Mr Dering's face betrayed no emotion at all. 'Go on; I am told so.'

'In the window I saw Mr Edmund Gray himself—himself.'

'Curious. You have seen him—but why not?'

'The man we've all been so anxious to find. The man who endorsed the cheque and wrote the letters and got the papers—there he was!'

'Question of identity. How did you know him, since you had never seen him before?'

This question Checkley shirked.

'He came down-stairs five minutes afterwards, while I was still looking up at the windows. Came down-stairs, and walked out of the Square—made as if he was going out by way of Raymond's Buildings—much as if he might be going to Bedford Row.'

'These details are unimportant. Again—how did you know him?'

'I asked the Policeman who the gentleman was. He said it was Mr Edmund Gray. I asked the newspaper boy at the Holborn entrance. He said it was Mr Edmund Gray, and that everybody knew him.'

'So everybody knows him. Well, Checkley, I see nothing so very remarkable about your seeing a man so well known in the Inn. It adds nothing to our knowledge. That he exists, we know already. What share, if any, he has had in this case of ours remains still a mystery. Unless, that is, you have found out something else.'

Checkley gazed upon his master with a kind of stupor. 'No—no,' he murmured. 'I can't.'

'What did you do, when you found out that it was the man?'

'Nothing.'

'You did nothing. Well—under the circumstances I don't know what you could have done.'

'And he walked away.'

'Oh! He walked away. Very important indeed.—But, Checkley, this story does not in the least account for your strange agitation this morning. Have you anything more to tell me? I see that you have, but you seem to experience more than usual difficulty in getting it out.'

The clerk hesitated. 'Do you,' he asked at last—'do you—happen—to know Gray's Inn?'

'I daresay I have been there—years ago. Why?'

'Oh! you haven't been there lately, have you?'

'Not lately—not for forty years, or some such considerable period. Why?'

'I thought you might yourself have met Mr Edmund Gray—been to his chambers, perhaps.'

Mr Dering sat upright and laid his hand upon

his letters. 'Checkley,' he said, 'I am always willing to make allowance for people in mental distress, but I think I have made allowance enough. Come to the point. Have you lost any money?'

'No—no; not so bad as that—but bad enough. No, I couldn't afford to lose money. I haven't got enough to spare any. But I got a shock—kind of stroke—partly because of the man I met, and partly because of the person with him.'

'Oh! who was that? Are we arriving at something?'

'I hadn't told you that. The person who was sitting at the open window with him, who came down-stairs with him, and walked out of the Square with him, was no other than your own ward, Miss Elsie Arundel herself!'

'Oh! why not?', asked Mr Dering carelessly. 'She told me yesterday, was it? that she knows him.'

'If it had been any one else she was with,' he replied, mixing up his grammar—'if it had been any one else who was with her—I wouldn't have been surprised! But to see the two together. That gave me a turn that I can't get over.'

'Still—why not? Miss Elsie Arundel has already told me that she is acquainted with Mr Edmund Gray.'

'What? She has told you—she has actually told you? Oh! what has she told you? Oh! Lord! Lord! What is a man to say or to do? She told you—what is best to do?' He wrung his hands in his distress and his perplexity.

'I cannot understand, Checkley,' said Mr Dering with emphasis, 'the reason for this display of excitement. Why should she not tell me or anybody else? Do you suppose that my ward is doing anything clandestine? She has told me that she is acquainted with this man. She asserts further—that we have made a great mistake about him. What she means, I cannot understand. She says, in fact, that this gentleman is a perfectly honourable person. It is possible that he has deceived her. It is also possible that the name of Edmund Gray had been wrongfully used in the papers which belong to the case. Certainly it was an Edmund Gray who endorsed the first cheque; and an Edmund Gray having an address at 22 South Square whose name is connected with the later business. Well, we shall see presently.—When do you take out the warrant for the arrest of this man? By the way, Elsie Arundel implores me not to allow that step. When are you going to do it?'

'This morning, I was going to do it. Everything is ready—but—'

'But what?'

'I can't do it now.'

'The man is clean gone off his head.'

'Leave it till to-morrow—only to-morrow, or Monday. Before then, something is certain to turn up. Oh! certain sure it is. Something must turn up.'

'There is certainly something that you are keeping behind, Checkley. Well—wait till Monday. To-day is Saturday. He can't do very much mischief between this and Monday.—That's enough about Edmund Gray. Now, here is another point, to which I want a direct answer from you. My brother asserts, I believe on your authority, that Atheist Arundel has been living

in a low and profligate manner in some London suburb, and that he was in rags and poverty early this year. What is your authority for this?

'Why, I heard him confess—or not deny—that he'd been living in Camberwell in bad company. It was at the *Salutation* I heard it. He didn't see me. I'd got my head behind a paper. He never denied it.'

'Humph!—And about the rags?'

'I don't know anything about the rags.'

'Very likely there is as much foundation for the one charge as for the other. Three or four years ago, he was in America, to my knowledge. He wrote to me from America. I now learn, on the authority of his sister, that he only came back a month ago, and that he has been and is still in the service of an American paper. What have you got to say to that?'

'Nothing. I don't feel as if I could say anything. It's all turned upsy down. That won't do, I suppose, no more than the rest.'

'But, my friend, if that is true, your theory of conspiracy and confederacy, which you took so much pains to build up, falls to the ground as far as Athelstan is concerned.'

'Yes.—Oh! I haven't nothing to say.' It was a mark of the trouble which possessed him that his language reverted to that of his young days, before he had learned the art of correct speech from the copying of legal documents. He preserved the same attitude with bent head and hanging hands, a sad and pitiful object.

'Since Athelstan was not in London during the months of March and April, he could have had no hand in the later forgeries. And it is acknowledged that the same hand was concerned both in the earlier and the later business.'

'Yes—yes—the same hand. Oh! yes—the same hand,' he repeated with pathos unintelligible to his master. 'The same hand—the same hand; yes—yes—the same hand—that's the devil of it—same hand done it all.'

'Then what becomes of your charge against my young Partner? You were extremely fierce about it. So was my brother. You had no proofs—nor had he. If the same hand was in both forgeries, it could not have been the hand of George Austin. What do you say to that?'

'Nothing. I'm never going—still standing hands hanging—to say anything again as long as I live.'

'But you were very fierce about it, Checkley. You must either find more proofs or withdraw your accusation.'

'Oh! if that's all, I withdraw—I withdraw everything.'

'Why did you bring that charge then, Checkley? You've been making yourself very busy over the character of my Partner. You have permitted yourself to say things in the office before the clerks about him. If it turns out that he has had nothing to do with the business, you will be in a very serious position.'

'I withdraw—I withdraw everything,' the old clerk replied, but not meekly. He was prepared to withdraw, but only because he was forced.

'Remember, too, that it was you who brought the charge against young Arundel.'

'I withdraw—I withdraw everything.'

'You went so far as to remember—the other

day—having seen him replace the notes in the safe. What do you say to that?'

'I withdraw.'

'But it was a direct statement—the testimony of an eye-witness. Was it true or not?—I don't know you this morning, Checkley. First, you appear shaking and trembling: then you tell me things which seem in no way to warrant so much agitation. Next, you withdraw an accusation which ought never to have been made except with the strongest proof. And now you wish to withdraw an alleged fact.'

Checkley shook his head helplessly.

'I acknowledge that the business remains as mysterious as before. Nothing has been found out. But there remains an evident and savage animosity on your part towards two young gentlemen in succession. Why? What have they done to you?'

Checkley made reply in bold words, but still standing with hanging hands: 'I withdraw the animosity. I withdraw everything. As for young Arundel, he was a supercilious beast. We were dirt beneath his feet. The whole earth belonged to him. He used to imitate my ways of speaking, and he used to make the clerks laugh at me. I hated him then. I hate him still. It was fun to him that an old man nigh seventy, with no education, shouldn't speak like a young gentleman of Oxford and Cambridge College. He used to stick his hat on the back of his head as if it was a crown, and he'd slam the door after him as if he was a Partner. I hated him. I was never so glad as when he ran away in a rage. He was coming between you and me, too—oh! I saw it. Cunning he was. Laying his lines for to come between you and me.'

'Why—you were jealous, Checkley.'

'I was glad when he ran away. And I always thought he'd done it, too. As for seeing him put the cheque back in the safe, I perceive now that I never did see him do it. Yet I seemed to think at the time that I'd remembered seeing him do a kind of a sort of a something like it. I now perceive that I was wrong. He never done it. He hadn't the wits to contrive it. That sort is never half sharp. Too fine gentleman for such a trick.—Oh! I know what you are going to say next. How about the second young fellow? I hate him too. I hate him because he's the same supercilious beast as the other, and because he's been able to get round you. He's carneyed you—no fool like an old fool—and flattered you—till you've made him a Partner. I've worked for you heart and soul for sixty years and more, and this boy comes in and cuts me out in a twelvemonth.'

'Well! but Checkley—hang it!—I wouldn't make you a Partner.'

'You didn't want no Partners. You could do your work, and I could do mine and yours too, even if you did want to go asleep of an afternoon.'

'This is grave, however. You hated Mr Austin, and therefore you bring against him this foul charge. This is very grave, Checkley.'

'No—I thought he was guilty. I did, indeed. Everything pointed that way. And I don't understand about young Arundel, because he came into the *Salutation* with the Cambridge gentleman who gets drunk there every night,



and he said that he'd lived at Camberwell for eight years with bad company as I wouldn't name to you, sir. I thought he was guilty. I did, indeed.'

'And now?'

'Oh! now it is all over. Everything's upsy down. Nobody's guilty. I know now that he hasn't had anything to do with it. He's a young man of very slow intelligence and inferior parts. He couldn't have had anything to do with it. We ought to have known that.'

'Well—but who has done it, after all?'

'That's it.' Checkley was so troubled that he dropped into a chair in the presence of his master. 'That's it. Who's done it? Don't you know who done it? No—I see you don't so much as suspect. No more don't I. Else—what to do—what to say—Lord only knows!' He turned and ran—he scuttled out of the room, banging the door behind him.

'He's mad,' said Mr Dering. 'Poor man! Age makes men forgetful, but it has driven Checkley mad.'

#### THE COLOURS OF THE SEA.

NINE people out of ten, if asked to make a definite statement as to the colour of the water of the ocean, would unhesitatingly pronounce it to be blue. 'The deep blue sea' and 'the azure main' are familiar expressions, and the blueness of the ocean is looked upon as its unvarying attribute. Yet the sea that fringes our shores is not blue; its colour is a much nearer approach to green; and in other parts of the world the departure from the tint that is supposed to belong peculiarly to the world of waters is even more marked. From the earliest days, mariners have been struck by the variation in the colours of the sea. The hardy Phœnician sailors, when first they ventured away from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, were astonished to find themselves floating on seas that seemed to belong to another world, so different was their hue; and at a later day, Columbus and the other hardy pioneers in the discovery of the New World were equally surprised at the various coloured waters which they encountered. This change of colour in the sea was a phenomenon that influenced the superstitious and faint-hearted amongst those venturesome crews more than any other cause except the trade-winds: the wrath of Heaven seemed to them to be pictured in the unwonted tints which the familiar element assumed; and all the tact and firmness of their leaders was needed to combat the feelings thus aroused. Broadly speaking, the waters of the ocean may be divided into two colours—blue and green: the former prevailing in the tropics; the latter, in the higher latitudes. It has been proved that the blueness of sea-water holds a constant ratio to its saltness; that is to say, the greater the amount of salt present in it, the more vivid the shade of blue that it assumes. The specific gravity of green sea-water is less than that of blue; so, when the colour of the ocean is observed to change from blue to bluish green, and from bluish green to green, it may be taken for granted that it decreases at the same time

in saltness and weight. The waters that surround these islands and stretch between them and the North Pole are by the continual melting of the ice of the Arctic Circle made fresher than the waters that lie under the burning skies of the tropics; and because they are fresher, they are green instead of blue.

There are numerous exceptions to the broad rule that we have enunciated; but, as exceptions should, they only serve to make its truth more apparent. For instance, great tracts of green water may be met with in the neighbourhood of the Cape Verd and the Canary Islands, where generally the ocean shows an unvarying shade of blue. This is caused by the mighty flood of fresh water which the river Congo pours into the ocean there; and as the mouth of this great stream is neared, the waters lose their blueness more and more completely, until they pass from green into the brown which marks the actual mouth of the river. Every one knows that river-water is lighter than the salt water of the ocean, and this lighter water floats on the top of the heavier, spreading out for a distance of hundreds of miles on either side of such a huge artery as the Congo. The frigate *Gazelle*, which was sent out by the German government for the purpose of exploring the ocean and laying bare some of its secrets, furnished a convincing proof of the difference in colour between river and sea water. Both on entering and leaving the mouth of the Congo, the action of her screw was observed to bring up water from below the surface which formed a broad green track at her wake; while the brown waters of the river continued to flow on either side, and gradually closed over the green path which showed the true colour of the ocean there.

In the same way as green water is found within the tropics, water of the intense, vivid blue usually peculiar to the equator and its neighbourhood is met with in the more temperate latitudes, that commonly exhibit sea-water of a bluish-green or green pure and simple. The blue waters of the Mediterranean, culminating in the wonderful ultramarine of the Grotto of Capri, seem out of place, until we consider that a comparatively small amount of fresh river-water finds its way into this land-locked sea, resulting in a state of saltness of its waters which renders them of the brilliant hue that is so charming a feature of the scenery of Southern Europe. The Gulf-stream, again, that grand dispenser of warmth gathered from the fervid sun of the tropics, gives another example of the presence of blue waters in high latitudes. It preserves the azure tint which marks the seas whence it originates long after it has left them, and right across the Atlantic carries a shade of blue that reminds the sailor in the ship crossing it of brighter seas and skies than are ever seen outside the tropics. The current that flows towards the equator from the north, called the Labrador Current, meets the Gulf-stream between the Banks of Newfoundland and the Bermuda Islands, with the result that the Atlantic is there divided into broad stripes of blue and green-blue where the southern-born waters are making their way to temper the cold of less genial climes; green where the northern stream is flowing along bearing its chill flood to the sunny south.

The colour of the Red Sea has been at one time and another ascribed to a variety of causes. It is really owing to the presence of innumerable microscopic algae; but red sand and red animalcules have both been advanced as the reason for the peculiar hue of the water of this sea, the shores of which are the hottest spot on the face of the earth. The White and Black Seas are named from the never-melting snow and ice which surround the one, and the bleak inhospitable shores and sudden tempests of the other.

Minute algae, called 'diatoms,' are responsible for the black waters that are often met with in the northern seas. Whalers always seek these tracts of dark water, as they know that there they are most likely to encounter the objects of their search. The little animals upon which whales feed are supported by diatoms, which are consequently the indirect cause of the presence of the huge sea-mammal in the waters which they blacken by their inconceivable numbers. The Yellow Sea derives its colour from the presence of a minute vegetable organism similar to that which gives to the Red Sea its distinctive hue. Darwin, in the account of his voyage round the world in the *Beagle*, adduces two interesting instances of coloured waters in the following words: 'On the coast of Chili, a few leagues north of Concepcion, the *Beagle* one day passed through great banks of muddy water, exactly like that of a swollen river; and again, a degree south of Valparaiso, when fifty miles from the land, the same appearance was still more extensive. Some of the water placed in a glass was a pale reddish tint, and examined under a microscope, was seen to swarm with minute animalcules, darting about, and often exploding. They are exceedingly minute, and quite invisible to the naked eye, only covering a space equal to the square of one-thousandth of an inch. Their numbers were infinite; for the smallest drop of water which I could remove contained very many. In one day we passed through two spaces of water thus stained, one of which alone must have extended over several square miles. What incalculable numbers of these microscopical animals! The colour of the water as seen at some distance was like that of a river that has flowed through a red clay district; but under the shade of the vessel's side it was quite as dark as chocolate. In the sea round Tierra del Fuego, and at no great distance from the land, I have seen narrow lines of water of a bright red colour, from the number of crustacea, which somewhat resemble in form large prawns. The sealers call them "whale-food." Whether whales feed on them I do not know; but terns, cormorants, and immense herds of great unwieldy seals, derive, on some parts of the coast, their chief sustenance from these swimming crabs.'

Many purely local causes influence the colours of marine waters, and give them certain decided and constant shades. Thus, a bottom of white sand will communicate a grayish colour to the sea, if it be not very deep; while yellow sand will give a sort of apple-green tint. The presence of rocks lends a deep shade to the water that covers them. Red sand exists on the bed of the ocean at some places, notably the Bay of Loango, and here the waters assume a deep red hue. These are some of the more prominent

instances of the variety of colours that different circumstances give to water which in every instance appears perfectly transparent and colourless when viewed in an untinted vase.

## THE OLD BARGE.

### CHAPTER II.—WITH THE EBB.

MEANWHILE, Rotherford had stood on the ferry steps, watching Bertha's retreating figure until the twilight had hid her from view. He had then gone to his boat and cautiously rowed down stream, with the wind and rain driving up against the tide and growing rougher as the night fell. He kept close under the bank, out of the rapid current. His intention was to pull alongside Landrick's barge while there was still a gleam of light, make fast there, and remain on the alert till daybreak. And although the prospect was anything but promising, even to an ardent lover, David Rotherford would have gone through a severer ordeal for Bertha's sake. For was not this solitary night-watch on the Thames under her very window? And within doors—as he judged by the light—she was keeping night-watch too. He came up alongside the barge as noiselessly as possible in order not to disturb Landrick, and attached his boat to the stern, where his presence would not be suspected.

The tide had begun to ebb. Rotherford listened intently for the slightest noise. All that Bertha had told him about the weird midnight voices on the river recurred to him now. The wind blew boisterously, and in the sound he imagined that he heard whisperings on all sides; and he frequently peered round with a strong conviction that there was a noiseless figure moving about on the barge—a black, crawling thing, like a huge spider, and blacker than the night. So strong did this conviction become that at last he resolved to go stealthily on board and satisfy himself concerning the dark shadow. If it existed only in his brain so much the better; if not—

Suddenly the barge began to move—move slowly out of the creek towards mid-stream; and Rotherford's boat, swinging round, glided after it—glided away with the ebbing tide! Rotherford could hardly believe his senses. It was like a dream—a strange nightmare. His first thought was to raise an alarm; but as he opened his lips the thought flashed across him that the figure—a dim moving figure now—was on the deck and creeping towards the cabin; and were he to cry out, his boat would be cut adrift. It was still in his power to leap on board the barge and go to Landrick's aid.

As the figure went into the cabin, leaving the barge to take its course with the tide, Rotherford drew alongside and crept up into the stern, advancing on hands and feet across the deck towards the little skylight. His heart throbbed loudly as he looked down. The cabin lamp, still hanging in its place, was burning brightly, and its light fell upon the dark eager visage of John Morison. His figure was bent forward, and his hands—no longer employed in mending nets—were busily occupied in opening a cupboard over Landrick's head. The old bargeman was lying asleep in his bunk; he was enveloped in a rough coat; and



over this coat was a quantity of netting. Should he awake suddenly and attempt to rise, he must become entangled in this web. This was obviously the "spider's" handiwork, thought Rotherford. The intention was doubtless to throw Landrick into confusion while he completed his purpose and made his escape.

In another moment Rotherford was standing at the cabin door. Morison's arm was already plunged into the cupboard. As Rotherford's shadow fell upon him he looked round: a gasping cry escaped him, and the box dropped ringing and clinking upon the floor. The man sprang towards Rotherford, more with the intention of making his escape than of showing fight; but Davy caught him by the throat, flung him down as he would have done a dog, and stood over him ready to repeat the action should he move. But Morison made no attempt to rise; he lay cringing at the other's feet, and trembling from head to foot.

The ringing sound of the iron box, or more possibly the money inside it, had roused Landrick. He started up on his elbow and stared at these two men as though he doubted whether he were awake. The one man, standing silently over the other under the dim light of the barge-lamp, was as startling and unexpected as any dream could be.

Davy was the first to break the silence. 'Mr Landrick,' said he, in a rapid manner, 'the barge is adrift! Throw that netting off you, if you can, and get to the tiller. The tide's ebbing fast. We shall be down on Battersea Bridge and broken to pieces against the timber, if you're not quick. I'll look to this fellow: it's all his work.'

'Let him go, Davy!' cried the old bargeman—'let him go overboard, or I shall pitch him there. Let him take his choice.'

Rotherford obeyed. He stepped back a pace to allow Morison to rise. 'You hear?' said he.

Morison had heard. He instantly sprang to his feet and glanced round with an air of desperation. There was a slight gleam of light in the sky. The day was breaking. It was just light enough to indicate objects over the river and on either bank, in dark uncertain outline. The nearest object—and it was the one that instantly caught Morison's quick eye—was Rotherford's boat at the stern. He ran aft and flung himself into it. A minute afterwards he was rowing away in the semi-darkness; and the very fluttering of the sculls upon the water expressed the creature's abject fright.

Old Landrick now seized the tiller and pointed down-stream. 'Davy,' said he, 'that's Battersea Bridge yonder. Stand steady. We shall be upon her, I'm afeared, afore we can get the barge righted for shootin' between the piles. Stand steady, lad, and a sharp lookout!' he added; 'ay, there's rocks ahead!'

Rotherford made no reply. He bent down and kept his eyes fixed upon such dim outlines of the bridge as were indicated in the uncertain morning light.

It was a dark mass, with some dozen oil-lamps at equal distances, spanning the Thames. This wooden structure, which connected the antique parish of Battersea with Old Chelsea, was an object of dread to all who navigated 'above bridge.' Its history stretches back a century or

more. During the severe winter of '95 the bridge had been considerably damaged by huge blocks of accumulated ice, that had become attached to the piles, drawing them rudely at the rise of the tide. It was not until the end of the last century, about the period of this tale, that the bridge was even lighted with lamps: it was indeed the only wooden one that possessed this poor accommodation. In those days the bridge had nineteen openings, varying from thirty-one feet in the centre to sixteen at the ends: the piers were formed of groups of timber piles with a clear headway of fifteen feet under the centre span at high-water. It was towards this centre that Landrick now exercised all his ingenuity to direct the barge. No harder task could have been set a bargee in broad daylight; but it was still practically night; only a glimmer of dawn, in dusky gray, stretched across the sky beyond the openings under the bridge. And the tide was ebbing faster now, was carrying this old and slender craft straight down upon the massive piles; and only a miracle could prevent a collision.

No words passed between Landrick and his young companion. Each was at his post. Rotherford stood in the forepart of the barge-boat, hook in hand, and with a 'fender' ready if needed to deaden the blow. The old bargeman, with a firm grasp upon the tiller, looked keenly ahead. He knew that his cabin home—his iron box that contained all his savings—his life and Davy's too—depended upon such skill as he possessed, such as time and tide were doing their utmost to defeat. A minute more—one more gleam of daylight and a slower tide—and the barge might be saved! But that could not be: to shoot between the piles at so narrow an opening was now impossible. The barge swung round. Rotherford shouted loudly and ran aft—shouted to Landrick to let go the tiller and cling to the rope astern for his life. A moment afterwards there was a crash; the barge creaked and shivered, and began to settle down among the piles, with the water rushing in through a leak in her side.

#### CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

When Bertha discovered that the barge was gone from its moorings, she did not lose her presence of mind: she kept a cool head and acted promptly. Passing with her lantern farther within the creek, and walking at the water's edge, she came upon a little tub of a boat. It belonged to her grandfather; and it was one which she had used for crossing the river since she was a child. The boat was propelled by dropping a short oar over the stern, and screwing in fish-tail fashion to and fro. The girl stepped into this boat, fixed the oar, and began to work her course out into the river. The barge could have taken but one direction—down-stream with the tide. And in that direction she now began to urge the boat, making but slight noise with the oar. She listened and looked about her, wondering where Rotherford could be. Had he not promised her that he would watch the night through?

The deep silence on all sides troubled her. And even the gleam of light that came into the sky only roused a momentary sense of reassurance. For the sight of the dark bridge brought a dreadful thought to her brain and awoke

sudden terror and despair. She felt the danger; and now the gleam of daybreak came to show her, like a beacon, where that danger lay. She could not hide from herself that the barge, with her grandfather on board, had probably sunk to the bottom of the river. And in the dead of night! It was horrible to think of. But where was Davy? The mere thought of him gave her courage. Had he gone for aid? He must know what had happened: he had feared to alarm her. She paused in her rowing and called to Rotherford by name: 'Davy!'

But no answer came back to her across the river—not a sound. The sense of loneliness and dread grew upon her now; and yet she persevered, screwing vigorously at the oar—hurrying on towards Battersea Bridge with the tide racing after her and dancing in dark eddies round her boat. As she neared the bridge, always listening with intentness, she fancied that she heard voices—voices among the shadowy piles. Her heart beat loudly. She went down on her knees and began working like a mad woman at the oar. In her anguish she again cried out: 'Davy—Davy!'

At last! It was his voice: it came to her from under the bridge and urged her to fresh exertion: 'Bertha! we are here—your grandfather and I, and the barge is sinking fast. Can't you see us?—There! Now ship your oar. I can hold the boat.—Can't you see us now?'

Bertha could see nothing—hear nothing. A darkness deeper than the night came across her eyes; her senses were forsaking her; and as Rotherford reached out his hand and brought the boat alongside the sinking barge, the girl dropped down unconscious in the stern.

In a moment old Landrick had stepped into the boat and Davy too, but not a moment too soon. Rotherford had scarcely taken the oar and pushed the boat clear of the woodwork under the bridge, when the barge rolled upon its broken side and went down stern foremost. The tide swept over it, eddying and gurgling among the piles.

'Gone!' cried Landrick with a groan. 'Home and savings too, Davy, all swallowed up. I'm a ruined man.'

Rotherford answered angrily: 'Come, come, Mr Landrick! What are you thinking about? If it hadn't been for Bertha, we should have been swallowed up too. Look to your grand-daughter, sir. Don't you see she has fainted?'

'Ay, ay. Poor thing!' and he bent down over her.

Rotherford, setting the boat's head against the tide and getting free of the bridge, steered towards the ferry steps where he and Bertha had met in the twilight on the previous evening.

Nothing more was seen of John Morison. But Rotherford afterwards learned that the notorious *Red House* tavern in Battersea Fields—in those days a den of gamblers and thieves—had been his favourite resort. It then became evident, even to the old bargeman, that the net-mending was a mere pretext for discovering the best means of gaining possession of the iron box which Landrick had guarded day and night in the barge cabin ever since he had taken up his moorings beside the thatched house.

At low tide, when Rotherford rowed back with

Landrick under Battersea Bridge to examine the spot where the barge had sunk, they were not a little surprised to discover the old craft lying half out of water. Upon closer inspection, it was found that she had got caught among the piles, and had become wedged in between them so firmly that there was no likelihood of her sinking deeper if she could be recovered before the tide broke her to pieces.

The difficulty proved comparatively slight. On the following day, at low tide, the barge was buoyed up and towed back to its moorings. But it was no longer habitable: there was a great hole in the stern as well as in one side. Landrick was compelled to take up his quarters in the thatched house, and here he soon settled down, mending nets all day long, and in the evening sitting down opposite Mrs Landrick in the chimney corner.

The iron box was found upon the cabin floor, where it had fallen. And when David Rotherford had won Bertha's hand, and become a partner in his father's firm, he induced Landrick to invest his savings in the lighterman's business, where they proved far more profitable than when lying 'cabin and confined' on board the old barge.

#### SOME CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN SCOTLAND.

ALONG the northern and north-eastern coasts of Scotland there are many towns and villages whose populations consist mainly of fishing-folk. These people live as a class unto themselves. They have their own peculiar customs and their own deep-rooted superstitions. Amongst these, marriage is the occasion for many a strange ceremony which is unknown in other classes of society.

On the shores of the Moray Firth—the spot need not be more specifically localised—there is a flourishing little village of some fourteen hundred inhabitants, consisting chiefly of fisher-folk. Every autumn at the close of the herring-fishing there is a succession of weddings in the village, and the superstitious and uniform customs associated with these ceremonies are interesting and somewhat unique. The young man and maiden do not court in the orthodox fashion. Their method is much more prosaic, and what is characteristic of one case may generally be accepted as characteristic of them all. There is, of course, an occasional instance of genuine good old-fashioned courtship, but that is rather a rare exception.

'Mother,' said one young man on his return from a successful herring-fishing, 'I'm goan to get merrid.'

'Weel, Jeems; a' think ye sh'd just gang an ask yer cousin Märack.' And as he had no particular preference, he went straight away to ask her.

'Wull ye tak me, Märack?' was the brusque and business-like query which he put to the young woman in the presence of her sister Bella.

But Mary had promised her hand to another that same evening. 'I canna tak ye, Jeems,' was her reply; and then, turning to her sister: 'Tak ye 'im, Bellack.' And the sister took him.

Here is another instance, and the difference of



method is not very pronounced. Meg was a young woman of some nineteen summers, fairly good-looking, as the majority of the girls are. She was visiting a neighbouring house, when her mother put her head in at the door and addressed her: 'Yer cousin Danny is doon the hoose askin' if ye'll hae 'im.'

'Tell 'im to come an' ask,' is Meg's sensible answer. And when Danny forthwith comes and repeats the request, Meg simply says: 'Ay, Danny.'

These specimens, with slight variation, are of the most common occurrence. The young folks sometimes have no immediate expectation of receiving an offer of marriage. They may anticipate a 'Wull ye tak me?' from some one when they think their turn has come; but as often as not they have no indication beforehand of who the particular swain is to be. It must not be supposed that the young man is always successful in his advances. There is at least one authentic case in the village where the would-be proposer was refused by five successive young women in the course of the same evening.

When the offer of a young man is accepted, he is said to be 'contracted,' and there is no delay in carrying through the other necessary formalities. They forthwith go through the ceremony called 'benking,' which is the localism for booking. The benking consists simply of entering the names of the contracting parties in the Registrar's book for proclamation. If either party resiles from the contract, a fine of forty pounds Scots (£3, 6s. 8d. sterling) is exacted from the defaulter. From the time of the benking until the marriage, which takes place a fortnight or three weeks later, the bridegroom, as he now comes to be named, never goes to sea in pursuit of his calling. In refraining from going to sea until the marriage, he is carrying out a fixed and established rule. In the interval there are many things to be done. The young man proceeds to purchase some few necessities for himself and his bride, procures the little furniture required for their house, and generally makes arrangements for the stocking of the household. He invariably presents his bride with one or two requisites, in which custom appears never to allow him any latitude. A dress, a pair of boots, and a Paisley shawl or plaid of good dimensions, are procured for presentation to the young woman against her wedding day; and in these she is borne to the altar.

The benking usually takes place on a Friday, and as a rule the invitations to the marriage are given upon the same evening. The invitations are issued in a simple and primitive manner. The bridegroom chooses a best-man and the bride a best-maid, and these two important functionaries, having received their instructions, proceed to bid the friends of the respective parties to the wedding. They go from house to house and verbally deliver their message, the best-man going to the bridegroom's friends and the best-maid to the bride's. Any one who receives an invitation of a later date, or by any other method, views it very much in the nature of a 'piper's bidding.'

A peculiar and somewhat oriental ceremony takes place on the evening before the marriage: this consists of the washing of the bride's feet.

A few of the girl's principal female friends only are invited to this ceremony; and although it is viewed as a solemn rite, without which the marriage would be incomplete and unlucky, yet it must be confessed that the ordeal is usually carried through with considerable levity and good-natured fun. The bride as a rule just dips her feet in the tub, and the washing is at an end. But the ceremony does not end there. The young woman, on the withdrawal of her feet from the tub, drops a ring and a shilling into the water, whereupon there is a struggle by the girls who are present for possession of these articles. The one who secures the ring will be the next to get married, and the finder of the shilling will have the most of this world's goods and gear. In the excitement and fun which ensue, there is a rush to the chimney for soot, and a general attempt at blackening each other's faces takes place. When the fun is at its height, an expected visitor is ushered into the room. This proves to be the bridegroom, who approaches the bride, and in a very matter-of-fact way hands her the pair of boots which he has purchased for her. Inside one of the boots there is a small present for the bride, consisting of seven or eight shillings in silver for her own particular use. Before the party breaks up, all present receive a general invitation to breakfast on the morrow—that is, the wedding day. Other verbal invitations to breakfast are also issued—some to the house of the bride's, and others to the house of the bridegroom's, parents. This concludes the ceremonies of the evening.

On Friday the marriage is celebrated. It is always on a Friday, which is a curious reversal of the popular superstition attaching to that particular day. The first important event of the wedding day is the breakfast, which goes on at the house of the bride's parents and at the house of the bridegroom's at the same time. The breakfast may occupy over an hour, and then the guests go home to dress for the wedding. The marriage guests proper are usually more numerous than those who have been invited to the breakfast.

The marriage invariably takes place in church, about one o'clock in the afternoon. Shortly before that hour the bride's invited guests begin to assemble at her parents' door and form into couples on the roadway. Then the bride issues forth with her best-man on one side and her best-maid on the other, and the three, arm-in-arm, take their places at the head of the guests. But the procession must be preceded by at least two married couples fairly advanced in years, and without them the company is not complete. With one or two married couples in the van there is good luck and omen. In this order, then, the procession wends its way to the church, two deep, and the couples arm-in-arm. When they reach the church, most of the guests take their seats near the officiating clergyman, with the bride and her best man and maid in the front pew. But a few of the party leave the building immediately the others are seated. The object of their doing so is to proceed to the house of the bridegroom and inform the party there that the bride is ready. Then the same order of procession of the bridegroom's party takes place—the bridegroom leaning on the arm of his best-

man on one side and of his best-maid on the other, and the whole company preceded by two or three married couples, as in the case of the bride's procession. The bride's guests meantime have been waiting in the church, doing nothing. There is nothing unusual in the ceremony performed by the clergyman; it is in the orthodox fashion.

When the ceremony is ended, the whole of the guests of both parties re-form in front of the church; and, with the four or five elderly married couples leading, the newly-married pair coming next, and the whole body of guests following, the company—consisting often of forty or fifty couples—marches back in procession to the house of the bride's parents. On the way, many of the party scatter coppers and sweets amongst the spectators on the roadway, and not infrequently special offerings are handed by the processionists to favoured onlookers. At the door of her parents' house, bread is broken on the head of the bride; and then the guests disband. Most of the women go into the house; and many of the men repair to a public-house to drink, on their own account, to the health of the newly-married couple. Outside the door of the house a crowd has collected, largely composed of children. To them are thrown offerings of currant cake and sweets, for which there is a general scramble, and much innocent fun is indulged in by the children, to whom a wedding is a great event.

In due time the minister who has married the young couple puts in an appearance, for to him falls the duty, at a fisher wedding, of cutting the marriage cake. The room in which the ceremony takes place is crowded with the guests of both parties, and refreshments are passed round. With much talk and many congratulations half an hour is pleasantly spent, and then the apartment is cleared, to make way for the laying of the dinner tables. In the interval the guests fill up the time as they please, usually in walking about the streets and greeting friends and neighbours. In the course of about an hour dinner is ready.

The dinner ceremony of a fisher wedding is a function peculiar unto itself. It goes on in two houses at the same time, the bride's party partaking of the meal at the table of her parents, and the bridegroom's party at that of his parents, just as in the case of the breakfast. As the married pair cannot be in two places at the same time, they give preference by custom to the bride's guests, and take up a prominent position at the dinner table. But it is doubtful if they always enjoy that dinner. Their freedom of movement is somewhat circumscribed. Whilst the other guests are enjoying their dinner in a rational manner, the poor young man and wife are penalised by the restrictions of a custom which is as inconvenient as it is unique. They are not each allowed a plate from which they can separately partake of the food provided. A plate of soup of which the first course consists is placed *between* them, and they are compelled to sup from it turn about, neither of them being permitted to take two spoonfuls in succession. The division of labour has to be equal and uniform. The effort is somewhat awkward for both parties, but it is performed in good-humour, and to the satisfactory fulfilment of an unwritten law which is more

binding than statutory enactment. The second course is served up in like manner to the first, and the young couple are again restricted to a joint supply on a single dish. The difficulty of eating from the same plate is even more marked in this instance than in the case of the soup supply. A spoon is not so difficult to handle as a knife and fork, and how they manage to wield the double instrument whilst eating from the same dish requires to be seen to be appreciated.

But while the second course is in progress, we arrive at an interesting stage of the feast. In the house of the young man's parents a similar meal has been proceeding. It commenced concurrently with the other, has been conducted on the same lines, with a similar supply of edibles on the table, and will occupy a similar space of time. But the second party has not been honoured with the presence of the young couple. Their patronage is required to complete the enjoyment of the dinner and the fulfilment of the marriage customs. Accordingly, the bridegroom's best-man and best-maid rise from their places in the middle of the second course, and make their way to the house where the young married pair are going through the ordeal of a public exhibition of unity. The two messengers, without ceremony, appear in the midst of the bride's guests and demand the presence of the young couple at the bridegroom's table. The request is never denied. It is part of the ceremony, and is carried out to the letter. They leave the table at which they have been endeavouring to fulfil an awkward part, proceed to the bridegroom's house, take the places reserved for them at the table, and proceed with their meal at the place where, at the other table, they left off! They are of course received with manifestations of pleasure, and at this table they finish their dinner, but under the same restricted formula as they were subjected to at the other.

The dinner, or rather the double dinner, occupies an hour or more of time, and when it is finished the guests of both parties disperse to amuse themselves about the streets as they see fit. By so doing they make room for another relay of guests, who, owing to the numbers invited, have been unable to find accommodation with the first relay. When these are satisfied, they in turn make way for the children—usually the children of the guests—and the little ones make a hearty meal of what is left of the supplies.

Two or three hours afterwards the guests again assemble at the respective tables, when high tea is partaken of. This meal is quite a function of the day's proceedings. By the time it is over the evening is pretty well advanced, and the hour is nearing for the inevitable dance. This dance might more fittingly be called a ball, so far as numbers are concerned, for it is not restricted to those who were bidden to the wedding. It is practically open to all the young men and maidens in the village, and many who have taken no part in the earlier proceedings of the day put in an appearance. A description of the dance with its attendant amusing features would occupy an article by itself. The dances are all of the 'country' character, and very brinful of humour are some of the scenes. Perfect decorum is maintained, but the dancing is generally



of a ramshackle kind, with much gesticulation and shouting. An old fiddler supplies the music.

Saturday is a comparatively quiet day with the marriage party; but there are a few ceremonies to be gone through. Many of the wedding guests are early astir, and make their way to the house of the young couple, who are informed by their visitors that it is time to rise from their slumbers. If they ignore the advice, it will be the worse for them. The intruders have a duty to perform—to carry them away to breakfast to the house of the young woman's parents—and that duty they intend to accomplish. As a rule they experience little opposition at the hands of the newly-married pair, who in due time are conducted to the breakfast table. Here a number of the guests of the previous day assemble. These friends have received a special invitation through the medium of the young woman's best-maid, and the invitation only extends to a favoured circle. Breakfast over, the young couple dress for a round of calls. They visit the guests who had been present at the marriage ceremonies, and receive at their hands, according to the ability of the several donors, a variety of presents; for amongst this fishing community the wedding gifts are presented after, and not prior to, the event which calls forth their generosity. The forenoon visits occupy many hours, and when these are at an end the young man and maiden rest from their labours until the following morning.

On the Sunday there are several important duties to be performed, and these are never overlooked. The husband and wife are up betimes, and for the first time in their married experience they are permitted to partake of a meal together, alone and unobserved. It must be a relief which they fully appreciate. After breakfast they dress with scrupulous care in their wedding garments, for they have to go through the 'kirking' ceremony with due formality and circumstance. No marriage is complete until this custom has been fully observed. The young man attires himself in the regulation blue-black suit most favoured by the villagers, puts on his white cotton marriage gloves, and carefully adjusts upon his head a tall satin hat. The hat is probably not his own, and, apart from the uncertainty of fit, he is unaccustomed to its use. But he must perforce wear it, and cheerfully adapts himself to use and wont. His wife is careful of her adornment, and seldom arrays herself in borrowed plumage. It is her husband's prerogative to provide his spouse with fitting apparel, and he is always faithful to his trust. In addition to the boots already referred to, she has received a bonnet of excellent design. The colours are sometimes pronounced, but not unduly, and as a rule the headgear is not devoid of taste. Her gown is also new and of good solid material. But the great feature of her clothing is the Paisley shawl, comparatively rich in substance, and of a pattern and texture which have become stereotyped in the village as the regulation design for newly-married women.

When the couple are ready and the time arrives, the husband's best-man at the marriage and the wife's best-maid arrive arm-in-arm at the door of the house, and the husband and wife immediately join them. In procession they march to church, the married pair leading the

way. The small company is watched with interest by many of the inhabitants, particularly by the younger villagers. But there is no demonstration. In procession they march up the aisle, and all four seat themselves in the pew which is henceforth to be occupied every Sunday by the young couple, who at this stage have practically settled down to their wedded life. There is no ceremony of any kind performed in the church. They just go through the service like the other worshippers. At its conclusion, the party must return in procession to the house whence they started, and with that the ceremony ends. The remainder of the day is observed as a day of rest. The evening service does indeed again claim their attendance, but the ordeal is not so formidable, and does not exercise their attention to the same extent as the forenoon ceremony. Thus on the evening of the fourth day the marriage rites come to an end. On the Monday all go about their usual vocations, and engage in their hard life's struggle for existence.

#### AUSTRALIAN SNAKE YARNS.

ALTHOUGH not so frequently met with, nor so deadly in their effects as the snakes of India, still, the snakes of Australia are a power sufficient to make their presence known and felt in every portion of it. They are occasionally found even in the most populous towns. In removing an old house in the centre of Sydney, a few years ago, a good specimen of the death-adder was discovered. It is not by any means an uncommon experience in the outskirts of a town to discover a snake in the wood-pile or under the veranda. Farther out in the country, they frequently appear in houses; and many instances are related of these creatures having been discovered in the bed of the settler. Such bedfellows, though coming only to enjoy the superfluous heat, are far from being pleasant companions, more especially if the human animal awakes before his reptile-friend has gone. During my protracted residence in the Bush, I have occasionally known of a bite having been received through some sudden movement of a restless sleeper. For, so long as the snake may be permitted to enjoy the heat of the body unmolested, so long will it remain passive, and share the bed quietly with its companion. Treated, however, to a sudden movement which threatens its worldly peace, the snake will retaliate by biting, and then endeavour to escape in the disturbance it has made. As a rule, snakes will use their utmost endeavours to escape from man. The fang of the snake is deadly, but the weapons of mankind are more so. It is only when hard pressed by necessity or fear of danger that a snake will strike at all. The desire to destroy a snake is far more deeply implanted in man than the desire to destroy man is implanted in the snake. When once seen, a snake is bound to be killed, if possible. This may be considered to be the first principle of a Bushman's creed, and thus, with the increase of population, these reptiles are being effectually exterminated.

Some of those snakes, too, of which we hear

the 'yarns' are perfectly innocuous. It by no means follows, then, that every snake we have heard about was a poisonous reptile; nor is it every bite that comes from a poisonous snake. A snake is, however, a snake; and a snake-bite is a snake-bite; so that every precaution is taken to kill the animal and to cure the patient, and that, too, whether the reptile is venomous or not. This caution is praiseworthy; but the doctors make capital out of the transaction, for almost every snake-bite with its result finds its way into the papers. By that time the reptile has developed into one of the most poisonous of snakes, and although 'killed by a well-directed blow,' it has acquired since its death at least three feet additional in length.

The snakes most common to Australia, naturalists tell us, are the brown snake, the black snake, the death-adder, the tiger-snake, the diamond-snake, and the carpet-snake. I don't say this list exhausts the series, but these I have seen and handled—after their death. Of these, the diamond and the carpet snakes are perhaps the most common, the most beautiful, and the largest. Fortunately, they are not venomous, although they will hiss and rear and bite exactly as the others. The death-adder is the shortest and smallest, but its bite is considered to be fatal. The tiger-snake is the fiercest, and very venomous. The brown and black snakes also inflict injuries, but these, under favourable conditions and with attention, may be cured. The wound given by a venomous snake is simply two small punctures, produced by the fangs. The wound produced by the bite of his non-venomous kinsman shows four or more punctures, made by the true teeth. The fangs of a venomous snake are two long teeth, having a canal passing down the centre of the tooth. At the base of this fang there is a little sac or cavity containing the poison. The fangs are ordinarily kept lying flat in the mouth, and are no more used for purposes of mastication than is the sting of a bee. In fact, snakes don't masticate. When the snake wishes to strike, the fangs are erected. Additional poison is secreted, and, as the fang is pressed against the limb or body 'struck,' the poison is pressed from the sac down the fang and into the wounds. The fangs are sometimes drawn by inducing the snake to strike a towel or other soft cloth, and then by a sudden jerk the fangs are absolutely torn out. They are not teeth. During the swallowing process the fangs are lying quietly in the mouth, and are not used at all. The peculiar construction of the skull of the snake enables it to take in the body of an animal very much larger than itself, and snakes always swallow their prey entire, leaving it to nature to digest the mass.

The aboriginal blacks when bitten rush into water, and having immersed themselves therein, remain there for a very considerable time. They say this is an effectual cure. The natives and the residents of these colonies tie ligatures above the wound, bleed, suck, cauterise, and amputate, according to the position of the bite. They also dose the patient with whisky, brandy, gin, gun-powder, pain-killer, ammonia, anything that is handy. The medical profession tries subcutaneous injection of morphia, ammonia, and other things simple and compound. Latterly, the profession

has attached much credit to strychnine administered as a remedy—not to assist the patient in his exit to 'that bourne.'

In the month of February, snakes are said to be in their most ferocious mood. It is stated that they will during that month commence the assault on a person without waiting to be attacked.

Snakes can run rapidly, but are easily killed when attacked properly. A single blow of a sapling, or even a whip-lash, will break a snake's back. After it has undergone this operation, it is positively powerless, being only able to wriggle. As a rule, when one is killing a snake, he does not take time to see the effect of his back-breaking blow. He has the creature in a pulp before he finishes. He usually draws up from shortness of breath, quite unable to continue the exercise longer. Many houses in the country have snake-sticks—long slender saplings—standing at known places round the house, so as to be handy when a snake shows up. 'For snakes only' might be written on these sticks, as 'For fire only' is written on the buckets standing in order in our large establishments. In killing a snake, great care must be used not to come up too close behind the reptile. On such an occasion it has the habit of throwing a back somersault like a circus clown and bringing its fangs into contact with your face. Many persons become so fearless that they will seize the most venomous snake by the neck, and kill it coolly with a stone or knife or against a tree. Others, catching the reptile by the tail, will swing it, and keep swinging it round the head, making the creature's head describe a circle, and so move about with it until a convenient opportunity offers for dashing its brains against a tree or rock. Such experiments may exhibit the performer's intrepidity of character, but at the same time they indicate a reckless foolhardiness that makes one shudder even to be a spectator.

But I have said so much about snakes, that my readers will think I have forgotten the promised yarns. The first which I shall mention I heard directly from a clergyman. He said it occurred to himself. It comes, therefore, stamped with truth. I tell it as nearly as possible in the language of my friend.

'My father had two farms: on one of these we resided; the other one we kept simply as a grazing farm. The distance from the one farm to the other was about twenty-five miles. One day my father sent my brother and myself to the distant farm to bring home some of the cattle. So we rose and started early, and by the afternoon we arrived at our destination. There was an old house on that farm which had been used by the late settler. We kept the door locked, and only used the house when our business led us to the other farm either for branding cattle, mustering them, or making repairs on fences. The roof was fairly water-tight, and we kept a sort of a rough bed in the kitchen, and an old blanket or two in a chest. Taking with us what provisions we required, we often camped here for a week at a time. On this occasion, however, we arrived in the afternoon, lighted our fire, got in a supply of wood, set our blankets to the fire, and made ourselves comfortable generally. Then we went out and rounded up the cattle, so as to have them handy for the morning; and



about eight o'clock we turned in, my brother and I sleeping in the same bed. You learn to turn in early in the Bush.

'Some time during the night I was awakened by something heavy pressing on my chest. Fortunately, I became conscious at once; and you may guess my horror when I perceived it was a snake, which had coiled itself like a watch-spring across my breast. It had crept in below the blankets, and was simply enjoying the heat without exhibiting the slightest concern as to the person from whom that enjoyment was obtained. To say that I became immediately conscious is to say that my blood ran cold. I had the satisfaction of knowing that as long as I remained still I had nothing to fear; but the moment I moved I was a dead man. And yet to lie still was torture. There was that horrible cold crawling snake lying a practical nightmare on my body. What was I to do? What I did was to reach over my hand and pinch my brother sharply.

"What are you doing?" he drawled, half sleeping.

"Archie, get up quietly and get a light. There's a snake lying coiled on my breast. Get up very quietly, man, or the thing will bite."

'Archie was all awake. He jumped out of bed, and was at the fire in "no time" with the lighted candle in his hand. Meantime the snake lay still, quietly enjoying the hot cushion on which it rested.

"What shall I do now? Are you sure it is a snake?"

"Certain. Get a stick, and be ready."

"Archie got one of the snake-sticks from the corner, and placing the candle on the table, awaited my further instructions.

"Now lift the clothes quietly. The brute will likely slip off. But I say, look here, Archie—don't strike at it till it is well off me."

'My brother threw off the blankets while I lay motionless, glaring at the deadly reptile coiled upon me. I declare its head was within eighteen inches of my own. Its eyes seemed burning fire.

'The snake looked up at the rough treatment which it was receiving and fastened its eyes on Archie: Then it raised its head, darted out its little forked tongue and hissed at him. It was just like a cat. Oh, it was terrible agony! My brother started back, while I lay like a log, bathed in a fearful perspiration. Suddenly it moved, and the next moment I experienced a great relief by feeling the horrible creature crawling off my body.

'And the snake? I asked, hanging on the words of a man who had survived such fearful experiences. 'You killed him, of course; and what length was he?'

'Killed him—not at all. The creature got clean off. He ran like a rat, and escaped into a hole below the floor. We never saw him again; and I assure you I never wish to have any nearer acquaintance with the same gentleman.'

Mr Richard Palmer lived in a beautifully situated cottage on the Macleay River. He had come out to the colony of New South Wales when a very young lad. He was the eldest son of his parents, and had been visited with a great misfortune: he had been born blind. However, his father had succeeded in business,

and he was enabled to leave Richard comparatively well off. The other members of the family were also very good to Richard, so that he was, as the world says, independent when he married and settled down on the Macleay.

One day Richard was walking in his little garden. In his right hand he carried a glass, in which one of his children had brought him some new milk to the arbour. His child Johnny—eight years old—held him by the other hand, and guided the father's steps. Suddenly the child cried out, 'A snake! a snake!' and dropping the father's hand, ran off towards its mother, who happened to be a spectator of the whole adventure. Mr Palmer stood paralysed. He was perfectly incapacitated through his blindness to fight a snake, and the reptile was even now winding itself about his leg. The child had given him no indication of its whereabouts, and he was fearful of moving anywhere, lest he should tread upon it. The blind man therefore stood still, while Mrs Palmer set up a shrieking and a clamour that called all the family around her. Suddenly he heard the angry hiss, and immediately a blow was struck with much force, which fortunately struck the glass that he carried in his hand. He stepped back involuntarily, and so released the snake, on the point of whose tail he had been standing all the time. The snake then disappeared among the plants and long grass, and Mrs Palmer rushed forward to find her husband safe. Had the glittering glass not attracted the reptile, the probability is that it would have struck the man, and so brought about his death.

The above adventure was not Mr Palmer's only snake-experience. On a former occasion he was sitting on his own veranda, his arm leaning on a little table beside him. On this table there was also a glass of milk. He was sitting in that silent way in which a blind man will rest for hours, when he suddenly became aware of some animal lapping the milk in the glass at his elbow. Thinking that it was the cat, Mr Palmer reached out his hand to drive the animal away. One can conceive his horror when he found he had placed his hand fair on the cold body of a large snake. One may conceive his happiness when he heard the dreadful creature glide gently away without attempting to do him any injury. This snake was subsequently killed, and measured about seven feet in length. It belonged to the brown species, and owed its death to the unbridled fondness which all snakes have for milk.

As an illustration of how greatly snakes are realised, and how much their bite is dreaded, the writer will venture on one short narrative of an event which actually came within his notice.

Mrs Peters went out one evening for some wood for the fire. The wood cut during the day was kept in a wood-box near the kitchen door. Her imprudence in not taking a light with her was shown by the speedy return she made within the door. Receiving a smart prick in her finger while she was scraping up a handful of the wood, she at once came to the conclusion that she had been bitten by a snake. The neighbours rushed in, attracted by her cries. They examined the wound, or what Mrs Peters said was the wound. There was little or no visible mark, yet Mrs Peters was most determined in her assertion.

She had been bitten by a snake, and she was going to die, no matter what the neighbours said to the contrary. One ran off for whisky, and another galloped into town for the doctor. The foolish but heroic woman would wait for none of these. She seized the tomahawk, and ordered her husband to cut off the top of her finger there and then. It was a piece of rude surgery, and the husband naturally objected. Still the woman persisted, and the poor husband was compelled to do as she directed. She spread out her fingers on the kitchen table, and the husband, after much entreaty, cut off the top of the luckless finger with one blow of the tomahawk. Ten minutes after, the writer saw the poor woman, now perfectly calm, with her finger-stump held in a bowl of water, and the severed tip lying on the table by her side. She was not growing sleepy or exhibiting other indications of snake-bite. The doctor assured me she had not been bitten by a snake at all, but had probably received a smart jag with a splinter of some sort. To this day, she attributes her life to her own prompt action. He would be a bold man, even now, who would dare to hint that the wound might have been caused otherwise than as she determined. Everybody else believes that she lost her finger through an injudicious mixture of foolish fancy and strong determination.

On one occasion, says another correspondent, I was walking with my wife over to the house of a neighbour, and to save ourselves a detour, we passed through a portion of the Bush that was generally very wet. It was known to be much frequented by snakes, and therefore generally avoided. Hearing a slight rustle below some brush, I looked in, and saw a sight which I had never seen before. A large snake had succeeded in securing a half-grown chicken, and was busily engaged in licking it all over, preparatory to swallowing it entire. I lay down on the ground beside it, and attentively watched the operation. My wife, who was less interested than I was, went on to the house of our neighbour, and sent me assistance in the shape of a man with a loaded gun. The snake seemed so intent upon its work that my presence did not disturb it in the slightest. It was very methodical, cementing all the feathers the one way, so as to let the bird glide naturally and easily down the contracted orifice of its throat. Having slimed the body to its satisfaction the snake proceeded to swallow it. This it did by commencing at the head of the fowl. The head and neck disappeared slowly, and with a sort of sucking-in motion. It would be almost more correct to say that the snake crept outside and round the fowl. The mouth was gaped so much over the head and neck, we wondered how ever it could take in the body of the fowl. The snake's jaws were quite equal to the occasion. They even seemed to be capable of a little more distension, and gradually—bit by bit, jerk by jerk—the chicken disappeared, and the snake appeared the greater. The legs of the chicken hung out last, and slowly followed the body. What seemed strange was that the throat, which had enlarged to admit the body of the fowl, was now tight even for its legs. I judge by this that the pleasure of eating in snakes must be in the direct ratio of the size of the food bolted. The legs also disappeared;

and we could distinctly trace the shape of the entombed fowl passing down the body of the snake in the same slow manner as it had entered by its mouth. The process of the eclipse of the chicken lasted over an hour, from the first point of contact till it was completely hidden. When the free exhibition had afforded us all the amusement we were likely to receive, a shot from the gun brought the career of the serpent to a close. It was a carpet snake, and measured eleven feet seven inches from head to tail.

### THE GLOW-WORM.

ONE of the most striking and comparatively rare sights that summer affords is to behold on the green mossy bank of some country lane, as night draws on, a multitude of gleaming lights like terrestrial stars, now glittering in their emerald setting and anon disappearing from view. This surprising spectacle to the townsman is readily understood by the dweller in the country, who knows that these bright points 'glowing like night-tapers with beauty' are but glow-worms, and who perhaps is able to capture for us one or more of these interesting creatures.

Other and especially tropical lands possess many specimens of light-giving insects; there 'the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs'; but the glow-worm is almost our sole representative of luminous animals. The Rev. J. G. Wood, the veteran naturalist, in his admirable book on *Common British Insects*, says: 'It is fortunately very plentiful in this country; but if this be true, it cannot apply to the north of England, or to Scotland, for, though there are spots where, on some warm evening in July or August, they may be seen lighting up the shady glade, yet there are wide districts, probably whole counties, where they have never yet been observed. In Essex, Kent, the Isle of Wight, and similar localities, in sheltered, slightly-damp places, the glow-worm's greenish-blue lamp may be oft observed shining among the grass or leaves. Many a greenwood legend is associated with its bright twinkling light; it often brings to mind

Those fairy elves

Whose midnight revels by a forest side,  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees—  
Or dreams he sees; while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth  
Wheels her pale course.

When a colony is thus seen in some damp shady lane, overhung with trees and bordered by green sloping banks, the effect produced is very beautiful. They look like tiny lamps in the soft moss, and afford the naturalist a subject for contemplation as to the chemistry and mechanism by which such a delightful result is brought about.

The animal belongs to the Malacodermata, or Soft-skinned Beetles, all of which have a flexible exterior, and are usually covered with a very short and delicate down. The species is termed *Lampyridæ*, from two Greek words signifying 'shining tail'; and the English example—for there are many in the family—has the special name *Lampyrus noctiluca*, the last word being Latin for 'night-light'. The sexes differ much in appearance. The female possesses neither



wings nor elytra (wing-sheaths); the head is concealed under a large and rounded prothorax; the male has large wings and elytra that cover the whole body. He is less in size than his mate; one writer calls him 'a slender scarabeus.' He is difficult to meet with, and is therefore regarded as a prize by the entomologist who is lucky enough to effect his capture. Both sexes have the power of emitting light; the lamp of the female being, however, much brighter than that of the male. Instead of a mass of phosphorescence throwing a radiance of some inches in extent, such as the female exhibits, he has but two tiny spots of light no larger than pinheads, which he displays in flying. It was formerly thought that he had no light-giving faculty; but this has been proved to be a mistake. The female also possesses the singular power of shutting off or being able to conceal her light on the approach of nocturnal birds or of footsteps. She can also trim her lamp to an unwonted brilliancy, but generally extinguishes it altogether about eleven or twelve at night. Shakespeare, whose knowledge of the natural world excites our wonder, and who never missed an opportunity of using an illustration therefrom, makes his Ghost in *Hamlet* say:

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

When examined in the dark, the light is seen to proceed from the last three segments of the insect's body, the under side of which emits it in an uncertain wavering sort of way, the fact of its being handled seeming to alarm the insect. Schultze found that the animal possessed thin whitish plates on the under side of these segments, each plate consisting of two layers—a front one, yellowish transparent and luminous; and a back one, white and opaque from the presence of a great multitude of doubly-reflecting granules which Kolliker supposes to consist of urate of ammonia. He also found that branches of the insect's breathing-tubes (tracheæ) ramify among the cells of the front layer, and end in star-like corpuscles.

So much for the structure of the luminous apparatus; but as to the cause of the luminosity there is a variety of opinions. Some savants hold that it is due to a sort of natural combustion, and it is said that if a glow-worm be placed in oxygen, the light is greatly intensified for a time; but the animal seems either unable or unwilling to continue it. On the other hand, when Matteucci placed it in hydrogen and carbonic acid—gases which do not support combustion—the light still continued to be emitted for thirty or forty minutes. Phosphorescent undoubtedly is its nature, and that is about all that science can at present affirm. As to the object of this display authorities differ. The common idea has always been that it is intended as a signal between the male and his mate.

One naturalist (Ackroyd) writes: 'The light of this little organic lamp illuminates the insect's path, and probably discloses to its minute and sensitive eyes that of which it is in quest, although at times it may be a source of danger, as when it serves as a mark for some voracious bird which, like Cowper's nightingale, is in want of a supper.'

Again, some have thought it is connected with the reproductive faculty, and one scientist affirms, we do not know with what truth: 'As soon as the female has deposited her eggs—which, by the way, shine in the dark—the light disappears in both sexes.' But we are inclined to believe no utilitarian theory will account for this singular development of light from a living insect, and that its phosphorescence was given to it for the same reason that the butterfly's wing glows with many-coloured plumage, and that the rose is dowered with softly tinted petals and rich perfumes.

Not only is this beetle interesting to the entomologist, but it is useful, especially in its larval state, to the farmer. Neither old nor young touch plants as food, but feed on decayed worms and snails, attacking and devouring the latter when still alive, their shells being no protection to the luckless molluscs. The structure of the larva is rather remarkable. In the first place—which is very unusual—it bears a singular resemblance to the imago or perfect female insect; and in the next it is furnished with a peculiar apparatus at the end of the tail, which serves a double purpose—namely, assisting its locomotion, and acting as a brush to remove the slime from its food, and this apparatus can be protruded or withdrawn at will.

#### SHADE AND SHINE.

AWAY to the Westward the swift ship is sailing,

In cloud-wreath and mist sets the tremulous sun;  
From ocean and shore the dim twilight is failing;

The darkness and shadow of night are begun.

Oh sea-birds! sweep on, with your cry wild and wailing;

Break shore-ward, oh waves! with your desolate moan;

Away, with the light slowly waning and paling,

My love saileth Westward—my loved one is gone.

Aglow from the sunrise, the gay bark comes dancing;

Red flushes the ocean, the sky blushes bright;

The gleam and the glory of daylight advancing,

Drive backward the shadow and darkness of night.

Oh wave! kiss the shore with caresses entrancing;

Oh bird! catch its music in swift-winged flight;

Right over the laughing sea, glowing and glancing,

He cometh, my loved one—he cometh, my light!

A. S. B.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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## TEETH AND TOOTHACHE.

Or teeth it may be said that man is happiest who is unconscious of them. We do not mean as an ornament. It is true that some peoples, as Montaigne says, 'take great care to black their teeth, and hate to see them white; whilst others paint them red.' Europeans have a taste of their own in the matter, and love to see them white. For proof consult contemporary fiction *passim*, where even the villains have a fine set to show, and know it. Let Herrick sing of the rubies and pearls of his Julia's mouth; teeth for the present purpose are not jewels. They are to be regarded as the 'fons et origo mali,' and that evil is toothache.

Toothache is as old as sin, and as universal. To erring man it might figure as a form of final torture. It must have been part of the punishment of our primeval parents, whose doom we inherit. The first that an infant knows of teeth is pain; from the cradle to the grave they are an active source of annoyance. Some there be, indeed, who say not without pride that they never had a touch of toothache in their lives. But call not a man happy till he is dead. Hereafter writhing in anguish, they shall assuredly repent the premature boast. And there are strong men and the like who misuse their teeth to lift surprising weights, or, emulating that terror of the Spaniards and hero of the *Revenge*, Sir Richard Grenville, chew glasses up without a grimace. 'Blind mouths' (to pervert Milton's phrase), they do not look to the end—the fevered gums, the dull unceasing ache, the shooting spasm, as if a red-hot needle were thrust into the brain. If a man does altogether escape the fell disease, one is tempted to ascribe to him a low order of nervous organisation. He must be 'only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.' Nay, he is even lower than that, for animals, too, have toothache, and especially such as possess a high degree of intelligence. The dog and the horse are well-known sufferers. On the authority of a quaint old French book on the subject,

we may add the wolf; and the hippopotamus 'endures quite a great pain from its teeth, so that it is constrained to get out of the water to find a remedy.'

This book is one of the earliest modern authorities on toothache that we have discovered. It is scientific, as science went in 1622. Its author, one Maistre Arnauld Gilles, was apparently court dentist, for he dedicates his book to Marie Henriette de Bourbon, sister to the reigning king; and it is published at the appropriate sign of the Three Golden Teeth, in Paris. It is remarkable, we may say in passing, that the literature of toothache is so meagre. An ailment of such ancient standing in the world's history might be expected to obtain more frequent and detailed notice. Such modern treatises as exist are purely technical, and undeserving of the name of literature. There is in them nothing historical, nothing human and sympathetic to the view of the sufferer. Even in the ordinary life of to-day there is no disease which gains us so little pity from our friends. It is not fatal, they say, and are apt to be impatient with our groans. And we ourselves, once the attack is over, straightway forget what manner of torture it was, and go unthinkingly about our daily business. Now, this is surely wrong. It may be true that toothache never killed anybody directly; but assuredly, if analogy goes for anything, it has been the cause of crime and death. Imagine an absolute monarch with an obstinate tooth. It would be a grim amusement to him, almost a necessity, to sign a death-warrant. There have been martyrs to toothache in another than the ordinary usage of the term.

But to return to Maistre Arnauld. The first thing to note is that he advises the specialisation of dentistry. 'It is very necessary that dentists should have no other vocation.' He has known instances where patients have died from hemorrhage because the ignorant drawer of teeth did not know how to stop the bleeding. The world, he says, by way of peroration, may think the title 'Drawer of teeth' strange, and perhaps



despise it. But Maistre Arnauld glories in it as very useful to the public, 'and does not do, like an infinity of others, who, coming to this town [of Paris], call themselves Grand Operators. He is happy to do his task well, to take the little fee that is given him, and is never ill-content.' It is only lately that in England the Royal College of Surgeons recognised dentistry as a special branch of medicine. Some twenty-five years ago their dental certificate was established. Before that, the craft was confined to tooth-drawing mainly, and had for its professors the local barbar, blacksmith, or watchmaker. We are now beginning to see that unlicensed practitioners do a lot of mischief. The ancient Egyptians were before us in this field; for Herodotus tells us that no doctor in Egypt was permitted to practise any but his own peculiar branch, and some attended solely to diseases of the teeth. Proofs of their skill have been found in some mummies at Thebes whose teeth were stuffed with gold.

So much for the disease; but what of the cure? Maistre Arnauld gives several prescriptions, but they are commonplace compared with more ancient remedies. Here are two methods from Pliny: Put your hands behind your back; bite off a piece of wood from a tree which has been struck by lightning, and apply it to the ailing tooth. Or you may fumigate the tooth with the tooth of another of the same sex—how that is done we are not told—and bind the canine tooth of an unburied corpse to it. Habdarrahman on Egyptian medicine advises that the molar of a dead man—whether buried or not apparently, does not matter—be hung over the groaning sufferer, and the pain will abate. Others, again, say: 'Burn a wolf's head and keep the ashes. They are a great remedy.' It is difficult to cap the piquancy of such cures; but Sir Thomas More has done it; and his prescription has the advantage of not requiring such inaccessible materials. 'I have heard it taught me,' he says in 1557, 'for the toothache to go thrice about a churchyard and never think on a fox's tail.' This reminds one in its malicious pleasantry of 'Don't nail his ears to the pump;' for the suggestion of foxes' tails in connection with churchyards, though not very obvious to the common man, must always and inevitably recur to those who tried the cure.

The man in dental anguish sometimes curses with Burns 'the venom'd stang that shoots his tortured gums along.' Sometimes, on the other hand, he prays. St Augustine in his *Confessions* relates how he once suffered from 'dolor dentium' (toothache), apparently in an aggravated form, for he could not speak. Thereupon, he wrote on wax a prayer to God for the other brethren to repeat; and as soon as all were on their knees the pain went. 'But what a pain!' he says—'never since my tender age had I experienced the like.' Southey, in his *Life of John Wesley*, tells of that eminent preacher that when his own tooth ached he prayed, and the pain left him. Unfortunately, ordinary men do not seem to have such efficacious faith. When the excruciation begins they must bear it philosophically; and on Shakespeare's authority toothache finds out just the weak place in the philosopher's armour of patience. In the middle ages the devout who

were racked with pain had a special patron to whom they could call for deliverance. St Apollonia, a martyr under the Emperor Philip, among other cruel indignities had her teeth pulled out. In consequence, she became toothache's tutelary saint, as her emblems—one of which is 'holding a tooth in pincers'—sufficiently testify. And there would seem to have been yet another martyr, St Blaize, who took cognisance of the disease. He was honoured in the little town of St Blazey, in Cornwall, where candles offered upon his altar were supposed to be an infallible cure for toothache.

Perhaps something may be added on the subject of toothpicks. These are said to have been invented in Italy. Certainly they were in common use among the Romans. In Martial's Epigrams there are frequent references to the 'dentscalpium,' sometimes reviling its abuse, sometimes praising its use. The particular form of toothpick which Martial preferred was a pointed strip of mastic-wood; but, in default of that, he recommends a quill. Singularly enough, the useful instrument was regarded as an innovation in Queen Elizabeth's time. The Bastard, in *King John*, sneers at

Your traveller—

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess.

Travellers in France and Italy, it seems, brought toothpicks back, and used them ostentatiously; and all those who affected foreign fashions sedulously imitated them. Commonly a case of toothpicks made of wood was carried about by fine gentlemen. A more violent eccentricity of fashion is pointed at by Sir Thomas Overbury, who describes a courtier as walking in St Paul's 'with a picktooth in his hat, a cape cloak, and a long stocking.' Apparently the 'Johnny' of the present day, who is so unremitting in his use of the homely quill, has inherited the toothpick and his flourishing display of it from the coxcombs that thronged the court of the Virgin Queen.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE THREE ACCOMPLICES.

ON that same evening the three accomplices—probably on the proceeds of their iniquities—were dining together at the *Savoy*. After dinner they sat on the veranda overlooking the river and the Embankment. 'Tis sweet, what time the evening shades prevail, while one is still in the stage of physical comfort and mental peace attendant upon an artistic little banquet, to view from the serene heights of a balcony at that hotel the unquiet figures of those who flit backwards and forwards below. They—alas!—have not dined so well, or they could not walk so fast, or drag their limbs so hopelessly, or lean over the wall so sadly.

Elsie leaned her head upon her hands, looking down upon this scene, though not quite with these

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thoughts. Young ladies who are quite happy, and are going to be married next week, do not make these comparisons. Happiness is selfish. When one is quite happy, everybody else seems quite happy too—even Lazarus and the leper. We must never be happy if we do not wish to be selfish.

Coffee was on the table. Athelstan had a cigar. They were all three silent. During dinner they had talked gaily, because everybody knows that you cannot talk with strange people listening. After dinner they sat in silence, because it is only when the waiters are gone that one is free to talk.

'Elsie,' said George presently, 'you have something to tell us—something you have discovered. For my own part, since I handed the case over to anybody else, I feel as if I were not interested in it. But still, one would like to know—just for curiosity's sake—when Checkley is to be "run in."'

'Yes,' said Elsie, 'I must tell you. Perhaps I ought to have told you before. Yet there was a reason. Now—you will be greatly astonished, George.'

'Before you begin, Elsie'—Athelstan removed his cigar—'I must tell you that yesterday evening I, too, made a discovery—what the Americans call a pivotal discovery—a discovery that discovers everything. I should have told you last night, but you announced your communications for this evening, and I thought we would expose our discoveries at the same time.'

'You have found out, too!' Elsie cried. 'I see by your face that you have. Well, Athelstan, so much the better. Now, tell your discovery first, and I will follow.'

'It is this. I have discovered Edmund Gray. I have sat with him and discoursed with him, in Freddy Carstone's Chambers. He came in, sat beside me, and conversed for more than an hour.'

'Oh!' said Elsie. 'Then you know all—as much as I know.'

'Observe,' George interposed, 'that I know nothing as yet.'

'Wait a moment, George. Learn that I have myself known Mr Edmund Gray for a fortnight. You will think, perhaps, that I ought to have told you before. Well—but there is a reason—besides, the way, to begin with, did not lie quite clear before me. Now the time has come when you should advise as to the best course to follow.'

'You have certainly been more mysterious than any oracle, Elsie. Yet you will bear witness, if it comes to bearing witness, that I accepted your utterances and believed in them.'

'You certainly did, George.—And now, Athelstan, tell him the whole.'

'In one word, then—Edmund Gray, the man we have been looking after so long, is none other than Edward Dering, of 12 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, Solicitor.'

'I don't understand,' said George, bewildered, 'Say it all again.'

Athelstan repeated his words.

'That is my discovery, too,' said Elsie. 'Now you know all, as you understand.'

'But I don't understand. How can one man be another man?'

'I sat beside one man,' Athelstan added, 'for an hour and more; and lo! all the time he was another man.'

'And still I am fogged. What does it mean?'

'It means, George, what you would never suspect. The one man received me as a stranger. He knew nothing about me: he had never heard my name, even. Yet the other man knows me so well. It was very odd at first. I felt as if I was talking to a sleep-walker.'

'Oh!' cried George, 'I know now. You have seen Mr Dering in a kind of sleep-walking state—I too have seen him thus. But he said nothing.'

'You may call it sleep-walking if you like. But, George, there is another and a more scientific name for it. The old man is mad. He has fits of madness, during which he plays another part, under another name. Now, do you understand?'

'Yes—but—is it possible?'

'It is more than possible; it is an actual certainty. Wait. Let Elsie tell her story.'

Then Elsie began, with a little air of triumph, because it is not given to every young lady to find out what all the men have failed to find.

'Well—you see—I was always thinking over this business, and wondering why nothing was found out about it, and watching you look this way and that, and it occurred to me that the first thing of all was to find out this Mr Edmund Gray and lay hands upon him. At first I thought I would just go and stand outside his door all day long and every day until he came. But that seemed a waste of time. So I remembered how you found his door open, and went in and spoke to the laundress. I thought that I would do the same thing, and sit down there and wait until he should come. But I was afraid to sit in the rooms of a strange man all alone—no, I could not do it. So I just found out the old woman—the laundress—as you did, George, and I gave her money, and she told me that Mr Gray was at his Chambers almost every Saturday afternoon. Very well; if anybody chose to wait for him all Saturday afternoon, he would certainly be found. So on Saturday afternoon I took a cab and drove to Holborn, and got to the place before his arrival. But again, as it was not quite nice to stand at an open doorway in a public Square, I thought I would wait on the stairs. So I mounted—the doors were all closed—nobody was left in the place at all—I thought I should be perfectly safe and undisturbed, when I heard the noise of footsteps overhead—a tramp, tramp, tramp up and down, with every now and then a groan—like a hungry creature in a cage. This kept on for a long time, and frightened me horribly. I was still more frightened when a door overhead opened and shut and the footsteps came down-stairs. They belonged to a man—an elderly man—who seemed as much frightened at seeing me as I was at seeing him. He asked me whether I wanted any one; and when I said I wanted Mr Edmund Gray, he said that he was a friend of Mr Gray's, and that, since I was a friend too, I might act for Edmund Gray and lend him some money. He looked desperately poor and horribly hungry and thin and shabby, the poor old man!'



'So you acted for Edmund Gray. That was old Langhorne. He is a barrister, who lives in the garret, and is horribly down on his luck.—Go on.'

'Poor Elsie!' said George. 'Think of her, all alone on the staircase!'

'When he was gone, there was no sound at all. The place was perfectly quiet. The time passed so slowly—oh! so slowly. At last, however, I heard a step. It came up the stairs. Oh! my heart began to beat. Suppose it should be Mr Edmund Gray. Suppose it was some other person. Suppose it was some horror of a man! But I had not long to wait, because Mr Edmund Gray himself stood on the landing. He stared at me, rather surprised to find a young lady on the stairs, but he showed no sign of recognition whatever. I was a complete stranger to him.'

'And was the man Mr Dering?'

'He was—Mr Dering. There was just the least little change in him. He wore his coat open instead of buttoned. He had no gloves, his hat was not pulled over his eyes, and his face was somehow lighter and brighter than usual.'

'That is so,' said Athelstan. 'Exactly with these little changes he presented himself to me.'

'Perhaps there is another man in the world exactly like him.'

'Futile remark!—Go on, Elsie.'

'Then I guessed in a moment what it meant. I stepped forward and asked him if he was Mr Edmund Gray. And then I followed him into his rooms.—George, there is no manner of doubt whatever. Mr Dering has periods, whether regular or not I cannot tell, when he loses himself and becomes in imagination another man. He is mad, if you like, but there is method in his madness. The other man is just himself turned inside out. Mr Dering believes in the possible wickedness of everybody: the other man believes in the actual goodness of every man. Mr Dering considers Property the only stable foundation of society: the other man considers Property the root of all evil. Mr Dering is hard and jealous: the other man is full of geniality and benevolence. Mr Dering is Justice: the other man is Mercy.'

'Very neatly put, Elsie. There is quite an eighteenth-century balance about your sentences and sentiments. So far'—Athelstan contributed his confirmation—'So far as I could judge, nothing could be more true. I found my man the exact opposite of himself.'

'Can such a thing be possible? If I were to speak to him, would he not know me?'

'You forget, George. You have seen him in that condition, and he did not know you.'

'Nothing is more common'—Athelstan the Journalist began to draw upon the encyclopædic memory which belongs to his profession—'than such a forgetfulness of self. Have you ever been into a Lunatic Asylum? I have—for professional purposes. I have discoursed with the patients, and been instructed by the physicians. Half the time many of the patients are perfectly rational: during the other half they seem to assume another mind with other memories. It is not real possession, as the ancients called it, because they never show knowledge other than what they have learned before. Thus, a sane man who cannot draw would never in insanity become an artist. So Mr Dering,

when he is mad, brings the same logical power and skill to bear upon a different set of maxims and opinions. Said a physician to me at this asylum of which I speak: "There are thousands of men and women, but especially men, who are mad every now and then, and don't know it. Most of the crimes are, I believe, committed in moments of madness. A young fellow steals money—it is because at the moment, he is so mad that he even persuades himself that borrowing is not stealing: that he is only borrowing: that he can get it back, and put it back, before it is found out. What is uncontrollable rage but sudden madness? There are the men who know that they are mad on some point or other, and cunningly hide it, and are never found out. And there are the men who are mad and don't know it. In their mad times they commit all kinds of extravagances and follies, yet somehow they escape detection." So he talked; and he told me of a man who was a lawyer in one town with a wife and family, and also a lawyer in another with a different wife and family. But one lawyer never found out the other; and the thing was only discovered when the man got a paralytic stroke and died in a kind of bewilderment, because, when the time came for him to be the other man, he found himself lying in a strange bedroom with a strange family round him. I had long forgotten the asylum. I did the place for my paper three or four years ago, and scored by the description. Since last night I have been recalling my experience and applying it. You see there can never be any physical change. This is no Hyde and Jekyll business. Whatever happens must be conducted with the same body and the same mind. The same processes of mind in which the man is trained remain, but his madness requires a new setting.'

'One cannot understand,' said Elsie.

'No. But then one cannot understand everything. That's the real beauty of this world: we are planted in the midst of things: we can give names to them—Adam began that way, didn't he?—but we can't understand any of them; and most people think that when we have given a name we have succeeded in understanding. Well, Elsie—we don't understand. But we may find out something. I take it that the other man grew up by degrees in his brain, so that there is no solution of the continuity of thought and recollection. The Edmund Gray developed himself. He has been developed for nearly ten years, since he has occupied the same Chambers all the time.'

'But about the forgeries?' George sprang to his feet. 'I declare,' he cried, 'that I had quite forgotten the real bearing on our case.'

'Edmund Gray,' said Elsie, 'says that his own lawyer who manages his affairs is Edward Dering. If he were to write letters while Edmund Gray, he would not impose upon Edward Dering.'

'He cannot write to two men,' said Athelstan. 'There must be a border-land between the waking and the dreaming, when the two spirits of Edmund Gray and Edward Dering contend for the mastery, or when they command each other—when Edmund Gray endorses cheques and Edward Dering writes letters and conducts transfers for his client—his double—himself.'

'I have seen him in such a state,' said George. 'At the time I never suspected anything but a

passing trouble of mind, which caused him to be so wrapped up in his thoughts as not to be able to distinguish anything. He was then, I doubt not now, carrying out the instructions of Edmund Gray, or he was Edmund Gray acting for himself. Checkley whispered not to disturb him. He said that he had often seen him so.

'I have never tried to understand,' said Elsie. 'But I saw that Edmund Gray was Mr Dering gone mad, and that he himself, and nobody else, was the perpetrator of all these forgeries; and I have been trying to discover the best way—the kindest way to him—the surest way for us, of getting the truth known.—George, this is the secret of my mysterious movements. This is why I have not given you a single evening for a whole fortnight. Every evening—both Sundays—I have spent with this dear old man. He is the most delightful—the most gentle—the most generous—old man that you ever saw. He is full of ideas—oh! quite full—and they carry you out of yourself, until you awake next morning to find that they are a dream. I have fallen in love with him. I have had the most charming fortnight—only one was always rather afraid that he might come to himself, which would be awkward.'

'Well, Elsie, have you found a way?'

'I think I have. First, I have discovered that when he is surrounded with things that remind him of Edmund Gray, he remains Edmund Gray. Next, I have found out that I can, by talking to him even at his office, when he has his papers before him, turn him into Edmund Gray.'

'You are a witch, Elsie.'

'She is,' said George, looking at her in the foolish lover's way. 'You see what she has turned me into—a long time ago, and she has never turned me back again.'

'I have been thinking too,' said Athelstan. 'For our purposes, it would be enough to prove the identity of Edmund Gray and Edward Dering. That explains the resemblance of the handwriting and of the endorsement. My commissionaire's recollection of the man also identifies the cheque as drawn by himself for himself under another name. It explains the presence of the notes in the safe. It also shows that the long series of letters which passed between him and the broker were written by himself for himself. Here, however, is a difficulty. I can understand Edward Dering believing himself to be Edmund Gray, because I have seen it. But I cannot understand Edward Dering believing himself to be the Solicitor to Edmund Gray and writing at his command.'

'But I have seen him in that condition,' said Elsie. 'It was while he was changing from one to the other. He sat like one who listens. I think that Edmund Gray was at his elbow speaking to him. I think I could make him write a letter by instruction from Edmund Gray. That he should believe himself acting for a client in writing to the broker is no more wonderful than that he should believe himself another man altogether.'

'Show me, if you can, the old man acting for an imaginary client. Meantime, I mentioned the point as a difficulty. Prove, however, to Mr Dering and to the other concerned that he is Edmund Gray, and all is proved. And this we can do by a host of witnesses.'

'I want more than this, Athelstan,' said Elsie. 'It would still be open to the enemy to declare that George, or you, or I, had made use of his madness for our own purposes. I want a history of the whole case written out by Edmund Gray himself—a thing that we can show to Mr Dering and to everybody else. But I dread his discovery. Already he is suspicious and anxious. I sometimes think that he is half conscious of his condition. We must break it to him as gently as we can. But the shock may kill him. Yet there is no escape. If the forgeries were known only to ourselves, we might keep the discovery a secret; and only, if necessary—but it would not be necessary—keep some sort of watch over him and warn the Bank. But Checkley has told the clerks and the people at the Bank, and there are ourselves to think of, and my mother and Hilda.—No; we must let them all know.'

'And if one may mention one's self,' said Athelstan, 'my own little difficulty presses. Because, you see, I don't know how long I may be kept here. Perhaps to-morrow I might go on to St Petersburg or to Peking. Before I go, Elsie, I confess that I should like my mother to understand that—that she was a little hasty—that is all.'

'You are not going to St Petersburg, brother.' Elsie took his hand. 'You are not going to leave us any more. You are going to stay. I have made another discovery.'

'Pray, if one may ask'—

'Oh! you may ask. I saw a letter to-day—Mr Dering showed it to me. It was written from the States three or four years ago. It showed where you were at that time—and showed me more, Athelstan—it showed me how you lost the pile of money that you made over that silver mine—you remember, Athelstan?'

He made no reply.

'Oh! do you think that I am going to accept this sacrifice?—George, you do not know. The donor of that great sum of money which Mr Dering held for me—we have often wondered who it was—I have only found out to-day—it was Athelstan. He gave me all he had—for such a trifling thing—only because I would not believe that he was a villain—all he had in the world—and went out again into the cold. He said he dropped his money down a gully or a grating on the prairie—some nonsense. And he sent it all to me, George.—What shall we do?'

'Is this really true, Athelstan? Did you really give up all this money to Elsie?'

'She says so.'

'It is quite true, George. I saw the letter—Mr Dering showed it to me—in which he sent that money home, and begged Mr Dering to take care of it, and to give it to me on the day when I should be one-and-twenty. He cannot deny it. Look at him. He blushes—he is ashamed—he hangs his head—he blows tobacco-smoke about in clouds, hoping to hide his red cheeks. And he talks of going on to St Petersburg, when we know this secret, and have got the money! What do you call this conduct, George?'

'Athelstan—there is no word for it. But you must have it back. You must, and shall. There can be no discussion about it. And there is not another man in the world, I believe, who would have done it.'

'Nonsense. I should only have lost it, if I



had kept it,' Athelstan replied after the Irish fashion.

'You hear, Athelstan. It is yours. There can be no discussion. That's what I like a man for. While we women are all talking and disputing, the man puts down his foot and says: "There can be no discussion." Then we all stop, and the right thing is done. It is yours, brother; and you shall have it, and you shall stay at home with us always and always.' She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and her arm round his neck, caressing him with hand and voice.

The man who had wandered alone for eight years was not accustomed to sisterly caresses. They moved him. The thing itself moved him.

'All this belongs to another chapter,' he said huskily. 'We will talk of it afterwards, when the business in hand is despatched.'

'Well, then—that is agreed. You are to have your money back: my mother is to take her suspicions back: Mr Dering is to have his certificates back and his dividends: Checkley is to take his lies back: Sir Samuel is to have his charges back: George and I are going to have our peace of mind back. And we are all going to live happy ever afterwards.'

'As for Wednesday now,' said George. 'It is not an unimportant day for us, you know.'

'Everything is ready. On Sunday morning my mother is always at home before Church. I will see her then, and acquaint her with the news that the wedding will take place as originally proposed, at her house. This will astonish her very much, and she will become angry and polite and sarcastic. Then I shall tell her to prepare not only for a wedding feast but also for a great, a very great surprise. And I shall also inform her that I shall be given away by my brother. And then—then—if I know my mother aright, she will become silent. I shall do that to-morrow morning.—In the evening, George, you will get your best-man, and I will get your sisters, my bridesmaids, and we will come here, or go to Richmond or somewhere—and have dinner and a cheerful evening.—Am I arranging things properly?'

'Quite properly. Pray go on.'

'Sunday afternoon I have promised to spend with my master—Edmund Gray. He is going to read me a new Paper he has just finished, in which he shows that Property can be destroyed by a painless process.—Athelstan, put all your money into your pocket and keep it there—in less than a twelvemonth, and with it all crime—all sweating, all injustice.—No, Athelstan, he is not mad. When he argues on this theme he is persuasive and eloquent. He convinces everybody. I shall hear him out, and then I shall try to make him write down all that has happened. If we can only get such a confession, it would be better than anything else. But it may be difficult. He does not like being questioned about himself. If I do succeed—I don't know quite what I ought to do next. He must be told. Some time or other he must have the truth. I thought of asking all the people mentioned to meet at his office on Monday morning at noon when Mr Dering is always himself. On Sunday I would not. He has to address his people on Sunday evening. Let him do so undisturbed. I will leave him in happiness that one night

longer. But you two—you will be anxious. Come on Sunday evening—between eight and nine—to the Hall of Science. Then you will hear him and see me. And I will let you know how I have prospered.'

'Sunday evening,' said George. 'Monday comes next, then Tuesday, and before Wednesday, my Elsie, the character of these two convicts has to be completely whitewashed, even to the satisfaction of Hilda herself. Are we not running it pretty close?'

'Unbeliever! Doubter! I tell you that you shall be married with all your friends round you, and that Athelstan shall give me away. And you shall go away on your holiday with a quiet heart and nothing to trouble you. What a foolish boy not to be able to trust his bride even for such a simple thing as getting a confession out of a madman!'

'Do you sport a crest, old man?' asked Athelstan.

'I believe there is some kind of a sort of a thing somewhere around. But crests are foolishness.'

'Not always. Take a new one, George—a real one. Stamp it on your spoons and forks and in your books and on your carriage. Let it be simply the words, "Dux Femina Facti."'

(To be continued.)

#### THE ENFIELD SMALL-ARMS FACTORY.

SOME little time back we gave in the pages of this *Journal* a short account of Woolwich Arsenal (No. 380, April 11, 1891), where are manufactured ordnance of all sizes and classes, from the light field-gun of the Royal Horse Artillery to the huge monsters known as 'Woolwich Infants,' or by some such fanciful name. But, as every one knows, weapons of this character are quite in a minority as compared with those which are carried by the soldier himself, and form his personal weapons whether as an infantry or cavalry man. It is at Enfield, on the river Lea, some twelve miles down the Great Eastern Railway, that these weapons are manufactured, almost entirely, as required by our army.

Enfield Factory has not, like Woolwich Arsenal, an ancient history of its own. In the days of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth, of the Duke of York and his faithful secretary, Samuel Pepys, Woolwich was famous for the production both of ships and of guns; but the small-arms factory on the borders of Essex dates only from the early part of this century. Its site seems to have been chosen regardless of any peculiar advantages for manufacturing purposes. It is simply a collection of workshops built in the flat meadows through which run the various branches, natural and artificial, of the lazy Lea; and the nearest town, about a mile and a half distant, is quiet and remote little Waltham, chiefly known for its Abbey Church, the burial-place of Harold, which rises in its midst.

The situation of the Enfield Factory is, however, advantageous in this way: the canals form a safe means of water transit for the gunpowder which is manufactured in the adjacent mills at Waltham, and which is required at Enfield for use in the proving of the barrels of firearms;

while the far-stretching marshes\* provide an apparently interminable range for carrying out the necessary experiments and trials with regard to the accuracy of the weapons manufactured.

Where one of the canals has been conducted into a square-shaped basin, the older and principal buildings of the manufactory have been located. They form a quadrangle of some extent; and here, too, are situated the offices and the quarters of the executive staff, which is composed partly of civilians and partly of military officers. Behind these, on the east side of the enclosure, and on the banks of one of the canals, are rows of workmen's cottages. Near the entrance gates are situated schools for the workmen's children; and at the other end of this street, as we may call it, is a church, which is served by the clergy of the parish of Enfield. On the west side extend north and south the flat meadows or marshes which form so convenient a spot for the testing and proving of the rifles.

As we have said, all sorts of personal weapons required for the arming of a soldier in the English army are made here, not only firearms, such as rifles and revolvers, but lances, swords, and bayonets, the last having now become a sort of short sword. There is also one class of weapons which occupies a sort of intermediate position between those carried by the soldier himself and those drawn by horses—that of machine guns, as they are called, which, though not carried by men on their shoulders or in their hands, are drawn about by them on small carriages. These machine guns are classed with personal arms, because they are usually employed in connection with infantry; and also because—which is a far more important reason—the ammunition required for them is similar to that used in rifles. In fact, they are in principle only a collection of rifles as used by the infantry, fastened together, or, as we shall see, a single rifle barrel with machinery attached which enables it to discharge with great rapidity.

There is one more general principle which we shall do well to bear in mind before we enter the factory. It is this, that of course the manufacture of small-arms is in as much a condition of uncertainty as that of larger warlike weapons in these days. What we see now may become obsolete in a very short time, and we shall be shown specimens of firearms which formed the universal weapons of the British army only a very few years ago, but are now as much out of date for practical purposes as cross-bows. Remembering this, let us go first when we enter to one of the offices, where we shall see arranged in a rack against the wall, amongst others, specimens of the old Enfield muzzle-loader, of the same weapon converted into a breech-loader, of the Martini-Henry rifle, and of the latest pattern of all, the magazine rifle. While, stored away in some out-of-the-way corner, it is just possible we might come across a specimen of the old smooth-bore or 'Brown Bess,' which formed the weapon of certain English linesmen so late as the beginning of the Crimean War.

The Enfield workshops are of course in appearance much like other workshops. There are the same processes of forging and casting, and the same machinery for hammering and turning and boring and drilling which we see elsewhere. Let

us rather confine our attention to those things which we shall not find in other places. We have come to see the articles which are turned out from here, in the process of their manufacture, rather than the machinery by which they are made.

A rifle, as every one knows, consists of three portions—the wooden stock, the barrel, and the lock. The stock is usually made of walnut wood, and is manufactured in what we should perhaps describe as a carpenter's shop. Formerly, the stock of a rifle was formed out of one long piece of timber; but now the complicated machinery of the breech and lock cannot be contained in a hollow in the wood, as was formerly the case, but has to be enclosed in a steel case, to which the wooden butt and barrel support are screwed. To the rifles of the newest pattern there hangs, just below the lock, the magazine, in which are carried five or, in some cases, ten cartridges, which spring up into place in turn, ready to be discharged. In short, the rifle has become, as regards its rapidity of action, something similar to a revolver pistol. We shall find that a lock has in its manufacture to pass through an almost infinite number of processes, each part having to be forged or beaten out till the whole can be fitted together.

Let us pass on to the barrel-making shop. Rifle barrels are made from a solid round bar of steel, which is at first considerably shorter and stouter than the finished barrel will be. This steel bar is heated red-hot, and is passed between several pairs of rollers, which convert it outwardly into the required form. It has, however, afterwards to be bored and then rifled—that is, furnished with the spiral grooves within, which give the bullet the necessary spin. Of course the barrel is by far the most important portion of a firearm, and the barrels of rifles are, at Enfield, tested and proved in the most ingenious and searching manner. The first proof takes place after the barrel has been bored, but before it is rifled. The barrels are loaded with cartridges of considerably greater weight both in powder and bullet than those which will be used in them when they are ready for service, and are enclosed in a sort of strong box which has one side open. They are then discharged through the open side into a heap of sand, and examined; but it is a rare event to find a barrel that has not been able to bear this test. The second proof, which takes place after the rifling, is of a similar character.

But these proofs are only to test the strength of a barrel; the test of its accuracy is a much more delicate operation. Of course the machinery by which it is bored and rifled works with the most admirable precision; but yet it is necessary to put this machine-work to trial. There are, amongst others, two highly ingenious methods for doing this. In the one case it is placed on a stand which is so constructed that on it the barrel can be made to revolve rapidly. The barrel is pointed towards a window, and in front of it is a fixed sight. The workman looks through it while it is revolving; and if the sight remains steady to his eye, that is a proof that the barrel may be said to be straight. But there is yet another method. The mechanism of this testing apparatus is rather difficult to describe, but is



something of this fashion. The barrel is made to revolve as before; but this time there is inserted in it a spindle, on which is fixed a short arm with a point which touches very lightly the interior of the barrel. If there is any inequality, or if the barrel is not perfectly straight, this short arm is of course shaken, and when this is the case, the motion is further communicated to a long arm at the end of which is an indicator, which is looked at by the workman through a magnifying glass.

Barrel, stock, and lock being at last completed and tested, the rifle is put together; but even then it is subjected to one more trial. This is carried out on the proof-ground in the marshes, and takes the form of an actual discharge of the weapon at a target. The rifle is screwed to a fixed and firm support, and then a certain number of rounds are fired at ranges of five hundred and one thousand yards respectively. In this test the hitting of the centre of the target, or 'bull's-eye,' is not the end in view, as it is in ordinary target practice. That sort of shooting depends of course on the steadiness with which the marksman holds the rifle. In this case, however, the fixed *rest* may be directed on any portion of the target, and the *grip* will always be the same. The only object of the test is to see whether the rifle throws the bullet at each round on or near the same spot. A marker at the butt examines the position of each shot, and the smaller the space on which they strike, the better the weapon.

We have not yet spoken of the machine guns. These weapons are, as part of the regular equipment of armies, quite modern, though the idea of binding together a quantity of barrels and then discharging them at once, or with great rapidity one after another, is not altogether novel. Sometimes, instead of a number of barrels, one only is required, and the cartridges are discharged from short barrels or chambers which are brought in turn into position with the longer one. This is the ordinary revolver system; but modern machine guns are a great improvement on this method, and entirely dispense with the necessity of loading separate chambers. Machine guns have succeeded one another with extraordinary rapidity, and a gun seems only to be adopted in order to be superseded. Thus, we have had during the last few years a series of these weapons bearing the names of Gatling, Gardiner, Nordenfolt, and Maxim. We will not stop to examine all these specimens—most of which, as we have already said, may be considered in a way obsolete—but will only remark on the newest and latest. When the revolver system was given up, the idea was how to work with a single barrel and drop in cartridges as required. At first they were dropped in from a hopper or 'feeder,' which was fixed on the top; but by the latest invention the cartridges are supplied from a long belt with pockets, which passes through the breech portion of the gun. Belt after belt can be inserted, as it is a very easy matter to slip the cartridges into the pockets, so that the discharge is continuous as long as there is ammunition. The machinery for picking the cartridges out of the belt, for inserting them in the breech, and for extracting the empty cases, is rather complicated, but almost self-working, the power employed being that of the recoil of the gun. Another highly important invention is that the barrel, to guard against overheating from

the continuous discharge, is enclosed in a cylinder which is filled with water.

As we walk about the factory we see, besides the workmen, here and there groups of men in military uniform. These are armourer sergeants, who attend classes at which they are taught the mysterious mechanism of the breech-loaders and machine guns. In former days, Tommy Atkins could be instructed how to keep his weapon in order, lock and all; but now its complications are beyond the power of his understanding or of his fingers, perhaps of both, and he has to hand over his rifle to a more skilled superior when it is out of order. Truly, military matters, from the movement of the vast army corps of the present day down to the mechanism of the soldiers' weapons, have become a highly technical matter. Dugald Dalgetty, notwithstanding his lengthy practical training, would not have been in it now.

War has indeed become a science in this latter part of the nineteenth century such as it never was before; not, of course, that men can be made to march faster nor horses to gallop more rapidly than they did in former days, but because the weapons which are used are such marvels of mechanical skill. And yet in how few years has this transformation been accomplished. What a short space separates us from the days of smooth bores and 'Brown Bess'; and what a step it is, all at once, as it were, from firearms which were hardly an improvement on those of medieval days, to the breech-loaders and magazine rifles and machine guns which are turned out in such vast numbers from these Enfield workshops.

And so we leave the said workshops with their clang and their bang, and the throb of great machines, and the whirl of wheels, and the heat and the apparent drive and hurry, though of course there is really order in what seems to us to be confusion; and we pass out across the flat low meadows, and along the banks of the scarcely moving stream. But as we make, it may be, for the old Abbey Church of Waltham, which rises before us, we feel there is one consolation which the sight of these wonderful weapons of war brings to us, and it is this: that modern science has made wars less lasting than they used to be; that as soon as a declaration of war has once been made, or an expedition decided on, the contest will be, though no doubt severe and terrible, yet short and decisive, and must perforce be followed by an interval of peace far longer than the period of fighting.

## AN OLD MAID'S MARRIAGE.

By GEORGE B. BURGIN.

MISS MATTIE was in a dilemma. A chill gleam of April sunshine shot across the table and lit dancingly on Miss Mattie's face. Miss Mattie was not averse to sunshine ordinarily, but this intrusive and irresponsible beam annoyed her; besides, it made the flame of the fire look sickly, and disturbed maiden meditations. She put on her spectacles, carefully adjusted her cap, and prepared for the worst. Then she rang the bell for Prudence, her handmaiden, who appeared in Quaker gray and a snowy cap. Little rebellious curls danced out from beneath the cap in a frivol-

ous fashion which nothing could restrain. Even now as she came in she made an attempt to reduce them to order, but in vain.

'Prudence,' said Miss Mattie, 'what did the Doctor's boy say?'

'That worldly youth, Mistress, attempted to pass the time in vain discourse concerning certain maidens who attire themselves in blue raiment and smite a heathen instrument called the tambourine'—

'Yes, yes, Prudence,' interrupted Miss Mattie, 'I daresay. But what did he say about the letter?'

'He said, Mistress, that he was to take back an answer; and I have entreated him to much profitable conversation until the answer be written.'

Miss Mattie looked perplexedly at the grave, serene-eyed, little Quaker maid. 'How old are you, child?' she asked.

'Twenty, Mistress,' said Prudence.

Miss Mattie gazed at the unopened letter on the table, and then at Prudence. 'Prudence, you are young,' she said, 'but wiser than your years. Have you—have you ever had a sweetheart?'

Prudence looked a little unprepared for this remark. But she was conscientious. 'Truly,' she said, 'there is one stalwart youth, a carpenter, who has flattered me many times when going to Meeting, but to whom I have not been drawn.'

'Oh, you—you weren't drawn to him?' asked Miss Mattie.

'Nay, Mistress; whereat he is much provoked, and threateneth to'—

'To what?' asked Miss Mattie.

'To fare forth to foreign lands and forget me,' placidly answered the little maid.

Miss Mattie still struggled with a certain shameful consciousness that she had wavered. What a tower of strength Prudence was! 'Did you—did you—did he ever kiss you?' she asked in a whisper.

Prudence opened her blue eyes widely. 'Surely, Mistress, it is the manner of young men to indulge in such unseemliness unless discouraged.'

'And—did you—did you discourage him?' asked Miss Mattie.

A faint colour stole over the pretty little maid's face. She looked distressfully at the carpet. 'The youth was strong, and I but slight,' she answered in confusion; 'and he was about to depart and—'

'W—what did he do?' asked Miss Mattie eagerly, still holding the letter in her hand.

'He saluted me, Mistress,' answered Prudence. A faint smile played over her lips at the recollection.

'Sit down, Prudence,' said Miss Mattie. 'I want to ask your advice, child. You know more about men than I do.'

Prudence sat down. Miss Mattie regarded her as a daughter, although Miss Mattie herself was only forty-five. But people in Little Bingleton rather prided themselves on looking old. It was thought to savour of flightiness if folks adopted modern fashions or travelled often to town. Miss Mattie was the only daughter of the late Dr Sewell. Ever since her father's death, which had happened about ten years ago, she had lived in

her own pretty little cottage on the outskirts of the town. People who remembered her fifteen years back said that Miss Mattie was then very handsome. She was still a sweet-faced woman, with rich auburn hair, and placid blue eyes. There had been whispers of a girlish romance a long time ago; but by-and-by people looked upon her as a confirmed old maid. The years passed, and still Miss Mattie lived her quiet uneventful days, until Dr Slurke, the one practitioner in the place, suddenly discovered that Miss Mattie was wasting her life. 'You've a mission to fulfil,' he had said. 'What is it?' placidly demanded Miss Mattie. 'I will go home and write it to you,' retorted the Doctor, attacked by a sudden fit of shyness. His manner had occasioned Miss Mattie some misgivings, but she had concealed them under her usual placid exterior until the arrival of the fatal letter.

The latter lay upon the table. Miss Mattie dared not open it. It seemed as if the occasion demanded a solemn and formal ceremony of some sort—a ceremony with witnesses. 'Open it, Prudence,' she said suddenly, turning to the little maid.

Even Prudence could not conceal something which approached to worldly curiosity. She took the letter in her hand and opened it with her usual deliberation. 'The man has a concern to marry thee, Mistress,' she said, after a steady perusal of the letter.

No woman likes to have a proposal of marriage put before her in so baldly prosaic a manner as in this instance. Miss Mattie felt that the occasion was not being treated with sufficient solemnity. 'Read it aloud please, Prudence,' she said; 'and Prudence read it:

DEAR MADAM—I never proposed to any one before—haven't had either the time or the inclination—and I have vainly consulted all the literature on the subject. Most of it seems to me to be rubbish. You are a sweet, amiable woman, of rather a melancholy disposition; I am bustling, savage, irritable, loud, and overbearing. Don't you think that we each have what the other lacks? I'm tired of living alone, so must you be also. Couldn't we join forces and travel together? You must be very solitary, and it is always so comforting to have a man in the house in case of burglars or fire or anything of that sort. Will you marry me? If so, kindly return a note in the affirmative by bearer, and I'll come up this evening to talk it over. If my letter is lacking in delicacy, remember that doctors are accustomed to come straight to the point. You want rousing; so do I. Which shall it be? Yes or no? I shall be walking impatiently up and down my garden—an exceedingly rash thing to do in this east wind—until I receive your reply.—Yours very faithfully,  
SILAS SLURKE.

'Is that all?' demanded Miss Mattie, who had faint hopes that the missive would be couched in all the long-winded eloquence of Miss Austin's heroines.

Even Prudence seemed to have found it disappointing. She inwardly contrasted it with certain vain but impassioned utterances of the young carpenter, and then rebuked herself for instituting worldly comparisons.



'Is there nothing more in the letter, Prudence? Nothing about love?'

'The letter lacketh worldliness of that kind,' answered Prudence, seriously scanning the page.

Miss Mattie had not lost all sentiment. She recalled that episode of her vanished youth when Reuben Rountree had declared that he worshipped her. Reuben was only a farmer's son—a struggling farmer—and Miss Mattie's exalted position had been declared a fatal obstacle to Reuben's pretensions. Whereupon, Reuben had uttered wicked words, shaken his fist at Mattie's white-haired old father, and departed to lands unknown in search of fortune. He had taken a lock of Miss Mattie's fair hair with him, and she still cherished in secret a little black daguerreotype of the departed swain. All this had happened a quarter of a century ago. At first, the faith of love had kept Miss Mattie's heart warm. But hearts grow cold and faith wavers and dies away when the years pass and absent lovers make no sign.

Miss Mattie drifted placidly adown the stream of Time, distributing little gifts to her neighbours on the banks, and winning the love of all. But she found life rather dull. Her old school-fellows had large families, who called Miss Matilda 'Aunt Mattie,' and confided all their troubles to her sympathetic ears. Miss Mattie also found, to her very great surprise, that men rather disturbed her. She liked her little nap after dinner, her game of backgammon with Prudence in the evening, her regular quiet life. If she had married Reuben, all these things would have become impossible.

Miss Mattie did not like to be hurried. And yet—and yet. As she sat there holding Dr Slurke's letter in her hand, her youth came back. How the poor boy had loved her! She recalled his foolish speeches, his fondness for her yellow locks and blue eyes, and all the thousand-and-one little tricks and jests with which he had beguiled her into loving him. Dr Slurke's letter had unsettled her. Though she felt she could not marry a man who never wiped his boots on the mat, and believed that a congested liver was answerable for all the sorrow in the world—yet there might be hidden depths of love within him. He was a doctor, too. That was another recommendation.

Prudence still waited, the letter in her hand.

Miss Mattie temporised. 'I—I will ask him to tea, Prudence,' she said, as she sat down to her desk and wrote in an elegant Italian hand that she must have further time in which to consider Dr Slurke's flattering proposal. 'And Prudence,' she said, as she sealed the letter—Miss Mattie always used a seal—'see that your pikelets are plentiful and of the best. Nothing comforts a man so much as a good tea.'

Miss Mattie was a little bit ruffled by the events of the day. She went up-stairs and looked long and lovingly at a certain little tin portrait. Then she put on her best lavender silk dress, removed her cap, and went down-stairs to her cosy sitting-room.

A man's step scrunched the gravel outside, and the next moment an unknown voice demanded if Miss Matilda Sewell lived there.

Miss Mattie thrust the daguerreotype into her bosom and went out. 'What is it, Prudence?' she asked.

'A wayfarer from over the seas who would have speech with thee, Mistress,' said Prudence quietly, as she went back to her pikelets.

Miss Mattie felt an odd sensation at her heart. It fluttered and leapt. What if this burly stranger brought her news from the unforgotten Reuben!

The stranger held a letter in his hand. 'I've just come down on the cars with a letter from an old friend,' he said.

'On the what?' asked Miss Mattie, in bewilderment.

'On the cars. Oh, I forgot. You call them trains. Can I come in?'

'With pleasure,' said Miss Mattie, in a fluttered, odd little tone. 'May I offer you a dish of tea?'

The stranger seemed puzzled. 'We generally drink it in mugs,' he said.

He took off his hat and coat and carefully hung them on a peg in the hall. The passage seemed to shrink when he walked along it, and his head hit against the low little portal as he followed Miss Mattie into her small sitting-room, full of delicate china, and gay with samplers and quaint old mirrors on the walls.

The stranger sat down in an armchair by the fire. He seemed to swell over the sides of it. The cat jumped on to his colossal knee and went to sleep there.

Miss Mattie sat facing the window, and feeling reassured. She trusted that cat's instinct almost as much as she did the wisdom of Prudence. And the cat did not know young carpenters.

As the stranger glanced round the room, the ancient figures on the samplers caught his eye. He studied the impossible peacocks spreading their tails under equally impossible trees, and his eyes twinkled. 'My! Ain't they real pretty!' he said. Then he looked at another sampler. 'I like that picture of Noah and his sons sitting on top of the Ark,' he observed genially.

Miss Mattie felt distressed. She did not like to interrupt his flow of art criticism by admitting that the Ark was meant for the roof of a house, and Noah and his sons were only four ravens perched on the ridge.

'Excuse me,' said the stranger, handing her a letter. 'Won't you read this first, and then we'll talk.'

Hospitality was a sacred rite with Miss Mattie. 'I trust that you will partake of my poor hospitality first, M-Mr—?' she said, with a stately bend of her head.

'Alphæus P. Winterbottom. I'd be sorry to go away without doing so,' answered the stranger heartily, as Prudence appeared with the pikelets.

'Prudence,' said Miss Mattie solemnly, 'make some more.'

'You're right, Ma'am,' said the stranger, surveying the little dish. 'I was just thinking I could eat the whole lot of those cunning little cakes.'

And Miss Mattie actually laughed. Her tea-parties were usually very solemn and stately affairs. Mrs Pennifather, the Rector's wife, always came in a copper-coloured silk. Miss Twinkleton, too, invariably donned her best old yellow lace ruffles for the occasion. The stranger, however, wore garments of a transatlantic cut, and had a pointed beard. He was

a fine handsome man of about forty-five. As Miss Mattie handed him a fragile cup, the last of the pikelets had disappeared.

'My! Miss Sewell,' he said, 'I'm quite forgetting the little men up there on the walls. There won't be a crumb left for 'em at this rate.'

Miss Mattie laughed again. Another step sounded on the gravel path outside.

'It's Dr Slurke,' she said, uncomfortably. 'I—I had quite forgotten him.'

Dr Slurke opened the door, and recoiled in angry amazement. There was Miss Mattie—his Matilda, as he was wont to call her in dreams—when he did dream, which was but seldom—chatting genially away with some foreign ruffian whom he had never before heard of or known to exist. It was indecorous; it was vulgar; it was unfeeling; it was aggravating; it was unprofessional; and the kind of thing which he (Dr Slurke) was not going to put up with from any lady however nice she might be under ordinary circumstances. So he pulled his stubbly beard and glared at the stranger. But, unfortunately for the Doctor, Mr Alphaeus P. Winterbottom was not overwhelmed.

Miss Mattie half rose from her chair. 'Good-evening, Dr Slurke. Won't you come in?' she inquired, with the sugar tongs poised in her white hand.

This was another insult. She was pouring out her best tea and giving it to the man in the chair. Dr Slurke did a very foolish thing—a thing he had often done before, but never without experiencing disastrous results. He lost his temper. He drew himself up to his full height—five feet three—and scowled on the Pirate King in the armchair—this ruffian who stole people's hearts by nursing their objectionable old Persian cats.

'Won't you come in?' tremulously repeated Miss Mattie.

Dr Slurke bowed sarcastically. 'I thank you, no, Madam,' he said. 'I only came in to inform you that I had caught a cold in my garden whilst awaiting your pleasure.'

The other man looked quietly up. 'I guess, you ought to be proud of it,' he said, in his objectionable American way.

Dr Slurke bowed to him with withering irony. 'I—eh—was not aware that I was asking a conundrum,' he said. 'May I inquire who I have the pleasure of addressing?'

The stranger smiled. 'My name's Winterbottom—Alphaeus P. Winterbottom.'

Miss Mattie let fall the sugar from the tongs. 'Oh, Dr Slurke,' she said, with tears in her voice, 'I am so sorry. You see it was rather a difficult question to answer, and'—

'I will thank you to be good enough not to discuss it before this gentleman,' the Doctor ejaculated at a white-heat.

'But I—I really'— And poor Miss Mattie felt inclined to cry.

Mr Winterbottom was moved by Miss Mattie's distress. 'Shall I make him shut the door from the outside?' he asked, quietly caressing the cat. 'I think, Madam, you'd feel more comfortable if this turkey-cock sort of person had gone home to roost.'

'I was not speaking to you, sir,' said the

Doctor. 'My remarks were meant for this lady.'

'I could just drop him into a nice soft flower-bed, if you'd only say the word, Madam,' quietly continued Mr Winterbottom.

'Madam, I take my leave,' said the angry Doctor.—'As for you, Mr Winterbottoms, you shall hear from me.'

'Not professionally, I hope,' said the imperturbable stranger. 'Don't distress this lady any more, or I'll really have to come and reason with you.'

The Doctor withdrew, speechless with rage. Poor Miss Mattie began to cry softly into the teapot.

The stranger put the cat down, gently approached the table. 'Madam,' he said, 'that extremely ill-tempered person will be better to-morrow. If he ain't, I guess I'll have to reason with him—near a pond.'

'Oh, please don't,' said Miss Mattie, feeling comforted by the stranger's vast bulk. 'I—I kept him waiting for an answer to—to an extremely delicate matter this evening, and—and he's cross with me.'

The stranger led Miss Mattie to the armchair. 'Now, you sit there, Madam,' he said in his gentle, kindly way. 'I'll brew this tea for you. You just assimilate those cunning little cakes of yours, and you'll feel better. One lump of sugar? Isn't it?'

'Yes,' said Miss Mattie, feeling that support from conscious strength which delights most women.

'And the cream?' said the stranger, holding up the dainty little cream ewer admiringly. 'My! Ain't that little pitcher pretty! And the fire! Beats our stoves hollow.' He handled the dainty tea equipage with jealous care, and waited on Miss Mattie so nicely that all her fears vanished.

'A gentle lady like you didn't ought to be bothered,' the stranger said reflectively, when Prudence had cleared away the things—'didn't ought to be bothered by a grasshopper like that. I daresay he means well, but he don't colluscitate worth a cent. That's what's the matter with him. Now just tell me if you feel down-right chipper again, and if so, we'll go into this business, or, if you prefer it, I'll come again to-morrow.'

'I thank you, Mr Winterbottom,' said Miss Mattie, in her simple friendly way. 'It—it was foolish of me to—to be so frightened. The Doctor has been very kind to me.'

'Then I'll let him off the pond,' said Mr Winterbottom, as if making a concession to sentiment. 'You're like one of those pretty wind-flowers we have in our country—you want sheltering from all the storms that blow.'

Miss Mattie smiled a pleased little smile. She had never been compared to a wind-flower before.

Mr Winterbottom took up the letter with his customary deliberation. 'Now, Madam,' he said, 'I'll read it to you, and when I'm bumping over a *cahot*, you tell me to pull up, and I'll drive quietly!'

Miss Mattie did not understand what a *cahot* was. The stranger explained that it was a hole in the road in winter, and that a sleigh had to



glide gently over and not take it flying, for fear of bumping the bottom out.

'Is—is the letter from Mr Rountree?' asked Miss Mattie, with quivering lips.

The stranger looked at her admiringly. 'Now, Madam,' he said, 'I never did see your like for coming straight to the point. You've fine instincts. That's what the widower said when he was telling me about it.'

'The—the— Did I understand you to say widower? To—to allude to Mr Rountree?' inquired Miss Mattie. She felt crushed. Reuben had not been true to her; he had forgotten his youthful love; all these years she had allowed her heart to remain in the keeping of a man who did not want it.

'I'd better read his letter,' said Mr Winterbottom. 'His wife wished it, you know.'

'I—I don't know,' said Miss Mattie, trembling. 'I don't know. But, oh, Mr Winterbottom, you have been so kind to me, that I would rather hear it in your own words, please.'

Mr Winterbottom looked gratified. 'So you shall, Madam,' he said—'so you shall. You see, Reuben settled down in Ontario five-and-twenty years ago.'

'Yes,' said Miss Mattie.

'And then, when he was doing pretty well, he married old Deacon Tucker's oldest.'

Miss Mattie was but human. 'Was—was Miss Tucker comely?' she asked.

'Sort of apple-cheeked,' said Mr Winterbottom. 'The girls are more like Reube.'

'The—the what?' gasped Miss Mattie.

'The girls.'

'Are—are there many?'

Mr Winterbottom reflected. 'Well, there's Samantha, and Delia, and Lelota, and Theresa, and the Twins.'

Every fresh name made the matter worse. The stranger saw it. 'I can't remember the names of the others,' he said comfortingly; 'but there aren't many—seven or eight, maybe.'

'Is he happy?' inquired Miss Mattie, still clinging to her romance, as only a woman can. She would not be harsh or unjust to Reuben. Whilst she stayed at home and dreamed her life away, he had gone into that vast new country and won a living from the soil. He had worked out the grief from his heart, and—and forgotten her. She might have known that his strong loyal nature could not fail to find an appreciative helpmate. This Canadian girl who had loved him had not stayed to think of social position; she had grasped the substance instead of the shadow. Poor Miss Mattie's tears flowed freely. Perhaps Reuben's grief when his wife had been called away had prompted him to think of her, Miss Mattie.

'Wh—what is his message to me?' she inquired.

Mr Winterbottom came a little nearer to Miss Mattie. 'Well, you see,' he said gently, 'she was kind of jealous of you, Madam. Reube told her you'd always be first in his heart, and so, when she was called away, she asked him to send for you to—to look after him.'

'And—and what did he say?' asked Miss Mattie.

'Well, you see, Reube hadn't the heart to tear you from your old surroundings, even if you'd been willing to come. So he sent me. "Tell

her," he said—"tell her all my life I've turned to her in sorrow and joy alike; all my life she's been my guiding star. In the woods I've seen her walking before me, clearing the way, and everywhere she stepped the corn grew greenly. Tell her," he said, "in all that coarse, rude, rough life, with its struggles and trials and pains and successes, she's never left my side for one moment. She's been the angel of my life, the pure sweet English girl, who I know has been true to me all these years. The"—

'Stop!' said Miss Mattie, quivering with excitement, as the tears streamed down her cheeks. 'Please stop, Mr Winterbottom—stop. To say this to me means that he was disloyal to her. Don't let me think the man I loved all my life could have been false to us both. Please leave me that. Don't take that away from me. It—it has been the only thing which has sustained me in my loneliness. I have lived a quiet, faithful, uneventful life, keeping and guarding the love which God put into our hearts. Don't tell me that now, after all these years, he could send me such a message as that. It must be some dreadful mistake—in her excitement she laid her hand upon Mr Winterbottom's arm—some dreadful mistake. It is natural that he should turn to me now; but he must have loved her while she lived. It is only his sorrow which makes him seem to forget. Tell him I will be a mother to his children—go to them—cherish them; but unsay those words which have destroyed my ideal, the ideal which I have taken to my heart all these years. The sacredness of love must not be broken like this. Tell me!—tell me! Oh, I would rather be the humblest beggar that ever craved charity, than believe the man I loved could win some other woman's heart and profess to have loved me too.'

Mr Winterbottom gently took her hand. 'My dear Madam,' he said—'my dear Madam, I know he never loved any woman but you.'

Miss Mattie buried her face in her hands. Disillusioned by both the men who had loved her—disillusioned in one evening! Well, she had had five-and-twenty years of trustful, loving faith and hope, and now she must hide her grief and try to live it down. She wanted to get away to her own room—to be alone—to think over this shock. And all the time she grieved, the stranger's gentle pressure grew firmer still. It comforted her. She experienced a strange thrill—a thrill which she had never expected to feel again. And then she strove to withdraw her hand, and accused herself of immodesty.

'Mattie!' the stranger's voice sounded in her ears—'Mattie, don't you know me? I am Reuben! I have never married—never loved any one but you; and I have come home to stay, to comfort your life, to give you back the years you have spent without me, to guard and love you with the firm strong love of manhood, and to atone to you for all the sorrow of the past. Look up, dear, look up. Say to me'—

She looked up through a mist of happy tears as he caught her to his heart. 'What can I say to you?' she whispered. 'Oh, Reuben, Reuben, I have waited so long! I have doubted the goodness of God. And now He brings you back to me—He brings you back.'

Reuben put his strong arm round her. 'Dear,

forgive me. I wanted to know if you still cared for me. I could not come until I had made money enough to give you a higher position than that of a farmer's wife. And now let us be happy.'

She put her hand in his. 'Ah, Reuben,' she said, 'how often our pride places before it everything else and robs us of the years. I am not the girl you knew and loved—I'm only an old maid.'

But he gazed into her truthful, loving eyes, blue with the blue of heaven, and then he kissed her.

'They will call it an old maid's marriage,' she whispered with a smile upon her lips.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VERY wonderful engineering work, which has occupied eleven years in its execution, has just been brought to a successful issue in the establishment of a new water-supply for the city of Liverpool. That this is a very wonderful work must be conceded when it is remembered that the water is drawn from a source more than seventy miles away from the city, and that the enterprise has involved the creation of a lake nearly five miles long which drains twenty-three thousand acres of ground. The new lake is situated in the Vyrnwy Valley, which, ten years ago, was a bare region without any particular interest attached to it. No doubt, a lake existed here long ago in the Glacial period, but this fact has been forgotten, except by geologists; and the engineers have now reinstated the Vyrnwy Lake by means of an immense dam of solid masonry. Manchester has for a long time drawn her water-supply from a distant lake, and Birmingham is taking similar steps to supply her need of the first necessary of life. Presently it will be the turn of London itself to provide for its rapidly increasing multitudes by a similar scheme.

The Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom is a useful society, which, like its elder brother, the British Association, meets annually at some large centre for the purpose of reading and listening to papers on different subjects, and refreshing its members by excursions into the surrounding country. This year they met at Edinburgh. Next year, Plymouth is chosen as the scene of their operations; and the following year they will probably meet at Dublin. The Photographic Convention is now in its seventh year of existence, and the rapid increase in its membership proves that its labours and cause are appreciated.

At Barwick, near Ware, stand the premises of the Smokeless Powder Company, the only works of the kind in the kingdom. These works cover no fewer than one hundred and twenty-six acres of ground; and a large company assembled there recently to watch the entire process of manufacture from the raw material to the finished explosive. This new compound differs from the

old black gunpowder not only in its freedom from smoke when ignited, but also in the circumstance that it is unaffected by damp or extremes of temperature. After the works had been inspected, the quality of the new powder was tried with various weapons by expert marksmen, and excellent practice was made. The exhibition concluded with the firing of five hundred rounds from a Maxim gun, when it was shown that far less smoke was produced than with ten shots fired with the old-fashioned gunpowder.

A curious relic of the early days of telegraphy will be shown at the Chicago Exposition by one of the American railway companies—namely, the original apparatus which was employed for laying the first underground telegraph wire, that of Morse. This wire was originally laid from Washington to Baltimore, and the apparatus for laying it in the ground consists of a heavy plough with a reel behind carrying the wire; thus the furrow was made by the plough, the wire laid therein, and covered up again as the plough proceeded on its way. It was soon found that the leakage to earth was so great that some other system must be adopted, and so overhead wires on the familiar telegraph posts became general. This relic of bygone times is to be exhibited in very complete form with wax figures representing Professor Morse and his workmen, while sixteen stuffed oxen will represent the original team which drew the machine over the ground.

Could the pioneers of telegraphy have had a vision of the network of wires both above and below ground which are now so common in our large commercial centres, they would have been incredulous; nor would they have ever guessed that a nefarious industry would arise in the tapping of telegraph wires in order that knaves might listen to messages not intended for them from which they might derive profit. This is now the case in New York, where a gang of wire-tappers, consisting of about twenty-five dishonest telegraph operators, and as many more inferior workmen, make a regular business of tapping the wires over which the returns of horse-races are sent, so that by the news thus obtained they may be able to defraud the book-makers. They carry on their operations in the most impudent manner, often meddling with the wires under the pretext of being workmen who have been commissioned to make repairs, and it is said it is very difficult to stop their depredations.

Of late years we have heard a good deal of drugs, leaves of plants, &c., which have the property of conferring upon mankind power to withstand fatigue. The latest introduction of this kind is described by a correspondent of the *Globe* newspaper as a pastile which is said to take the place of both food and drink. It was lately tested on a company of Roumanian soldiers who completed a march of seventy-five miles in twenty-seven hours, and whose sole food during that time was in the form of these pastiles. First, each man had a pastile every half-hour, and later on, three every hour; at the same time the pastiles dissolved in a small quantity of



against a target of solid rock, the enormous destruction possible with them was made evident. The shells used were fitted with a delayed-action fuse, so that they did not explode until they were buried in the cliff against which they were aimed.

It is with a feeling akin to regret that we learn that the ancient city of Rome is to be modernised by being illuminated by electricity; but such is indeed the case, and the works to supply it with the necessary current were recently inaugurated. These works are at Tivoli, twenty-two miles away; and the motive-power for driving the necessary dynamo-machines is found in a volume of water having a fall of about one hundred and sixty-four feet. The electricity thus generated will be carried from Tivoli to Rome by four copper overhead conductors, and the loss of power in transmission is calculated to amount to twenty per cent.

### G A M B I E R.

THERE are perhaps few substances more widely if indirectly used and at the same time less known to those outside the immediate industry concerned, than Gambier. The very name is unfamiliar to the general public; whilst any knowledge of the origin and mode of preparation of gambier is uncommon. Gambier is very extensively employed in the dyeing and tanning industries; and a large number of materials and articles of daily use have in the course of their manufacture been treated with the substance under consideration. Gambier is, moreover, a valuable medicine, and the more carefully prepared qualities are largely used in cases of diarrhoea, dysentery, relaxed throat, &c.

Similar in chemical composition to ordinary catechu, gambier is obtained by boiling the leaves and twigs of the *Uncaria Gambier* plant, a native of the East, and found either wild or cultivated in Malacca, Penang, and Singapore, as well as in Java and Sumatra. *Uncaria Gambier* belongs to the natural order *Rubiaceae*, in which are also embraced the cinchonas or quinine-yielding plants, as well as coffee. The flowers are small and crowded together, and the plant itself is a strong shrubby climber.

Gambier appears to have been used in India for dyeing purposes from a very remote period; but its introduction into Europe only commenced with the present century.

The manufacture of gambier is still conducted on very primitive lines, and with the crudest appliances. A plantation is generally cropped some eighteen months after being planted; and cropping may be repeated as often as four times a year, the operation being oftentimes conducted with no sparing hand. The remaining process is exceedingly simple, the leaves, twigs, &c., being boiled in a rough caldron until the water in which they are steeped becomes syrupy. The extract is then drawn off, cooled, and stirred until crystallisation commences. The gambier is then cut by hand into cubes, dried either by simple exposure to the air or by smoke, and packed in mats for exportation.

The life of a gambier plantation averages only some ten years; and in fifteen years at latest it is abandoned. The capital required is very small,

and the returns are rapid, hence the favour with which the industry is regarded by the Chinese.

Gambier has a pale brown or yellow colour, with an even earthy fracture, the cubes of commerce being about an inch square. There is much variation in the quality of the gambier offered for sale, and the art of adulteration has penetrated this branch of industry. At one time there are stated to have been eight hundred gambier plantations in Singapore alone; and the amount of gambier imported into Great Britain from the Straits Settlements alone is no less than twenty thousand tons per annum.

Gambier is undoubtedly a valuable commercial product; and with improved appliances for its manufacture, and judicious management of the plantations, can hardly fail to develop largely at no distant period.

### F O R E V E R.

Two little streamlets leapt and flowed,  
And sang their songs together;  
They felt alike the summer rays,  
And bore the stormy weather;  
The selfsame blossoms decked them both  
In colours rich and rare;  
And in each stream the song-birds wooed  
Their bright reflections there.  
And on, and on, and on they danced,  
Each leaping toward the river,  
And then they met to kiss and part  
Forever and forever.

Two human lives, two kindred hearts,  
By destiny's decree,  
Met in the spring of life, to learn  
Its deepest mystery.  
They dreamed their morning dreams of hope,  
Through fair unclouded weather;  
They opened love's bewitching book,  
And read it through together;  
They saw in one another's eyes  
A deep unspoken bliss;  
And from each other's lips they took  
Love's ever-ready kiss.

And then the fate that crushes all  
The sweetest pleasures here,  
Turned hope's glad music to a sigh,  
Its glory to a tear.  
It stepped between them; ah! it mocked  
The love it could not kill;  
It bade them in its fury live,  
And love, and suffer still.  
They tried with outstretched hands to span  
Fate's wide unyielding 'Never.'  
The voice of destiny replied:  
'Forever and forever.'

Mine is no wild imagined theme,  
No idle faery flight,  
It lives through daylight's busy hours,  
And haunts the silent night.  
The wail of sorrow fills the air,  
It rests, it ceases never;  
It wrings some soul, it breaks some heart,  
Forever and forever.

LIZZIE BERRY.

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## BLOOD ROYAL.

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,' 'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

### CHAPTER I.—PERADVENTURE.

CHIDDINGWICK High Street is one of the quaintest and most picturesque bits of old-town architecture to be found in England. Narrow at either end, it broadens suddenly near the middle, by a sweeping curve outward, just opposite the *White Horse*, where the weekly cattle-market is held, and where the timbered gable-ends cluster thickest round the ancient stone cross, now reduced as usual to a mere stump or relic. In addition to its High Street, Chiddingwick also possesses a mayor, a corporation, a town pump, an Early English church, a Baptist chapel, and abundant opportunities for alcoholic refreshment. The *White Horse* itself may boast, indeed, of being one of the most famous old coaching inns still remaining in our midst, in spite of railways. And by its big courtyard door, one bright morning in early spring, Mr Edmund Plantagenet, ever bland and self-satisfied, stood sunning his portly person, and surveying the world of the little town as it unrolled itself in changeful panorama before him.

'Who's that driving the rector's pony, Tom?' Mr Plantagenet asked of the hostler in a lordly voice, as a pretty girl went past in an unpretentious trap. 'She's a stranger in Chiddingwick.' For Mr Plantagenet, as one of the oldest inhabitants, prided himself upon knowing, by sight at least, every person in the parish, from Lady Agatha herself to the workhouse children.

Tom removed the straw he was sucking from his mouth for a moment, as he answered, with the contempt of the horsey man for the inferior gentry: 'Oh, *she*! she ain't nobody, sir. That lot's the new governess.'

Mr Plantagenet regarded the lady in the carriage with the passing interest which a gentleman of

his distinction might naturally bestow upon so unimportant a personage. He was a plethoric man, of pompous aspect, and he plumed himself on being a connoisseur in female beauty. 'Not a bad-looking little girl, though, Tom,' he responded condescendingly, closing one eye and scanning her as one might scan a two-year-old filly. 'She holds herself well. I like to see a woman who can sit up straight in her place when she's driving.'

Mr Plantagenet's opinion on all questions of deportment was much respected at Chiddingwick; so Tom made no reply save to chew a little further the meditative straw; while Mr Plantagenet, having by this time sufficiently surveyed the street for all practical purposes, retired into the bar-parlour of the friendly *White Horse* for his regulation morning brandy-and-soda.

But the new governess, all unconscious of the comments she excited, drove placidly on to the principal bookseller and stationer's.

There were not many booksellers' shops in Chiddingwick; people in Surrey import their literature, if any, direct from London. But the one at whose door the pretty governess stopped was the best in the town, and would at least do well enough for the job she wanted. It bore, in fact, the proud legend, 'Wells's Select Library'; then by an obvious afterthought, in smaller letters, 'In connection with Mudie's.' An obsequious small boy rushed up, as she descended, to hold the rector's horse, almost as in the days before compulsory education, when small boys lurked unseen, on the lookout for stray ha'pence, at every street corner. Mary accepted his proffered aid with a sunny smile, and went into the shop carrying a paper parcel.



There was nobody in the place, however, to take her order; and Mary, who was a timid girl, not too sure of her position, stood for a moment irresolute, uncertain how to call the attention of the inmates. Just as she was on the point of giving it up as useless, and retiring discomfited, the door that led into the room behind the shop opened suddenly, and a young man entered. He seemed about nineteen, and he was tall and handsome, with deep blue eyes, and long straggling locks of delicate yellow hair, that fell picturesque though not affectedly about his ears and shoulders. He somehow reminded Mary of a painted window. She didn't know why, but instinctively, as he entered, she felt as if there were something medieval and romantic about the good-looking shopman. His face was almost statuesquely beautiful—a fair frank open face, like a bony young sailor's, and the loose curls above were thrown lightly off the tall white forehead in a singularly graceful yet unstudied fashion. He was really quite Florentine. The head, altogether was the head of a gentleman, and something more than that: it had the bold and clear-cut, fearless look about it that one seldom finds among our English population, except as the badge of rank and race in the very highest classes. Mary felt half ashamed of herself, indeed, for noting all these things immediately and instinctively about a mere ordinary shopman; for after all, a shopman he was, and nothing more: though his head and face were the head and face of a gentleman of distinction, his dress was simply the every-day dress of his class and occupation. He was a son of the people. And as Mary was herself a daughter of the clergy, the eldest girl of a country rector, compelled by the many mouths and the narrow endowment at home to take a place as governess with a more favoured family at Chiddingwick rectory, she knew she could have no possible right of any sort to take any personal interest in a bookseller's lad, however handsome and yellow-haired and distinguished-looking.

'I beg your pardon for not having come sooner,' the tall young man began in a very cultivated tone, which took Mary aback even more than did his singular and noteworthy appearance; 'but the fact is, you opened the door so very softly the Gambier's ring; and I didn't notice there was for dyers'—the shop, as I was busy cutting, till but—'

any I had look up accidentally from my ream, and son. I hope I haven't kept you man; and Mary observed it that he didn't call her name. He was hardly even aware of her. She was a bit of a mystery, and address was the customary title of the governess, her special tribute to the sort you're constantly using in the open air ought to have sound stout edges. The original binding, which was cloth, is quite unsuitable, of course, for such a purpose. If you'll leave it to me, I'll do my best to make a workman-like job of it.'

The life of a gambler in her timid little some ten years; and in she spoke with a abandoned. The capital re- e must be hurting

his feelings by treating him as a tradesman. 'I've only just come in; and I, well, I wanted to know whether you could bind this again for me? Or is it quite too old to be worth the trouble of binding?'

The young man took it from her hands, and looked at her as he took it. The book was a *British Flora*, in two stout octavo volumes, and it had evidently seen wear and tear, for it was tattered and dog-eared. But he received it mechanically, without glancing at it for a moment. His eyes, in fact, were fixed hard on Mary's. A woman knows at once what a man is thinking—especially, of course, when it's herself he's thinking about; and Mary knew that minute the young man with the fine brow and the loose yellow hair was thinking in his own head—how exceedingly pretty she was. That makes a girl blush under any circumstances, and all the more so when the man who thinks it is her social inferior. Now, when Mary blushed, she coloured up to her delicate shell-like ears, which made her look prettier and daintier and more charming than ever; and the young man, withdrawing his eyes guiltily and suddenly—for he, too, knew what that blush must mean—was still further confirmed in his first opinion that she was very pretty.

The young lady, however, was ashamed he should even look at her. He was accustomed to that, and yet somehow in this case it particularly hurt him. He didn't know why, but he wanted her to like him. He took up the book, to cover his confusion, and examined it carefully. 'At the time of the French Revolution,' he observed, as if to himself, in a curious far-away tone, like one who volunteers for no particular reason a piece of general information, 'many of the refugees who came to this country were compelled to take up mechanical work of the commonest description. A Rochefoucauld mended shoes—and Talleyrand was a bookbinder.'

He said it exactly as if it was a casual remark about the volume he was holding, or the comparative merits of cloth and leather, with his eyes intently fixed on the backs of the covers, and his mind to all appearance profoundly absorbed in the alternative contemplation of morocco or russia. Mary thought him the oddest young man she had ever met in her life; she fancied he must be mad, and wondered by what chance of fate or fortune he could ever have wandered into a bookseller's shop at Chiddingwick.

The young man volunteered no more stray remarks about the French Revolution, however, but continued to inspect the backs of the books with more business-like consideration. Then he turned to her quietly: 'We could do this for you very cheap in half-calf,' he said, holding it up. 'It's not at all past mending. I see it's a favourite volume; and a book of reference of the sort you're constantly using in the open air ought to have sound stout edges. The original binding, which was cloth, is quite unsuitable, of course, for such a purpose. If you'll leave it to me, I'll do my best to make a workman-like job of it.'

There was something in the earnest way the young man spoke that made Mary feel he took a pride in his work, simple and ordinary as it

was; and his instant recognition of the needs and object of the particular volume in question, which in point of fact had been her companion in many country rambles over hill or moor, seemed to her singularly different from the perfunctory habit of most common English workmen. To them, a book is just a book to be covered. She conceived in her own mind, therefore, a vague respect at once for the young man's character. But he himself was just then looking down at the volume once more, engaged in examining the inside of the binding. As he turned to the fly-leaf, he gave a sudden little start of intense surprise. 'Tudor!' he murmured; 'Mary Tudor! How very curious! Did this book then once belong to some one named Mary Tudor?'

'It belongs to me, and that's my name,' Mary answered, a little astonished, for he was gazing fixedly at her autograph on the blank page of the first volume. Never before in her experience had any shop people anywhere showed the slightest symptom of surprise at recognition of her royal surname.

The young man made a sudden gesture of curious incredulity. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, jotting down something in pencil in the inside of the book; 'do I understand you to mean your own real name is Mary Tudor?'

'Why, yes, certainly,' Mary answered, much amused at his earnestness. 'That's my own real name, Mary Empson Tudor.'

He looked at it again. 'What a singular coincidence!' he murmured to himself half inaudibly.

'It's not an uncommon name in Wales,' Mary answered, just to cover the awkwardness, for she was surprised the young man should feel any interest at all in so abstract a subject.

'Oh, that's not it,' the yellow-haired lad replied in a hasty little way. 'The coincidence is—that my name happens to be Richard Plantagenet.'

As he spoke, he drew himself up, and met her gaze once more with conscious pride in his clear blue eye. For a moment their glances answered each other; then both dropped their lids together. But Richard Plantagenet's cheek had flushed crimson meanwhile, as a very fair man's often will, almost like a girl's, and a strange fluttering had seized upon his heart well-nigh before he knew it. This was not remarkable. Mary Tudor was an extremely pretty girl; and her name seemed fateful; but who was she? Who could she be? Why had she happened to come there? Richard Plantagenet determined in his own heart that moment he would surely search this out, and never rest until he had discovered the secret of their encounter.

'You shall have it on Wednesday,' he said, coming back to the book with a sudden drop from cloudland. 'Where may I send it?' This last in the common tone of business.

'To the rectory,' Mary answered, 'addressed to Miss Tudor.' And then Richard knew at once she must be the new governess. His eye wandered to the door. He hadn't noticed till that minute the rectory pony; but once he saw it, he understood all; for Chiddingwick was one of those very small places where every one knows every one else's business. And Fraulein had gone back just three weeks ago to Hanover.

There was a moment's pause: then Mary said,

'Good-morning,' sidling off a little awkwardly; for she thought Richard Plantagenet's manner a trifle embarrassing for a man in his position; and she didn't even feel quite sure he wasn't going to claim relationship with her on the strength of his surname. Now a shopman may be handsome and gentlemanly, and a descendant of kings, but he mustn't aspire to acquaintance on such grounds as these with the family of a clergyman of the Church of England.

'Good-morning,' Richard replied with a courtly bow, like a gentleman of the old school, which indeed he was. 'Your books shall be covered as well as we can do them.'

Mary returned to the pony, and Richard to his room, which he was cutting into sermon-paper. But Mary Tudor's pretty face seemed to haunt him at his work; and he thought to himself more than once, between the clips of the knife, that if ever he married at all, that was just the sort of girl a descendant of the Plantagenets would like to marry. Yet the last time one of his house had espoused a Tudor, he said to himself very gravely, the relative rôles of man and woman were reversed; for the Tudor was Henry of Richmond, called Henry VII., of our younger branch; and the Plantagenet was Elizabeth of York, his consort. And that was how 'the Estates' went out of the family.

But 'the Estates' were England, Wales, and Ireland.

## LIGHTHOUSE ILLUMINANTS.

IN the reign of the first Tudor there existed a respectable Company of Mariners in the College at Deptford, having authority, by charter to prosecute persons who destroyed sea-marks, &c. Henry VIII., on May 20, 1514, formed them into a perpetual corporation by the style of the Master Wardens and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity of the most glorious and undivided Trinity, and of St Clement, in the parish of Deptford Strond, in the county of Kent.

The powers and functions of this Society have been much curtailed by succeeding enactments, and within more recent times again in 1854, the year that gave birth to that master-piece of nautical legislation, the Merchant Shipping Act. But still the Trinity Brethren are an influential body; seeing that amongst other responsibilities they are mainly accountable for the lighting of the storm-swept English coasts.

Between the *phari* of the Romans—established either prior to or in the opening years of the Christian era, on Dover cliffs, Flamborough Head, and various other sites around our shores—and the establishment of the North Foreland Lighthouse, the Dungeness fire-tower, there is practically no connecting link. This last-named beacon was instituted for indicating the whereabouts of the dreaded Goodwin Sands. On the summit of the lighthouse there was built an open fireplace or grate, in which were burnt billets of oak-wood, which subsequently were superseded by coal. Modern science smiles





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As he spoke, he drew himself up, and met her gaze once more with conscious pride in his clear blue eye. For a moment their glances answered each other; then both dropped their lids together. But Richard Plantagenet's cheek had flushed crimson meanwhile, as a very fair man's often will, almost like a girl's, and a strange fluttering had seized upon his heart well-nigh before he knew it. This was not remarkable. Mary Tudor was an extremely pretty girl; and her name seemed fateful; but who was she? Who could she be? Why had she happened to come there? Richard Plantagenet determined in his own heart that moment he would surely search this out, and never rest until he had discovered the secret of their encounter.

'You shall have it on Wednesday,' he said, coming back to the book with a sudden drop from cloudland. 'Where may I send it?' This last in the common tone of business.

'To the rectory,' Mary answered, 'addressed to Miss Tudor.' And then Richard knew at once she must be the new governess. His eye wandered to the door. He hadn't noticed till that minute the rectory pony; but once he saw it, he understood all; for Chiddingwick was one of those very small places where every one knows every one else's business. And Fraulein had gone back just three weeks ago to Hanover.

There was a moment's pause: then Mary said,

'Good-morning,' sidling off a little awkwardly; for she thought Richard Plantagenet's manner a trifle embarrassing for a man in his position; and she didn't even feel quite sure he wasn't going to claim relationship with her on the strength of his surname. Now a shopman may be handsome and gentlemanly, and a descendant of kings, but he mustn't aspire to acquaintance on such grounds as these with the family of a clergyman of the Church of England.

'Good-morning,' Richard replied with a courtly bow, like a gentleman of the old school, which indeed he was. 'Your books shall be covered as well as we can do them.'

Mary returned to the pony, and Richard to his ream, which he was cutting into sermon-paper. But Mary Tudor's pretty face seemed to haunt him at his work; and he thought to himself more than once, between the clips of the knife, that if ever he married at all, that was just the sort of girl a descendant of the Plantagenets would like to marry. Yet the last time one of his house had espoused a Tudor, he said to himself very gravely, the relative rôles of man and woman were reversed; for the Tudor was Henry of Richmond, 'called Henry VII., of our younger branch;' and the Plantagenet was Elizabeth of York, his consort. And that was how 'the Estates' went out of the family.

But 'the Estates' were England, Wales, and Ireland.

#### LIGHTHOUSE ILLUMINANTS.

IN the reign of the first Tudor there existed a respectable Company of Mariners in the College at Deptford, having authority, by charter to prosecute persons who destroyed sea-marks, &c. Henry VIII., on May 20, 1514, formed them into a perpetual corporation by the style of the 'Master Wardens and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity of the most glorious and undivided Trinity, and of St Clement, in the parish of Deptford Strond, in the county of Kent.'

The powers and functions of this Society have been much curtailed by succeeding enactments, and within more recent times again in 1854, the year that gave birth to that master-piece of nautical legislation, the Merchant Shipping Act. But still the Trinity Brethren are an influential body, seeing that amongst other responsibilities they are mainly accountable for the lighting of the storm-swept English coasts.

Between the *phari* of the Romans—established either prior to or in the opening years of the Christian era, on Dover cliffs, Flamborough Head, and various other sites around our shores—and the establishment of the North Foreland Lighthouse, the Dungeness fire-tower, there is practically no connecting link. This last-named beacon was instituted for indicating the whereabouts of the dreaded Goodwin Sands. On the summit of the lighthouse there was built an open fireplace or grate, in which were burnt billets of oak-wood, which subsequently were superseded by coal. Modern science smiles



go for it—wants it put off—says he thinks it will be of no use. What with this young man Austin at first, and this old man Checkley next, we seem in a conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice. But to-morrow I shall go myself to my brother. It is time this business was finished.'

'Yes—yes,' said Mrs Arundel. 'And my dear Sir Samuel, before Wednesday—let it be before Wednesday, I implore you, for all our sakes!'

'My dear Madam, it shall be to-morrow.'

At noon, Elsie returned to Half Moon Street, where George was waiting for her.

'I have made one more attempt,' she said, with tears; 'but it was useless. Her head is as hard about you as ever it was about Athelstan. It is wonderful that she should have so little faith. I suppose it comes of going into the City and trying to make money. Edmund Gray would say so. I would have told her all, but for the old man's sake. He knows nothing: he suspects nothing; and I want to make the case so complete that there shall be no doubt—none whatever—possible in the minds of the most suspicious. Even Checkley must be satisfied. I shall finish the work, I hope, this afternoon.—Oh! George—is it possible? Is our wedding day next Wednesday—actually next Wednesday? And the hateful cloud shall be blown away, and—and—'

For the rest of this Chapter look into the Book of Holy Kisses, where you will very likely find it.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—PLENARY CONFESSION.

Early on Sunday afternoon Elsie started upon her mission. She was anxious, because she was entering upon a most important business, and one requiring the greatest delicacy in the handling. It was enough—more than enough—that her witnesses should be able, one after the other, to identify Mr Dering with Mr Edmund Gray: but how much more would her hands be strengthened if she could produce a full and complete narrative of the whole affair, written by the hand which had done it all! To get that narrative was her business with the Master that afternoon. But she was hopeful, partly because she knew her power over the philosopher; and partly because, like every woman who respects herself, she had always been accustomed to get exactly what she wanted, either by asking, coaxing, flattering, or taking.

The Master was waiting for her—one should never keep a Master waiting—and she was a little late: he was impatient: he had so much to talk about and to teach: one point suggested another in his mind: so much to say: he grudged the least delay: he walked about the room chafing because the hour appointed was already five minutes in the past: he would scold her: she must really learn to be punctual: they had only about five short hours before them for all he had to say. Was this the zeal of a student? But at that point she opened the door and ran in, breathless, smiling, eager, holding out both her hands, a dainty delicate maiden all his own—his disciple—his daughter—the daughter of the New Humanity—and he forgot his irritation, and took her hands in his and kissed her forehead. 'Child,' he sighed, 'you are late. But never

mind. You are here. Why, you have grown so precious to me that I cannot bear you to be a minute late. It is such a happiness—such a joy in the present—such a promise for the future—that I have such a disciple! Now sit down—take off your bonnet. I have put a chair for you at the window—and a table for you to write. Here is your note-book.—Now—you have thought over what I taught you last?—That is well. Let us resume at the point where we left off—the rise, of the co-operative spirit, which is the rise of the New Humanity.'

He talked for two hours—two long eloquent hours: he walked about the room: or he stopped before his disciple emphasising with the forefinger of admonition—repeating—illustrating by anecdote and memory—he had a prodigious memory. The Scholar listened intelligently. Sometimes she asked a question: sometimes she made notes. You must not think that she was a sham Scholar: her interest in the Master's system was not simulated. Above all things, she loved to hear this enthusiast talk—who would not love to hear of the New Jerusalem? Always he made her heart to glow with the Vision that he conjured up before her eyes of a world where there should be no more sorrow nor crying nor any more pain, nor any of the former things. He made her actually see—what others only read of—the Four-square City itself with its gates open night and day, its jasper walls, and its twelve foundations of precious stones.—'Why,' he said, 'the gates are open night and day because there is no Property to defend; and the walls are of jasper because it is the most beautiful of minerals, and because it can be polished like a mirror, so that the country around is reflected on its surface, which shows that it all belongs to the City; and the precious stones are the twelve cardinal virtues of Humanity, on which the Order of the Future shall rest—namely, Faith, Brotherly Love, Obedience, Patience, Loyalty, Constancy, Chastity, Courage, Hope, Simplicity, Tenderness, and Industry. It is an allegory—the whole book is an allegory—of Humanity.' And she saw, beside the City, the river of life, with the tree of life for the healing of all nations.

Then she clean forgot the purpose for which she had come: she was carried away: her heart beat—her cheek glowed. Oh! Lovely Vision! Oh! Great and glorious Prophet! He made a Heaven, and placed it on this earth. Now the mind of man can conceive of no other happiness but that which humanity can make out of the actual materials found upon this earthly ball. The Heaven, even of the most spiritual, is a glorified world: the Hell, even of the most gentle, is a world of fleshly pain: no other Heaven attracts: no other Hell terrifies: there is no promise, or hope, or prospect, or inheritance that man desires or poet can feign or visionary can preach but an earthly Heaven: it must be a Heaven containing sunshine and shower, kindly fruits in due season, love and joy and music and art, and men and women who love each other and labour for each other. Such a world—such a New Jerusalem—the Master drew every day; he loved it, and lingered over it; he painted over and over again this splendid Vision. He was never tired of painting it, or his hearers of gazing upon it. But to-day, he spoke with greater fullness,

more clearly, more brilliantly, more joyously than ever. Was the Prophet really a man of seventy years and more? For his mind was young—the enthusiast, like the poet, never grows old. His voice might have been the voice of a boy—a marvellous boy—a Shelley—preaching the glories of the world when Property should be no more.

He ceased. And the Vision which he had raised quickly faded away. They were back again in the dingy old Inn: they were among the solicitors and the money-lenders and the young fellows who have their Chambers in the place. The Inn is about as far from the New Jerusalem as any place under the sun: it is made over bodily and belongs—every stair—every chamber—to the interests of Property.

He ceased his prophecy, and began to argue, to reason, to chop logic, which was not by any means so interesting. At last he stopped this as well. 'You have now, dear child,' he said, 'heard quite as much as you can profitably absorb. I have noticed for the last two or three minutes your eyes wandering and your attention wearied. Let us stop—only remember what I have just said about the diseases of the Body Politic. They are akin to those that affect the human body. By comparing the two we may learn not only cause, but also effect. We have our rheumatisms, gouts, asthmas, neuralgias, colds and coughs, fevers and other ills. So has the Body Politic. Whence come our diseases? From the ignorance, the follies, the vices, the greed and gluttony of our forefathers. So those of the Body Politic. Take away Property and you destroy greed. With that, half the diseases vanish.'

Elsie heard and inclined her head. It did occur to her that perhaps Property in the Body Politic might be represented by food in the Body Human, but she forbore. The Master was one who did not invite argument. Nearly all the great Teachers of the world, if you think of it, have conveyed their wisdom in maxims and aphorisms.

He took out his watch. 'It is nearly four,' he said. 'Shall we go on to the Hall?'

'Not yet. There is no need for us to be there before six. We have two good hours before us. Let us use them more pleasantly than in sitting alone in the Hall—you must own that it is stuffy. We will talk about other things—about ourselves—not about me, because I am quite an insignificant person, but about you, dear Master.' She was now about to enter upon her plan of duplicity. She felt horribly ashamed, but it had to be done. She strengthened herself: she resolved: she suppressed the voice of conscience.

'About me?' asked the Master. 'But what is there to talk about?'

'Oh! there is ever so much.' She took his right hand in her own and held it, knowing that this little caress pleased and moved him. 'Master—what a wonderful chance it was that brought me here! I can never sufficiently wonder at it. I have told George—George Austin—my lover, you know: and Athelstan—he is my brother.' She looked at him sharply, but there was no sign of recognition of those two names. Edmund Gray had never heard of either. 'I have told them about you and of your great work, and how you are teaching me and everything. But when they ask me who you are,

where you have lived, and all about you, I can tell them nothing. Oh! I know it matters nothing about me and my own friends; but, my dear Master, we have to think of the future. When the Cause has spread, and spread, and spread, till it covers the whole world, people will want to know all about the man who first preached its principles. Who will be able to tell them? No one. You are alone: you have no wife or children. Your name will remain for ever attached to the Cause itself. But you—you—the man—what will you be? Nothing. Nothing but a name. You ought to write an autobiography.'

'I have sometimes thought I would do so'—his face became troubled; 'but—but'—

'But you are always occupied with working for the world. You have no time, of course. I quite understand that; and it worries you—does it not?—to be called upon to turn your thoughts from the present back to the past.'

'Yes—yes; it does—if does. Elsie, you exactly express the difficulty.'

'And yet—you must own—you must confess—it is natural for the world to want to know all about you. Who was the great Edmund Gray? Why, they will want to know every particular—every single particular: where you were born—where you were educated—who were your masters—what led you to the study of Humanity and its problems—where you lived: if you were married and to whom—what you read—who were your friends. Oh! there is no end to the curiosity of the world about their great men.'

'Perhaps.' He rose and looked out of the window. When men are greatly pleased they must always be moving. 'I confess that I have never thought of these things at all. Yet, to be sure—you are right.' He murmured and purred.

'No, but I have thought of them, ever since I had the happiness of being received by you. Master, will you trust me? Shall I become your biographer? You cannot find one more loving. You have only to give me the materials. Now—let me ask you a few questions just for a beginning—just to show you the kind of thing I shall want to know.'

He laughed and sat down again. 'Why, my life has not got in it one single solitary incident, or episode, or adventure. There are no misfortunes in it. There is not such a thing as a disease in it. I have always been perfectly well. There is not even a love episode or a flirtation in it. There are not even any religious difficulties in it. Without love, ill-health, misfortune, religious doubts—where is the interest in the life, and what is there to tell?'

'Well, a life that has no incident in it must be the life of a student. It is only a student who never falls in love.'

'Or,' said the Philosopher, 'a money-getter.'

'Happily, there are not many students, or we women should be disconsolate indeed. Do you know, Master, that you can only be excused such a dreadful omission in your history by that one plea? Sit down again, Master, for again he was walking about restlessly, partly disturbed by her questions, and partly flattered and pleased by her reasons. She opened her note-book and began to ask questions about himself—very simple



It is not necessary here to do more than to refer to the diver's dress. There are weights on the feet by which the diver can move about at the bottom; there is a helmet upon the head. The hands are bare, the sleeve of the dress being confined at the wrist by an elastic band. Air is pumped down from a boat on the surface, and the respired air escapes by a valve. The wages of my friend the diver are twenty shillings per day. This sum is probably larger than the wages of one who follows a similar occupation at 'home.' The reason of the difference is not hard to ascertain. In Australia, the reward of labour is higher generally, and the dangers of this particular profession are considerably greater than those attending divers around the coast of Great Britain and Ireland. First, in fancy at all events, among these dangers are those attributable to sharks. And here I draw upon the observation and address you in the language of my friend the diver:

Sharks are very common all along the coast of Australia. They become more numerous, larger, and more voracious the nearer we go to the equator. Passengers who make ocean voyages may often see them from the deck of their ship; but I see them in their native element. A day seldom passes when I am at work that I do not see some of these creatures. They do not seem to recognise a diver when clad in his diving dress as something which is good to eat. Probably he is mistaken for some other great sea-monster, with whom the shark would just as soon not measure his strength. At all events sharks rarely give us any active annoyance. At first, when we go into a new country, they exhibit some curiosity. They sometimes come and inspect us and our work, moving slowly around us without perceptible motion, and smelling at us like great dogs. It gives one a very horrible 'feeling of insecurity.' I assure you, when one of these monsters of twelve or fourteen feet long runs his nose around your body, and without even a solitary 'wag' of his tail to indicate good-fellowship. The shark will swim away right enough when he has finished his inspection—at least, he always has done so with me—and although annoying, I can stand it now. Sometimes, when you go down of a morning, you will find half-a-dozen big and little sharks who have evidently selected the site of your operations as a camping-ground. This is awkward. Perhaps they have observed the disturbance at the bottom of the sea, and like marine constables they 'are waiting for the fellow who made it, to run him in.' This is an awkward experience, for these sharks do not clear off and admit your claim. They say all animals have a fear of man; but sharks cannot recognise a man in a diver's costume. They neither oppose nor assist us in our operations; they simply ignore us. We have to be very careful, then, walking round about these lazy pigs without disturbing them. I have occasionally used a small crowbar as a weapon, and struck a small shark on the nose when he was annoying me with his persistency. The shark will then turn and go off with a rush. I would not, however, like to try my crowbar on a shark ten feet long.

After his rush away, he might return for further investigation.

I have had many nasty adventures with sharks when pursuing my occupation; I recollect one that gave me a considerable shock. I had been engaged blowing up a reef of rocks so as to enlarge a little harbour on the coast. It was my duty to make the hole and put in the charge of dynamite. The charge was exploded in the evening after we left off work. On going down every morning I was accustomed to go over to a certain ledge which was always a good resting-place for lobsters. Morning after morning I had invariably found a pair or more of these crustaceans, which I sent to the surface in a basket. On the morning to which I now refer, I walked straight to the ledge and ran my hand carefully along its lower side. I was surprised to find my hand scraping what I took to be the rock; but I was surprised still more when I observed my hand groping within a foot of the mouth of a great shark which had retired to rest in this cavity. The shark must have been as much alarmed as I was, for it made one spring from its resting-place and disappeared in the dark wall of ocean. The shock to me was greater than I could have believed, and even yet I do not care to think about it much. It is hardly necessary to say that I did not return to that ledge for lobsters for some time.

On another occasion, a big fellow came alongside me where I was working. I stopped, of course, and stepped back quietly to let him pass. But he did not. He came nearer. I then thought he was curious, but soon found that another feeling than curiosity was moving him. As I retreated he still advanced, until I found myself jammed up against the rock. I could retreat no farther, and yet the brute came on determinedly. But instead of approaching me with his long nose—for you don't see his jaws—he turned his side and began to rub up against me. I had a small 'jumper' in my hand, which I held with the point outwards against his skin, as I did not wish to have his rough skin scoring along my dress. It was something like what a cow would be rubbing against you. The iron on his skin was, however, the very thing he wanted, as he soon gave me to understand. I was kept there at least half an hour scratching that monster with the sharp iron. He took it like a pig, bending his body and turning over on his side so as to present a fresh surface to the jumper. I suppose he must have felt easier for the operation, for after a time he moved away. I had one or two further visits from him on following days, on each of which I was obliged to scratch him for a time. I think he must have recognised me as a kindly and effectual scratcher. I imagine he was suffering from some parasitical or skin disease, to which he may have fallen a victim. Otherwise, I might be in that scratching billet still.

One of the boys who worked in the boat once inserted a charge of dynamite in a sheep's head; the charge was of course attached to the battery by wire. After we had 'knocked off,' he threw in the sheep's head. In about ten seconds the head was 'taken in' by a small shark. In ten seconds more there was an explosion, and fragments of shark were abundant. In certainly less

than a minute afterwards the sea was almost alive with sharks contending for a relic of their deceased kins-shark. This experience was, however, obtained from the surface, and what I pride myself most on is that I see these creatures from below.

I remember once I had the good fortune to see a battle between a pair of sharks, although at the time I did not by any means think the fortune 'good.' It happened in this way. I was 'down' at the wreck of a ketch off the Illawarra Coast, in New South Wales. The boat was above me, as usual, keeping me supplied with air. I remember I was working with a crowbar, prising asunder the timbers of the broken vessel, which had sunk in such a position that it menaced vessels passing in and out of the harbour. All of a sudden something fell into the water above me. I did not know what it was at the time, but I learned afterwards that it was a waistcoat belonging to one of the men. It is wonderful when you are down in the water how plainly you can see anything above you—I mean in the water. You are covered with light upwards, and anything dark catches the eye. Even a comparatively small fish makes a shadow which will attract attention. I saw the waistcoat almost as soon as it had touched the water. Quick as lightning, three or four sharks converged in towards that waistcoat. I hadn't been thinking of them, and did not believe there was a shark within a mile of me. I was staggered for a second. At one moment there was no sign of them; at the next, the sea seemed to be alive with these hideous creatures, curling and twisting above my head in the clear water. The pocket of the waistcoat contained a big silver watch, and this helped to sink the garment. However, before it had been well wetted, a big fellow of nine or ten feet long turned over and took in the waistcoat and the watch. He then sunk leisurely to the bottom and lay quietly, looking upwards. There was no chewing; waistcoat and watch were alike bolted. Then I thought the adventure was over, and I was about to resume my work. But I was destined to see more. I observed that two of the other and smaller sharks had suddenly engaged in combat. They rolled, they worried, they dodged. Sometimes they were above me in the water; at other times they had descended till on a level with my head. There was no sound that I could hear; there was no disturbance in the water that I could perceive. Encased as I was in my diving dress, I would not have expected either to have heard sounds or felt vibration. Still the contest was terrific. The rolling of the animals in the still water was frightsome. In the conflict they moved farther and farther away from the place where I stood, until they disappeared in the great opaque wall of water which marks the horizon of the diver. As to the rest I can only conjecture. I presume one of them was killed, for I noticed the big fellow who had swallowed the waistcoat, and several other sharks, slide over in the direction which the combatants had taken. They had gone, I hoped, to pay their last respects to one of their friends—perhaps to bury him in their capacious maws.

My friend the diver related many other tales, and imparted to me many curious circumstances

of his life under the sea, to which at some other period I may be permitted to refer. Enough has been said to give us a glimpse of shark-life which it is not permitted for every man to see.

## THE DECK HAND.

BY CHARLES KING.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was a feature of Herringbourne that the people always wanted something to lean against. As individuals they leant against walls; as a community they were held up by the Church, the Brewery, and Hurley's Fleet. When the Church had done its 'teas' and the Brewery its malting, the Fleet was a strong supporter.

On a November afternoon, when the branches of the trees on the quay were black and bare, the water in the harbour a mud colour, and the blocks on the rigging of the moored ships stood out like warts against a cold gray sky, Genth Hurley, the Fleet owner, was doing what all owners do—he was paying a smack's crew their poundage. The smack had just come up, and the crew, in duffels, guernseys, and sou'-westers, were scattered about the office. They were a stalwart set of men, with basin-cropped heads and shaved necks. Some had brought their shifting bags ashore, and, with the cheerful ease of men who had not washed for eight weeks, sat on the tops of them. One big fellow, seated thus, nursed on his sea-boots a boy so small and black that he looked as if he had just dropped down a flue. He was the cook.

'Well, skipper,' said Genth, as he put first one and then another little pile of money on his desk, 'what sort of weather have you had?'

'Well, owner,' said the skipper, who was feeling about his head for a chew of tobacco, which he had dabbed at his sou'-wester and lost in his hair. 'I'll speak the truth. It was b'isterus. A tree reeved sail an' the little jib nearly all the time, an' mount'ins o' sea on the Dogger. Also a most unfortunate circumstance: a comin' home, poor Billy Dabbs nearly had his bows stove in with the mainsul bume.'

'I see,' said Genth, 'you are a man short.' I'm sorry about poor Billy. Perhaps one of you will take him his poundage? You'll have to ship another man, Holmes.—Here's your money, my lads.'

He laid the last little pile of money on his desk. One by one the crew claimed their own. When all were paid, and the sound of the last pair of sea-boots had died on the pavement, Genth started to put the books right. He was about eight-and-twenty, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a plain earnest face. Before he had finished, the soft illumination of the setting sun had tinted the muddy water that eddied against the bridge. When the red-tiled roofs on the opposite side were a glowing orange he heard a knock. 'Come in!' he cried.

The invitation met no prompt response. There was a fumble with the handle, a fatiguing wiping of feet on the flags, then as if by electricity the door flew open.

'Well?' said Genth. 'What is it?'

'I have come,' said the visitor, 'about a berth—on a smack.'



'It's no use coming to me, my man,' said Hurley. 'You must go to the skippers. I don't ship any one.'

'The skippers,' said the other; 'why, they'd laugh at me. I don't believe they'd have me for ballast. Yet they'd have given something for a nod from me once. I had no need then to come like a beggar to the Fleet—not I. You know that, Hurley.'

For the first time Genth looked up. His pen dropped from his fingers and made a great blot on the neatly ruled page. 'Tom Harrington!' he exclaimed.

'All that is left of him,' said the arrival with a smile, that seemed to court some sort of praise for the remains: 'rather shady, down at the heel, pockets empty, shorn of his splendour, but Tom Harrington still.'

Genth surmised as much. Tom Harrington was the son of a Herringbourne solicitor. The old lawyer had worked hard to save money; his son, to spend it. In three or four years Tom Harrington had spent the accumulations of thirty or forty. Yet he had been more fortunate than Genth Hurley, for he had won from Genth the woman he loved. As Genth looked at Harrington, the change in the latter startled him. There still existed the cut of the man, trimness, jauntiness. His hands were still small and white, his face handsome. But the fire in the shifty blue eyes burnt low; they were encircled by dark hollow rims, and the full red lips were a shade blue and tremulous. He was Genth's age, but looked older. He had lost a lot of health in the shearing process.

'I was told,' said Hurley, 'you were going the pace. But I never thought it was so bad as this. I'm sorry'—

'Don't—don't preach; I get enough of that at home.'

Genth's dark eyes unconsciously hardened. 'How were you brought to this?' he asked.

'Cs and Bs—Cards and Billiards, and, incidentally, Bs and Ss. In my time I have backed many horses. If they'd won I shouldn't have been here. Understand, I'm not the only one—plenty have been broke besides me. In gentlemanly games, too. All of us love sport. It is the backbone of England. I can't see it's my fault; it's the old man's.'

Genth looked at him inquiringly.

'If the old man didn't mean me to live like a gentleman, why did he make a gentleman of me? Why did he send me to a tip-top school, give me first-class ideas, and then die and not leave me enough money to develop these first-class ideas? That puzzles me. Now, if I hadn't been a soft fool; if I had married a woman who had got a bit'—

Genth's eyes grew harder. He picked up his pen and slowly drew a sheet of blotting paper over the ink-blot. 'How is your wife?' he said abruptly.

'Oh, Nell is all right. She takes in a bit of dress-making and millinery. She was always a handy girl with her fingers. But somehow trade has fallen off with her; so I'm forced to do something.—Oh, you needn't look at me like that! I have tried before. I tried once for a place as billiard-marker; but some other fellow got there before me, and I had all the trouble for nothing. But when it comes to your last loaf'—

'My good!'—

'It's time to wake up; so I thought of the Fleet. When there is nothing else doing, every one thinks of the Fleet; and if you have a berth ready for me to jump into, why, I'm your man.' He had suddenly set more than a ballast value on himself. It showed that Harrington was still mercurial.

'Well,' said Genth, 'a vessel came in this afternoon, the *Comet*. One of the men, a deck hand, was injured by the boom. You can go in her, if you like.'

Harrington looked by no means elated. It was evident that one of the last things he expected was to be taken at his word. He had hoped for something better; an easier job, perhaps a loan. 'I'm sure,' he said, 'I don't know whether I'm strong enough. I could try it.'

'You could,' said Genth grimly. 'If you give this note to John Holmes, the skipper of the *Comet*, he'll take you.'

'Thankee,' said Harrington, but by no means gracefully. Then he stood a moment, fidgeted, and coughed.

'Yes,' said Genth, who easily read these tokens, 'I'll advance you a month's pay. Here is half; the rest I'll send to your wife. If she wants more while you are at sea, she shall have it.'

'Why can't I take the lot?' asked Harrington querulously. 'Can't you trust me?'

'I'm afraid not.'

'Good-afternoon,' said the budding snacksman, and he turned on his heel.

'Stop a minute,' said Genth. 'Take the money. I thought you might be tempted.—And now listen, Tom. If you do go, I wish you luck. Make one trip, and directly your foot again touches Herringbourne quay, I will find you something better. Here is my hand on it.'

The angry flush on Harrington's face died away; the shifty look in his eyes vanished, and his form suddenly straightened—for a time only. Then the old expression came back, his shoulders drooped, and muttering something, he shambled out. When he was gone, Genth restlessly paced the office. His successful rival had come to this! He thought of a little house on a hill and a garden overlooking the sea, where old Ned Hall, the retired master of a floating light, had eked out his pension and his life. And sweet Nelly Hall of the laughing blue eyes and chestnut hair! Were those eyes now dim, the cheeks careworn, the fingers?—With a sigh he closed his books, put the key in the office-door, and paler than usual, stepped out upon the pavement.

#### PROVERBS IN CHAUCER.

Is it not Lord Chesterfield who declares that it is an indication of low breeding for one to cite proverbs or familiar sayings? Nothing could be farther from the truth. Many a proverb, as old perhaps as intelligent mankind, and known alike to Greek and barbarian, Jew and Gentile, contains more wisdom or wit than may be found in the whole series of the over-estimated Chesterfield Letters. There is a directness in proverbs and apothegms which is admirably calculated to carry conviction to the most ordinary mind, while elaborate disquisitions usually fall flat and

are disregarded. In order that they should be readily retained in the memory, they are frequently alliterative or in the form of jingling rhyme, as, for example, in the proverbs, 'Wilful waste makes woful want,' and

'Great cry and little woo';

As the sutor said when he scrapit the soo.

Sometimes they have had their source in fables or popular tales, as in the saying of 'Dog in the manger' and 'Who will bell the cat?' One of the most entertaining features of the ever-fresh romance of *Don Quixote* is honest Sancho's happy use of the proverbs for which his country is pre-eminent. Chaucer, the Father of English poetry—who was certainly a well-bred gentleman—was very partial to proverbs, and employs them very freely in all his writings; and Mr Willibald Haeckel, of Leipzig, has recently published his 'inaugural dissertation' on the proverbs cited by Chaucer, which he wrote as a candidate for the degree of Ph.D. from the university of Erlangen. Mr Haeckel treats the proverbs under thirteen headings, such as, 'Love and Friendship,' 'Fortune and Misfortune,' 'Poverty and Riches'; and his references to corresponding sayings in different countries are fairly representative, though he seems to have confined himself to European gnomologists. He might with great advantage have extended his researches to collections of Asiatic proverbs, such as Gentius's translations of the aphorisms of Sa'di, the illustrious Persian poet and philosopher (thirteenth century); the fourteenth chapter of Sir William Jones's admirable *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*, where the several Persian gnomologists are enumerated and many beautiful sentences are cited; the learned Burckhardt's Arabic proverbs; and a number of other works.

But even well-known European collections of proverbs have been passed over: the *Hecarnaal*, ascribed by the *Edda* to Odin; Howell's *Paræmiographia*, the oldest English assemblage, which, however, has been popularly superseded by Ray's Proverbs, first printed in 1672, which is a somewhat fuller though not a very choice collection; Bland's rendering of the *Adagia* of Erasmus (1814), illustrated by examples from the Spanish, Italian, French, and English languages.

Two things will probably surprise any ordinary person who may chance to read this brochure—namely, the number of proverbs current at the present day which were also in vogue in the days of Chaucer, and the identity of the familiar sayings of all European peoples. Thus, our proverb, 'Many men, many minds,' is cited by Chaucer, 'As many hedes, as many wittes been' (*Squire's Tale*); 'A boaster and a liar are cousins-german' is thus expressed in *Troilus*: 'A vauntour and a lyar, al is oone'; 'Every Jack will have his Jill' (or, 'Like draws to like');

Ne noon so gray a goos goth in the lake,

As sayest thou wol be withouten a make [mate].

*Prolog. to Wife of Bath's Tale.*

Not infrequently our poet cites the same proverb in different poems, as in the case of 'The more haste, the less speed,' which is thus variously expressed:

The proverb saith, in wikked haste is no profyt.

*Tale of Melibeeus.*

Wikked haste doth no profyt.—*Parson's Tale.*

Hastif man ne wanteth nevere care.—*Troilus.*

Mr Haeckel strangely omits the Latin proverb, 'Festina lente,' in connection with 'He hastith wele that wisly can abyde' (*Mel.*), which reappears in *Troilus*. Our familiar saw that 'There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it' was in Chaucer's time, 'There ben moo [more] sterres, God wot, than a paire' (*Parl. of Foules*); while 'Every man knows best where his own shoe pinches' is in the *Merchant's Tale*, 'I woot best wher wryngeth me my scho.' The Latin proverb, 'Bis dat qui cito dat,' is in *Prolog. to Legend*:

Whoso yeveth a yifte, or dooth a grace,  
Do it bytime, his thank ys wel the more.

One of Chaucer's finest passages, the first line of which Mr Haeckel cites as a proverb, with little justification,

Love wil not ben constreyned by maystrie;  
Whan maystrie comith, the god of love anon  
Beteth his winges, and farewell, he is gone—

*Franklin's Tale,*

has been boldly stolen—'convey, the wise it call'—by no less a poet than Edmund Spenser (*Faerie Queene*):

Ne may love ben compeld by maistery;  
For soone as maistery comes, sweet Love anon  
Taketh his nimble winges, and farewell, away is gone.

Following either Spenser or Chaucer, the witty author of *Hudibras* has thus amplified the thought:

Love, that's too generous t' abide  
To be against its nature tied;  
For where 'tis of itself inclined  
It breaks out when it is confined,  
And, like the soul, its harbourer,  
Debarred the freedom of the air,  
Disdains against its will to stay,  
But struggles out and flies away.

The plagiarisms of Pope are by no means few; but he was generally careful to lay obsolete or obscure poets under contribution. This is how he has filched from Chaucer:

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,  
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.

The proverb, or truism, that 'Fortune is changeable' (*Knight's Tale*) Mr Haeckel parallels from Hazlitt's collection: 'Fortune is variant, ever turning her wheel;' and 'Women, wind, and fortune are ever changing,' from Le Roux, Kadler, and many other gnomologists. The unfortunate King James I. of Scotland has a fine passage on the mutability of Fortune in his *Kings Quair* (or Book):

For sothe it is, that, on her tolter quhele,  
Every wight cleverith in his stage,  
And failyng foting oft quhen her lest rele,  
Sum up, sum down, is non estate nor age  
Ensured more the Prynce than the page;  
So uncouthly her wurdres [destinies] she divideth,  
Namely in youth, that seildum ought provideth.

In the old play of *The Triumph of Honour* we read that

She but jests with man as in mischance,  
Abhors all courtesy, flouting him still  
With some small touch of good, or seeming good,  
Midst of his mischief; which vicissitude  
Makes him straight doff his armour and his fence  
He had prepared before to break her strokes.

And Defoe, in a scathing letter to Lord Haversham: 'Fate makes footballs of men; kicks some up-stairs and some down; some are advanced without honour, others suppressed without



infamy; some are raised without merit, some crushed without crime; and no man knows by the beginning of things whether his course shall issue in a *Passage* or a pillory.

The anonymous author of the oldest extant Hindu drama, *Mrichachati*, anticipated Defoe by more than two thousand years:

Fate views the world  
A scene of mutual and perpetual struggle,  
And sports with life as if it were a wheel.  
That draws the limpid water from the well.  
For some are raised to affluence, some depressed  
In want, and some are borne awhile aloft,  
And some hurled down to wretchedness and woe.

Again: "O Fate! thou sportest with the fortunes of mankind like drops of water trembling on the lotus leaf."

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They range my sides and pat me on the back,  
And another me with tokens of affection;  
Men bow to me I never saw before.

And all the pompous dawdlers in the square  
Find me the very centre of attraction.

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Hermes songs and hues and odours rare,

And, faint for utter bliss, Summer's noon air

Lies hushed; the loud winds in their dances whirled

Shout Autumn's glee, until the force far-hurled

Of Winter's keen delight over the bare

And bending forests flies; all seasons share

The joy that wells from out the heart o' the world.

So dream young souls, unsmitten of sharp years,

Till in the way uprises One, and lays

The magic of his touch on eyes and ears,

And Spring, laments, and Summer swoons to dying,

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The stillness—as of a silence that may be felt—of a starlit sky on a frosty night, or of a pine-bordered lake at sunset, when ‘not a breath creeps through the rosy air’—such a silence, if not in itself beautiful, at least enhances in a high degree the loveliness existent in the scene; just as the power and sweetness of music—such as the song of a nightingale, for instance—are heightened by the silent darkness of a summer night. Yet the same silence brooding over a desert is gloomy and dismal; and if there be cause to fear an enemy shrouded in the silence, it becomes more than desolate—terrifying.

Silence is nearly always useful when work is going on; it is a great fellow-worker: bees buzz in their hives, but are silent in the bosoms of flowers, where their harvest is richest. How solemn is the silence, when the last bell ceases on a Sunday morning, to the listening shepherd far away on the hill-side! How peaceful the silence when Friends sit in silent meditation, and no one is moved to utter even good words, and all are communing with their own hearts and are still. How treacherous is silence when we allow a neighbour to approach, unwarned, a

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contented. Of all the penalties the solitary mind pays for its silence, sure the deepest and bitterest, the most lasting, because most unavailing, is the too late conviction that silence has been preserved at the expense of justice, at the cost of happiness to others or to ourselves. Mischievous as are sour and unkind words, appallingly tedious as are trite and inept observations 'leading nowhere,' we doubt if they are so mischievous or so tedious as a stony or contemptuous or mocking silence. If the tongue is a fire which has kindled war and misery time out of mind, it is also a generous flame that has lighted a living spark of fiery courage, lofty self-denial, unswerving devotion in the souls of the whole human race!

A philosophical writer has observed that men often treat their dogs with greater kindness than their womankind; and supposes they do so because the former do not bore their masters with advice, reproach, or expostulations, as the latter too frequently do. It may be so; yet we cannot help thinking this reflects on the judgment of the selector of the said womankind, who has, unfortunately for himself, chosen one not wise enough to be aware that discretion in speech is worth more than eloquence.

Some minds run in such grooves—unhappily for their friends, not silent ones—that no sooner is a subject introduced than the whole home circle knows what to expect. The inevitable anecdote, the unflinching reflection, the threadbare morality, are dragged in by the head and shoulders, like Mrs Wickham's sister's Betsey-Jane, quenching all talk save its own bald disjointed chat, and leaving the listeners sighing for a golden silence; for, observe, it is always other people's silence that is sighed for. It is a truism that many folks gain and maintain a reputation for wisdom by saying and doing little or nothing with overpowering solemnity. They call themselves 'serious-minded;' in their presence, quips and cranks die away like flowers in frost; they cannot distinguish between bitterness and salt, and so are continually taking offence where none was meant. A joke, to them, unless it is thoroughly time-honoured, is excruciating; it has not got the stamp of authority; it is not current coin; they will none of it; and a pun is worthy of penal punishment. Silence is their Moloch, to which their children, friends, and servants are daily sacrificed. By remaining silent sometimes about what they know, they are enabled to take credit for a great deal of which they are ignorant. If they by chance get hold of an idea, they treat it as careless or wicked nurses do their bantling charges—smother it in silence. They account all suspicions true, yet bridle them as false, and feed on them, rather than question of them with those who could and would dispel their dismal doubts. Every question has its two sides, yet they are content silently to know their own only. That Plato's dialogues were cast in that form in order the better to sift their subject, teaches them nothing. They will never so winnow their notions. Try to get at their opinions, and straightway, with a pride that apes humility, they will take refuge in the vaunted poverty of their endowments. They are not clever, they say, with an air and emphasis which clearly proclaims that they could be if they chose, but they hope they know better.

Contrasted with this self-imposed and affected silence, how tranquil is the soothing stillness of a library! Here our friends upon the shelves, upon whom we have turned our backs this many a day, are always ready to return good for evil—benefits for neglect; to give counsel, wisdom, amusement, and delight for contemptuous disregard. To such a well-peopled solitude, such eloquent silence, it is good now and again to repair, remembering that this temporary withdrawal from our fellows will one day be continual.

How dreadful is silence when it is the sole answer to a cry for help, a prayer for forgiveness, a petition for love! Silence, temporary silence, full of breath-holding expectancy, as when a storm is gathering and the 'whole orb lies hushed,' a pin-dropping silence when a great orator, or preacher, or actor, pauses to emphasise his point; the strained silence that succeeds to a cry of agony; and that last, deepest silence when the labouring breast heaves no more!

Noise is said ere now to have killed men—notably the artist John Leech, by the insidious undermining of the power of endurance; and we have recently known a case where the hearing having been restored by an operation, after a seven years' silence, the nerves had become so acutely sensitive that any ordinary noise, such as the sudden closing of a door or passing by of a carriage, threw the patient into an ecstasy of tremulous agitation which threatened to end in downright insanity. We all know by experience how disagreeable is the shock or jar producing an involuntary start and quickening of the heart's action, which a sudden and unexpected explosion of sound will cause to the strongest nerved; but very few, fortunately, have to endure that far worse tension of the nerves, when only the striking of the heart against the ribs, the rush of blood through the head, fill up the long hours, days, and weeks of those whose insubordination has brought upon them that most ghastly form of human misery, solitary confinement.

Such is the dreadful power of continuous silence, that hardly any sound, however disagreeable in itself, but would be hailed with rapture, in place of the aching void, the huge, superincumbent, intolerable burden of a silence that is absolute.

## BLOOD ROYAL.

### CHAPTER II.—THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

MR EDMUND PLANTAGENET'S residence in Chiddingwick High Street was less amply commodious, he often complained in the bosom of the family, than his ancestral home at Windsor Castle. But as Mr Plantagenet himself had never inhabited the home of his forefathers, he felt the loss of his hereditary domains less keenly than might perhaps have been expected from so sensitive a person. Still, the cottage at Chiddingwick, judged even by the less exalted standard of Mr Plantagenet's own early recollections, was by no means unduly luxurious. For Edmund Plantagenet had been well brought up, and received in his day the education of a gentleman.

It was a sad history, and alas! a very common one. Thirty years before, when Edmund Plantagenet, not yet a believer in his own real or pretended royal descent, went up to London from Yorkshire to seek his fortune in literature, he was one of the handsomest and most popular young men in his own society. His name alone succeeded in attracting attention; we are not all of us Plantagenets. The admirable Lady Postlethwaite, arbiter in her day of literary reputation, gave the man with the royal surname the run of her well-known *salon*; editors accepted readily enough his inflated prose and his affected poetry; and all the world went well with him for a time—while he remained a bachelor. But one fine day Edmund Plantagenet took it into his head, like many better men, to fall in love—we have done it ourselves, and we know how catching it is—and not only to fall in love, but also, which is worse, to give effect to his feelings by actually getting married. In after-life, Mr Plantagenet regarded that unfortunate step as the one fatal error in an otherwise blameless career. He felt that with a name and prospects like his he ought at least to have married rank, title, or money. Instead of which, he just threw himself away: he married only beauty, common-sense, and goodness. The first of these fades, the second palls, and the third Mr Plantagenet was never constructed to appreciate. But rank and money appeal to all, and persist unchanged after such skin-deep attractions as intellect or good looks have ceased to interest.

From the day of his marriage, then, Edmund Plantagenet's downward career began. As a married man, he became at once of less importance in Lady Postlethwaite's society—he was so useful for dances. Editors found out by degrees that he had only affectation and audacity in place of genius; work fell short as children increased; and evil days began to close in upon the growing family. But what was worst of all, as money grew scarcer, a larger and larger proportion of it went each day to swell the receipts, at first of his club, and afterwards, when clubs became things of the past, of his nearest public-house. To make a long story short, before many years were over, Edmund Plantagenet, the young, the handsome, the promising, had degenerated from a dashing and well-bred fellow into a miserable sot of the sorriest description.

But Mr Plantagenet's present ostensible means of gaining an honest livelihood was by no means a regal one. He kept, as he was wont to phrase it gently himself, a temple of Terpsichore. In other words, he taught the local dancing-class. In his best days in London, when fortune still smiled upon him, he had been famed as the most graceful waltzer in Lady Postlethwaite's set; and now that the jade had deserted him to his lowest depth, he had finally settled down as the Chiddingwick dancing-master. Sot as he was, all Chiddingwick supported him loyally, for his name's sake; even Lady Agatha's children attended his lessons. It was a poor sort of trade, indeed, for the last of the Plantagenets; but he consoled himself under the disgrace with the cheerful reflection that he served, after all, as it were, as his own Lord Chamberlain.

On this particular night, however, of all the year, Mr Plantagenet felt more profoundly out

of humour with the world in general and his own ancestral realm of England in particular, than was at all usual with him. The fact was, his potential subjects had been treating him with marked want of consideration for his real position. Kings in exile are exposed to intolerable affronts. The landlord of the *White Horse* had hinted at the desirability of paying arrears on the score of past brandies and sodas innumerable. The landlord was friendly, and proud of his guest, who 'kept the house together'; but at times he broke out in little fits of petulance. Now Mr Plantagenet, as it happened, had not the wherewithal to settle this little account off-hand, and he took it ill of Barnes, who, as he justly remarked, 'had had so much out of him,' that he should endeavour to hurry a gentleman of birth in the matter of payment. He sat, by his own fireside, therefore, in no very amiable humour, and watched the Mother bustling about the room with her domestic preparations for the family supper.

'Clarence,' Mr Plantagenet said, after a moment of silence, to one of the younger boys, 'have you prepared your Thucydides? It's getting very late. You seem to me to be loafing about doing nothing.'

'Oh, I know it pretty well,' Clarence answered with a nonchalant air, still whittling at a bit of stick he was engaged in transforming into a home-made whistle. 'I looked it over in class. It's not very hard. Thucydides is rot—most awful rot. It won't take five minutes.'

Mr Plantagenet, with plump fingers, rolled himself another cigarette. He had come down in the world, and left cigars far behind, a fragrant memory of the distant past; but as a gentleman he could never descend to the level of a common clay pipe. 'Very well,' he said blandly, leaning back in his chair and beaming upon Clarence: a peculiar blandness of tone and manner formed Mr Plantagenet's keynote. 'That may do for me, perhaps—but it won't do for Richard.' After which frank admission of his own utter abdication of parental prerogatives in favour of his own son, he proceeded very deliberately to light his cigarette, and stare with placid eyes at the dilatory Clarence.

There was a minute's pause; then Mr Plantagenet began again. 'Eleanor,' he remarked in the same soft self-indulgent voice to his youngest daughter, 'you don't seem to be doing anything. I'm sure you've got some lessons to prepare for to-morrow.' Not that Mr Plantagenet was in the least concerned for the progress of his children's education; but the deeper they were engaged with their books, the less noise did they make with their ceaseless chatter in the one family sitting-room, and the more did they leave their fond father in peace to his own reflections.

'Oh, there's plenty of time,' Eleanor answered with a little toss of her pretty head. 'I can do 'em by-and-by—after Dick comes in. He'll soon be coming.'

It was part and parcel of Mr Plantagenet's silent method of claiming royal descent that he called all his children with studious care after the earlier Plantagenets, his real or supposed ancestors, who were kings of England. Thus his first-born was Richard, in memory of their distinguished predecessor, the mighty Cour-de-Lion; his next was Lionel Clarence, after the



second son of Edward IV., the particular Prince upon whom Mr Plantagenet chose to affiliate his family pedigree: and his third was Henry, that being the Plantagenet name which sat first and oftenest upon the throne of England. His eldest girl, in like manner, was christened Maud, after the foundress of his house who married Geoffrey Plantagenet, and so introduced the blood of the Conqueror into the Angevin race: his youngest was Eleanor, after the wife of Henry II., 'who brought us Poitou and Aquitaine as heirlooms.' Mr Plantagenet, indeed, never overtly mentioned these interesting little points in public himself; but they coozed out for all that by lateral leakage—and redounded thereby much the more to their contriver's credit. His very reticence told not a little in his favour. For a dancing-master to claim by word or deed that he is *de jure* king of England would be to lay himself open to unsparing ridicule; but to let it be felt or inferred that he is so, without ever for one moment arrogating to himself the faintest claim to the dignity, is to pose in silence as an injured innocent, a person of most distinguished and exalted origin, with just that little suspicion of pathos and mystery about his unspoken right which makes the thing really dignified and interesting.

Hardly, however, had Mr Plantagenet uttered those memorable words, 'Dick's late to-night; I wonder what keeps him,' when the front door opened, and the Heir Apparent entered.

Immediately some strange change seemed to pass by magic over the assembled household. Everybody looked up, as though an Event had occurred. Mrs Plantagenet herself, a weary-looking woman with gentle goodness beaming out of every line in her worn face, gave a sigh of relief. 'Oh, Dick,' she cried, 'I'm so glad you've come. We've all been waiting for you.'

Richard glanced round the room with a slight air of satisfaction. It was always a pleasure to him to find his father at home, and not, as was his wont, in the *White Horse* parlour; though, to say the truth, the only reason for Mr Plantagenet's absence that night from his accustomed haunt was this little tiff with the landlord over his vulgar hints of payment. Then he stooped down and kissed his mother tenderly on the forehead; patted Eleanor's curly head with a brotherly caress; gave a kindly glance at Prince Hal, as he loved to call him mentally; and sat down in the easy-chair his mother pushed towards him.

For a moment there was silence; then Dick began in an explanatory voice: 'I'm sorry I'm so late; but I had a piece of work to finish to-night, mother: rather particular work,\* too; a little bit of book-binding.'

'You get paid extra for that, Richard, don't you?' his father asked, growing interested.

'Well, yes,' Dick answered, rather grudgingly; 'I get paid extra for that; I do it in overtime. But that wasn't all,' he went on hurriedly, well aware that his father was debating in his own mind whether he couldn't on the strength of it borrow a shilling. 'It was a special piece of work for the new governess at the rectory. And mother, isn't it odd? her name's Mary Tudor!'

'There isn't much in that,' his father answered,

balancing his cigarette daintily between his first and second finger. "'A' Stuarts are na sib to the king," you know, Richard. The Plantagenets who left the money had nothing to do with the royal family—that is to say with us,' Mr Plantagenet went on, catching himself up by an after-thought. 'They were mere Sheffield cutlers, people of no antecedents, who happened to take our name upon themselves by a pure flight of fancy, because they thought it high-sounding. Which it is, undoubtedly. And as for Tudors, bless your heart, they're common enough in Wales. In point of fact—though I'm proud of Elizabeth, as a by-blow of the family—we must always bear in mind that for us, my dear boy, the Tudors were never anything but a distinct mésalliance.'

'Of course,' Richard answered with profound conviction.

His father glanced at him sharply. To Mr Plantagenet himself this shadowy claim to royal descent was a pretty toy to be employed for the mystification of strangers and the aggrandisement of the family—a lever to work on Lady Agatha's feelings; but to his eldest son it was an article of faith, a matter of the most cherished and the profoundest belief, a reason for behaving one's self in every position in life so as not to bring disgrace on so distinguished an ancestry.

A moment's silence intervened; then Dick turned round with his grave smile to Clarence: 'And how does Thucydides get on?' he asked with brotherly solicitude.

Clarence wriggled a little uneasily on his wooden chair. 'Well, it's not a hard bit,' he answered, with a shamefaced air. 'I thought I could do it in a jiffy after you came home, Dick. It won't take two minutes. It's just that piece, don't you know, about the revolt in Coreyra.'

Dick looked down at him reproachfully. 'Oh, Clarry,' he cried with a pained face, 'you know you can't have looked at it.\* Not a hard bit, indeed! why, it's one of the obscurest and most debated passages in all Thucydides!—Now, what's the use of my getting you a nomination, old man, and coaching you so hard, and helping to pay your way at the grammar-school, in hopes of your getting an Exhibition in time, if you won't work for yourself, and lift yourself on to a better position?' And he glanced at the wooden mantel-piece, on whose vacant scroll he had carved deep with his penknife his own motto in life, *Noblesse oblige*, in Lombardic letters, for his brother's benefit.

He spoke with a seriousness that was above his years. To say the truth, Mr Plantagenet's habits had almost reversed their relative places in the family. Dick was naturally conscientious, having fortunately inherited his moral characteristics rather from his mother's side than from his father's; and being thrown early into the position of assistant bread-winner and chief adviser to the family, he had grown grave before his time, and felt the weight of domestic cares already heavy upon his shoulders. As for Clarence, who had answered his father with scant respect, he never thought for a moment of disobeying the wishes of his elder brother. He took up the dog-eared Thucydides that had served them both in turn, and the old Liddell and Scott that was

still common property, and began conning over the chapter set before him with conspicuous diligence. Dick looked on meanwhile with no little satisfaction, while Eleanor went on with her work, in her chair in the corner, vaguely conscious all the time of meriting his approbation.

At last, just as they sat down to their frugal supper of bread and cheese and water—for by Dick's desire, they were all, save one, teetotalers—Dick sprang a mine upon the assembled company by saying out all at once in a most matter-of-fact voice to his neighbour Clarry: 'No, I shan't be able to help you very much in future, I'm afraid—because, next week, I'm going up to Oxford—to try for a Scholarship.'

A profound spell of awed silence followed this abrupt disclosure of a long-formed plan. Mr Plantagenet himself was the first to break it. He rose to the occasion. 'Well, I'm glad at least, my son,' he said, in his most grandiose manner, 'you propose to give yourself the education of a gentleman.'

'And therefore,' Dick continued, with a side-glance at Clarence, 'I shall need all my spare time for my own preparation.'

#### CHAPTER III.—DISCOUNTING IT.

Mrs Plantagenet looked across the table at her son with vague eyes of misgiving. 'This is all very sudden, Dick,' she faltered out, not without some slight tremor.

'Sudden for you, dear mother,' Dick answered, taking her hand in his own; 'but not for me. Very much otherwise. I've had it in my mind for a great many months; and *this* is what decided me.'

He drew from his pocket as he spoke a small scrap of newspaper and handed it across to her. It was a cutting from the *Times*. Mrs Plantagenet read it through with swimming eyes. 'University Intelligence: Oxford.—Four foundation Scholarships will be awarded after public examination at Durham College on May 20th. Two will be of the annual value of One Hundred Pounds, for Classics; one of the same value for Natural Science; and one for Modern History. Application to be made, on or before Wednesday the 19th, to the Rev. the Dean at Durham College, who will also supply all needful information to intending candidates.'

The words swam in a mist before Mrs Plantagenet's eyes. 'What does it all mean, dear Dick?' she inquired almost tearfully.

'It means, mother,' Dick answered with the gentlest tenderness, 'that Durham is the only college in the university which gives as good a Scholarship as a hundred a year for modern history. Now, ever since I left the grammar-school, I haven't had it out of my mind for a day to go, if I could, to Oxford. I think it's incumbent upon a man in my position to give himself, if possible, a university training.'

He said the words without the slightest air of conceit or swagger, but with a profound consciousness of their import; for to Richard Plantagenet the myth or legend of the ancient greatness of his family was a spur urging him ever on to make himself worthy of so glorious an ancestry. 'So I've been working and saving ever since,' he went

on, 'with that idea constantly before me; and I've looked out for twelve months or more in the *Times* every day for the announcement of an exam. for the Durham Scholarship.'

'But you won't get it, my boy,' Mr Plantagenet put in philosophically after a moment's consideration.—'You never can get it.—Your early disadvantages, you know—your inadequate schooling—so many young fellows well coached from Eton and Harrow!'

'If it had been a classical one, I should agree with you: I couldn't, I'm afraid,' Richard responded frankly, for he was by no means given to over-estimate his own abilities; 'but in history it's different. You see, so much of it's just our own family pedigree and detail of our ancestry. That acted as a fillip—gave me an interest in the subject from the very first; and as soon as I determined to begin reading for Oxford, I felt at once my best chance would lie in modern history. And that's why I've been working away at it as hard as ever I could in all my spare time for more than a twelvemonth.'

'But have you been reading the right books, Dick?—that's the question,' his father put in dubiously, with a critical air, making a manful effort to recall the names of the works that were most authoritative in the subject when he himself last looked at a history: 'Sharon Turner, Kemble, Palgrave, Thierry, Guizot, and so forth?'

Richard had too deep a respect for the chief of the Plantagenets, miserable sot though he was, to be betrayed into a smile by this belated catalogue. He only answered with perfect gravity: 'I'm afraid none of those would be of much use to me nowadays in a Scholarship exam.: another generation has arisen which knows not Joseph. But I've got up all the books recommended in the circular of the Board of Studies—Freeman, you know, and Stubbs, and Green, and Froude, and Gardner. And I've worked especially at the reigns of the earlier Plantagenets, and the development of the towns and guilds and all that sort of thing, in Brentano and Seebohm.'

'Jones tertius has a brother at Oxford,' Clarence put in very eagerly: 'and he's a howling swell; he lives in a room that's panelled with oak from top to bottom.'

'And if you get the Scholarship, Dick,' his mother went on wistfully, 'will you have to go and live there, and be away from us always?'

'Only half the year, mother dear,' Richard answered coaxingly; for he knew what she was thinking—how hard it would be for her to be left alone in Chiddingwick, among all those unruly children and her drunken husband, without the aid of her one help and mainstay. 'You know, there's only about five months of term, and all the rest's vacation. In vacation, I'd come home, and do something to earn money towards making up the deficit.'

'It's a very long time, though, five months,' Mrs Plantagenet said pensively. 'But, there!' she added after a pause, brightening up—'perhaps you won't get it.'

Grave as he usually was, Richard couldn't help bursting into a merry laugh at this queer little bit of topsy-turvy self-comfort. 'Oh, I hope to goodness I shall,' he cried with a twinkle, 'in spite of that, mother. It won't be five months all in a lump, you know; I shall go up



for some six or eight weeks at a time—never more than eight together, I believe—and then come down again. But you really needn't take it to heart just yet, for we're counting our chickens before they're hatched, after all. I mayn't get it, as you say; and indeed, as father said just now, when one comes to think how many fellows will be in for it who have been thoroughly coached and crammed at the great public schools, my chance can't be worth much—though I mean to try it.

Just at that moment, as Dick leaned back and looked round, the door opened, and Maud, the eldest sister, entered.

She had come home from her singing lesson; for Maud was musical, and went out as daily governess to the local tradesmen's families. She was the member of the household who most of all shared Dick's confidence. As she entered, Harry looked up at her, full of conscious importance and a mouthful of Dutch cheese. 'Have you heard the news, Maudie?' he asked all breathless. 'Isn't it just ripping? Dick's going up to Oxford.'

Maud was pale and tired from a long day's work—the thankless work of teaching; but her weary face flushed red none the less at this exciting announcement, though she darted a warning look under her hat towards Richard, as much as to say: 'How could you ever have told him?'

But all she said openly was: 'Then the advertisement's come of the Durham Scholarship?'

'Yes, the advertisement's come,' Dick answered, flushing in turn. 'I got it this morning, and I'm to go up on Wednesday.'

The boys were rather disappointed at this tame announcement. It was clear Maud knew all about the great scheme already. And indeed, she and Dick had talked it over by themselves many an evening on the hills, and debated the pros and cons of that important new departure. Maud's face grew paler again after a minute, and she murmured half regretfully, as she unfastened her hat: 'I shall miss you if you get it, Dick. It'll be hard to do without you.'

'But it's the right thing for me to do,' Richard put in almost anxiously.

Maud spoke without the faintest hesitation in her voice. 'Oh yes, it's the right thing,' she answered. 'Not a doubt in the world about that. It's a duty you owe to yourself, and to us—and to England. Only, of course, we shall all feel your absence a very great deal. Dick, Dick, you're so much to us! And I don't know,' she went on, as she glanced at the little ones with an uncertain air—'I don't know that I'd have mentioned it before babes and sucklings—well, till I was sure I'd got it.'

She said it with an awkward flush; for Dick caught her eye as she spoke and read her inner meaning. She wondered he had blurted it out prematurely before her father. And Dick, too, saw his mistake. Mr Plantagenet, big with such important news, would spread it abroad among his cronies in the *White Horse* parlour before to-morrow was over!

Richard turned to the children. 'Now, look here, boys,' he said gravely: 'this is a private affair, and we've talked it over here without reserve in the bosom of the family. But we've talked it over in confidence: it musn't be re-

peated. If I were to go up and try for this Scholarship, and then not get it, all Chiddingwick would laugh at me for a fellow that didn't know his proper place, and had to be taught to know it. For the honour of the family, boys—and you too, Nellie—I hope you won't whisper a word of all this to anybody in town. Consider what a disgrace it would be if I came back unsuccessful, and everybody in the parish came up and commiserated me: "We're so sorry, Mr Dick, you failed at Oxford. But there, you see, you had such great disadvantages!"'

His handsome face burned bright red at the bare thought of such a disgrace; and the little ones, who after all were Plantagenets at heart as much as himself, every one of them, made answer with one accord: 'We won't say a word about it.' They promised it so earnestly, and with such perfect assurance, that Dick felt he could trust them. His eye caught Maud's. The same thought passed instinctively through both their minds. What a painful idea that the one person they couldn't beg for very shame to hold his tongue was the member of the family most likely to blab it out to the first chance comer!

Maud sat down and ate her supper. She was a pretty girl, very slender and delicate, with a fair pink-and-white skin, and curious flashing eyes, most unusual in a blonde, though she was perhaps just a shade less handsome and distinguished-looking than the Heir Apparent. All through the meal, little else was talked of than this projected revolution, Dick's great undertaking. The boys were most full of it—our Dick at Oxford! It was ripping, simply ripping! A lark of the first dimensions! Clarence made up his mind at once to go up and see Dick, his very first term, in oak-panelled rooms at Durham College; they *must* be oak-panelled: while Harry, who had feasted on *Verdant Green* for weeks, was anxious to know what sort of gown he'd have to wear, and whether he thought he'd have ample opportunities for fighting the proctors. 'Twas a foregone conclusion. So innocently did they all discount 'Our Dick's' success, and so firmly did they believe that whatever he attempted he was certain to succeed in!

After supper, Mr Plantagenet rose with an important air and unhooked his hat very deliberately from its peg. His wife and Dick and Maud all cried out with one voice: 'Why, surely, you're not going out to-night, father!'

For to go out, they knew well, in Mr Plantagenet's dialect, meant to spend the evening in the *White Horse* parlour.

'Yes, my dear,' Mr Plantagenet answered, in his blandest tone, turning round to his wife with apologetic suavity. 'The fact is, I have a very particular engagement this evening.—No, no, Dick, my boy: don't try to detain me. Gentlemen are waiting for me. The claims of social life, my dear son—so much engaged—my sole time for the world—my one hour of recreation! Besides, strangers have been specially invited to meet me; people who have heard of my literary reputation! 'Twould be churlish to disappoint them.' And, brushing his son aside, Mr Plantagenet stuck his hat on jauntily just a trifle askew, with ponderous airiness, and strolled down the steps as he adjusted his Inverness cape on his ample shoulders, with the air of a gentleman seek-

ing his club, with his martial cloak around him.

He strolled out, all smiles, apologetic, but peremptory. As soon as he was gone, the three remaining elders glanced hard at one another with blank surmise in their eyes; but they said nothing openly. Only, in his own heart, Richard blamed himself with bitter blame for his unwonted indiscretion in blurring out the whole truth. He knew that by ten to-morrow morning all the world of Chiddingwick would have heard of his projected little trip to Oxford.

When the younger ones were gone to bed, the three still held their peace and only looked at each other. Mutual shame prevented them from ever outwardly commenting on the father's weaknesses. Maud was the first to break the long deep silence. 'After this, Dick,' she said decisively, 'there's no other way out of it. You've burnt your boats. If you kill yourself to do it, you must win that Scholarship!'

'I must,' Dick answered firmly. 'And what's more, I will. I'll get it or die for it. I could never stand the disgrace, now, of coming back empty-handed to Chiddingwick without it.'

'Perhaps,' Mrs Plantagenet suggested, speaking boldly out the thought that lurked in all their minds, 'he won't say a word of it.'

Maud and Dick looked up at her with incredulous amazement. 'Oh mother!' was all they could say. They knew their father's moods too well by far to buoy themselves up with such impossible expectations.

'Well, it seals the business, anyhow,' Dick went on, after a moment's pause. 'I must get it now, that's simply certain. Though, to be sure, I don't know that anything could make me try much harder than I'd have tried before, for your sake, mother, and for Maud's, and the children's, and the honour of the family.'

'I wish I had your faith, Dick, in the honour of the family,' Mrs Plantagenet sighed wearily. 'I can't feel it myself. I never could feel it, somehow. Though, of course, it's a good thing if it makes you work and hold your head up in life, and do the best you ever can for Maud and the children. Anything's good that's an incentive to exertion. Yet I often wish, when I see how hard you both have to toil and moil, with the music and all that, we didn't belong to the royal stock at all, but to the other Plantagenets, who left the money.'

Both Richard and Maud exclaimed with one accord at these painful words: 'Oh, don't, dear mother!' To them, her speech sounded like sheer desecration.

At the very same moment, indeed, in the cosiest corner of the *White Horse* parlour, Mr Plantagenet himself, the head of the house, was observing complacently, in a mellifluous voice, to an eager little group of admiring listeners: 'Yes, gentlemen, my son Richard, I'm proud to say, will shortly begin his career at Oxford University. I'm a poor man myself, I admit; I might have been richer but for untoward events: and circumstances have compelled me to submit in my old age to a degrading profession, for which neither my birth, my education, nor my literary habits have naturally fitted me. But I trust I have at least been a good father to my children. A good—father—to my children. I have given

them the very best education this poor town can afford; and now, though I know it will sadly cripple my slender resources, I mean to make a struggle, my friends, a manful struggle, and send my boy Richard up to Oxford. Richard has brains, undoubted brains; he's proud and reserved, as you all know, and doesn't shine in society; he lacks the proper qualities: but he has undoubted brains, for all that; and brilliancy, I know to my cost—here he heaved a deep sigh—is often a pitfall to a man of genius. Richard hasn't genius; but he's industrious and plodding, and possesses, I'm told, a remarkable acquaintance with the history of his country. So I've made up my mind to brave the effort and send him up to our ancestral university. He may do something in time to repair the broken fortunes of a respectable family. Gentlemen, Mr Plantagenet went on, glancing round him for confirmation of his coming statement, 'I think you'll all bear me witness, that I've never boasted or bragged about my family in anyway: but you'll all admit, too, that my family is a respectable one, and that the name I bear has not been wholly undistinguished in the history of this country.—Thank you, sir; I'm very much obliged indeed to you for your kindness; I don't mind if I do.—Brandy, if you please, as usual, Miss Brooks—and a split soda.—Gentlemen, I thank you for your generous sympathy. Misfortune has not wholly deprived me, I'm proud to notice, of appreciative friends. I will drain this sparkling beaker, which my neighbour is good enough to offer, to an appropriate toast—the toast of Success to Richard Plantagenet of Durham College, Oxford.'

#### TOUCH AND TASTE IN ANIMALS.

No one doubts that animals have sense, but most of us know comparatively little about their senses. Is sight a universal gift? Do animals recognise each other, and if so, how? Can all creatures, even those low in the scale of creation, hear and taste and smell? What is the meaning of the variety of sounds, with all their curious inflections, often so unpleasant to our ears, that are made by animals? These and many similar questions can now be at least partially answered; for both American and English naturalists have been lately working at this subject, and with their help we propose to try to find out what are the senses that various animals possess; although, as Fabricius, the pupil of Linnæus, said many years ago, 'nothing in natural history is more abstruse and difficult than an accurate description of the senses of animals.'

By a sense we mean that certain special nerves, on receiving an appropriate impulse, convey it to the brain, where it is translated (how, is as yet unknown) into its special sensation. We usually speak of ourselves as having five senses—smell, taste, touch, sight, and hearing.

With two senses—Touch and Taste—direct contact is necessary before a sensation is excited; these two we will therefore consider first, more especially as touch has been called 'the mother of all the senses,' and appears to exist, though in a varying degree, in the whole animal kingdom.

*Touch* is simply a sense of pressure or a sense of force as distinguished from the sense of heat,



which, though usually included under the same name, is really quite a different sensation. Thus we have certainly six senses, and possibly others, such as the magnetic sense, as yet unrecognised. Animals may have this sense of warmth in a more highly developed degree than man, and there is no doubt that it is a source of keen enjoyment to many. One or two curious facts have been noticed in connection with this sense: a cold body feels heavier than a hot one of precisely the same weight; our left hand is more sensitive than our right; and if our elbow be dipped into a very cold fluid, while the cold is felt at the elbow, pain is felt at the tips of the fingers!

We have no separate nerves for pain; it is probably only an intense pressure or irritation of the nerves themselves—not of the end-organs of touch—this, carried beyond a certain point of intensity, causes pain. Perhaps that is why pain and pleasure are so closely allied; for if the ordinary nerves of touch convey both sensations, and the difference is mainly one in degree of intensity, it would naturally be difficult to draw any boundary-line: a slight pressure may cause pleasure; a greater one, pain; and we do often actually find that a sensation of pleasure merges insensibly after a time into one of pain. We have many indefinite sensations—not on the surface nor of any particular locality—such as a feeling of general comfort and well-being, or one of *malaise* and discomfort, of horror, &c., caused by the excitation of various nerves.

Man has the greatest number of sensory nerves; they become fewer as we descend in the scale of creation, and some of the lower invertebrates apparently have none, hence they can have little or no sense of pain. Even in the higher creatures pain appears often deadened, possibly by some hypnotic influence exerted by means of the eyes of beasts of prey, or Nature may not after all be so cruel as she sometimes appears. A camel when shot was observed to go on calmly chewing the cud, taking no notice of its bleeding wound. The same indifference has been observed in the reindeer, and even in the horse. A lobster will voluntarily deprive itself of its great claws if startled; and a crab goes on eating while being itself devoured. A fish, though torn by the hook, still returns to the bait; and a blindworm or sand lizard, if seized, snaps its body in two, and glides away unharmed to reproduce at leisure the lost part.

The sense of touch in man is most highly developed on the skin; but mucous or serous surfaces are also capable of conveying tactile impressions. Some parts of the body are more sensitive than others, and are usually devoid of hairs, as the tip of the tongue, the ends of the fingers, and the lips. It will be noticed that these are so situated as to keep us conveniently informed of what is going on around us.

Some of our most important organs—for instance, the heart, the brain, and the lungs—are, strange to say, quite insensible to touch; thus showing that not only are nerves necessary for the sensation, but also the special end-organs. This curious fact was noticed with the greatest astonishment by Harvey, who, while treating a patient for an abscess that caused a large cavity in his side, found that, when he put his fingers into this cavity, he could actually take hold of

the heart without the patient being in the least aware of what he was doing! This so interested Harvey, that he brought King Charles I. to the man's bedside that 'he might himself behold and touch so extraordinary a thing.' In certain operations, a piece of skin is removed from the forehead to the nose; and it is stated that the patient, oddly enough, feels as if the new nasal part were still in his forehead, and may have a headache in his nose!

In the lower organisms, as the molluscs, the whole outer skin is sensitive; but some have also specialised organs of touch; these are usually hair-like processes. Thus, jelly-fish shoot out numerous threads, when touched, which enable them to attack the body pressing them. In fishes, touch is usually limited to the lips, parts of the fins, and to special organs called 'barbels'; these are long pieces of skin. Fish may sometimes be seen gently touching strange objects with the sides of their bodies, as though thus becoming acquainted with them. Blind cod are quite able to continue foraging for themselves—probably by means of touch aided by smell.

The skin of crustaceans and of insects is more or less horny, or, as has been said, the bee wears its skeleton outside; but even this armour-like surface is sensitive to touch, owing to little hairs or projecting rod-like bodies seated on the coat, from the base of which a nerve-fibre passes through into the body. These little hairs are very numerous on the antennae of insects; and are evidently sense-hairs of some kind, some of touch, others of other senses. The sense of touch is marvellously developed in spiders.

Bats have an extremely keen sense of touch, probably the most delicate of any creature, and are guided in their flight chiefly by this sense. They have been purposely blinded for the sake of experiment, and then let loose in a room where an intricate network of string had been arranged. This network was never once touched by the bats during their flight. In other experiments, it was noticed that they wisely gave a wider berth to such things as a man's hand or a cat's paw than to harmless pieces of furniture. They can also fly along underground and quite dark passages, avoiding the sides, even when a turn or twist comes. The wings and other membranous expansions are peculiarly sensitive to touch, but these expansions are comparatively small in the fruit-eating bats; for it is the insect-eating bats, who have to be on the alert in order not to starve, who need this excessive keenness of the sense of touch. Sight is useless in the gloom, and it appears to be by the minute changes of pressure in the atmosphere that they recognise the approach of their prey.

There is a similar wonderful sensitiveness to changes of pressure in those whales which prey upon herrings and mackerel, and therefore need both a keen sense and the ability to swim swiftly in order to obtain a meal. It seems odd to us that it should never have occurred to these nor to other strong creatures to employ the weaker creatures to hunt for them and feed them, while they take their ease; but, though their life appears to be one of constant toil and warfare, the mere pursuit of their prey must give pleasure. No caresses nor allurements of dainty food will beguile a cat from its hunt for a mouse; though

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the mouse is often not eaten, even when caught. Is the love of sport in man a survival of this instinct, and will it be eradicated as the higher instincts of nature are developed? To return, however, to our whales. Some slight change in the movement or impulse of the water appears sufficient to indicate to them the approach of shoals of fish, or even of sunken rocks. Whale-fishers also state that when they attack a whale, others, even when some miles away, become, in a way quite mysterious to our coarser perceptions, aware of the struggle, and hurry off to the rescue. It is almost impossible to believe that the vibrations of the water could be sufficient to warn them of their comrade's danger at so great a distance.

Sometimes the chief tactile organ is the tongue, as in snakes; sometimes it is the foot, as in climbing reptiles, birds, and even some insects. The tails of monkeys are also keenly sensitive; while in cats and other feline creatures the whiskers have the most delicate sense of touch, and in rabbits the long hairs on their lips, owing to the nerve filaments at their base. Seals and walruses, too, have similar sensitive strong whiskers, which are as useful to them as a staff to a blind man.

Many birds have special tactile organs round the root of the bill; these are doubtless useful to the bird, as it probes the ground to hunt for its dinner of worms, grubs, &c., and may also be of use in nest-building. Ducks and geese have similar special bodies. Hoofed quadrupeds, to complete this brief summary, have somewhat sensitive hoofs, enabling them to test the firmness or otherwise of the ground; though the most sensitive parts in horses and most animals are the lips, and in the elephant the end of the trunk.

*Taste*, though the most limited in range of the senses, serves a special and useful purpose; for unless we, in common with other living creatures, took pleasure of some kind in our food, we might cease to eat, and die of starvation; or, if food had no taste, we might unconsciously eat what is unsuitable, or even poisonous. Probably the whole creation has this sense of taste in a varying degree; certainly insects have, and with them, as with man, it develops and increases during life: some young insects will eat poisonous food that older ones refuse to touch. This is also said to be the case with lambs, which, if left to graze in a field without their mothers, often die from eating poisonous herbs. In man, as we all know, taste can be educated; as, for example, with tea and wine tasters, who can detect differences of quality quite inappreciable to others.

A singular development of this sense is seen in those insects which eat different food when in the larval and when in the perfect condition: the butterfly or moth, for instance, would not touch the leaf on which it lays its egg; yet this forms the right food for the grub that will emerge from the egg. It is not to be supposed that the butterfly remembers its early existence, and reasons from this as to the probable food that its young will require; so, in a happy tone of satisfaction, we call this 'instinct,' and think our explanation complete. But is not that word merely used to cover our ignorance; for, after all, what is instinct?

Who can define it, or say where instinct ends and reason begins?

Many experiments have been made in order to find out what and where the organ of taste is in the lower creation; but it is easier to say where it is not. Crayfish and worms seem to have very decided preferences in the matter of food, though no special taste-organ has yet been found. Lobsters like decaying food: the crab is more dainty in its diet. Snails and slugs show a decided preference for certain kinds of food, as garden-lovers know to their cost; peas and cabbages, dahlias and sunflowers, are great favourites; but they will not touch the white mustard. Some prefer animal food, especially if rather high! Spiders have only a slight sense of taste; flies soaked in paraffin seem quite palatable to them; though one species, the diadema, is somewhat more particular, and refuses to touch alcohol in any form whatever. The antennae of insects do not appear to contain any organ of taste, for wasps and ants quite readily took into their mouths poisonous and unpleasant food, even swallowing enough to make themselves ill; while some bees and cockroaches fell a prey to the temptation of alum, Epsom salts, and other nauseous foods placed in their way. These substances were not, however, swallowed, but were soon spat out, the creatures spluttering angrily, as if disgusted with the taste. The proboscis of the fly and the tongue of bees and ants are furnished with numerous delicate hairs set in minute pits; these are perhaps connected with the organ of taste; but though the exact locality of this sense in insects is uncertain, we know that groups of cells in the tongue of animals, called taste-bulbs, form, in part, the ends of the organ of taste. These vary in number, increasing in the higher animals; they are very close and exceedingly numerous in man, while the tongue of even the cow has some thirty-five thousand taste-bulbs. It would be interesting to know, but I have never seen the question discussed, whether each special taste excites a special group of nerves, and that only—thus corresponding to the auditory nerves.

These taste-bulbs were discovered in 1867. Each one consists of two kinds of cells, one set forming an outer protective covering, through an opening in which project from five to ten of the true taste-cells. Though important, they are not apparently an essential part of the organ, for birds and reptiles have none; but neither have they a keen sense of taste—except perhaps the parrot. A boa-constrictor that was nearly blind was once found to be contentedly swallowing a blanket for dinner, instead of a rabbit, which was also within reach; and it was only with great difficulty that she was forced to disgorge this singular article of food. A snake's tongue is therefore not an organ of taste, nor is it, as many think, a sting; it is more probably a delicate organ of touch. Professor Lloyd Morgan in his fascinating book, *Animal Sketches*, mentions the very curious effect that nicotine has upon snakes. Even a drop of the oil from a foul pipe, if placed in the mouth of a snake, will cause it to become perfectly rigid; if more be given, it will die. Possibly, as has been suggested, it may be in some such way, or by mixing opium or other narcotic with the saliva, and then spitting into the snake's mouth, that Indian charmers



effect some of their wonders with even poisonous snakes, such as apparently turning them into sticks and so on.

A special organ on the edge of the beak appears to serve as an organ of taste in ducks; while fish and tadpoles have goblet-shaped sense-organs on their skin and scales, and though their purpose is somewhat uncertain, they are similar to taste-bulbs; and fish certainly have some, though only a slight, sense of taste. Some fish repeatedly rejected certain molluscs given them as food; while others appeared to owe their safety to their colouring; thus showing that fish can see and recognise markings, and also that they do exercise some choice in the matter of food.

A very sad account is given by Sir J. E. Tennent and Mr F. Day as to the habits of certain frugivorous bats—the so-called 'flying fox' of Southern Asia. Not only are they very quarrelsome and selfish, fighting over their food, and each one trying to get the most shady spot to sleep in; but they are sadly dissipated; and although strict vegetarians, very intemperate. They frequently pass the night in a sort of drunken carouse, returning home—unless too stupefied to stir—in the early morning quite intoxicated and more quarrelsome than ever. Instead, therefore, of saying that a man who drinks to excess behaves like a beast—which is quite untrue, by the way—we might more truly say that he is like a bat.

But we must leave this branch of our subject after one more remark. The sense of taste protects the alimentary canal, so preserving us to some extent, at all events, from swallowing poisonous food. Only substances that are soluble in the mouth produce a distinct sensation of taste; others merely exciting a sensation of touch or of temperature; and these substances must come into direct contact with the special nerve-endings.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.—PLENARY CONFESSION (continued).

'I SHALL not forget it. Nevertheless, Elsie, if a statement of the facts can be of any use to you'—he changed his seat and took up the pen—'certainly I will write it for you.'

'I am requested,' he wrote, 'by Miss Elsie Arundel, my Scholar, to state what I know of a certain transaction which took place in March 1882. The facts are as follows: I had need of a sum of seven hundred and twenty pounds. For certain purposes I wanted it in ten-pound notes. I asked my agent, Mr Dering, to give me a cheque; and as I thought that I should want the money immediately, perhaps in an hour or so, I asked him to make it payable to my order, and not to cross the cheque. He drew the cheque and gave it to me in his office. I then went to the hotel where I was stopping—a place in Norfolk Street, Strand, and sent a commissionaire to the Bank for the money. He brought it, as I had requested, in ten-pound notes. In a few

days I discovered that my plan could not be even commenced without the greatest danger of defeating its own object. I therefore took the notes to Mr Dering's office and placed them in his safe. I suppose that he has long since returned them to the Bank.'

'There, child,' he said, reading this statement aloud. 'That is what I recollect about this matter.'

'Sign it.' Elsie gave him the pen again. 'Sign it, dear Master.—Oh! thanks—thanks a thousand times! You don't know—oh! you will never know or understand—I hope—how precious this document will be for me'—she folded the paper in an envelope and placed it in her hand-bag—'and for my people—my brother and all. Oh, my dear Master!' She stooped and kissed his hand, to hide the tears in her eyes. Athelstan's name was safe now whatever happened. He would be completely cleared at last.

'Why, my dear Scholar—my dear daughter.' Mr Edmund Gray was moved himself almost to tears at this unexpected burst of feeling. 'As if there was anything I would not do for you if I could. I, who have never loved any woman before, love one now. She is my daughter—my grandchild.—So your brother will be helped by this little reminiscence—will he? Actually, your brother! I wonder if there is anything more that I could remember for you in this uneventful life of mine.'

'Oh no!—that would be too much to hope. Yet there is a chance—just a chance. I wonder if I may tell you. There is still time before us. If we are at the Hall by six we shall do very well. It is no more than half-past four. Shall I tell you the trouble? Oh! But it is a shame. And you with this great work laid upon you! No—no—I must not.' Oh, Delilah! oh, Circe! for she looked as if, in spite of her unwilling words, she wanted to tell it very badly indeed.

'Nay, my dear. You must, and you shall.—What? You are in trouble, and you will not tell me what it is. You—my Scholar—my clear-eyed disciple, who can see what these dull creatures of clay around us can never understand—you are in trouble, and you hesitate to tell me?—Fie! fie! Speak now. Tell me all.'

'I have told you that I have a lover, and that I am engaged to be married.'

'Yes—yes. His name, too, you have told me. It is George—George Austin. There were Austins once—I seem to remember—but that does not matter.'

'We are to be married on Wednesday.'

'So soon? But you have promised that I shall not lose my pupil.'

'No, dear Master. As soon as we come back from our holiday, I will come and see you again and learn of you. Do not doubt that. I can never again let you go out of my life. I shall bring my—my husband with me.'

'If I thought your marriage would take you away from me, I should be the most unhappy of men. But I will spare you for a month—two months—as long as you please.—Now, tell me what is on your mind.'

'George was one of Mr Dering's managing clerks—your Mr Dering, you know.—Mr Edmund Gray nodded gravely.—'He had no money when we were engaged, and we thought that we

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were going to be quite a poor and humble pair. But a great piece of good fortune happened to him, for Mr Dering made him a Partner.

'Did he? Very lucky for your friend. But I always thought that Dering ought to have a Partner. At his age it was only prudent—necessary, even.'

'So we were made very happy; and I thought we were the luckiest couple in the world. But just then there was a discovery made at the office—a very singular discovery—I hardly know how to describe it, because it is not quite clear to me even yet. It was concerned with the buying or selling or transfer of certain stocks and shares and coupons and that kind of thing. Mr Dering seems not to remember having signed the papers concerned. There is a fear that they are in wrong hands. There is suspicion of forgery, even. I am ashamed even to mention such a thing to you, but my lover's name has been connected with the business; and Dering's clerk, Checkley—you know Checkley?—

'Certainly—Dering's old servant.'

'Has openly charged George—on no evidence, to be sure—of having forged the letters, or of having assisted in the forgery.'

'This is very serious.'

'It is very serious; but we do not intend to let the thing interfere with our wedding. Only, unless I can remove the last ray of suspicion before Wednesday, we shall spend our honeymoon at home, in order to watch the case from day to day.'

'Buying or selling stocks? Dering would be constantly doing that.'

'It appears that these transactions were the only things of the kind that he has done this year. That is to say, he denies having done these.'

'Well—as for these having been the only transactions of the kind, he managed a good bit of such business for me this last spring.'

'Did he? Do you remember the details of that business?'

'Clearly. It was only yesterday, so to speak.'

'Was it the purchase or transfer of stock or shares?'

'Certainly. To a very large amount. I have told you about my Industrial Village, have I not? The Village where all are to be equal—all are to work for a certain time every day, and no longer—all are to be paid in rations and clothes and houses; and there is to be no private property—my Ideal Village.'

'I know. A lovely Village.'

'It was early in the spring that I finished my designs for it. Then it occurred to me that it would be well if, instead of always going to my lawyer for money, I had a large sum at my command lying at my Bank. So I instructed Dering to transfer to my name a great quantity of stocks lying in his name. He was a trustee or a—well—it is rather unusual, but I like having all my business affairs managed for me, and—But this will not interest you—this with the look of irritation or bewilderment which sometimes passed over his face. 'The important thing is that it was done, and that my Bank received those transfers, and has instructions to receive the dividends.'

'Oh! And has all the papers, I suppose?'

'It had them. But I thought that perhaps my old friend might think it looked like want of confidence if I left them there, so I sent for them, and took them to his office. They are now in the safe. I put them there myself with my own hand; or he did with his own hand—I forget. Sometimes—it is very odd—when I think of things done at that office, I seem to have done it myself; and sometimes I think that he did it. Not that it matters.'

'Not at all. The papers are actually in the safe again?'

'Certainly. I—that is—he—he or I—put them there.'

'Oh! my dear Master'—Elsie clapped her hands—'this is even more important than the other. You do not know—you cannot guess—what mischiefs you are able to stop. If I had only been able to talk to you about these things before! The paper you have already written is for my brother. Now sit down, my Master, and write another that will do for me.'

'I will do anything you ask me—and everything. But as for this, why not ask Dering? His memory never fails. His mind is like a box which holds everything and can never be filled. Perhaps he would not like these private affairs—as between solicitor and client—to be talked about.'

'We cannot go to Mr Dering. There are certain reasons which would not interest you. All we want is a clear, straightforward statement, an exact statement, of what happened. Sit down now and write me a full account of each transaction.'

'Certainly; if it will be of the least use to you.'

'Early in the present year,' he began, 'I found that my plan of an Industrial Village if it was to be carried into effect would want all the money I could command. It occurred to me that it would be well to transfer a certain sum from the hands of my agent and to place it in my own Bank ready to hand. I began then, in March, with a sum of six thousand pounds, which Dering, by my instructions, handed over to my Bank in the form of shares and stocks. I believe they were transfers of certain stocks held by him in his own name, but forming part of my fortune—my large private fortune. The Bank was instructed to receive the dividends in that sum. A month or so later I obtained from Dering other stock to the value of twelve thousand pounds, the papers of which were also given to my Bank. And after that I took out papers representing twenty thousand pounds; so that I had in my hands, ready to be sold out and used at a moment's notice, no less than thirty-eight thousand pounds. All this money I intended to devote to my Industrial Village. The scheme is still one in which I put my whole confidence. But it has not yet been carried into effect, in consequence of the difficulty of finding working men equal to the situation. They understand working for the man who has the money; they do not understand working for the man who has none, that is for each other and for themselves. For my own part I could only find working men of that stamp. Perhaps I am too much in the study. I do not go about enough among working men. There must be some advanced to my stage



of development.—Well, for want of men, I could not start my Village, and I have not used the money. As for the papers, I have taken them out of the Bank and placed them in Dering's safe.

Elsie looked over his shoulder, reading every word. 'The letters which Mr Dering wrote to the stockbroker in accordance with your instructions. They were written for him—perhaps—by you. It is unusual, but'—

'I told you,' he replied sharply. 'What is the use of saying things twice? There are some things which confuse a man. I wrote them—he wrote them—he acted for me—or I acted for myself. What matter? The end is as I have written down for you.—Now, will this paper be of any use to you?'—

'Of the greatest use. Please sign it, dear Master.'

He obeyed, and signed 'Edmund Gray.'

'There is one thing more.' Elsie saw in his face signs of disquiet, and hastened on. 'You have got your Bank book here?'—

'Yes. The Manager sent it here with an impertinent note about references, which I have sent on to Dering.—What do you want with the Bank book? It is in one of those drawers. See—here it is—cheque book too.'

'If I were you, Master, I would have no more trouble about the money. You have given Mr. Dering the transfers and papers—why not give him back the money as well? Do not be bothered with money matters. It is of all things important to you to be free from all kinds of business and money matters. Who ever heard of a Prophet drawing a cheque? You sit here and work and meditate. You go to the Hall of Science and teach. It is the business of your friends to see that all your necessities are properly supplied.—Now, if you will in these minor matters suffer your friends to advise'—

'Surely. I ask for nothing else.'

'Then, dear Master, here is your cheque book and here your Bank book. Draw a cheque payable to the order of Edward Dering for all the money that is lying here—I see it is seven hundred and twenty-three pounds five shillings and threepence.—I will take care of the cheque—so.—Oh! you have signed Edward Dering—careless master! Draw another—now sign it Edmund Gray.—That will do.—And you had better at the same time write a letter to the Bank asking the Manager in future to receive the dividends for the account of Mr Dering. I will write the letter, and you shall sign it. Now—no—no—not Edward Dering—Edmund Gray. Your thoughts are wandering.—There!—Now, dear Master, you are free from everything that might trouble you.'

The Master pushed back the blotting pad with impatience, and rose from the chair. Elsie took possession of the signed cheques, the cheque book, the Bank book, and the letter. She had all—the statement in Edmund Gray's own handwriting—all—that was wanted to clear up the business from the beginning to the end. She put everything together in her handbag. She glanced at her companion: she perceived that his face was troubled. 'I wish,' he said fretfully, 'that you had not worried me with those questions about the past. They disturb me. The current of my

thoughts is checked. I am full of Dering and his office and his safe—his safe—and all'—

'Elsie trembled. His face was changing—in a minute he would have returned to Mr Dering, and she would have had to explain. 'Master,' she cried, laying her hand upon his arm, 'think. We are going to the Hall of Science—your Hall of Science—yours. The people are waiting for their Prophet. You are to address them. To-night you must surpass yourself, because there are strangers coming. Tell us—once again—all over again—of that world where there is no crime, no suffering, no iniquity, no sin, no sorrow—where there are no poor creatures deprived by a cruel social order of liberty, of leisure, of comfort, of virtue, of everything—poor wretches born only to toil and to endure. Think of them. Speak for them. Plan for them. Make our hearts burn within us for shame and rage. Oh Master'—for his face was troubled still and doubtful, as if he was hovering on the border-land between himself and his other self—no one can speak to them like you: no one has your power of speech: make them feel that new world—make them see it—actually see it with their earthly eyes—make them feel it in their hearts.'

'Child'—he sighed; his face fell back into repose—'you comfort me. I was falling—before you came to me I used often to fall—into a fit of gloom—I don't know why. Something irritates me: something jars: something awakens a feeling as if I ought to remember—remember—what? I do not know.—I am better now. Your voice, my dear, at such a moment is to me like the sound of David's harp to Saul. It chases away the shadows. Oh! I am better already. I am well. If you want to ask any other questions, do so. As for those transactions—they are perfectly correct in form and everything. I cannot for the life of me understand why Dering, who is a practical man'—

'Never mind Dering, my dear Master—or those transactions. Think only of the world of the New Humanity. Leave the transactions and the papers to me. I hope that you will never find out why they were wanted, or how they were to be used.—Now let us start. We shall be in excellent time.'

The Hall of Science was half full of people—the usual gathering—those who came every Sunday evening and took the simple feast of fraternity. The table was spread with the white cloth, on which were laid out the toast and muffins, the ham and 'shrimps, and bread and butter and watercresses; and on the appearance of the Chief, the tea was brought up, and they all sat down. Now, it had been observed by all that since the adhesion of this young lady the Leader's discourses had been much more confident, his manner had been clearer, his points more forcibly put. This was because, for the first time, he had had an opportunity of discussing his own doctrines with a mind able to follow him. Nothing so valuable to a teacher of new things as a sympathetic woman for listener and disciple. Witness the leading example of the Prophet Mohammed. Also, their leader had never before been so cheerful—so hopeful—so full of life and youth and spring. He was young again: he talked like a young man, though his hair was gray. This was because

he loved a woman, for the first time in his life: he called it paternal affection: whatever kind of love it was, it worked in him the same miracle that love always works in man—young or old—it gave him back the fire of youth.

This evening he sat at the head of the table dispensing his simple hospitality with a geniality and a heartiness unknown before the arrival of this young lady. He talked, meantime, in the lofty vein, above the style and manner common to his hearers, but not above their comprehension: he spoke of a higher life attainable by man at his best, when the victory over nature should be complete, and every force should be subdued and made slave to man, and all diseases should be swept away, and the Perfect man should stand upon the earth at last, Lord and Master of all—Adamus Redivivus. When that time should come, there would be no Property, of course; everything was to be in common; but the new life would be full of love and joy: there would be long-continued youth, so that none should be made to rise from the feast unsatisfied: nay, it seemed to this Dreamer that every one should continue at the feast as long as he pleased, till he was satiated and desired a change. Long-continued youth: all were to be young and to keep young: the girls were to be beautiful and the men strong: he pronounced—he—the hermit—the anchorite—the celibate who knew not love—a eulogy on the beauty of women: and he mourned over those men who miss their share of love.

The hearts of those who heard were uplifted, for this man had the mesmeric faculty of compelling those who heard him to feel what he wanted them to feel. Most of them had been accustomed to regard their Leader as a man of benevolent manners but austere principles. Now he was tender and human, full of sympathy even with those weak vessels who fall in love, and for the sake of love are content to be all their lives slaves—yea, even slaves to Property.

After tea, the tables being cleared, the Chief pronounced his weekly address or sermon. It was generally a discourse on the principles, which all professed, of equality and the abolition of Property. To-night, he carried on the theme on which he had spoken at tea-time, and discoursed on the part which should be played by Love in the New Humanity. Never before had he spoken so convincingly. Never had orator an audience more in sympathy with him.

Shortly after the beginning of the address, there arrived two gentlemen, young and well dressed, who sat down modestly just within the door and listened. The people turned and looked at them with interest. They were not quite the kind of young man peculiar to the street or to the quarter.

When the lecture was over and the audience crowded together to talk before they separated, Elsie slipped across to the new-comers and led them to the lecturer. 'Master,' she said, 'this is my brother Athelstan.'

Mr Edmund Gray shook hands with him. 'Why, Elsie,' he said, 'your brother and I have met already in Gray's Inn.'

'And this is my friend George Austin, Partner of Mr Dering.'

'Mr Austin,' said Mr Edmund Gray, 'I am

glad to meet the man who is about to enter into the most sacred of all bonds with one whom I venture to love, sir, as much as your yourself can do, though I love her as my daughter, and you love her as your bride. You will be the happiest of men. Take care, sir, that you deserve your happiness.'

'This day,' said Elsie, 'you have rendered us all such a service as can never be acknowledged, or repaid, or forgotten. Yet we hope and pray that somehow you will never understand how great it is.'

## WHEAT-THRESHING IN NORTH-WEST CANADA.

THE harvest of 1891 in North-west Canada was the largest Canada has ever had, and it was at the same time the most disappointing. The frost and the smut combined have made a good yield and promising-looking crop almost profitless to the settler. It has also been the crop we have worked the hardest to save. The harvest was late and labour scarce; a couple of men did the cutting, setting-up, and stacking on most farms in this district. Of course, this without self-binders would have been impossible; very often each man of such a couple would be the owner of sixty or seventy acres of wheat; and they would join together to put up the harvest of both farms. In some cases, some isolated bachelor was farmer, labourer, cook, and housemaid all in one; he, if any one, could appreciate that song where some individual introduces himself as being the 'boat-swain bold and crew of the captain's gig,' besides covering a lot of other persons in his one skin. In this part of Assiniboia the stacking was not finished till the beginning of November, and then the snow came and covered the shocks of several belated ones. After the snow the threshing-machines came; and from then till the beginning of March they kept steadily at their work, and still there are stacks left, till seeding is finished, whose owners could not get a threshing outfit who had time to come to them. The way in which threshing is carried on in this as in most places round here is on the 'bee' system, but which is likely soon to be replaced by each machine taking a gang of men with it.

But at present when an engine and machine come on to a farm, the settlers for six miles round who have grain to be threshed meet there, bringing their pitchforks with them. The married men, who have cows and pigs, &c., at home to be attended to, come with their teams and wagons, and go home at night. The bachelor turns all his live-stock adrift to forage for themselves, mounts his pony, taking his fork and toilet apparatus—which last is represented by a pipe and plug of tobacco in most cases—with him, and possibly an ox-hide and blanket. He camps in every house he threshes at, if the house belongs to a fellow-bachelor. A corner—the farthest from the door for choice—is bedded down with an armful of straw; on this, covered with blanket and hide, he sleeps as soundly as he does in the bed which the farmer's wife provides for him when the threshing reaches that kind of a farm.

A shanty twelve by fourteen feet is large



enough to accommodate six men at night, and to cook for and feed twice that number during the day. With the thermometer down in the zeros, there is no complaint about stuffiness. A knot-hole in the wall not big enough to shove your finger through is amply sufficient to keep the air of the house thoroughly pure, and to allow a few cubic feet of snow to trickle through on to the floor or the sleepers below.

As soon as the engine has got up steam—a difficult matter on a cold day—and enough hands have arrived, a start is made. The machine sits between two stacks, which are threshed together; three men get on to each stack, or, as a general thing, the whole crowd get on each, and pretend to ignore the fact that the straw-carriers or grain-spout require any human attention whatever. This little oversight is pointed out to them by the machine-men; and after all have claimed to have mounted the grain-stack before any one else, some of the most good-natured sorrowfully climb down, to submit to a martyrdom on the straw, for which they look only for the public's anathema if they fail to keep the straw away and let the carriers 'bung.' As for any reward for hard work in the way of praise, they know too well that it is the peculiar attribute of that part of the machine that, although hard work and all the dirt come that way, the men on the straw need not look for praise.

With three men on each grain-stack, two more men standing one on each side of the feeder, to cut the bands of the sheaves and pass them to him along the feed-table; and three men on the straw, who stand in line one behind the other, passing the straw from man to man, piling it up anyhow as long as they can keep the mouth of the carriers free; and when the grain-spout runs into a large bin, one hundred bushels an hour is only an ordinary average when the grain is good. But when, as in this last threshing, there are only two on the grain, and that only on one side, and two on the straw, the above average might be divided by five.

The most unpleasant part about the machine is the part of the men on the straw; this is especially so when the grain is smutty; then they are wrapped in an ink-black cloud, which clogs up all the passages to the lungs, all the more distressing from the soft deep footing of the newly-threshed straw, which helps to rob them of their breath, by keeping them continually climbing to avoid being buried, and so forcing them to inhale the smut in large quantities. These men come off at dinner-time from the straw with a crust of black as thick as a dollar over their faces, their eyes streaming and bloodshot, an itching smarting skin, and a feeling as of a tremendous cold in the head. But in spite of all, every one seems to keep his appetite; and the food at a threshing is always splendid; 'as good as threshing-grub' is a well-known saying to describe anything in the line of good victuals.

Dinner is generally beefsteak, as often as you like to reach for it, with turnips and potatoes; besides which, cakes of various and curious kinds; and pies of apple and apricot wander from hand to hand about the table. The teacups are kept full, and you catch the milk and sugar for yourself, and fix your tea as you think it

should be fixed. Towards the end, a large plate of plum-duff is given each man; and as soon as that is finished, there is a general dive into trouser-pockets and the pipes fished up and filled; and all leave the table cautiously, and avoiding all chance of a collision, or anything that might jar the system; then, on the chairs and floor farthest from the table the crowd sit down to smoke and debate over many things amongst each other. A subject is usually chosen in which all are comfortably out of their depth, and then while the women-folk wash the dishes, and we wait for the engine's whistle, the subject is argued over in all its bearings, some of which probably were never suspected before to have any relation whatever to the question in hand; and it is not at all uncommon for an argument that started in politics to be hunted all through religion, and only escape death in astronomy by the whistle sending all the keen hunters into their overcoats, fur caps, and mittens, and harrying them out to their places round the machine.

Many days of this last winter, threshing was carried on though the thermometer marked thirty below zero, and the day was not the beginning and end of work; for often, as it grew dark, a man would be told off to keep a straw bonfire going, and then work would be carried on by its light three hours after dark. It is a curious sight for any one, after a long tramp across the still prairie in the darkness, to come suddenly to the bank of a creek or valley-edge and see a threshing outfit in full blast at the bottom, as once I did after about an hour's walk. The night was dark and thick with a haze of frost; even the snow hardly showed bright underfoot. I had felt the absolute silence and loneliness of the prairie all the more from being uncertain whether I was walking in the direction of home, or only just wandering around, and I suspected myself of the latter. There were no stars or wind to guide me; suddenly, a faint hum of a threshing-machine caught my ear. I followed it; and after some twenty minutes I came to the brink of the steep bank of a creek, and there in the bottom, in a blaze of red and yellow light, was a threshing outfit hard at work. It looked like a living picture let into an eternity of darkness and silence, as though it was one little spot where all the life that remained in this world had met, and made a small kingdom of light in the middle of an eternity of darkness and space. The haze was so thick that the snow, one hundred paces from the straw fire, did not reflect the light; but the snow round the stacks shone brilliantly, and lit up the smoke that curled in heavy billows and columns above the men's heads with a bright yellow glare; while the red-hot heart of the fire itself, and the raked-out ashes of the engine that was spluttering away in the half-light of the background, coloured the smoke and steam above them a deep red, which gave a warm look to the whole—a look only, for many were complaining of freezing fingers. I was not sorry I had lost my way. I was in time for supper, and supper is much on the same lines as dinner at a threshing.

But although the yield was from thirty to sixty bushels the acre, the wheat, in spite of smudges against frost, and blue stone against

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smut, is both frozen and smutty, and in many cases the farmer would have been both money and labour to the good if he had sown no wheat at all. Wheat unfrozen, plump, and sound, and hard, gets only one shilling and twopence a bushel from the local buyers of the big firms if ever so slightly discoloured at the tip of the kernel by smut, 'tagged' as it is called. That is, the settler who has not enough grain to make a car to ship east only gets that; if he can do that, some say there is an astonishing difference in the price, enough to almost reconcile him to his loss by smut; but I can't speak from my own experience, as I had not enough to try.

## THE DECK HAND.

## CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

CONTRARY to Genth Hurley's expectations, Tom Harrington took the berth offered him. A week after the interview in the office, he sailed in the *Comet* for the fishing-grounds of the North Sea. Eight weeks, long and dreary to those at sea, soon pass ashore. To Genth, in the office, time flew. The morning the *Comet* was due again found him nervously pacing the quay. He had made his plans. This trip would prove Tom's salvation. He had found a desk for him in the office, and under his own eye Harrington should commence the new life. Though Genth's mind was busy, his eyes kept straying down the harbour; and at last he heard the pant, pant, pant of a tug, and saw her red-banded funnel passing the lower ferry. Astern was a dandy-rigged trawler. Scores of smacks and luggers were already moored at the quay-side, and what with scandalised sails, masts, shrouds, and dangling halliards, it was a minute or two before he could make her out. When the snake-like coil of the towrope was cast off and the tug sheered out, Genth saw the newcomer was the *Comet*. He made a step forward, then stopped as if he had been shot. His eyes were glued to her rigging. She was flying her flag half-mast high! It was not the first time Genth had beheld that ominous sign, but now it turned him faint. In his mind ran one thought—suppose it was flying for Tom Harrington! He stood for a minute fascinated, then walked gloomily back to the office. He sat there with his face buried in his hands, when the opening of the door, the sound of sea-boots, and the voice of Holmes, aroused him. 'I ken see, owner,' he said, 'you ha' been on the quay.'

'Tell me,' said Genth with dry lips, 'whom you have lost?'

The skipper of the *Comet* passed a large hand through his oakum-textured hair. 'Well, owner,' he said slowly, 'I'll speak the truth. 'Twor this way: the wind were east.'

'In God's name!' cried Genth, 'who is it?'

'To sail straight to the pint, owner, 'tis the new deck chap.'

Genth looked at him helplessly. Harrington! He had made all his little plans, and a greater Hand than his had swept them away. 'When did this take place?' he asked.

'The night afore larst. We wor acomin'

home,' said Holmes, directing his gaze to a nautical almanac, and telling his tale to it as it hung on a nail, 'wi' the wind east-nor-east; I had jest fixed the port an' starboard lights, an' was taking a spell at the tiller. All of a sudden I sees a great green sea acomin', which I knew we'd ship, an' I sung out to the chaps to keep below. Jest as the werds passed my lips, some one popped out o' the hoodway [companion]. The sea an' him must ha' touched the *Comet's* deck at the same time; an' afore I could clutch him, he wor swept over the starboard rail. I hulled a belt at him, an' put the tiller up. A'most as sune as we gitt about, our boat wor launched, an' the chaps were in her. They pulled like madmen; but you know, owner, how fast a drowadin' man drifts to windward. They could never git nigh him; an' when I picked the crew o' the boat up, they wor done for. They couldn't ha' pulled another stroke for the Indies. An' the deck chap wor gone. All we picked up wor this—he held up a soiled sou'-wester.

'You must report it,' said Genth heavily—'it's all you can do now.'

Holmes nodded, and slouched away. When he was gone, Genth went to his desk and drew from it a sheet of note-paper; on it was written the number of a 'row.'

'And I must break the news,' he said.

On a bleak January afternoon, two years later, a man came through the tollgate. To save a mile or so, he had reached Herringbourne by a cheerless, treeless cut called the New Road. He was thin and bearded. His clothes were shabby, and his steps uncertain. As he tendered the halfpenny toll his fingers burnt like fire. The sun went down as he came through the gate, and the traveller shivered. An easterly wind was blowing. It lay in wait for him as he rounded a corner, and a roaring gust brought him up gasping for breath. But still he wearily plodded on. At last he stopped before a 'row,' went up it, and then stopped again, in front of a house with the shutters closed. On them was chalked—'To Let.' In a dazed sort of way he looked at the letters, then made his way to the quay. Here he halted at the office of Hurley's Fleet. With a trembling hand he tried the door. It was locked. Then, indeed, he seemed to lose heart, and sat a moment on the doorstep. He was looking at the black bough of a tree that flapped noisily against a lighted lamp, when a smacksman came past. The weary object stopped him and asked him where Hurley lived. He was told; and with a sigh went on again, this time towards the Drive. The sky grew darker, and it began to snow, first in light flakes, that he feebly tried to brush away, then faster. Soon he heard the roar of the angry sea, and saw the flaming eye of the Floating Light as it rocked inside the Scroby. Here the wind blew fiercer: it gathered the white flakes together and hurled them into his face till they blinded him. Staggering, clutching at iron rails, and turning his face to them when the strong gusts swept off the sea, he went on till he reached the gate of a house where the blinds were parted and the room illumined by gas jets and a merry leaping fire. By that fire



a man sat reading. It was Genth Hurley. The stranger outside opened the gate; the wind drove him up to the door, and he pulled the bell. It was answered by a servant, who gazed at him curiously. He asked if he could see the smack-owner.

'Of course you can,' she said sharply. 'But shake some of that snow off!'

He tried, but his fingers seemed numb. She impatiently beckoned him in, and left him on the mat while she informed her master a man wanted him. Before she could speak, the visitor had stolen up behind. As she drew back, he and Genth came face to face. The attitude of the shabby figure was humble, and his knees shook.

'Come in,' cried Genth cheerily—'come in, my man. You wanted to see me?'

In a hesitating way the other stepped forward; particles of snow had melted on his beard and hung in glistening drops.

'Don't you know me, Hurley?' he asked, in a trembling tone. 'I wonder if Nell will know me? I'm Tom Harrington!'

With a strange, gurgling cry Genth fell back and clutched at the mantel-piece. He seemed turned to stone. The visitor looked wistfully at the bright fire, and caressed his thin hands as if he were warming them. 'No, no!' gasped Genth hoarsely, 'not him!—not Tom Harrington! He was drowned at sea.'

'Not drowned,' said the other; and his voice sounded so gentle, so unlike the Harrington of old, that there was plenty of room for mistaking his identity; 'but picked up by a schooner, when he had lost all hope. I was carried to a strange place, and I had the fever.' He drew a little nearer the fire, and put his hand on the back of a chair; then, with a smile, he looked at Genth. Hurley's face wore an awful frozen look. He appeared cowering back.

'I'm very tired,' said the wanderer feebly. 'May I sit down? I have been to some strange places, but I'm home now; and I want to find Nell. I have been to the old house, but she was not there. But you'll help me to find her, won't you? You'll tell me where she is?'

His voice was eager, and again he looked at Genth. The door of the room was only partly closed, and through it there came a faint cry; then a soothing sound; then a cry louder than the first. The rescued man pricked his ears.

'A baby!' he said. 'So you are married. Perhaps—perhaps,' he added timidly, 'you don't want me here. I had better go. I had no right to come; but I thought you could tell me where Nell was.' He gazed again at the fire, and his shaky fingers strayed over the buttons of his threadbare coat. With an effort he staggered up.

It was only Genth's lips that moved. 'Yes, yes,' he said, in a hollow tone, 'go! And in the name of God, go quick! To-morrow—I'll see you to-morrow.'

A gust of wind drove the snow against the window. Before the fleeting patterns of the flakes were off the glass, another gust made them afresh. Harrington shivered. 'It's very cold,' he said; 'but I'll walk quick, and you'll tell me where to find Nell?'

As he put the question there sounded a rippling laugh; then the joyous snatch of a song, as some

one tripped down the stairs. The wanderer's face grew bright. He held up his hand. 'Listen!' he cried breathlessly. 'That is Nell's voice! My Nell! That is the song she used to sing long ago! Why, she is here, Hurley—she is!' He turned wonderingly to Genth. The smack-owner's jaw had fallen; his teeth were chattering; and, trembling in every limb, he barely held up by the mantel-piece.

A puzzled look stole over Harrington's face. It cleared; and he too began to tremble. 'Your wife!' he whispered. 'You have married her! You thought me dead! I am going—I am going.' He put his hand out to feel for the door. He was trying to find the handle, when it swung open and Nell stood on the threshold. He gave a low sob, and with bent head sought to pass her. She tried to see his face.

'I am going, Nell,' he mumbled—'I am going.' He was quite helpless now, and blinded by tears.

At the sound of his voice, at the sight of the shaky figure grown suddenly old, some memory stirred her, and she clutched him by the arm. He lifted his head; their eyes met, and with a wild scream she sank to the floor.

An hour later, a doctor came. He looked at Harrington, who had been put to bed, and shook his head. 'I'm no use,' he said. 'Cold, exposure, a debilitated constitution. The man has been dying for weeks. He may last the night out; I doubt it.'

The doctor was right. Harrington gradually grew weaker and weaker. His brain wandered to strange scenes, the River Plate, Costa Rica: then home, and Nell. When his mind partially cleared, she was bending over him, and Genth sat holding his hand. Like a child he put up his face, and she kissed him. He looked, smiling, at Genth; then his head fell back on the pillow. 'I am going,' he said softly—'I am going.' There was a faint flutter of breath, and his eyes closed. The Deck Hand had gone.

#### THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

WIND Autumn winds blow chill and drear  
Across the cloudy, storm-rent sky,  
While hill and valley, far and near,  
Folded in misty silence lie.  
No sound of music fills the air,  
No voice of bird along the brake;  
Only the wild-fowl's cry, remote and rare,  
Among the withered sedges of the lake.

Gone is the glory of the summer noon;  
Gone is the tender grace of dawning light;  
The soft, sweet radiance of the rising moon,  
The silver silence of the starry night.  
Yet, there is splendour in the waning woods,  
And Summer dies, as dies a royal king,  
All down the grassy glades where Silence broods  
Beneath his shroud of golden blazing;  
Where amid leafy boughs, from spray to spray,  
Falls the first touch of Winter's icy breath—  
The first faint sign of lingering decay—  
And smites the ruddy beech with crimson death.

B. G. JOHNS.

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## THE ORIGIN OF PETROLEUM.

ANYTHING that adds to our knowledge of coal, or throws any light on the origin of the vast subterranean stores of petroleum oil and natural gas which have proved of such incalculable service to man, must be received with universal interest. A paper read by Professor Watson Smith at a meeting of the London Section of the Society of Chemical Industry does both. It principally deals with the results of his experiments on a highly bituminous Japanese coal, and the conclusions deducible from them.

This coal is produced from a mine at Miike, in the province of Chikugo, in Kiu-shiu, a large island in the south-west extremity of the Japanese Empire. The mine has the advantage of being close to the sea, and faces Shimabara Bay, from which it is some twenty miles distant. The deposit was known four hundred years ago; but as the Japanese have only learned quite recently the multifarious uses to which coal can be put, it was not worked until 1873, after the Government had purchased it at the request of its private proprietors. About 1876, the firm of Mitsui was appointed sole agents for the sale of this coal, the production having then reached three hundred tons per day. In 1885 a new shaft was sunk to a depth of two hundred and forty feet, and the output increased to twelve hundred tons per day; and in 1888 Mitsui bought the mine for about £750,000. Since then the newest machinery has been introduced into the mine, and every opportunity has been taken to improve the roads, harbours, and means of transit: a new shaft four hundred feet deep has been sunk; and the coal production for 1891 was estimated to reach the total of 600,000 tons. The coal-beds are supposed to cover an area of 3758 acres, containing some 85,444,000 tons of the mineral. The seam averages fully eight feet thick, and is of uniform and excellent quality throughout. It is coming largely into use for steam-raising, and is probably the best coal in Japan. The China Merchant Steam Navigation Company were the first to use Miike

coal on board their ships; but were soon followed by many other important firms trading in Chinese waters. Mr Thomas Weir of Shanghai minutely describes its manner of burning as follows: 'The Miike lump coal is highly bituminous, having a rather dull, rusty appearance. On first being put on the fire, it gives off great volumes of black smoke—which could be burned with careful management and suitable arrangement of furnace—and softens almost like pitch; but soon hardens, cokes, and burns brightly, giving off great heat, &c.' The reason for this dense cloud of black smoke will appear later, and is the gist of the whole argument.

It is a well-established fact, and a pretty obvious one too, that our coal deposits are nothing but masses of fossilised vegetation. Peat or turf, which covers nearly one-tenth of the entire surface of Ireland, is being rapidly formed at the present day. The principal plants that take part in this formation are bog-mosses, known under the generic name of *Sphagnum*. They grow very fast, the lower portion dying away as the upper part grows over them and shuts out the light and air; but the stems, being very wiry and persistent, form a tangled mass, which holds water like a sponge, and supplies the necessary moisture for the growth of the living portion above it. The remains of larger plants, trunks of trees, and other things, fall into it, and help more or less to assist in its formation. During heavy rains it gets silted up with mud, and is gradually converted into a solid felted mass. The softer portions of the bog-moss moulder away by degrees, and only the denser woody fibre and the resinous spores are finally left to form a store of carbonaceous material, which might in time and under proper conditions produce a kind of coal. It forms so fast in some places that Roman remains, and even Roman roads, have been found buried beneath eight feet of peat. The observations of the late Mr Binney of Manchester proved that oil flows from the peat, and it seems very likely that ozokerite, or earth-wax, is thus derived. By means of solvents, six per cent. of



oil can be extracted from peat itself. This oil, although not paraffin oil, resembled it in many respects. Oil has been found, too, under a large heath in Germany, the Luneberger Heide.

This process of peat-formation we can see going on under our very eyes, and, if there was nothing else to guide us, we should almost infer from that alone that coal had at all events a similar origin. Within the last few years, however, many facts bearing on the question have been brought to light. Coal always occurs in beds or seams, which vary a great deal in thickness. There are in general several beds in a coal-field, lying one over the other. Beneath each bed is always a layer of 'underclay' or 'seat-earth'; and the bed is covered by a stratum of shale. It is the same for every seam, no matter how many there may be. We have shale, coal, underclay—shale, coal, underclay, and so on repeated in every case. In between the underclay of one bed and the shale overlying the next, we may of course have bands of iron ore, sandstone or other water-deposited rocks; but just before we reach the coal, there is the shale, and below it the underclay, or something corresponding to it. The shale forming the 'roof' of the coal frequently contains impressions of fern-fronds, and in the underclay, fossils called 'stigmariæ' are often very abundant. These have the appearance of deeply-pitted stems, and the scars, or 'stigmata,' were thought to have been the places where the leaves were attached. In the mass of the coal, fluted tree trunks are found, called 'sigillariæ,' from the leaf-scars resembling the impressions of a seal. One day when a railway cutting was being driven through a Lancashire coal-field, it revealed a group of sigillaria trees resting on a seam of coal exactly where they must have grown, and sending down their roots into the underclay below. Mr Binney discovered that these roots were no other than the well-known stigmariæ, and that the scars themselves were the remains of rootlets, and not of leaves. It is evident from this that the fossilised vegetation grew where it is formed, as peat does now, and was not carried down to its resting-place by rivers, or transported thither by accident. Of course, small quantities of coal may have been formed by these delta deposits; but it seems hardly likely that the eighty distinct beds which may be recognised in the South Wales coal-field, for example, could have been produced in such an adventitious manner. The time that must have been required for the deposition of our coal-measures quite transcends our powers of imagination. Every separate seam of coal meant a depression of the earth where it grew beneath the water-level, for the rocks which cover it are sedimentary. Then, after a long interval, measured perhaps by tens of thousands of years, it was again raised above the surface, and a fresh forest gradually grew up; to be, after long ages, again submerged, and so on, until the whole series of fireclays, coal-seams, shales, sandstones, and iron ores were piled one above the other, hundreds of feet deep.

The well-known club-moss or Lycopodium is, like the peat-forming sphagnum, propagated by spores instead of seeds. Ferns also reproduce

themselves in the same way, and on the back of a fern frond in early summer, small green, generally kidney-shaped, bodies may be easily recognised. They are really small sacs—the 'sporangia,' which later on become filled with large numbers of little brown granules, the spores. The lycopodium spores are somewhat similar, and are produced by the plant in enormous quantities. They are highly resinous, and were formerly used in the theatre to produce mimic lightning, as, when they are blown through a spirit-flame, a vivid flash is caused; and in night-signalling they take the place of the heliograph. In examining thin sections of coal under the microscope, Professor Morris discovered numbers of yellowish sac-like bodies, which were at once identified as sporangia; and enclosed in them, and disseminated through the surrounding matrix, were quantities of small granules, which are no doubt the spores themselves. Although they bear such an exact resemblance to the fruit of the lycopodium, they did not grow on an insignificant plant two or three feet from the ground, but on a mighty forest tree, the Lepidodendron, towering up a hundred feet high, the remains of which occur abundantly in the coal-measures, and have sometimes been found with the cover in which the spore-cases are actually preserved, still attached to their branches. In spite of their difference in height, the resemblance between the shape of their stems and spores and spore-cases is so striking, that it seems impossible to doubt that the old forest giant which flourished perhaps hundreds of thousands of years ago was nothing but a magnified edition of the lowly club-moss. As with the peat, so with the coal; the softer portion gradually mouldered away, leaving only the hard woody tree stems and waterproof resinous spores; and Professor W. Boyd Dawkins says: 'No doubt, the bituminous matter of coal is almost all derived from the spores and sporangia of fossil vegetation allied to the club-moss. Our bituminous coal derives its bitumen from this altered resinous matter, first stored up in the fruits (spores, &c.), and afterwards more or less altered by subterranean heat into bitumen.'

Now, as regards the Japanese coal, Professor Watson Smith found it to contain no less than ten per cent. of bitumen or resinoids. The highest he was able to extract even from cannel coal was only a little over one per cent. This ten per cent. is therefore an enormous proportion, and marks out the Miike coal as a very remarkable one indeed. As might be expected, it is an excellent coal for gas-making, giving over 11,000 cubic feet of 23·4 candle-power gas per ton. When a splinter of it is placed in the flame, it catches fire and flares like a torch of pinewood. Now Dr Percy has shown that the ashes of a coal closely resemble the fireclay of the contiguous seams in which it grew. The ash of Miike coal contains a large proportion of lime, showing that the vegetation from which it was derived flourished in a chalky soil. Judging from this, its investigator considers it likely that, the soil being favourable to their growth, the trees from which the coal was derived must have been of an unusually resinous character.

A large quantity of this bitumen was extracted and fractionally distilled—that is, the heat was kept constant at a particular temperature until

nothing more distilled over, and then raised fifty degrees, and kept there until the renewed distillation again ceased; and so on. The first fraction smelt exactly like benzoline or petroleum naphtha; the next fraction when refined bore the unmistakable odour of petroleum lamp oil; and the next on cooling deposited paraffin scale abundantly; and the oil drained off was very similar to the lubricating oils obtained from American petroleum. Thus we see the reason for the dense volumes of black smoke which are given off when it is thrown on the furnace fire.

The question at once arises: could this petroleum-like substance formed in the coal have any bearing on the origin of petroleum? Professor Watson Smith replies that here we have a *coal with the petroleum in it*, which can be distilled off at a moderately high temperature. Supposing the Miike coal uniform throughout, there is distributed through it at this present moment no fewer than 8,544,000 tons of bitumen, capable of yielding some 1,800,000 tons of thick petroleum oil, and 427,000 tons of solid paraffin wax. If this were contained in porous sandstone, like the Pennsylvanian deposits, instead of being still left in the coal, we should certainly call it a most important reservoir of petroleum.

The next step the investigator proposes to take is to distil off the oil from a considerable quantity of the coal and see what the residual coal is like. Probably a residue resembling anthracite, a kind of coal converted almost into coke by natural agencies, will be left behind. In Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, where petroleum is found in such large quantities, it occurs uniformly saturating heavy beds of porous sandstone. This sandstone is overlaid by an impervious roof of slate, that holds down both the oil and the gas in the rock below under great pressure. The sandstone rests on an immense formation of shale, over one thousand feet thick, containing large quantities of animal and vegetable remains. Contiguous to these strata, although now separated by a branch of the Alleghanies which may have been upheaved more recently than the deposits, are vast beds of anthracite coal, which form by far the most important coal-field in America. The five separate beds cover an area amounting to four hundred and thirty-four square miles, and the coal-measures range from two to three thousand feet in depth. The average thickness of the actual coal-seams is at least seventy feet, and they reach a maximum of two hundred and seven feet. Is it not possible that the oil was once embosomed in this anthracite, as it is now in the Japanese coal? And, being driven out by subterranean heat, was absorbed by the neighbouring sandstone in the same way that, in the laboratory, the condenser imprisoned the vapours distilling over from the retort? Tar and oil springs are of frequent occurrence in our own country, although the production is insignificant. Here, there is no doubt that they originated in the coal.

Petroleum occurs widely distributed in various geological formations, and it is not contended that the above is the only way in which it may have originated. In fact, the shale described as underlying the petroleum deposits is a mass of fossil organisms, both animal and vegetable, of which it contains such quantities, that Dr J. S. Newbery

has suggested that the Silurian ocean from which it was deposited must have been a veritable Sargasso Sea. M. Zoloziecki has put forward a theory of paraffin formation from animal matter. Petroleum, indeed, has been obtained from animal substances at a great heat and high pressure. Under suitable conditions, too, it can be produced from fish-oil; and the Old Red Sandstone and other rocks, we know, teem with fossilised fish; but there are certain chemical considerations derived from the actual composition of mineral oil which, whilst throwing doubt upon all these hypotheses, do not render them altogether untenable. So that, although these other sources may have contributed, it seems more probable that the main origin was a carbonaceous one, especially since turpentine has been discovered in petroleum residues.

Thus, to sum up, we see that, to account for these deposits, we must carry our thoughts back to the time when the earth was covered with a dense bath of warm vapour, through which no ray of the sun could penetrate, as the surface of the planet Saturn is now; and in imagination, watch the vast forests of Lepidodendrons, tree ferns, sigillarias, and other flowerless giants scattering their showers of innumerable yellow resinous spores and cones, for century after century, on the marshy ground below; these in turn being covered with water and compressed beneath beds of sedimentary rock to form bituminous coal, which, perhaps ages after, was distilled by volcanic heat, and yielded the hidden store of oil and gas which well up in such enormous quantities from the sandstone of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

## BLOOD ROYAL.

### CHAPTER IV.—A ROYAL POURPARLER.

NEXT morning, when Richard went down to his work in town, Mr Wells, his employer, accosted him at once with the unwelcome greeting: 'Hullo, Plantagenet, so I hear you're going up to college at Oxford!'

Nothing on earth could well have been more unpleasant for poor Dick. He saw at once from Mr Wells's tone that his father must have bragged; he must have spoken of the projected trip at the *White Horse* last night, not as a mere speculative journey in search of a problematical and uncertain Scholarship, but as a *fait accompli*, a domestic arrangement dependent on the mere will of the house of Plantagenet. However, we must all answer for the sins of our fathers: there was nothing for it now but to brazen it out as best he might; so Dick at once confided to his master the true state of the case, explaining that he would only want a few days' holiday, during which he engaged to supply an efficient substitute; that his going to Oxford permanently must depend on his success in the Scholarship examination; and that even if he succeeded, which he modestly judged unlikely, he wouldn't need to give up his present engagement and go into residence at the university till October.

These explanations, frankly given with manly candour, had the good effect of visibly mollifying Mr Wells's nascent and half-unspoken resentment. Richard had noticed just at first that he assumed



a sarcastic and somewhat aggrieved tone, as one who might have expected to be the first person informed of this intended new departure. But as soon as all was satisfactorily cleared up, the bookseller's manner changed immediately, and he displayed instead a genuine interest in the success of the great undertaking. To say the truth, Mr Wells was not a little proud of his unique assistant. He regarded him with respect, not unmixed with pity. All Chiddingwick, indeed, took a certain compassionate interest in the Plantagenet family. They were, so to speak, public property and local celebrities. Lady Agatha Moore herself, the wife of the Squire, and an Earl's daughter, always asked Mrs Plantagenet to her annual garden-party. Chiddingwickians pointed out the head of the house to strangers, and observed with pardonable possessive pride: 'That's our poor old dancing-master; he's a Plantagenet born, and some people say if it hadn't been for those unfortunate Wars of the Roses, he'd have been king of England. But now he holds classes at the *White Horse* Assembly Rooms.' Much more then, had, Mr Wells special reason to be proud of his own personal relations with the heir of the house, the final inheritor of so much shadowy and hypothetical splendour. The moment he learned the real nature of Dick Plantagenet's errand, he was kindness itself to his clever assistant. He desired to give Dick every indulgence in his power. Mind the shop? No, certainly not! Richard would want all his time now to cram for the examination. He must cram, cram, cram: there was nothing like cramming!

During the four days that remained before the trip to Oxford, Mr Wells wouldn't hear of Richard's doing any more work in the shop than was absolutely necessary. He must spend all his time, the good man said, in reading Hume and Smollett—the latest historical authorities of whom the Chiddingwick bookseller had any personal knowledge. Dick availed himself for the most part of his employer's kindness; but there was one piece of work, he said, which he couldn't neglect, no matter what happened. It was a certain book-binding job of no very great import—just a couple of volumes to cover in half-calf for the governess at the rectory. Yet he insisted upon doing it. Somehow, though he had only seen Mary Tudor once, for those few minutes in the shop, he attached a very singular and sentimental importance to binding that book for her. She was a pretty girl, for one thing, an extremely pretty girl, and he admired her intensely; but that wasn't all; she was a Tudor as well, and he was a Plantagenet. In some vague half-conscious way he reflected more than once that 'it had gone with a Tudor, and with a Tudor it might come back again.' What he meant by that *it* he hardly knew himself: certainly not the crown of this United Kingdom; for Dick was far too good a student of constitutional history not to be thoroughly aware that the crown of England itself was elective, not hereditary; and he had far too much common sense to suppose for one moment that the people of these three realms would desire to disturb the Act of Settlement and repeal the Union in order to place a local dancing-master or a bookseller's assistant on the throne of England.

The days wore away; Stubbs and Freeman were well thumbed: the two books for Mary Tudor were bound in the daintiest fashion known to Chiddingwickian art: and on the morning of the eventful Wednesday itself, when he was first to try his fate at Oxford, Dick took them up in person, neatly wrapped in white tissue paper, to the door of the rectory.

Half-way up the garden path, Mary met him by accident. She was walking in the grounds with one of the younger children; and Dick, whose quick imagination had built up already a curious castle in the air, felt half shocked to find that a future queen of England, Wales, and Ireland (*de jure*) should be set to take care of the rector's babies. However, he forgot his indignation, when Mary, recognising him, advanced with a pleasant smile—her smile was always considered the prettiest thing about her—and said in a tone as if addressed to an equal: 'Oh, you've brought back my books, have you? That's punctuality itself. Don't mind taking them to the door.—How much are they, please? I'll pay at once for them.'

Now, this was a trifle disconcerting to Dick, who had reasons of his own for not wishing her to open the parcel before him. Still, as there was no way out of it, he answered in a somewhat shamefaced and embarrassed voice: 'It comes to three-and-sixpence.'

Mary had opened the packet meanwhile and glanced hastily at the covers. She saw in a second that the bookseller's had exceeded her instructions. For the books were bound in full calf, very dainty and delicate, and on the front cover of each was stamped in excellent workmanship—a Tudor rose, with the initials *M. T.* intertwined in a neat little monogram beneath it. She looked at them for a moment with blank dismay in her eye, thinking just at first what a lot he must be going to charge her for it; then, as he named the price, a flush of shame rose of a sudden to her soft round cheek. 'Oh, no,' she said hurriedly. 'It *must* be more than that. You couldn't possibly bind them so for only three-and-sixpence!'

'Yes, I did,' Dick answered, now as crimson as herself. 'You'll find the bill inside. Mr Wells wrote it out. There's no error at all. You'll see it's what I tell you.'

Mary fingered her well-worn purse with uncertain fingers. 'Surely,' she said again, 'you've done it all in calf. Mr Wells can't have known exactly how you were doing it.'

This put a Plantagenet at once upon his mettle. 'Certainly he did,' Dick answered, almost haughtily. 'It was a remnant of calf, no use for anything else, that I just made fit by designing those corners. He said I could use it up if I cared to take the trouble. And I *did* care to take the trouble, and to cut a block for the rose, and to put on the monogram, which was all my own business, in my own overtime. Three-and-sixpence is the amount it's entered in the books for.'

Mary gazed hard at him in doubt. She scarcely knew what to do. She felt by pure instinct he was too much of a gentleman to insult him by offering him money for what had obviously been a labour of love to him; and yet, for her own part, she didn't like to receive those hand-

some covers to some extent as a present from a perfect stranger, and especially from a man in his peculiar position. Still, what else could she do? The books were her own; she couldn't refuse them now, merely because he chose to put a Tudor rose upon them—all the more as they contained those little marginal notes of 'localities' and 'finds' which even the amateur botanist prizes in his heart above all printed records; and she couldn't bear to ask this grave and dignified young man to take the volumes back, remove the covers on which he had evidently spent so much pains and thought, and replace them by three-and-sixpence worth of plain cloth, unlettered. In the end she was constrained to say frigidly, in a lowered voice: 'They're extremely pretty. It was good of you to take so much trouble about an old book like this. There's the money, thank you:—and—I'm greatly obliged to you.'

The words stuck in her throat. She said them almost necessarily with some little stiffness. And as she spoke, she looked down, and dug her parasol into the gravel of the path for nervousness. But Richard Plantagenet's pride was far deeper than her own. He took the money frankly; that was Mr Wells's; then he answered in that lordly voice he had inherited from his father: 'I'm glad you like the design; it's not quite original: I copied it myself with a few variations from the cover of a book that once belonged to Margaret Tudor. Her initials and yours are the same. But I see you think I oughtn't to have done it. I'm sorry for that: yet I had some excuse. I thought a Plantagenet might venture to take a little more pains than usual over a book for a Tudor. *Noblesse oblige.*' And as he spoke, standing a yard or two off her, with an air of stately dignity, he lifted his hat, and then moved slowly off down the path to the gate again.

Mary didn't know why, but with one of those impulsive fits which often come over sympathetic women, she ran hastily after him. 'I beg your pardon,' she said, catching him up, and looking into his face with her own as flushed as his. 'I'm afraid I've hurt you. I'm sure I didn't mean to. It was very, very kind of you to design and print that monogram so nicely. I understand your reasons, and I'm immensely obliged. It's a beautiful design: I shall be proud to possess it.'

As for Richard, he dared hardly raise his eyes to meet hers, they were so full of tears. This rebuff was very hard on him. But the tell-tale moisture didn't quite escape Mary. 'Thank you,' he said simply. 'I—I meant no rudeness; very much the contrary. The coincidence interested me; it made me wish to do the thing for you as well as I could. I'm sorry if I was obtrusive. But—one sometimes forgets—or perhaps remembers. It's good of you to speak so kindly.' And he raised his hat once more, and, walking rapidly off without another word, disappeared down the road in the direction of the High Street.

As soon as he was gone, Mary went back into the rectory. Mrs Tradescant, the rector's wife, was standing in the hall. Mary reflected at once that the little girl had listened open-eared to all this queer colloquy, and that to prevent misapprehension, the best thing she could do would be to report it all herself before the child could

speak of it. So she told the whole story of the strange young man who had insisted on binding her poor dog-eared old botany-book in such regal fashion. Mrs Tradescant glanced at it and only smiled. 'Oh, my dear, you mustn't mind him,' she said. 'He's one of those crazy Plantagenets. They're a very queer lot; as mad as hatters. The poor old father's a drunken old wretch, come down in the world, they say: he teaches dancing; but his mania is that he ought by rights to be king of England. He never says so openly, you know: he's too cunning for that: but in a covert sort of way, he lays tacit claim to it. The son's a very well conducted young man in his own rank, I believe, but as cracked as the father; and as for the daughter, oh, my dear—such a stuck-up sort of girl, with a feather in her hat, and a bee in her bonnet, who goes out and gives music lessons! It's dreadful, really. She plays the violin rather nicely, I hear; but she's an odious creature.—The books? Oh, yes, that's just the sort of thing Dick Plantagenet would love. He's mad on antiquity. If he saw on the title-page your name was Mary Tudor, he'd accept you at once as a remote cousin, and he'd claim acquaintance offhand by a royal monogram. The rose is not bad. But the best thing you can do is to take no further notice of him.'

A little later that very same morning, however, Richard Plantagenet, mad or sane, was speeding away across country—in a parliamentary train—towards Reading and Oxford, decided in his own mind now about two separate plans he had deeply at heart. The first one was, that, for the honour of the Plantagenets, he mustn't fail to get that Scholarship at Durham College: the second was, that, when he came back with it to Chiddingwick, he must make Mary Tudor understand he was at least a gentleman. He was rather less in love with her, to be sure, after this second meeting, than he had been after the first; but still, he liked her immensely, and in spite of her coldness, was somehow attracted towards her; and he couldn't bear to think a mere Welsh Tudor, not even really royal, should feel herself degraded by receiving a gift of a daintily bound book from the hands of the Heir Apparent of the true and only Plantagenets.

#### CHAPTER V.—GOOD SOCIETY.

Dick knew nothing of Oxford, and would hardly even have guessed where in the town to locate himself while the examination was going on, had not his old head-master at Chiddingwick grammar-school supplied him with the address of a small hotel, much frequented by studious and economical young men on similar errands. Hither, then, he repaired, Gladstone bag in hand, and engaged a modest second-floor room; after which, with much trepidation, he sallied forth at once in his best black suit to call in due form on the Reverend the Dean at Durham College.

By the door of the *Saracen's Head*, which was the old-fashioned name of his old-fashioned hostelry, two young men—mere overgrown school-boys of the Oxford pattern—lounged, chatting and chaffing together, as if bent on some small matter of insignificant importance. Each swung a light cane, and each looked and talked as if the town were his freehold. One was a fellow in a

loose gray tweed suit and a broad-brimmed slouch-hat of affectedly large and poetical pretensions; the other was a faster-looking and bolder young person, yet more quietly clad in a black cut-away coat and a billycock hat, to which commonplace afternoon costume of the English gentleman he nevertheless managed to give a touch of distinctly rowdy and rapid character. As Dick passed them on the steps, to go forth into the street, the young man in black observed oracularly, 'Lamb ten to the slaughter;' to which his companion answered with brisk good-humour in the self-same dialect, 'Lamb ten it is; these meadows pullulate: we shall have a full field of them.'

By a burst of inspiration, Dick somehow gathered that they were referring to the field for the Durham Scholarships, and that they knew of ten candidates at least in the place who were also going in for them. He didn't much care for the looks of his two fellow-competitors, for such he judged them to be; but the mere natural loneliness of a sensitive young man in such strange conditions somehow prompted him almost against his will to accost them. 'I beg your pardon,' he said timidly, in a rather soft voice, 'but I—that is to say—could you either of you tell me which is the nearest way to Durham College?'

The lad in the gray tweed suit laughed and surveyed him from head to foot with a somewhat supercilious glance as he answered with a curious self-assertive swagger: 'You're going to call on the Dean, I suppose. Well, so are we. Durham it is. If you want to know the way, you can come along with us.'

Companionship in misery is dear to the unsophisticated human soul; and Richard, in spite of all his father's lessons in deportment, shrank so profoundly from this initial ordeal of the introductory visit, that he was really grateful to the supercilious youth in the broad-brimmed hat for his condescending offer. Though, to be sure, if it came to that, nobody in England had a right to be either supercilious or condescending to a scion of the Plantagenets.

'Thank you,' he said, a little nervously. 'This is my first visit to Oxford, and I don't know my way about. But I suppose you're not in for the Scholarship yourself?' And he gazed half unconsciously at his new acquaintance's gray tweed suit and big sombrero, which were certainly somewhat noisy for a formal visit.

The young man in the billycock interpreted the glance aright, and answered it promptly. 'Oh, you don't know my friend,' he said with a twinkle in his eye, and a jerk of the head towards the lad in gray tweed; 'this is Gillingham of Rugby—otherwise known as the Born Poet. England expects every man to do his duty; but she never expects Gillingham to dress or behave like the rest of us poor common everyday mortals. And quite right, too. What's the good of being a Born Poet, I should like to know, if you've got to mind your Ps and Qs just like other people?'

'Well, I'm certainly glad I'm not an Other Person,' Gillingham responded calmly, with a nonchalant air of acknowledged superiority. 'Other People for the most part are so profoundly uninteresting! But if you're going to walk with

us, let me complete the introduction my friend has begun. This is Faussett of Rugby, otherwise known as the Born Philistine. Congenitally incapable of the faintest tincture of Culture himself, he regards the possession of that alien attribute by others as simply ridiculous.' Gillingham waved his hand vaguely towards the horizon in general. 'Disregard what he says,' he went on, 'as unworthy a serious person's intelligent consideration, and dismiss him to that limbo where he finds himself most at home, among the rowdy mob of all the Gaths and Askelons!'

Dick hardly knew how to comport himself in such unwonted company. Gillingham's manner was unlike anything else to which he had ever been accustomed. But he felt dimly aware that politeness compelled him to give his own name in return for the others'; so he faltered out somewhat feebly, 'My name's Plantagenet,' and then relapsed into a timid silence.

'Whew! How's that for a name?' Gillingham exclaimed, taken aback. 'Rather high, Tom, isn't it?—Are you any relation to the late family, so called, who were kings of England?'

This was a point-blank question which Dick could hardly avoid; but he got over the thin ice warily by answering with a smile: 'I never heard of more than one family of Plantagenets in England.'

'Eton, of course?' Gillingham suggested with a languid look. 'It must be Eton. It was founded by an ancestor.'

To Dick himself, the question of the Plantagenet pedigree was too sacred for a jest; but he saw the only way to treat the matter in the present company was by joking; so he answered with a little laugh: 'I believe there's no provision there for the founder's kin, so I didn't benefit by it. I come only from a very small country grammar-school—Chiddingwick, in Surrey.'

'Chiddingwick! Chiddingwick! Never knew there was such a place,' Gillingham put in with crushing emphasis. And he said it with an air which showed at once so insignificant a school was wholly unworthy a Born Poet's attention.

As for the Philistine, he laughed. 'Well, which are you going in for?' he asked, with a careless swing of his cane: 'The science, or the classics?'

'Neither,' Dick answered. 'My line's modern history.'

With a sudden little start, Gillingham seemed to wake up to interest. 'So's mine,' he put in, looking extremely wise. 'It's the one subject now taught at our existing universities that a creature with a soul—immortal or otherwise—would be justified in bothering his head about for one moment. Classics and mathematics! oh, fiddlesticks! shade of Shelley, my gorge rises at them!'

'You won't have any chance against Gillingham, though,' Faussett interposed with profound conviction. 'He's a fearful dab at history! You never knew such a howler. He's read pretty well everything that's ever been written in it from the earliest ages to the present time. Herodotus and York Powell alike at his finger-ends! We consider at Rugby that a man's got to get up uncommon early if he wants to take a rise out of Trevor Gillingham.'



'I'm sorry for that,' Dick answered quite earnestly, astonished, now he stood face to face with these men of the world, at his own presumption in venturing even to try his luck against them. 'For I can't have many shots at Scholarships myself; and unless I get one, I can't afford to come up at all to the university.' His very pride made him confess this much to his new friends at once, for he didn't wish to seem as if he made their acquaintance under false pretences.

'Oh, for my part, I don't care twopence about the coin,' Gillingham replied with lordly indifference, cocking his hat yet a trifle more one-sidedly than ever. 'Only, the commoner's gown, you know, is such an inartistic monstrosity! I couldn't bear to wear it! And if one goes to a college at all, one likes to feel one goes on the very best possible footing, as a member of the foundation, and not as a mere outsider, admitted on sufferance.'

Dick followed him, trembling, into the large paved quad, and up the stone steps of the Dean's staircase, and quivered visibly to Faussett's naked eye as they were all three ushered into the great man's presence. The room was panelled, after Clarence's own heart: severe engravings from early Italian masters alone relieved the monotony of its old wooden wainscots.

A servant announced their names. The Dean, a precise-looking person in most clerical dress, seated at a little oak table all littered with papers, turned listlessly round in his swinging chair to receive them. 'Mr Gillingham of Rugby,' he said, focussing his eye-glass on the credentials of respectability which the Born Poet presented to him. 'Oh, yes, that's all right. Sixth Form—h'm, h'm: Your head-master was so kind as to write to me about you. I'm very glad to see you at Durham, I'm sure, Mr Gillingham: hope we may number you among ourselves before long. I've had the pleasure of meeting your father once—I think it was at Athens. Or no, the Piræus. Sir Bernard was good enough to use his influence in securing me an escort from the Greek Government for my explorations in Boeotia. Country very much disturbed: soldiers absolutely necessary.—These papers are quite satisfactory, of course; h'm, h'm: highly satisfactory. Your Head tells me you write verses, too. Well, well, we shall see. You'll go in for the Newdigate. The Keats of the future!'

'We call him the Born Poet at Rugby, sir,' Faussett put in, somewhat mischievously.

'And you're going in for the modern history examination?' the Dean said, smiling, but otherwise not heeding the cheeky interruption. 'Well, history will be flattered.' He readjusted his eye-glass.—'Mr Faussett; Rugby too, I believe? H'm, h'm; well, your credentials are respectable, decidedly respectable—though by no means brilliant. You've a brother at Christ Church, I understand; ah, yes, exactly. You take up classics. Quite so.—And now for you, sir; let me see; he dropped his eyeglass, and stared hard at the letter Richard laid before him: 'Mr—er—Plantagenet of—what is it?—oh, I see, Chiddingwick grammar-school.—Chiddingwick, Chiddingwick? H'm? h'm? never heard of it. Eh? What's that? In Yorkshire, is it? Oh, ah, in Surrey; exactly; quite so. You're a candidate for the History

Scholarship, it seems. Well, the name Plantagenet's not unknown in history. That'll do, Mr Plantagenet; you can go. Good-morning. Examination begins in hall to-morrow at ten o'clock punctually.—Mr Gillingham, will you and your friend lunch with me on Friday at half-past one?—No engagement? Most fortunate.' And with a glance at the papers still scattered about his desk, he dismissed them silently.

Dick slunk down the steps with a more oppressive consciousness of his own utter nothingness in the scheme of things, than he had ever before in his life experienced. He strolled with his two chance acquaintances down the beautiful High Street, and into the gardens at Magdalen, very heavy in heart at their dire predictions. The cloisters themselves failed to bring him comfort. He felt himself foredoomed already to a disastrous fiasco. So many places and things he had only read about in books, this brilliant, easy-going, very grown-up Trevor Gillingham had seen and mixed in and made himself a part of. He had pervaded the Continent. The more Gillingham talked, indeed, the more Dick's heart sank. Why, the man knew well every historical site and building in Britain or out of it! History to him was not an old almanac, but an affair of real life. Paris, Brussels, Rome—Bath, Lincoln, Holyrood—he had known and seen them! Dick longed to go back and hide his own discomfited head once more in the congenial obscurity of dear sleepy old Chiddingwick.

But how could he ever go back without that boasted Scholarship? How cover his defeat after Mr Plantagenet's foolish talk at the *White Horse*? How face his fellow-townsmen—and Mary Tudor? For very shame's sake, he felt, he must brazen it out now, and do the best he knew—for the honour of the family.

## SOME NEW INDIAN INSECT PESTS.

THE progress of scientific research is constantly leading to the discovery of new enemies to mankind. Fortunately, where science finds the bane, it also seeks to discover the antidote, although it is not always immediately successful. What Miss Ormerod is doing for England in her campaign against our insect enemies, Dr Cotes of the Indian Museum in Calcutta is striving to do against the legions of tiny insects in India that devour the valuable products of the earth and make vain the labour of the husbandman. In former times the vague name of 'blight' was given to every sort of flying insect or creeping pest that attacked the growing crops. Now, science with its microscope comes forward and examines the specific character of each sort of blight in whatever novel or unpleasant form it has presented itself. The philosopher, in his chamber of experiments, seeks to instruct his fellow-men whence and why the new plague has come, and how it may be mitigated or averted.

Every one in England has now become familiar with Indian tea. It is only about forty years ago that the cultivation of the tea-plant for commercial purposes was commenced in India. The enterprising men who established tea-gardens by clearing away the forests and underwood on the hills and by draining malarious swamps, found

that they had to contend with many unforeseen difficulties. Fever and ague, and sometimes cholera, seemed to haunt the new clearances. The tea-bushes that gave promise of an abundant crop were attacked by the paddle-cricket and slugs, and a peculiar form of red spider. These are now regarded as old enemies. But within the last two or three years a new assailant has appeared: it is in the form of a small four-winged mosquito, so small that it can hardly be distinguished without a microscope. But it has come in such myriads, that in one tea-garden of about five hundred acres it is calculated that a loss of above a thousand pounds sterling has been incurred in one year owing to the ravages of these almost invisible foes. Hitherto, these mosquitoes have appeared only in a comparatively limited locality; but if they were to descend simultaneously on all the tea-gardens in India, the imagination fails to form any approximate calculation of the infinite number of these tiny creatures that would be brought into existence. The questions arise, Where do they come from? Where have they been living for centuries unknown and innocuous to man? Why have they set their affections on the tea-plant? How do they propagate their species? And how can they be annihilated? All these scientific problems Dr Cotes is endeavouring to solve.

Another unexpected enemy, a common hairy caterpillar, has turned its attention to the tea-gardens. This caterpillar was previously known and disliked in other parts of India; for any person who imprudently laid hands on it found the long hairs sticking to his fingers and producing most irritating blisters. If a hair got into a man's eye, it set up an inflammation that sometimes ended in blindness. When a horde of these hairy caterpillars unexpectedly invaded a tea-garden in Assam one morning, the effects were most disastrous to the native labourers, or coolies, whose naked legs and feet came in contact with them. The women and the children who are employed in plucking the shoots and leaves of the tea-plants soon found their hands and arms stinging with pain, from the hairs of the caterpillars that they had fearlessly but imprudently handled. Before the morning's work could be finished, sixty of the men, women, and children were obliged to go to the medical officer for relief, with their hands or feet blistered and suppurating. There was no apparent cause to explain why these caterpillars had suddenly come out of the neighbouring jungle to prey upon the tea-plants; but it is to be feared that if they once acquire a taste and preference for tea-leaves, the tea-planter will have a new enemy to reckon with, and the cost of tea will eventually be enhanced to the human consumer. It is said by some authorities that the caterpillars have increased out of due proportion because the wild birds that used to feed on them have been reduced in number, as the native labourers on the gardens are given to the pursuit of birds, and ruthlessly destroy their eggs and the young birds in their nests. But this is hardly a sufficient explanation.

In two very distant parts of India, Assam and Ceylon, it is reported that the rice-crops have been simultaneously attacked by an insect to which the name of the rice-sapper has been given. It

is about the size of a common house-fly, but more like the Indian flying green bug. It sucks out the soft grain of the young rice, leaving the empty husk to come to maturity. In due time the husbandman sees the rice-stalks bending apparently under the weight of the ears of grain, but he will reap nothing but a crop of these rice-sappers. In Burma the growing rice-crops have been much injured by a new kind of butterfly; whilst in the Central Provinces of India a novel sort of white moth is found to have set its affections on the young rice-plants. It is almost impossible to say from what quarter these new enemies have come, but it is to be feared that science will be much puzzled how to deal with them.

In the North-west Provinces of India, the peach-trees have recently been attacked by a multitude of two-winged flies. Hitherto, the peach-trees had been believed to be exempt from any special enemies, although in the stone of an over-ripe peach it was always prudent to look for a lurking earwig or a juvenile centipede. In the province of Assam efforts have been made to breed the once wild tussah silkworms. Large plantations of castor-oil plants were kept up, as its leaves are the favourite food of the tussah silkworms. In August, last year, a strange tribe of caterpillars came in millions out of the neighbouring jungle, and devoured all the leaves of the castor-oil plants, so that when the tussah silkworms were hatched out there was no food for them, and they died. How is science to contend with the invasions of these unexpected enemies?

Those who deal in wheat and other Indian grains know that they have always been preyed upon by weevils; but now three new different kinds of weevil have been discovered infesting the crops of wheat and gram. The culture of vines has been in recent years introduced in the hills of the Punjab with some fair promise of success; but it is reported that the grapes have been attacked by a small two-winged fly, which deposits its larvæ in the skin of the grape. In the sal forests of Central India it is said that the leaves of the trees were destroyed over a tract of two hundred square miles by a novel sort of caterpillar. Although this is rather a large order on our credulity, there is some satisfaction in learning that these caterpillars were in their turn hunted and preyed upon by two kinds of large flies, which found the body of the caterpillar a suitable place for the deposit of their eggs. Unfortunately, these avenging flies are not sufficiently discriminating in their tastes, and are as capable of depositing their eggs in the caterpillar of the useful tussah silk-moth as they are of employing the sal leaf-destroying caterpillar for the same purpose.

If we turn from the enemies already enumerated, we come to an insect that works in rather a different Indian field, but is now finding its way to England. Bot-flies are indeed already well known in England, but they are to be included among Indian pests, for the hides shipped from the principal Indian ports are found to be riddled with their holes, and depreciated accordingly for the purposes of the leather-trade. Next in order are certain small beetles that attack specimens of natural history, such as the

skins of animals and birds. But it is almost impossible to enumerate exhaustively all the tiny enemies that exist in India, to the detriment of the crops and of many other things that are useful for the purposes of man. Probably India itself is not more prolific of such pests than Africa and the other tropical regions of the globe; and the inhabitants of the colder climates may think themselves fortunate that they have as yet escaped from the threatened ravages of the Colorado beetle and other famous American bugs.

## THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—LE CONSEIL DE FAMILLE.

'CHECKLEY,' said Mr Dering on Monday morning, 'here is a note from Miss Elsie Arundel. She makes an appointment with me at four o'clock this afternoon. Keep me free for that hour. Her brother Athelstan is coming with her.—What's the matter, man?'

'It's coming, then. I knew it would come.' Checkley groaned. 'It's all over at last.'

'What is all over?'

'Everything. But don't you believe it. Tell 'em it's a lie made up to screen themselves. They can't prove it. Nobody can prove it. I'll back you up. Only don't you believe it. Mind—it is a lie—a made-up lie.'

'I don't know what has been the matter with you for the last day or two, Checkley. What am I not to believe? What is a lie? Who is making up a lie which cannot be proved?'

'Oh! I can't say the word—I can't. It's all over at last—at last.' He ran out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

'My dear mother'—Hilda drove to Pembroke Square directly after breakfast—'I have had a most curious letter from Elsie. What does it mean? She orders—she does not invite—she positively orders—Sir Samuel—actually orders Sir Samuel!—and myself to attend at Mr Dering's office at four. We are ordered to assist, she says, at the demolition of the structure we have so carefully erected.—What structure? What does she mean? Here is the letter.'

'I too, dear, have had a letter from her. She says that at four o'clock this afternoon all the wrongful and injurious suspicions will be cleared away, and that if I value the affection of my son and herself—the affection of herself—I must be present.—Hilda, what does this mean? I am very much troubled about the letter. On Saturday, she came here and informed me that the wedding would be held on Wednesday just as if nothing had happened; and she foretold that we should all be present, and that Athelstan would give her away—Athelstan. It is a very disquieting letter, because, my dear, do you think we could all of us—could we possibly be wrong, have been wrong from the very beginning—in Athelstan's case? Could Sir Samuel be wrong in George's case?'

'My dear mother, it is impossible. The case, unhappily, is too clear to admit of any doubt.'

Sir Samuel with his long experience could not be wrong.'

'Then, Hilda dear, what can Elsie mean?'

'We have been talking about it all through breakfast. The only conclusion we can come to is, that there is going to be a smothering up of the whole business. Mr Dering, who has been terribly put out with the case, must have consented to smother up the matter. We think that the papers have been returned with the money received on dividends and coupons; and that Mr Dering has agreed to take no further proceedings. Now, if he would do that, Athelstan of course would come under the Act of Indemnity; and as the notes were never used by him, but were returned to their owner, it becomes as easy to recognise his innocence as that of the other man.—Do you see?'

'Yes. But that will not make them innocent.'

'Certainly not. But it makes all the difference in the world. Oh! there are families everywhere who have had to smother up things in order to escape a scandal. Well, I hope you will agree with us, and accept the invitation.'

'I suppose I must.—But how about removing all the suspicious?'

'Oh! that is only Elsie's enthusiastic way. She will go on, if she likes, believing that George had nothing to do with it. He will have every inducement to live honestly for the future. We can easily pretend to believe that Athelstan was always innocent, and we can persuade him—at least I hope we can persuade him—to go abroad. Sir Samuel kindly says that he will advance a hundred pounds in order to get rid of him. Then there will be no scandal, and everybody will be satisfied. As for our relations with Elsie and her husband, we can arrange them afterwards. Perhaps they will agree to live in a distant suburb—say Redhill, or Chislehurst, or Walthamstow—so that there may be a good excuse for never having them to the house. Because—smothering or no smothering—I can no longer have the same feelings towards Elsie as before. Her obstinate infatuation for that man exasperates me only to think of it. Nor have I the least intention of being on intimate relations with a forger who has only just escaped being a convict. Sir Samuel entirely agrees with me.'

The mother sighed. 'I could have wished that we were mistaken. Perhaps, after all, there may be something that Elsie has found out, some unexpected'—

'Say a miracle at once, my dear mother. It is just as likely to happen.'

The first to arrive at the office in the afternoon was Elsie herself, carrying a handbag.

'You were going to bring your brother, Elsie,' said Mr Dering. 'Where is he? And what is your important business with me? I suppose it is something about this wretched forgery, which really seems destined to finish me off. I have heard of nothing else—I think of nothing else—ever since it happened.'

'First, has anything new been discovered?'

'I hardly know,' Mr Dering replied wearily. 'They seem to have found the man Edmund Gray; but Checkley has suddenly cooled. Formerly, he clamoured perpetually that we must lose no time in getting a warrant for his arrest;

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he now wants to put it off and put it off. He was going on very strangely this morning. My dear, I sometimes think that my old clerk is off his head.'

'And you yourself—have you had any return of your forgetfulness?'

'Worse—worse.—Every day, worse. I now know when to look for a return of these fits. Every morning I ask myself what I did the day before. Always there are the same hours of forgetfulness—the morning and the evening. Last night, where was I? Perhaps somebody will find out for me—for I cannot remember.'

'Shall I find out for you, Mr Dering? If I were to tell you where you spent the evening yesterday, would you—would you?'

'What? How can you find out?'

Elsie bent her head. The moment had almost arrived, and she was afraid. She had come with the intention of clearing her brother and her lover at the cost of letting her guardian know that he was insane. A dreadful price to pay for their honour. But it had to be paid. And it must be done in the sight of all, so that there should be no possible margin left for malignity or suspicion.

'This business,' she said, 'concerns the honour of the two men who are dearer to me than all the world beside. Remember that—nothing short of that would make me do what I have been doing—what I am now doing. Their honour—oh! their honour. Think what it means to them. Self-respect, dignity, everything: the happiness of their homes: the pride of their children. Compared with one man's honour, what matters another man's humiliation? What matters the loss of that man's self-respect? What matters his loss of dignity? Their honour, Mr Dering, think of that—their honour!'

He bowed his head gravely, wondering what was to follow.

'A man's honour, as you say, Elsie, is the greatest thing in the world to him. Compared with that, another man's self-respect need not, I should say, as a general principle, be considered at all. Self-respect may be regained unless honour is lost.'

'Remember that, then, Mr Dering, when you hear what I have to say. Promise me to remember that. Oh! if there were a thousand reasons, formerly, why I would not pain you by a single word, there are ten thousand now—although you understand them not.'

'Why, Elsie, you are troubling your little head about trifles. You will not offend me whatever you say.'

'It is so important a thing,' she went on, 'that I have asked my mother and sister and Sir Samuel to meet us here at four o'clock, in order that they, too, may hear as well as you. Athelstan is with George. They have one or two persons to introduce to you.'

'All this seems to promise a meeting of some interest, and so far as one may judge from the preamble, of more than common importance. Well, Elsie, I am quite in your hands. If you and your brother between you will kindly produce the forger and give me back my property, I shall be truly grateful.'

'You shall see, Mr Dering. But as for the gratitude— Oh! here is Sir Samuel.'

The City knight appeared, large and important. He shook hands with Elsie and his brother, and took up his position on the hearthrug, behind his brother's chair. 'Well, Elsie,' he said, 'we are to hear something very important indeed, if one may judge by the tone of your letter, which was imperative.'

'Very important indeed, Sir Samuel.'

The next to arrive were Mrs Arundel and Hilda. They wore thick veils, and Hilda was dressed in a kind of half-mourning. They took chairs at the open window, between the historic safe and the equally historic small table. Lastly, George and Athelstan walked in. They received no greetings.

Mr Dering rose. 'Athelstan,' he said, 'it is eight years since you left us.' He held out his hand.

'Presently, Mr Dering,' said Athelstan. He looked round the room. His mother trembled, dropped her head, and put her handkerchief to her eyes, but said nothing. His sister looked out of window. Sir Samuel took no notice of him at all. Athelstan took a chair—the clients' chair—and placed it so as to have his mother and sister at the side. He wasn't therefore compelled to look at them across the table. He sat down, and remained in silence and motionless.

The Court was now complete. Mr Dering sat in his chair before his table, expectant, judicial. Sir Samuel stood behind him. Mrs Arundel and Hilda, the two ladies, sat at the open window. Elsie stood opposite to Mr Dering, on the other side of the table, her handbag before her. She looked like Counsel about to open the case for plaintiff. Athelstan—or plaintiff—naturally occupied the clients' chair on Mr Dering's left; and George, as naturally—the other plaintiff—stood behind him.

'Now, Elsie, if you please,' Mr Dering began.

'I shall want your clerk, Checkley, to be present, if you please.'

Mr Dering touched his bell. The clerk appeared. He stood before them like a criminal, pale and trembling. He looked at his master appealingly. His hands hung beside him. Yet not a word of accusation had been brought against him.

'Lord! man alive!' cried Sir Samuel, 'what on earth has come over you?'

Checkley shook his head sadly, but made no reply.

'I want to ask you a question or two, Checkley,' said Elsie, quietly. 'You have told Mr Dering—you have told Sir Samuel—that you saw my brother furtively put a parcel—presumably the stolen notes—into the safe at the very moment when you were charging him with forgery. Now, consider. That was a very serious thing to say. It was a direct statement of fact. Before, the charge rested on suspicion alone; but this is fact. Consider carefully. You may have been mistaken. Any of us may make a mistake.'

'It was true—Gospel truth—I see him place a parcel—edging along sideways—in the safe. The parcel we found afterwards in the safe containing all the notes.' The words were confident; but the manner was halting.

'Very well. Next, you told Sir Samuel that my brother had been living in some low suburb

of London with profligate companions, and that he had been even going about in rags and tatters.'

'Yes, I did. I told Sir Samuel what I heard. Mr Carstone told me. You'd better ask him. I only told what I heard.'

George went out, and returned, bringing with him Mr Freddy Carstone. He looked round the room and stared with surprise at Mr Dering, but said nothing. He had been warned to say nothing, except in answer to questions.

'Now, Mr Carstone,' Elsie asked him, 'how long is it since you met my brother after his return to England?'

'About three weeks ago I met him. It was in Holborn. I invited him into the *Salutation Tavern*.'

'Did you tell Mr Checkley here anything about his way of living?'

'I remember saying, foolishly, that he looked too respectable to have come from America; and I said in joke that I believed he had been in Camberwell all the time.'

'Nothing about profligacy?'

'Nothing at all.'

'Nothing about rags and tatters?'

'Certainly not. In fact, I knew nothing at all about Athelstan's life during the eight years that he has been away.'

'Have you anything to say, Checkley? You still stick to the parcel story, do you? Very well; and to the Camberwell and profligacy story?'

Checkley made no answer.

'Now, then. There is another question. You made a great point about certain imitations of Mr Dering's writing found in a drawer of Athelstan's table?'

'Well, they were there, in your brother's hand.'

'George, you have something to say on this point.'

'Only this. I was not long articulated at that time. The table was taken from the room in which I sat, and placed here for some special work. Now, the imitations of Mr Dering's handwriting were made by myself and another clerk in joke. I remember them perfectly. They were written at the back of a letter addressed to me.'

Mr Dering went to the safe and produced the bundle containing all the papers in the case. He unrolled the bundle and placed the contents on the table.

Everybody was now serious. Lady Dering looked out of the window no longer. Mrs Arundel had drawn her chair to the table.

Elsie picked out the paper containing the imitations. 'Tell me,' she said, 'if you remember—mind—everybody—this bundle of papers has never been shown to George—tell me the name of your correspondent.'

'It was Leonard Henryson.'

She gave the paper to Mr Dering. 'You see,' she said.

The lawyer gave it to his brother, who passed it on to his wife, who gave it to her mother. Mrs Arundel laid it on the table and raised her veil.

'The next point,' said Elsie, 'is about Athelstan's whereabouts during the last eight years.'

One letter was received by you, Mr Dering, four years ago. You have already shown it to me. Will you let me read this letter aloud for all to hear? It was in the bundle with the stopped notes. He bowed assent—and she read it.

'Twelve thousand pounds!' cried Sir Samuel—'twelve thousand pounds! All he had! Good Heavens!'

'All he had in the world,' said Elsie. 'And all for a child who refused to believe that her brother could be a villain! All he had in the world!' Her eyes filled with tears—but she dashed them aside and went on. 'He was in the States four years ago. That, I suppose, will no longer be denied. The next question is—when did he return to this country?'

George left the room again, and returned with a young gentleman.

'This gentleman,' Elsie continued, 'comes from Messrs Chenery & Sons, bankers, of New York and London. He has brought a letter with him. Will you kindly let me see it, sir?—It is,' she explained, 'a letter of credit brought over by my brother from California. You see the date—June 20th of this year.'

Mr Dering read it, and gave it to his brother, who gave it to his wife, as before.

'It says that Mr Athelstan Arundel, one of the staff of a certain Californian paper, will leave New York on June the 21st by the *Shannon*, and that he is authorised to draw on Messrs Chenery & Sons for so much.—Thank you.' The young gentleman retired.

'Now, Mr Dering, are you satisfied that Athelstan was in America four years ago—that he left America two months ago, and that he was then on the staff of a Californian paper?'

'There seems no reason to doubt these facts.—But'—he put his forefinger on the cheque payable to the order of Edmund Gray—'are we any nearer to the forger of this cheque?'

'I am coming to that presently. I am going to show you all, so that there shall be no doubt whatever, who is the forger—the one hand—in the business. Wait a little.'

Strangely enough, every eye fell upon Checkley, who now trembled and shook with every sign of terror.

'Sit down, Checkley,' said his master.—'Elsie, do we want this gentleman any longer? His name I have not the pleasure of knowing.'

'Oh! come,' said Mr Carstone, who was nearest. 'You know my name, surely.'

George warned him with a look, and he subsided into silence.

'I think I shall want you, Mr Carstone,' Elsie replied, 'if you will kindly take a chair and wait.—Now, Sir Samuel, I think I am right in saying that your belief in the guilt of George rested entirely on the supposed complicity of Athelstan. That gone, what becomes of your charge? Also, there is no doubt, I believe, that one hand, and one hand alone, has committed the whole long list of letters and forgeries. If, therefore, Athelstan could not execute the second business, how could he do the first? But I have more than arguments for you.'

Sir Samuel coughed. Mrs Arundel sighed.

'As regards the charge against George, apart from his supposed intimacy with an imaginary criminal, the only suspicious thing is that he

may have had access to the open safe. Well, Checkley also may have had access.—Don't be afraid, Checkley—we are not going to charge you with the thing at all. You are not the forger. In fact, there was a third person who had access to the safe.'

She opened her handbag and took out a packet of papers.

Then she sat down, with these in her hand, and leaning over the table, she looked straight and full into Mr Dering's eyes, and began to talk slowly in a low and murmuring voice. And now, indeed, everybody understood that something very serious indeed was going to be said and done. At the last moment a way had occurred to Elsie. She would let them all see for themselves what had happened, and she would spare her guardian the bitter shame and pain of being exposed in the presence of all this company.

'Mr Dering,' she began, 'you have strangely forgotten that you know Mr Edmund Gray. How could you come to forget that? Why, it is ten years at least since you made his acquaintance. He knows you very well. He does not pretend to have forgotten you. You are his solicitor. You have the management of his property—his large private fortune—in your hands. You are his most intimate friend. It is not well to forget old friends, is it? You must not say that you forget Edmund Gray.'

Mr Dering changed colour. His eyes expressed bewilderment. He made no reply.

'You know that Edmund Gray leaves this room every evening on his way to Gray's Inn: you remember that. And that he comes here every morning, but not till eleven or twelve—two hours after the time that you yourself used to come. His head is always so full of his thoughts and his teaching, that he forgets the time between twelve and four, just as you forget the evening and the morning. You are both so much absorbed that you cannot remember each other.'

Mr Dering sat upright, the tips of his fingers touching. He listened at first gravely—though anxiously. Presently a remarkable change passed over his face: he became full of anxiety. He listened as if he was trying to remember: as if he was trying to understand.

'Edmund Gray,' he said, speaking slowly. 'Yes, I remember my client Edmund Gray. I have a letter to write for him. What is it? Excuse me a moment; I must write that note for him.' He took pen and paper and hastily wrote a note, which Elsie took from him, read, and gave to Sir Samuel.

'You want to tell the banker that Mr Edmund Gray has returned you the transfers.—Yes—Thank you. I thought you could not forget that client, of all others.'

He leaned back smiling—his expression no longer anxious, but pleased and happy. The change transformed him. He was not Mr Dering, but another.

'Go on, child.'

'The rooms of Gray's Inn are quiet all day long. It is a peaceful place for study, is it not? You sit there, your books before you, the world forgotten.'

'Quite forgotten,' said Mr Dering.

'No—no,' cried Checkley, springing to his feet. 'I won't have it done. I'—

'Sit down.' George pushed him back into his chair. 'Another word, and you leave the room.'

### ABOUT MISERS.

Few people are able to realise to themselves the all-absorbing passion for hoarding which engrosses, to the exclusion of all others, the heart of the Miser. Curiously enough, this craving for secret wealth is a product of civilisation, which has grown up with society, and become more developed as gold and silver became emblems of wealth. The occupation and ambition of a miser's life is not to accumulate for himself or his children or relations, but for the same reason that a magpie steals a silver spoon, for the pleasure of hiding it.

Daniel Dancer was one of the class of misers who hoarded money for the pleasure of secreting it. In this he but followed an hereditary tendency, as his father and grandfather had all done the same. It has been said that miserly instincts as a general rule are not inherited, but this case was undoubtedly an exception; for not only himself but his brothers and sisters were all of a miserly disposition. He was born in the beginning of the eighteenth century at Weald, a village near Harrow, and on the death of his father, Daniel, the eldest son, inherited a fair estate. He suffered great uneasiness at this time on account of a feeling of certainty which possessed him that his father had concealed large sums of money about the premises. His trouble was not occasioned so much by the idea that the money might not be discovered, but from the fear that his brothers might find it and not give it to him. Ultimately, about two hundred pounds in gold and silver coins were discovered enclosed in two pewter dishes buried beneath a gate-post, and nothing more was ever found.

Dancer spent the whole of his life in the house on Harrow Weald Common, and a dreary, wretched blank that life was. The house stood in about eighty acres of rich meadow-land, with some fine oak-trees upon it; and there was also a small farm adjoining. The whole, if properly cultivated, might at that time have brought a nice little income. But cultivation is expensive, so he preferred to let everything run to grass. The house was never repaired, and gradually fell into sad decay. The gates on the premises were all off their hinges, and the hedges were allowed to grow until they became useless. He also practised a rigid economy upon his own person. He seldom washed his hands and face, and when he did, dispensed with the luxury of either soap or towel. His tattered clothes, of which the original colours were unrecognisable, were held together by means of a hayband wound round his body, his legs being encased in a similar covering. A more forlorn or wretched looking object it would be impossible to imagine; and yet at this time he was in possession of property of the annual value of three thousand pounds.

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As no man is wholly bad, so this miserable miser had one good quality. Lady Tempest, his nearest neighbour, pitied the man, and had been kind to him, visiting him when he was ill, and endeavouring to persuade him to allow himself a few of the necessities of life. Not succeeding in getting him to abandon the sack in which he had slept for years, she actually presented him with a bed. In gratitude for her kindness, he made a will in her favour, and one day, when he thought he was dying, he sent for her, and gave her the paper. Having thus yielded up all that was dear to him on earth, he soon sank, and died on September 4, 1794, aged seventy-eight, and was buried in the churchyard of his parish of Harrow. Apart from his besetting weakness—craze, call it what you will—he often exhibited strong common sense, and there is no doubt but for that weakness he would have been a reputable citizen and a credit to his family.

John Elwes is a name which has become proverbial in the annals of avarice. Born to great riches, he nevertheless developed a passion for accumulating wealth by denying himself common necessities to such a degree as to make his name famous. The career of John Elwes presents in many respects a marked contrast to that of Dancer, and furnishes an example of the terrible inconsistency of man. His father's name was Meggott, a brewer of Southwark, who died when the boy was about four years old; and it was to the principles instilled by his mother, and later, the advice and example of his uncle, that John Elwes probably owed the most marked traits in his character. Although her husband left her one hundred thousand pounds, it is said she starved herself to death. Her son was sent to Westminster School, where he remained some years, and became a good classical scholar. He inherited about two hundred and fifty thousand pounds from his uncle, Sir Harry Elwes, who was himself as penurious as his nephew afterwards became; and as his own fortune was of a similar amount, he was at this time a very rich man. For fifteen years before his uncle's death John Elwes was known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis, his large fortune introducing him to the best society. His passion for play—a passion at that time rampant in society—was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not until late in life that he entirely relinquished it. According to his own assertion, few played deeper or with more varying success. He once sat playing for two days and a night with the Duke of Northumberland, to whom he lost several thousands. Strange inconsistency! that while struggling to save sixpences and shillings, he could thus fritter away thousands of pounds. At this time he was his uncle's acknowledged heir, and used to visit him frequently at his seat in Suffolk. It

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On the death of his uncle, Elwes assumed his name and removed to Suffolk, where he began to keep foxhounds. He had always been a bold and fearless rider, and at this time his hunters were considered among the best in the country. This was the only time he ever was known to spend money on pleasure. Even then, everything was managed after the most frugal fashion. His huntsman milked the cows, prepared breakfast for himself and friends, then attended to the stables, donned his green coat, and led the hounds; and after a day's hunting, refreshed himself by rubbing down the horses, milking the cows again, and so forth. And yet his master often called him an idle dog, and said he wanted to be paid for doing nothing.

With the two large fortunes which he possessed, and the wretched way in which he lived, his whole expenses at this time not being more than three hundred pounds a year, riches poured in upon him in torrents. But as he never kept any accounts or trusted any one to keep them for him, relying on his memory for everything, his affairs were in a frightful tangle, of which no one could find the thread but himself, and he lost it as he advanced in years. He was a prey to every person who had a want or a scheme that promised high interest, and in this way is said to have lost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

He sat for Berkshire, in which he had a large estate, in three parliaments; but his parliamentary honours made no difference in his dress or his habits. He consented to stand for the constituency only upon condition that he should be returned free of expense. He dined once at the ordinary at Abingdon during his canvass, and so obtained his seat in parliament for the moderate sum of one shilling and sixpence, a record which has probably not yet been broken. Nevertheless, he was wont to declare that the seat cost him quite as much as three contested elections, in consequence of the borrowing propensities of the other members—loans that were never repaid. Probably that was one reason why he retired from parliament, as his constituents had a high opinion of his integrity, and would certainly have returned him at a small expense.

As Elwes grew in years, his parsimony increased. He took to building largely in London around Marylebone, and this entailed frequent visits to the metropolis. On these occasions it was his custom to occupy any house of his own that might happen to be empty. In this manner he moved about from street to street, so that his own relations never knew where to find him. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all the furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. He used to say that of all his movables the old woman gave him the most trouble. She was always taking cold from the chillness of the large rooms, coupled with insufficient firing.

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may have had access to the open safe. Well, Checkley also may have had access.—Don't be afraid, Checkley—we are not going to charge you with the thing at all. You are not the forger. In fact, there was a third person who had access to the safe.

She opened her handbag and took out a packet of papers.

Then she sat down, with these in her hand, and leaning over the table, she looked straight and full into Mr Dering's eyes, and began to talk slowly in a low and murmuring voice. And now, indeed, everybody understood that something very serious indeed was going to be said and done. At the last moment a way had occurred to Elsie. She would let them all see for themselves what had happened, and she would spare her guardian the bitter shame and pain of being exposed in the presence of all this company.

'Mr Dering,' she began, 'you have strangely forgotten that you know Mr Edmund Gray. How could you come to forget that? Why, it is ten years at least since you made his acquaintance. He knows you very well. He does not pretend to have forgotten you. You are his solicitor. You have the management of his property—his large private fortune—in your hands. You are his most intimate friend. It is not well to forget old friends, is it? You must not say that you forget Edmund Gray.'

Mr Dering changed colour. His eyes expressed bewilderment. He made no reply.

'You know that Edmund Gray leaves this room every evening on his way to Gray's Inn: you remember that. And that he comes here every morning, but not till eleven or twelve—two hours after the time that you yourself used to come. His head is always so full of his thoughts and his teaching, that he forgets the time between twelve and four, just as you forget the evening and the morning. You are both so much absorbed that you cannot remember each other.'

Mr Dering sat upright, the tips of his fingers touching. He listened at first gravely—though anxiously. Presently a remarkable change passed over his face: he became full of anxiety. He listened as if he was trying to remember: as if he was trying to understand.

'Edmund Gray,' he said, speaking slowly. 'Yes, I remember my client Edmund Gray. I have a letter to write for him. What is it? Excuse me a moment; I must write that note for him.' He took pen and paper and hastily wrote a note, which Elsie took from him, read, and gave to Sir Samuel.

'You want to tell the banker that Mr Edmund Gray has returned you the transfers.—Yes.—Thank you. I thought you could not forget that client, of all others.'

He leaned back smiling—his expression no longer anxious, but pleased and happy. The change transformed him. He was not Mr Dering, but another.

'Go on, child.'

'The rooms of Gray's Inn are quiet all day long. It is a peaceful place for study, is it not? You sit there, your books before you, the world forgotten.'

'Quite forgotten,' said Mr Dering.

'No—no,' cried Checkley, springing to his feet. 'I won't have it done. I'—

'Sit down.' George pushed him back into his chair. 'Another word, and you leave the room.'

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with him. One obstacle advanced by the old man was the expense of the journey; this was overcome by the attorney employed by his son offering to take him to Berkshire free of cost. Next, he stated that his last coat was so shabby, and he could not afford to buy another. This objection was likewise overcome through the same agency, his son desiring Mr Partis, the attorney, to buy one and make him a present of it. He finally went to reside with his son on his estate in Berkshire; but his memory was beginning to fail him, and he was continually losing the small sum of money which he had taken with him, and which he declared was all he had in the world. It was about five pounds; and this he used to hide, and being unable to find it, declared that he had been robbed. At last, having become very feeble, and his memory quite gone, he died on the 26th of November 1788, leaving property to the amount of eight hundred thousand pounds. His two natural sons inherited half a million; and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, descended to the heir-at-law.

This man was one of the strangest contradictions. He was of the highest honour and integrity, and his word alone was always considered a sufficient security. Though consumed and his better nature distorted by the passion of avarice, such was his delicacy of feeling that he professed never to be able to ask a gentleman for money, and this rule he never violated. In consequence, several large sums which in his gambling days he won from persons of rank were never paid. His manners were always gentlemanly and mild, even rudeness could not ruffle them; and on several occasions he was known to put himself to considerable trouble in order to do a service to persons from whom he could have had no hope of repayment. From all of which we may conclude that there was in him a natural kindness of heart, though choked by a rank growth of noxious weeds.

Of a totally different character was Thomas Cooke, who was a contemporary of Elwes, and who attained some little celebrity by his riches and shameless meannesses. He was born at Clewer, near Windsor, in 1726. His father, an itinerant fiddler, died when he was an infant, and he was brought up by a grandmother at Swannington, near Norwich. As a boy he was employed at a factory in Norwich, afterwards becoming a porter to a drysalter. Through the interest of his master, he obtained an appointment in the Excise, and arrived in London with eight shillings in his pocket. His early habits of parsimony continued. He ingratiated himself with a brewer, and took some trouble to learn the business; and when this man died, he told the widow her only chance of carrying on the trade was to marry himself, as he was better acquainted with it than any one else. To this she ultimately consented. He was now a rich man; but the richer he became, the more his avarice increased. He allowed scarcely any food in the house, nearly starved besides ill-treating his wife; and she, poor soul, who had been used to a very different life with her former husband, soon died of a broken heart. One of his favourite methods of obtaining his daily food was by timely visits to persons he knew, throwing out

hints of having just made his will, in which he had not forgotten them. Or he would be very particular in having the full names of the children written down, carefully bestowing the paper in his pocket-book. Another method was to fall down in the street in a simulated fit before a good house, into which he would be taken and kindly treated. He never failed to call the next day, profuse in his thanks for their kindness, representing that they had saved his life, for which some day they would receive a substantial reward. Thus, by empty promises made to all sorts of people, he was continually raising hopes for no other purpose than to trade on them to his own advantage. As the rich Mr Cooke's friendship was worth cultivating, he was continually receiving presents of geese, turkeys, hares, and wines, from people to whom he had made these false promises. Notwithstanding his inordinate love of money, he was fond of amusement; he liked a good horse, and went once a year to Epsom races. These excursions, however, seldom cost him anything, for he always managed to fasten himself upon other people. At length, through infirmities of age, he found himself compelled to have medical advice. His plan then was to dress himself in rags, and apply to some physician as a pauper or unfortunate tradesman, relying upon the doctor's kindness to obtain his advice. He did this many times, and once was so troublesome to a doctor, that the latter caused inquiries to be made about him, and discovered who he was. Upon this he refused to see him again, and sent him his bill, which, however, was never paid. Thus did this man, by the most paltry devices, delight in tricking every one with whom he was brought in contact. At length he became extremely weak, and spent the remaining portion of his life in arranging his affairs with his solicitor, altering and realtering his will many times. He died on the 26th of August 1811, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, unpitied and unlamented, leaving nearly one hundred and thirty thousand pounds behind him. Of all the miserable and sordid men of whose life we have any record, his, surely, is the worst. Not one good action or one redeeming virtue can we place to his credit.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN LARRIKIN.

He is a corner-boy; but he is more than that. He shuns honest work; but he is more than an idler. Like the mysterious growths in Australian fauna and flora, he seems to be a peculiar product of the country; and he has grown with the growth of population, until his present numbers, and his habits and methods of operation, have become an interference with the liberty of the well disposed, and his presence has become a nuisance. He is not illiterate. Not that, by any means. He can read, write, and cipher. The system of compulsory education has taught him the three Rs; but it has fallen short of teaching him to behave himself or to become a respectable member of society. Our Australian Larrikin has diverted his knowledge to vile uses, and turned into foul channels what might otherwise have helped him in a true life-career. He can be more ingeniously profane than the old country

corner-boy of fifty years ago; but he is in every respect a larrikin, and his education only seems to have assisted him in becoming a cleverer one.

In his moments of respite from his perverse war against society, he is a politician. He can talk glibly and familiarly of Sir John Robertson as 'old Johnny Robertson;' and knows all about Sir Henry Parkes from the days of his toy-shop till the present. In New South Wales he is a Protectionist, and reproaches the Free-trade policy of the Government for his want of employment; while in Victoria he rails against Protection as the occasion of all his woes, and he is there a thorough-going Free-trader. The new question of Federation he professes to understand in all its bearings, and on this, as on all like subjects, he speaks with the authority of one who knows.

But the prominent theme of his conversation and the charm of his life is Sport, and particularly that section of it known by him as horse-racing. He knows all the great horses of the past and the present; and ventures to give 'tips' as to all the future. He will undertake to enlighten you about the English Derby, and discourse eloquently regarding the prospects of Australian horses winning laurels there in days to come. The Melbourne Cup and the Randwick or Liverpool races are watched by him with the keenest interest, and by means fair or foul he raises money to place on the events.

Cricket has of course a large share of his attention. Intercolonial matches interest him only to a slight degree; but the arrival in the colonies of an English cricketing team is a red-letter day for him; and in an incredibly short space of time he is thoroughly versed in the outstanding characteristics of the play of every member in the team. And if you find him asserting that 'So-and-so' is a good wicket-keeper, and some one else the best bowler in the team, you have generally to admit that the judgment he has passed is correct.

The other form of athletics which aids in relieving our friend's life of care is sculling; and in recent times, perhaps the sculling contests more than cricket have added zest to his existence. This is naturally to be accounted for by the fact that the Australians have been the victors; and beyond all else, our larrikin is an Australian and a worshipper of muscle.

The foregoing is our larrikin in his milder moods. Unfortunately, there is a darker side. He does not always talk politics, or the turf, or athletics. The practice of cruelty forms one of his chief personal amusements. And this is not to be wondered at. It is only another phase of that disregard for feelings which prompts him to insult the human beings which pass him by at the street corners. The lower forms of creation should have no feelings; hence, on his Sundays, he and a few of his fellows may be seen proceeding to the bush on a hunting expedition—the ostensible game being rabbits, hares, native bears, kangaroos, wallabies, or aught of the like which may be started. If on the journey, however, anything should be encountered in the shape of young cattle, and if half a chance presents itself, the higher game, irrespective of its value, will be that destroyed. Only about twelve months ago the writer saw a

yearling heifer which had fallen into the merciless hands of a band of these ruffians; their dogs had been set on to worry it; and when the refined amusement ceased, the poor beast was almost powerless to move.

The Australian larrikin is a thief. He must have money; for he attends races and bets on them; he smokes and he drinks; and these things mean money. Nowadays, it does not often happen that fond and foolish parents will provide their grown-up and idle sons with means whereby to continue in that occupation. Life is becoming too much of a struggle in the colonies, as elsewhere, to admit of such; and if the larrikin is forced on his own resources, he is to be found pilfering from shop-entrances, clearing fowl-roosts, breaking and entering dwellings, and developing into a sneaking, contemptible thief.

Some of the plundering depredations of these youths have a ludicrous side. Not a great while ago two of them resolved to start poultry-farming in a little place in the vicinity of Sydney. The undertaking seemed a laudable one; and it was pleasing to hear of the enterprise of the lads embarking on the venture with the evident desire to turn over a new leaf and gain an honest livelihood. The poultry-run was prepared, and was gradually stocked; but unfortunately, about the same time numbers of people began complaining that their fowl-roosts had been visited by night and deprived of their occupants. The police got behind the scenes; the fowls were identified; the run was broken up, and the poultry-fanciers were provided with other quarters. Doubtless, during all the future lives of these two individuals there will be muttered cursing against the brutal colonial laws which place a block in the way of men earning their livelihood, merely because of some absurd notions about the rights of property.

Sometimes, too, there is considerable romance connected with the procedure of the larrikin. A year ago or so half-a-dozen of them formed themselves into a sort of joint-stock company, with the apparent intention of saving expense in the shape of rent. They took up their residence in a rocky seaside cavern, and were certainly accomplishing their object; but soon it was discovered that, as well as living rent free, they were managing at the same time to get together the necessaries of life without troubling to pay for them. One of the partners in the concern was found to have eloped with a bag of flour from a grocery establishment; and others of them had succeeded in doing the like regarding many of the commodities necessary for the carrying on of a well-ordered and well-provided abode. But here, again, the police put an abrupt ending to the proceedings, and Nature's romantic residence by the sea was exchanged for one of artificial construction.

Were we, however, to enumerate all the delinquencies of the Australian larrikin, our survey would extend over all the items of the criminal calendar. Assaults on policemen, assaults on females, stabbing affrays, robberies from the person, and every conceivable form of offence, would be in the catalogue. All do not go the full length in blackguardism; but some, on the other hand, seem demon-possessed in their mad career; and for these there is nothing too daring,

nothing too desperate. Of such a character were the larrikins who, a few years ago, committed a foul and well-known atrocity, for which several of them suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and others are at present undergoing varied terms of imprisonment.

The ages of the individuals we have been describing range from the middle of the 'teens' to the middle of the 'twenties.' At the earlier age the youth is graduating in the school of vice under the instruction of the elder members of 'the talent.' At the latter he has become a confirmed frequenter of the jails; and drifts into the ranks of that section of the adult unemployed which lounges in the parks in the daytime, and, when not engaged in deeds of darkness, sleeps there at night.

There are larrikinesses also. These keep the company of the larrikins, and often assist them in their burglaries and other exploits. They frequent the dens of the Chinamen in the cities, and the huts of the Chinese gardeners in the suburbs and the country; and they do so, some of them, when they have hardly entered their 'teens.' Some months ago, in Sydney, a member of this class was ordered to be imprisoned for three months, for 'having no lawful, visible means of support.' She was eighteen years of age, and had been in the habit of living for some weeks at a time in the den of one Chinaman, and then removing to another, and so on. She said 'she would not work while she could be supported by Chinamen, and that she liked Chinamen better than other people.' One of the Celestials came forward to say that 'he would mallee [marry] her by-and-by;' but the magistrate had heard such speech before, and passed sentence.

Reasons innumerable have been given for this state of things in connection with youthful Australia. Some have said that where exceptional wildness is encountered, the transgressors will be found to be the descendants of the earliest of all the white settlers in Australia—those who 'left their country for their country's good,' and who, in entering upon colonial life, had a stained record to start with. Some, again, declare that a large proportion of the larrikin class are the posterity of those who, being far from a success at home, were despatched by fond parents to Australia, with bright visions indulged 'to gild the far land where their homes were to be,' visions of future reformation, and of the new men the new country would make. The hopes were illusive, and such settlers turned out no more of an Australian success than an English one; and it is not unreasonable for some to suppose that their offspring have inherited their evil propensities. Others, again, lay a large part of the blame at the door of parents, and affirm that there is an almost general want of parental control sadly noticeable in the Australian colonies, which has already caused much mischief, and augurs badly for the future. The free, open-air life which colonial children lead allows them to be much less under the direct parental care than is the case in the old lands; and an independence of action tends to be developed, which, if not guided to proper aims, soon finds out improper ones. No efficient, directing power is vouchsafed, so some are found to say, and the

natural result of the want of restraint on the part of parents has led on the part of children to a want of regard not only for parental law, but for all law, and for constituted authority.

It is probable that all of these reasons have something to do with the point at issue. Certain it is that the last-mentioned one has had confirmation in a speech by the Honourable J. H. Carruthers, Minister of Education for New South Wales. Speaking to a gathering of school children, he said: 'It was a regrettable fact that during the year 1889 there had been more than one thousand convictions recorded of juvenile offenders for stealing and destroying plants and flowers in the Sydney Botanic Gardens; while in other parts of the world there could be grown around the grounds of gentlemen plants and flowers and fruits unfenced and unmolested. He deplored the evident want of respect for property which was manifested by the growing boys and girls of Australia, and hoped for better things.'

We have sketched the evil. What will cure it all? The question is easy to ask; but it is a simpler task to tell of the facts and give reasons for them than to point out the remedy. The authorities by convicting on the charge, 'No lawful, visible means of support,' rid society for a short time of the presence of both male and female members of 'the craft;' but it is only a brief respite, and does not cure. He would be a public benefactor who would devise effective means for converting into a useful and respectable member of society the Australian larrikin of to-day.

#### AN AUTUMN MELODY.

WHAT notes of what ditty can sound from the city,  
From out of the dust and the din,  
Where the sun's pallid taper is dim through the  
vapour  
That shrouds all the sorrow and sin?  
At evening I listen—the murky lamps glisten,  
The stars peer by two and by three;  
The harsh Babel-noises replace your sweet voices,  
Dear sea!

Yet past the fog-curtain, I know it for certain,  
The barn-roofs have caught the last ray;  
The smoke of the threshing is softly emmeshing  
Brown gables with delicate gray;  
The red leaves are falling, the plovers are calling,  
The sea-wind is salt o'er the wold;  
The bryonies blacken, the tufts of green bracken  
Turn gold.

O scents that redouble where slow through the  
stubble  
The plough cleaves a pathway of hope!  
O woods fading yellow, and orchards grown mellow,  
And flocks on the far-away slope!  
O sea-songs that mingle on boulder and shingle,  
O fields that of old-time I knew!  
My heart swells to bursting with infinite thirsting  
For you!

M. C. GILLINGTON.

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## BRITISH REGIMENTS AND THEIR INSIGNIA.

THE time-honoured badges and other devices borne by our British Regiments can boast in many instances of a very interesting origin. This is not only true with regard to the 'white horse,' 'laurel wreath,' or 'castle and key,' which we are accustomed to see set down in almanacs and the like as the badges of certain corps, for there are frequently other distinguishing features that find no place in such lists. These are sometimes of a kind, too, not well calculated to attract the notice of non-military persons; and it is possibly within the mark to say that not one in twenty civilian observers detects, for example, the apparently meaningless bow of ribbon on the back of the collars of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. This much-prized decoration is a unique distinction, without, however, any very heroic history; it is merely a memento of the queue or pigtail which was worn in the army till about 1808.

Among other badges, the same regiment carries the not unusual one of the 'white horse,' above alluded to. Though well enough known, no doubt, to be the 'white horse of Hanover,' it is probably not so widely understood for what reason this device came to be bestowed upon so many of our older regiments. It would appear that in the beginning of the last century the appointments of a good many corps displayed the armorial coat or crest of the colonel-in-chief, who was often a member of the aristocracy, and a territorial magnate in some part of the country. Such marks of distinction on the part of these territorial families, we are told, excited the keen jealousy of the newly-arrived Hanoverians, so much so, that one of the very first steps taken by George I. was to sweep away these family insignia and replace them with his own. Hence, then, the frequency of the white horse as a regimental device.

A regiment of great renown, the Scots Greys, carry as a badge an eagle with outstretched wings—the only device of the kind in the army.

The Greys have enjoyed this unique distinction since the celebrated capture of a French eagle or standard at Waterloo by Sergeant Ewart, who was given a commission for his gallantry. It is a well-earned badge, too, for the Greys have a sort of pre-eminence for taking standards: at Ramillies they captured the colours of the 'Régiment du Roi;' while at Dettingen they took the famous white standard of the French household cavalry. And they are well entitled to the motto 'Second to none,' which they proudly carry. The mention of this motto reminds us that there is another of the kind, though in Latin, in the 'Service:' the Coldstream Guards carry the words 'Nulli Secundus' upon their regimental colour. When the troops were paraded to take the oath of allegiance to Charles II. after the Restoration, the men were ordered to 'ground' their arms. Among others present were the three regiments since known as the Foot-guards; and they were commanded to take up arms as the First, Second, and Third Guards. The First and Third obeyed with alacrity; the regiment of General Monk stood still, to the surprise of the king, who inquired of Monk the reason for their insubordinate bearing. The veteran replied that his regiment declined to be considered second to any other; and, says the legend, Charles remarked: 'Very well; they shall be my Coldstream Regiment of Foot-guards, and second to none.' Hence the motto. General Monk's connection with this corps is commemorated in a curious manner. A small Union Jack is borne on the Queen's Colour of the Coldstream, in consequence of Monk having been an Admiral of the fleet as well as a general. This is a distinction without a parallel in the army.

Almost every one must notice that while officers wear their sashes over the left shoulder, sergeants have theirs over the right. There is one exception, however, to this rule; for the sergeants of the 29th Foot arrange their sashes in precisely the same manner as the officers. Some say that this distinction dates from Culloden, where the regiment is alleged to have had so

many officers slain, that sergeants had to take their places in command of the companies. Another regiment, the 13th, commemorates its terrible loss on the same field in a different fashion: the officers wear perennial mourning in the shape of a black stripe in their gold lace. This kind of perpetual mourning is not, however, peculiar to the 13th. The 65th and 84th have black-edged lace on the officers' tunics, in memory, it is said, of the loss they sustained on the Nive in 1813; and black gloves used to be worn by the 84th to commemorate the same event. Some other corps have the black stripe in their gold lace, but it seems to be very doubtful for what reasons. In certain cases it is supposed to be a symbol of mourning for General Wolfe or Sir John Moore; in others, for heavy losses in action.

At Dettingen, in 1743, the 22d Foot extricated George II. from a somewhat perilous position, in remembrance of which event they wear a small sprig of oak in their caps on the Queen's birthday and other special occasions; and on the 29th of May an acorn is worn by some old regiments, that date being the anniversary of the Restoration. In a similar fashion the 12th and 20th wear a rose on the 1st of August. This floral decoration arises from the tradition, which is well founded, that at Minden these regiments marched through flower-gardens, and most of the men wore roses as they went into action on August 1, 1759. For their prowess at Minden, the 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th, and 51st regiments were granted leave to carry a laurel wreath on their colours and equipments; and for reasons above alluded to, the 20th have in addition a rose on their standards. Besides the 'Minden wreath,' there is one other instance of the same symbol in the army—it is borne on the colours of the 57th, the 'Die Hards' of Albuera celebrity. A regiment just mentioned, the 12th, together with the 39th, 56th, and 58th, carry the 'Castle and Key,' the motto 'Montis insignia Calpe,' and the word 'Gibraltar,' on account of having taken part in the memorable defence of that fortress from 1779 to 1783.

A famous regiment, the 5th or Northumberland Fusiliers, has a distinction of a curious if not altogether unprecedented variety. In their head-dress the officers and men have a plume red in the upper moiety and white in the lower; and though this may not perhaps seem a matter of much moment, it has a history. At Wilhelmstahl, and again when in St Lucia, the 5th, after sanguinary combats, gathered from the caps of slain French grenadiers enough white feathers to fit out the whole regiment with plumes—an adornment which a while afterwards met with the approval of the authorities. But in 1829 a War Office order gave instructions for the white plume to be more generally adopted in the service; and in consequence of this innovation, the Fusiliers complained that they would lose their well-earned distinction. So the matter at issue was eventually compromised by granting them permission to wear the half-red, half-white plume above mentioned. For reasons never properly explained, the 5th wear a rose on St George's Day.

Besides feathers, other curious trophies are represented in the belongings of this regiment.

At Lucknow they captured an ivory bedstead belonging to the Begum, as well as a great rod or stick of silver. From a part of the former a bandmaster's baton was carved; while the latter was fashioned into a drum-major's staff. Both are still doing duty. This staff, by the way, reminds us of the ivory stick carried on the anniversaries of certain battles by the sergeant-major of the 91st Highlanders. When on the way home from the Cape in 1802, the transport having the regiment on board was charged by a sword-fish, which left its weapon embedded in the side of the vessel. Converted into a walking-stick, the ivory sword accompanied the sergeant-major through the whole of the Peninsular War. The names of the battles in which it was carried are inscribed upon it on plates of solid gold; and it is still carried on parade by the sergeant-major on the anniversaries of these actions.

Somewhat akin to the party-coloured plume of the Northumberland Fusiliers, again, was the red ball which used to appear on the shako of the light company of the 46th Foot. During the battle of Brandywine, in the American War, this company by accurate shooting made great havoc in the ranks of the enemy, who threatened, when they could obtain a favourable opportunity for revenge, to give the marksmen no quarter. In defiance, however, of this menace, and to make themselves more readily distinguished from their comrades, they dyed the ball in their caps red—with blood, according to tradition—in place of the green worn by the rest of the regiment. This distinction was subsequently sanctioned by the War Office authorities.

One more instance of a similar kind, and we are done. The 28th Foot used to have a singular distinguishing feature in their number badge, which was affixed not only on the front, in the usual manner, but also on the back of their caps. On one occasion in Egypt, when rather incautiously drawn up in line, a fierce onslaught was made upon the regiment, in rear as well as in front, by large bodies of French cavalry. There was no time to get into square formation to 'receive' the charging horsemen; but the commanding officer, being a man of resource, shouted, 'Rear rank, right-about-face. Fire!' The men carried out the order with promptitude; standing back to back, they simultaneously beat off both assaults; and to commemorate the affair, they were granted the unique distinction of the duplicate number badge.

## BLOOD ROYAL.

### CHAPTER VI.—THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

DICK slept little that night: he lay awake, despondent. Next day he rose unrefreshed, and by a quarter to ten was in the quad at Durham. Not another candidate as yet had showed up so early. But undergraduates were astir, moving aimlessly across the quad in caps and gowns, and staring hard at the intruder, as one might stare at a strange wild beast from some distant country. Dick shrank nervously from their gaze, hardly daring to remember how he had hoped at Chiddingwick to be reckoned in their number. One

thing only gave him courage every time he raised his eyes—the Plantagenet Leopards on the façade of the buildings. Should he, the descendant of so many great kings—*atavis editus regibus*—should he slink ashamed from the sons of men whom his ancestors would have treated as rebellious subjects? He refused such degradation. For the honour of the Plantagenets he would still do his best; and more than his best, the Black Prince himself could never have accomplished.

He lounged around the quad till the doors of the hall were opened. A minute before that time, Gillingham strolled casually up in sombrero and gray suit and nodded a distant nod to him. 'Morning, Plantagenet,' he said languidly, putting his pipe in his pocket; and it was with an effort that Dick managed to answer as if unconcerned, 'Good-morning, Gillingham.'

The first paper was a stiff one—a feeler on general European history, to begin with. Dick glanced over it in haste, and saw to his alarm and horror a great many questions that seemed painfully unfamiliar. Who on earth were Jacopo Nardi, and Requesens, and Jean Rey? What was meant by the Publication of the Edict of Rostock? And he thought himself an historian! Pah! this was simply horrible! He glanced up mutely at the other candidates. One or two of them appeared every bit as ill at ease as himself; but others smiled satisfied; and as for the Born Poet, leaning back against the wall with pen poised in one hand, he surveyed the printed form with a pleased smirk on his face that said as plainly as words could say it, 'This paper was just made for me! If I'd chosen the questions myself, I couldn't have chosen anything that would have suited me better.' He set to work at it at once, with a business-like air—while Dick chewed his quill pen—evidently flooring every item in the lot consecutively. No picking and choosing for him; he dashed straight at it: Peter the Great or Charles XII., Caesar Borgia or Robespierre, it was all one, Dick could see, to the Born Poet. He wrote away for dear life with equal promptitude on the Reformation in Germany and the Picts in Scotland; he seemed just as much at home with the Moors at Granada as with the Normans in Sicily: he never hesitated for a second over that fearful stumper, 'State what you know of the Rise and Progress of the Bavarian Monarchy;' and he splashed off three whole pages of crowded foolscap without turning a hair, in answer to the command, 'Describe succinctly the alterations effected in the Polish Constitution during the seventeenth Century.' Such encyclopedic knowledge appalled and alarmed poor Dick, with his narrower British outlook: he began to feel he had been ill-advised indeed to measure his own strength against the diplomatic service and the historical geniuses of the old foundations.

When they came out at midday, he compared notes on their respective performances with Gillingham. All three young men lunched together at the *Saracen's Head*—Dick ordering cold beef and a glass of water, for Mr Plantagenet's example had made him a teetotaler; while the two Rugby boys fared sumptuously every day off cutlets, asparagus, fresh strawberries, and claret.

Gillingham had walked through the paper, he averred; a set of absurdly elementary questions. 'I floored Jacopo Nardi,' he remarked with a genial smile, 'and I simply polished off the Edict of Rostock.' Dick, more despondent, went through it in detail, confessing with shame to entire ignorance of more than one important matter. 'Oh, the Poet wins!' Faussett exclaimed, with deep admiration. 'He wins in a canter. I tell you, it's no use any other fellow going in, when the Poet's in the field. It's Gillingham first, and the rest nowhere. He knows his books, you see. He's a fearful pro. at them.'

'Perhaps there's a dark horse, though,' Gillingham suggested, smiling. 'The Prince of the Blood may hold the lists after all, against all comers.'

'Perhaps so,' Faussett answered with a short little laugh. 'But I'll back the Rugby lot against the field, all the same, for a fiver. The rest are rank outsiders. Even money on the Poet! Now gentlemen, now's your chance! the Poet for a fiver! even money on the Poet, the Poet wins; who'll back the Plantagenet?'

Dick coloured to the very roots of his hair; he felt himself beaten in the race beforehand. Oh, why had he ever come up to this glorious, impossible place at all? And why did he ever confide the secret of his intentions to the imprudent head of the house of Plantagenet?

That day and the next day, it was always the same. He sat, and bit his pen, and looked hard at the questions, and waited for inspiration that never seemed to come: while Gillingham, the brilliant, the omniscient, the practical, fully equipped at all points, went on and wrote—wrote, scratching his foolscap noisily with a hurrying pen, straight through the paper. Dick envied him his fluency, his readiness, his rapidity; the Born Poet kept his knowledge all packed for immediate use at the ends of his fingers, and seemed able to pour it forth on no matter what topic, the very instant he required it. Words came to him quick as thought: he never paused for a second. Before the end of the examination, Dick had long ago given up all for lost, and only went on writing at the papers at all from a dogged sense that it ill became a Plantagenet to admit he was beaten as long as a drop of blood or a whiff of breath remained in his body.

The three days of the examination passed slowly away, and each day Dick felt even more dissatisfied with his work than he had felt on the previous one. On the very last evening, he indited a despondent letter to Maud, so as to break the disappointment for her gently, explaining how unequally he was matched with this clever fellow Gillingham, whom all Rugby regarded with unanimous voice as a heaven-sent genius, a natural historian, and a Born Poet. After which, with many sighs, he betook himself once more for the twentieth time to the study of the questions he had answered worst, wondering how on earth he could ever have made that stupid blunder about Aidan and the Synod of Whitby, and what could have induced him to suppose for one second that Peter of Amboise was really the same person as Peter the Hermit. With these and other like errors he made his soul miserable that live-long night; and he worried himself with highly-coloured



mental pictures of the disgrace he would feel it to return to Chiddingwick, no Oxford man at all, but a bookseller's assistant!

Not till twelve o'clock next day was the result to be announced. Richard spent the morning listlessly with Gillingham and Faussett. The Born Poet was not boastful; he hated ostentation; but he let it be clearly felt he knew he had acquitted himself with distinguished credit. Poor Dick was miserable. He half reflected upon the desirability of returning at once to Chiddingwick, without waiting to hear the result of the examination; but the blood of the Plantagenets revolted within him against such a confession of abject cowardice. At twelve o'clock or a little after, he straggled round to Durham. In the big Chapel Quad, a crowd of eager competitors gathered thick in front of the notice-board. Dick hardly dared to press in among them and read in plain black and white the story of his own unqualified discomfiture. He held back and hesitated. Two elderly men in caps and gowns, whom he knew now by sight as fellows and tutors, were talking to one another quite loud by the gate. 'But we haven't seen Plantagenet yet,' the gravest of them said to his neighbour; he was a tall fair man, with a cultivated red beard and a most aesthetic *pince-nez*.

Dick's heart came up in his mouth. He stood forward diffidently. 'My name's Plantagenet,' he said, with a very white face. 'Did you want to speak to me?'

'Oh, yes,' the tutor answered, shaking him warmly by the hand: 'you must come up, you know, to enter your name on the books, and be introduced to the Warden.'

Dick trembled like a girl. His heart jumped within him. 'Why, what have I got?' he asked, hardly daring even to ask it, lest he should find himself mistaken.

The man with the red beard held out a duplicate copy of the paper on the notice-board. 'You can see for yourself,' he answered; and Dick looked at it much agitated.

'Modern History: Mr Richard Plantagenet, late of Chiddingwick Grammar-school, is elected to a Scholarship of the annual value of One Hundred Pounds. *Proxime accessit*, Mr Trevor Gillingham of Rugby School. Mr Gillingham is offered a set of rooms, rent free, in the College.'

The world reeled round and round on Dick as a pivot. It was too good to be true. He couldn't even now believe it. Of what happened next, he never had any clear or connected recollection. In some vague phantasmagoric fashion he was dimly aware of being taken by the tutor into the College Hall and introduced by name to a bland-looking effigy in a crimson gown, supposed to represent the Head of the College; after which it seemed to him that somebody made him sign a large book of statutes or something of the sort in medieval Latin, wherein he described himself as 'Plantagenet, Ricardus, gen. fil., hujus ædis alumnus'; and that somebody else informed him in the same tongue he was duly elected. And then he bowed himself out in what Mr Plantagenet the elder would have considered a painfully inadequate manner, and disappeared with brimming eyes into the front quadrangle.

As yet he had scarcely begun to be faintly conscious of a vague sense of elation and triumph;

but as he reached the open air, which freshened and revived him, it occurred to him all at once that now he was really to all practical intents and purposes an Oxford undergraduate, one of those very people whose gorgeous striped blazers and lordly manners had of late so overawed him. Would he ever himself wear such noble neckties? Would he sport a straw hat with a party-coloured ribbon? He looked up at the big window of that beautiful chapel, with its flamboyant tracery, and felt forthwith a proprietary interest in it. By the door, Faussett was standing. As Dick passed, he looked up and recognised 'the dark horse,' the rank outsider. He came forward and took his hand, which he wrung with unfeigned admiration. 'By Jove, Plantagenet,' he cried, 'you've licked us; you've fairly licked us. It's wonderful, old man. I didn't think you'd have done it. The Poet's such an extraordinary dab, you know, at history. But you must be a dabber. Look here, I say, what a pity you didn't take me the other day when I offered even money on Trev. against the field. You simply chucked away a good chance of a fiver!'

A little farther on, Gillingham himself strolled up to them. His manner was pure gold. There was no trace of jealousy in the way he seized his unexpected rival's hand. To do him justice, indeed, that smallest and meanest of the human passions had no place at all in the Born Poet's nature. 'Well, I congratulate you,' he said with a passing pang of regret—for he too had wished not a little to get that Scholarship; 'as Sir Philip Sidney said, your need was the greater. And even for myself I'm not wholly dissatisfied. It's been a disappointment to me—and I don't very often secure the luxury of a disappointment. The true poet, you see, ought to have felt and known every human passion, good, bad, or indifferent. As pure experience, therefore, I'm not sorry you've licked me. It will enable me to throw myself henceforth more dramatically and realistically into the position of the vanquished, which is always the more pathetic, and therefore the more poetical.'

They parted a little farther down on the way towards the High Street. After they'd done so, the Philistine turned admiringly towards his schoolfellow, whom no loyal Rugby boy could for a moment believe to have been really beaten in fair fight by a creature from a place called Chiddingwick Grammar-school. 'By George, Trev.,' he exclaimed with a glow of genuine admiration, 'I never saw anything like that! It was noble, it was splendid of you!'

The Born Poet hardly knew what his companion meant; but if it meant that he thought something which he, Trevor Gillingham, had done was noble and splendid, why, 'twas certainly not the Born Poet's cue to dispute the point with him. So he smiled a quiet non-committing sort of smile, and murmured in a gentle but distant voice, 'Aha? you think so?'

'Think so!' Faussett echoed. 'Why, of course I do: it's magnificent. Only—for the honour of the school, you know, Trev.—I really think you oughtn't to have done it. You ought to have tried your very best to lick him.'

And meanwhile, Dick Plantagenet himself, the real hero of the day, was straggling down, more dead than alive for joy, towards the Oxford post-

office, to send off the very first telegram he had ever despatched in his life: 'MISS MAUD PLANTAGENET, Chiddingwick, Surrey.—Hooray, have got it, the hundred pound history.' Thirteen words: sixpence ha'penny. Strike out the Maud, and it's the even sixpence.\*

(To be continued.)

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### THE BANKERS' CLEARING-HOUSE.

Most people have heard of the Bankers' Clearing-house. It is situated in Post-office Court, which runs between Lombard and King William Streets, and is by no means prepossessing in appearance. Time was, no doubt, when it could boast of being as pleasing to the eye as most of its then neighbours; but *tempora mutantur*—and the Clearing-house has changed for the worse. The dirt of ages has clustered thick upon it; its architectural style has grown hopelessly old-fashioned; while lordly banking halls of granite and of Portland stone have risen and compassed it on every side. It formed, originally, part of the old Post-office, and was first put to its present use some hundred and ten years ago; but how long previous to its adaptation to the purposes of the City bankers its walls were set up the record does not inform us.

The portals of the House are so jealously guarded by a couple of door-keepers that no member of the general public is likely to have an opportunity of witnessing for himself the work conducted inside; and, therefore, the following particulars of the system, from the pen of one who has had considerable experience as a 'Clearer,' may not prove uninteresting.

Each of the twenty-five Clearing Bankers is allotted a desk, over which the name of the firm is displayed in prominent letters. These desks are arranged in alphabetical order, Barclay's being close to the left-hand side of the door, with Brown's, the City Bank, and others for near neighbours. That of the National Provincial is at the far end of the House; and the remaining banks follow in proper sequence until Williams', on the right-hand side of the door, is reached. The number of clerks representing each bank varies considerably; for while such houses as Glyn's and the London and County have as many as eight, a small bank like the London and South-western sends only one during the early portion of the work, and an extra hand about four o'clock, when the busiest time commences. On Stock Exchange 'Settling Days,' when stock-brokers' cheques pass in large numbers through the Clearing-house, and on the 4th of each month, on which day a great many bills fall due, most of the banks increase the number of their representatives, and on these occasions the desk accommodation is by no means sufficient. Some slight relief is afforded by pressing into the service a small room up-stairs; but the arrangement is found to be very inconvenient, and the staff will gladly welcome the day when the Committee of Bankers, in whose hands the management of the House is placed, decides to remove the business to some more commodious structure.

The staff consists of a 'Chief Inspector,' 'Deputy Inspector,' 'Clearers,' and 'Runners.'

The two inspectors carefully scrutinise each clearer's balance-sheet, and mark off its various amounts in order to detect any error that may have arisen. The signature of one is required upon the transfer-form when a balance is to be paid or received, and no small portion of their work is the preparation of elaborate tables setting forth the totals of the vast numbers of cheques and bills passing daily through the House.

The business of the clearers is to enter under the name of the presenting bank the amounts of the cheques and bills—termed in the House 'articles'—drawn upon their own firm. The books in which these entries are made have printed at the head of their columns the names of the various banks; and though the articles have stamped across them the title of the firm presenting, it is no uncommon occurrence for a clearer to enter in his hurry some of them under the wrong heading, and so cause considerable trouble not only to himself but to the clerk who has to balance with him when the work is agreed at the end of the day. The bad figures made by the drawers of cheques are frequently the cause of putting the work wrong; and many a laborious 'tick-up' has to be endured in search of some error which has occurred in consequence of the penchant some people have for making an 8 with a remarkable resemblance to a 5, or writing down a 6 where their intention was to form a mere cipher.

The runners' avocation is to journey frequently between their respective offices and the House, bringing into the latter batches of articles, which they distribute upon the desks of the banks upon whom they are drawn, and returning with those payable by their own firm, and which have been duly entered by their clearers in the 'In-clearing' books.

At the close of business the clearer has brought him the books in which the 'out-clearing articles' were entered before being sent down to the House. The totals of these, with those of his own in-clearing books, he agrees with the other banks, and strikes a balance with each. The balance-sheet has printed in alphabetical order down the middle a list of the Clearing Banks, and on each side of it a money column, that on the left being headed 'Debtors,' that on the right 'Creditors.' The clearer we will say represents the London and County Banking Company; and, starting at the top of the list, proceeds to strike a balance between his firm and the Alliance Bank. He finds, we will assume, that the sum of the Alliance columns in the in-clearing book is, to put the amount in round figures, £50,000, while the out-clearing total is £45,000. This gives a balance of £5000 in favour of the Alliance, and that amount he enters in the right-hand column against the name of that bank. The Alliance clearer, working in the same way, discovers that the London and County Bank owes him £5000, and accordingly inserts those figures in the left-hand column of his balance-sheet. When a similar process has been gone through with the remaining banks, the two sides of the sheet are cast. If the sum of the right side is the larger, the bank has to pay the balance away; if the left exceeds the right, then the operation is reversed. All the Clearing Banks have accounts with the Bank of England, where is also kept the 'Clearing Inspectors' Account,'

the latter being solely used for the purpose of arranging the transfers of the Clearing Banks. Those firms owing balances at the end of the day's transactions authorise the Bank of England to transfer the required amount from their accounts to that of the Clearing Inspectors, from which, in turn, the banks claiming balances are credited with the sums due to them. If there are no errors in the work, the Inspectors' Account will exactly balance; but where a difference exists, the Inspectors have thrust upon them the unpleasant task of searching through the twenty-five balance-sheets in order to detect the mistake.

### THE IVORY GATE.\*

By WALTER BESANT.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.—LE CONSEIL DE FAMILLE (continued).

'It is a peaceful day,' Elsie continued, 'that you pass—for the most part alone—you with your books. Sometimes you come here to call upon your old friend and solicitor, Mr Dering.'

'Sometimes,' he replied, 'We are very old friends. Though his views are narrow.—Where is he?' He looked about the room. 'You are all waiting to see him? He will be here directly. He is always here about this time.'

'Yes, directly. You remember what I said to you on Sunday concerning certain transactions? I told you how important it was to have the exact truth about them.'

'Certainly. I remember. I wrote an account of them for you.'

'You did. Are these papers what you wrote?'

He looked at them for a moment. 'These are my papers,' he said. 'They are what I wrote at your request. They contain a perfectly true account of what happened.'

'Now, before I go on, you will not mind—these people here do not know Mr Edmund Gray—you will not mind my asking a few persons to testify that you are really Mr Edmund Gray?'

'My dear child, ask all the world if you wish; though I do not understand why my identity should be doubted.'

'Not quite all the world.—Mr Carstone, will you tell us the name of this gentleman?'

'He is Mr Edmund Gray, my neighbour at No. 22 South Square, Gray's Inn.'

Mr Edmund Gray inclined his head and smiled.

George went outside and returned, followed by a small company, who, in answer to Elsie, stepped forward one after the other and made answer.

Said one: 'I am the landlord of the rooms at 22 South Square tenanted by Mr Edmund Gray. He has held the rooms for ten years. This gentleman is Mr Edmund Gray, my tenant.'

Said another: 'I am a barrister, and the tenant of the rooms above those held by Mr Edmund Gray. I have known him—more or less—for ten years. This gentleman is Mr Edmund Gray.'

Said a third: 'I am a commissioner. I remember this gentleman very well, though it is eight years since he employed me, and only for one job then. I went from an hotel in Norfolk

Street, Strand, to a bank with a cheque which I was to cash for him in ten-pound notes. He gave me half a sovereign.'

'Quite so,' said Mr Edmund Gray. 'I remember you, too. It was a cheque for seven hundred and twenty pounds, the particulars of which you have in my statement, Elsie. I well remember this one-armed commissioner.'

And a fourth: 'I am the laundress who does for Mr Edmund Gray. I have done for him for ten years. This gentleman is Mr Edmund Gray.'

And a fifth: 'I am a news-agent, and I have a shop at the entrance of Gray's Inn. This gentleman is Mr Edmund Gray, of 22 South Square. I have known him in the Inn for ten years.'

To each in turn Mr Dering nodded with a kindly smile.

'Athelstan,' said Elsie, 'will you tell us when and where you have met Mr Edmund Gray?'

'I met him last week in Carstone's rooms on the same landing. He sat with us for an hour or more.'

'It is quite true,' said Mr Dering. 'I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr Arundel on that occasion.'

'I also saw him,' Athelstan continued, 'at a small lecture Hall at Kentish Town on Sunday evening—yesterday.'

'To complete the evidence,' said Elsie, 'I have myself spent many hours almost daily with Mr Edmund Gray during the last fortnight or so.—Is not that true, dear Master?'

'Quite true, my Scholar.'

'Brother—brother'—Sir Samuel touched his arm.—'I implore you—rouse yourself. Shake off this fancy.'

'Let him alone, Sir Samuel,' said George.—'let him alone. We have not done with him yet.'

'Yes,' cried Mrs Arundel, who had now left her seat and was leaning over the table, following what was said with breathless interest.—'let us finish out this comedy or tragedy—as the case may be. Let no one interrupt.'

'I have also met you, sir'—Mr Dering addressed Checkley, who only groaned and shook. 'It was outside a tavern. You took me in and offered me a drink.'

Checkley shook his head, either in sadness or in denial—but replied not, and at the thought of offering Mr Dering a drink, everybody laughed, which was a relief.

'Dear Master,' Elsie went on in her soft voice, 'I am so glad that you remember all these things. It makes one's task so much easier. Why, your memory is as strong as ever, in spite of all your work.—Now, I am going to read the two statements you wrote down yesterday afternoon. Then you may recall anything else you might like to add. Remember, that as regards this first affair, the cheque for seven hundred and twenty pounds, my brother was charged, on suspicion only, with having forged it. Now listen.' She read the brief statement which you have already seen concerning the business of the first cheque. 'That is your history of the affair.'

'Quite so. Dering drew the cheque at my request. I cashed it. I found that I had no need of the notes, and I returned them. That is very simple.'

'It is all so simple that nobody ever guessed it before.—Now we come to the transfers made in

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the spring of the present year. You wrote a second statement regarding them. I will read that as well. Please listen very carefully.'

She read the other statement, which you have also seen already. She read it very slowly, so that there should be no mistake possible. During the reading of these documents Sir Samuel's face expressed every possible shade of surprise. Mrs Arundel, leaning over the table, followed every line. Hilda wept—her head gracefully inclined over her pocket-handkerchief, as if it was an urn.

'This is your account of the business?'

'Certainly. There is nothing more to be added. It is a plain statement of the facts. I do not understand how they could be in any way doubted or misrepresented.'

'Would you, Sir Samuel, like to ask Mr Edmund Gray any question?'

'I don't understand. He says that Mr Dering wrote a letter for him.'

Elsie showed him the letter they had seen Mr Dering write, which he was passing from one to the other.

'Where are the transfers?' Sir Samuel went on. 'He says they were placed by himself in the safe.'

Mr Edmund Gray rose and walked to the safe. He laid his hands upon a packet and took it out. 'These are the papers,' he said.

Sir Samuel opened the roll and looked them over. 'They seem all right,' he said. 'This is very wonderful.'

'Wonderful—and sad—most lamentable,' whispered Lady Dering.

'Wonderful indeed!' Mrs Arundel echoed. 'Most wonderful! most unexpected!'

'A moment more, and I have done,' Elsie again took up the tale. 'Here is a cheque to the order of Mr Dering signed by Mr Edmund Gray for the whole of the money lying in his name at the Bank.—You agree, Master, that it is best for the future that all your affairs should be in the hands of your solicitor?'

'I quite agree.'

'Here is a letter to the manager of the Bank, requesting him to pay over Edmund Gray's dividends to the account of Mr Dering.—And now I think I have proved my case. Here in the safe were the ten-pound notes received by Mr Edmund Gray, and placed there by him. Here were the transfers and certificates placed there by him: you have heard half-a-dozen people testify to the fact that you have Edmund Gray before you. His statement of the business has been read to you. It shows, what no other theory of the case could show, how the thing was really done. Lastly, it shows the absolute and complete innocence of my brother and of George.—Have you anything more to say, Sir Samuel?'

'Nothing—except that I was misled by a statement concerning a profligate life among low companions, without which no suspicion could have fallen upon either of you gentlemen. It was'—he pointed to the unhappy Checkley—'a vile and malignant falsehood. Do you hear, sir? Vile and malignant. It only remains for us all to make such reparation as we may—nothing would suffice, I know, but such reparation as we can—by the expression of the shame and regret that we all feel.'

'Athelstan,' said his mother, 'what can I say? Oh! what can I say?'

Athelstan rose—during the long business he had sat motionless in the clients' chair, his head in his hand. Now he rose and stepped over to his mother. 'Hush!' he said. 'Not a word. It is all forgotten—all forgiven.'

But Hilda sank upon her knees and caught his hands.

'George,' said Sir Samuel, 'forgive me. The case looked black against you at one time. It did indeed. Forgive me.' He held out his hand.

Then there was great hand-shaking, embracing, and many tears. As for Checkley he crept out and vanished in the retreat of his own room. 'It is all over,' he murmured—'all over. I've lost four hundred pounds a year. That's gone. All over—all over!'

Mr Edmund Gray looked on this happy scene of family reconciliation with benevolence and smiles.

Family reconciliations must not be prolonged: you cannot sit over a family reconciliation as over a bottle of port. It must be quickly despatched. Sir Samuel whispered to Hilda that they had better go.

'Come,' said Lady Dering. 'We will all meet again this evening at Pembroke Square—and tomorrow evening—and on Wednesday afternoon.—Elsie, you are a witch and a sorceress and a wise woman. You said that Athelstan should give you away, and he will.—Brother, come with us. Leave Elsie to George.—Oh! how handsome you are looking, my poor ill-used brother! Try to forgive us if you can.'

She turned to Mr Edmund Gray. 'Sir,' she said, 'we ought to be very grateful to you—indeed, we are—for enabling us to clear away the odious cloud of suspicion which had rolled over our heads. It was very good of you to draw out those statements for my sister. But I do think that if Mr Dering had told his old friends about you—about Mr Edmund Gray—we should have been spared a great deal of trouble and unnecessary shame.—Good-day, sir.'

Sir Samuel lingered a moment. He looked as if he would appeal to Mr Edmund Gray as to a brother. 'Don't speak to him,' Elsie whispered. 'Let him alone. He will become himself again presently. Let him alone.'

So he went out, and the door was shut, and Edmund Gray was left alone with George and the Scholar.

'My Master'—Elsie sat down beside him—'I fear you have been interrupted. But indeed it was necessary. Don't ask why. Things get into a muddle sometimes, don't they? You have gathered something of the trouble, too. Now that is all over—past and gone.'

'I am glad for your sake, child.'

'Master—dear Master—I have a confession to make. When I found out who you were—I mean what manner of man you were—my only thought at first was to coax you and wheedle you and flatter you till you gave me exactly the information that I wanted. I confess it. That was my only purpose. Nay—more—for the sake of my lover and my brother I would do it again. Well—I found that the only way to win your confidence was to pretend to be your Scholar and

to believe all you taught. So I pretended. So I won your confidence. So I obtained all I wanted. So I have made it impossible for even the most malignant creature in the world to pretend that these two men had anything to do with what they called a forgery. But—believe me, dear Master—while I pretended, I was punished, because my pretence is turned to certainty.

'Child, I knew it. You could not pretend—no woman could pretend so as to deceive me on a point so simple.'

'Dear Master, you do not know the possibilities of feminine craft. But I pretend no more. Oh! I care not how you make your attempt, whether you destroy Property or not. Mr Dering says that Property is Civilisation—but I don't care. To me it is enough to dream—to know—that there is an Earthly Paradise possible, if only men will think so and will keep it before their eyes, though it be as far off as the blue hills. It is beautiful only to think of it: the soul is lifted up only to think that there is such a place. Keep the eyes of your people on this glorious place, dear Master: make it impossible for them to forget it or to let it go out of their sight. Then, half-unconsciously, they will be running, dragging each other, forcing each other—exhorting each other to hurry along the dusty road which leads to that Earthly Paradise with its Four-square City of the Jasper wall. Preach about it, Master. Write about it. Make all men talk about it and think about it.'

She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

'Master, we shall be away for a month or two. Then we shall come back, and I shall sit at your feet again. You shall come and stay with us. We will give you love, and you shall give us hope. I have made my confession. Forgive me.'

They left him sitting alone. Presently he arose, put all the papers back in the safe, and walked slowly away—to Gray's Inn.

Next morning when he opened his letters he found one marked 'Private.' It was from Sir Samuel.

'DEAR EDWARD,' it said—'We are all very glad to tell you that the business of the shares and certificates is now completely cleared up. Checkley is not in any way concerned in it—nor is George Austin. And I am happy to say there is a complete solution of the former mystery which entirely clears Hilda's brother. Under these circumstances, we are agreed that it is best for you not to trouble yourself about any further investigations. You will find in the safe the transfers, a cheque to yourself of all the money received by Edmund Gray, and an order in the Bank concerning the dividends. You have been the victim of a very remarkable hallucination. I need not explain further. Mr Edmund Gray, however, is undoubtedly insane. I hear, and have myself observed, that you have been greatly disturbed and distressed by these mysterious events. Now that they are settled finally—I may say that only a happy chance set us on the right track—we all hope that you will be satisfied with our assurance, and that you will not trouble yourself any more in the matter.—Your affectionate brother,

SAMUEL DERING.'

Mr Dering, after reading this letter, got up and

looked in the safe, where he found the papers referred to. He rang the bell. 'Checkley, who has been at my safe?'

'Nobody but you.'

'Don't tell lies. Who put those papers in the safe?'

'They must have been put there yesterday—you were in the room.'

'Yesterday—what happened yesterday?'

Checkley was silent.

'Who was here yesterday?—Go on, Checkley. Don't be afraid.'

'Sir Samuel was here—and Lady Dering—and Mrs Arundel—and Miss Elsie—and your Partner—and Mr Athelstan. Two or three more came in and went away.'

'That will do. You need tell me no more. I don't want to know the particulars.—Checkley, my day's work is done. I have thought so for some time past. Now I am certain, I shall retire.'

'No—no,' cried Checkley, the tears running down his face. 'Not to retire—after all these years—not to retire.'

'I know now the meaning of my fits of forgetfulness. I have feared and suspected it for a long time. While I am lost to myself, I am going about the world, doing I know not what. And I will not ask. I may be this Edmund Gray who preaches Socialism and gives me his precious tracts. I may be some one else. I say, Checkley, that I know now what has happened to me. Deny it if you can—if you can, I say.'

Checkley did not offer any denial. He hung his head.—'This is the meaning of Elsie's strange hints and queer protestations. Half my time I am a madman—a madman.—Checkley, ask Mr Austin to come to me at once. My day is done.' He closed his open blotting-pad and placed the unopened letters beside it. Then he rose and pushed back his chair—the chair in which he had sat for fifty years and more. 'My day is done—my day is done.'

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE LAST.

Mr Dering left his office, went back to Gray's Inn, and sat down again before the Ivory Gate. Those who have once sat for an hour or two in this place return to it again and again and never leave it. It is, to begin with, the most beautiful gate ever erected. The brain and wit and fancy of man could never conceive such a gate, could never execute such a conception. It is all of pure ivory, carved with flowers such as never grew; curving and flowing lines leading nowhere; figures of maidens lovely beyond all dreams; philosophers whose wisdom reaches unto the heavens; statesmen who discern the gathering forces and control the destinies of a nation; inventors who conquer nature; physicians who prolong life; ecclesiastics who convert the Carthusian cell into a bower of delight; poets who here find their fantasies divine; men and women in work-a-day dress who wear the faces of the heavenly host.

All the dreamers lie here, not asleep, but dreaming. Their eyes are open, but they do not see each other: they see these dreams. Those of the young who are also generous come here and dream until they grow older and are chained to

their work and can dream no more. Men of all conditions come here—even the little shop-boy—even the maiden who cleans the knives and polishes the boots—all are here. The young Prince is here: the little charity boy is here: the lad whose loftiest ambition is that he may one day stand in the pulpit of the little Baptist village chapel is here: here is the undergraduate who was Captain of Eton and will be Senior Classic and Member of Parliament and Minister—even Prime Minister—and will belong to History. The poet is here, and the painter, and sometimes hither comes the novelist, and, but more rarely, the dramatist. Hither comes the musician to lift up his soul with thoughts that only music can give: and the singer, so that he sings more than is apparent from the words: and the actor, so that he puts things into the play never dreamed of by him who wrote it. Great is the power, great the gifts, of this noble Gate of Ivory.

Sitting before that gate, such a dreamer as Edmund Gray receives strange visions. He sees clearly and near at hand the things which might be, yet are not, and never can be until man lays down his garb of selfishness and puts on the white robes of Charity. To that dreamer the Kingdom of Heaven, which seems to some so far off and to others impossible, so that they deride the name of it, is actually close at hand—with us—easy to enter if we only choose. He exhorts his fellows to enter with him. And they would follow, but they cannot because they are held back by custom and necessity. They must obey the laws of the multitude, and so they stay where they are. And when the dreamer passes away, his memory is quickly lost, and the brightness quickly leaves those dimly-lighted lives. Yet other dreamers come—every day there arises an Edmund Gray.

Now when Edmund Gray takes the place of Edward Dering, in which guise does the soul, in the end, leave the earth? Are the dreams of Edmund Gray perhaps the logical development of the doctrines held by Edward Dering? Is the present stage of Individual Property—where every man works for himself and his household—one through which the world must pass before it can reach the higher level of working each for all? First men and women hunt, separate: they live apart in hollow trees and caves. Then they live together, and the man hunts for his wife and children. Next, they live in communities, which grow into towns and tribes and nations. Then men rely upon the protection of the law, and work for themselves again. That is our present stage: it has lasted long—very long. Perhaps it will break up some day: perhaps sooner than we think. Who knows? All things are possible—even the crash and wreck of a civilisation which has taken thousands of years to build up. And upon it may come—one knows not—that other stage which now belongs to the dreamer before the Ivory Gate.

The wedding was held then, as Elsie said it should be, shorn of none of its splendours, and relieved of the cloud which had hung over them so long and threatened them so gloomily. Athelstan the Exile—Athelstan the Ne'er-do-well—Athelstan the Profligate—Athelstan the Resident of Camberwell—Athelstan the Smirched and Soiled—stood beside the altar, tall and gallant,

and gave away the bride for all the world to see—nobody in the least ashamed of him. There was not any breath of scandal left. Here he was, returned from his travels, a tall and proper man, dressed in broadcloth, perhaps with money in purse, prosperous and successful in the sight of all. His mother gazed upon him when she should have been looking at the bride or into her Prayer Book. Her eyes were red, but then a mother is allowed a tear or two when her daughter leaves the nest. And as to those who had whispered words about family jars, quarrels and estrangements, or had spoken against the fair fame of the groom, they were now as mute as mice.

All the richer members of the House of Arundel—the City Arundels—were present. One of them—chief partner in a leading firm of accountants—afterwards computed, for the greater increase of the family glory, how many hundreds of thousands of pounds were gathered together at one moment beneath that sacred roof. He counted the members, and made that little addition, during the performance of the ceremony. Those of the Austins who were not disgracefully poor—there are some branches of the family, I believe, pretty low down—were also present. And the company went to Pembridge Square after the service, gazed admiringly at the wedding presents, and drank the health of the bride and bridegroom, and gathered with cousinly curiosity round the returned Prodigal. But they knew nothing—mind you—of his connection with Camberwell. And nothing about his supposed complicity in the Edmund Gray business. There had been, happily, no scandal.

Among the company in the church was Mr Dering. He stood tall and erect, his coat buttoned, his face keen and hard, the family lawyer stamped by nature and long custom.

Presently, when the service was about half way through, a change came over him. His face relaxed: the lines curved just a little laterally, the austerity vanished, his eyes brightened. He took off his gloves furtively and opened his coat. He was Edmund Gray. In that capacity he afterwards drank to the bride and wished her happiness. And he walked all the way from Pembridge Square to South Square, Gray's Inn.

I see in the future an old man growing feeble: he leans upon the arm of a girl whom he calls his Scholar, his disciple, and his child. His face is serene: he is perfectly happy: the Advent of that Kingdom whose glories he preaches is very nigh at hand. He lives in the house of his disciple: he has forgotten the very existence of his lawyer: he goes no more to Lincoln's Inn: always he is lying, night and day, before that miracle of carven work in Ivory. There he watches—it is his Vision—the long procession of those who work and sing at their work and are happy, work they ever so hard, because they work each for all and all for each. And there is no more sorrow or crying and no more pain. What hath the Gate of Horn—through which is allowed nothing but what is true—bitterly true—absolutely true—nakedly, coldly, shivering true—to show in comparison with this? A crowd trampling upon each other: men who enslave and rob each other: men and women and



children lying in misery—men and women and children starving.—Let us fly, my brothers—let us swiftly fly—let us hasten—to the Gate of Ivory.

THE END.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ONCE more have we arrived at that period of the year when the meeting of the British Association tells us of the progress which scientific knowledge has made during the past twelve months. The meeting this year in the Scottish capital, while it has not attracted quite so many members as was anticipated, has been full of interest, both in the quality of the excellent addresses which have been delivered by the Presidents of the various sections, as well as in the papers on widely divergent subjects which have been read by the members. In glancing through the various subjects dealt with, it would be difficult for any person not to find some topic of interest peculiar to himself.

It would be impossible, as it is unnecessary, to give even a brief review of the various subjects dealt with by the Association; but as an instance of the extent of ground covered by them we will mention two of totally different bearing. The one is a paper on the 'Utilisation of Flowing Water as a Motive-power,' contributed by Messrs Purdon and Walters of London. The motor designed by these gentlemen for the purpose of driving electric, pumping, grinding, and other machinery consists of a pontoon fitted with blades fixed at intervals on an endless chain, passing over vertical wheels. These blades, when the pontoon is anchored, are carried forward by the tide, and so give motion to the wheels. The other paper to which we refer is contributed by Mr W. H. Preece, on 'The Destruction of Lightning-protectors by Recent Municipal Legislation.' In this paper Mr Preece assumes that the extraordinary immunity of private dwellings from lightning-stroke arises from the metal on the roofs together with the draining-pipes in connection with it forming a passage for the electricity to earth. The present system of detaching the pipes from the drains, in order to prevent egress of sewer-gas, must, he believes, do away with this protection, unless at least part of the metal pipe is allowed to bridge over the gap. If Mr Preece's argument be correct, it would seem that our houses have all been furnished with lightning-conductors without our cognisance.

The 'penny-in-the-slot' principle of commercial supply continues to meet with fresh applications. In some parts of Paris a pailful of hot water can be obtained from street standards for a five centime piece. Another phase of the slot-principle will be welcomed by railway travellers, who will presently be able to obtain half an hour's radiance from a three-candle-power electric lamp for the expenditure of one penny. It is said that the Metropolitan District Railway will be the first to have its carriages fitted with the penny-'slot' lamps, which are of the most ingenious construction; but if the scheme prove practicable, all the other lines will be obliged to

follow suit. The substitution of electric lamps fed by a current generated by the moving train, for the old dim oil-lamps, which necessitated so much work in trimming, removing, and lighting, must have already proved as great a saving to the companies adopting it as it has been a comfort to their passengers.

The Pearl-fishery of the Gulf of California forms the subject of an interesting Report contributed to the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission. The pearl-diver as here described has none of that romance attaching to him which in past times was associated with this occupation. He is simply a submarine labourer, like those who are engaged round our own coasts and in rivers for harbour and bridge construction. He is furnished with the regulation india-rubber suit and brass helmet, and is supplied with air from an attendant boat, so that he can remain at work for an hour or more, instead of the sixty-seconds' plunge into sunlit water which used to be the diver's lot. He gathers the shells into a wire-basket, which is hauled up when full by his companions in the boat. During the summer, the entire eastern coast of California forms the base of operations for the pearl-divers.

A volcanic eruption, which seems only second in severity to the outburst some years ago at Krakatoa, in the Strait of Sunda, occurred in June last at Great Sangir. Some particulars of the disaster have come to us, given in letters from the chief Dutch settlement in the north of the Celebes, from which the scene of the disturbance is distant about three hundred miles. Without any of the usual warnings of a seismic character, a volcano near Tarvena, the capital of the island, suddenly threw out stones of considerable size, which killed hundreds of persons, and caused the light wooden houses common to the country to collapse with the weight of material accumulated on their roofs. Great streams of lava flowed at the same time with awful rapidity down the sides of the mountain, and swept houses and their inmates away in their terrible embrace. The total loss of life is estimated as nearly as it can be at many thousands.

It has long been foreseen that the sailor as Nelson knew him is doomed to extinction, for the work formerly done by his muscular arm is now done by hydraulic and electric power. Even the work of holystoning a ship's deck is to be his no longer, for a machine has been constructed which will move the stone in any required direction over the surface of the boards, and will do the work very much quicker, if not better than it could be done by Jack. The machine is patented by Captain Lowberg of New York.

The chemist to the American Department of Agriculture has recently called attention to a novel system of butter adulteration which is carried out by a preparation called 'Gilt-edged Butter Compound.' The advertisers of this substance claim for it that added to a pint of milk and a pound of butter, the whole being churned together, the product will be two pounds of butter. This result is verified by the trials which have been made with the Compound at the Government Laboratory; but analysis shows that the butter produced contains three times the normal quantity of water and half the proper

percentage of butter-fat. The trick is a most ingenious one, and is explained by the fact that the Gilt-edged Butter Compound contains a large quantity of pepsine, an organic substance which has the property of enabling butter to take up its bulk of milk without materially altering its appearance.

All English-speaking peoples will be gratified to learn that Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Stratford-on-Avon has been purchased for the public by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trustees. For many years this cottage, the home of her who afterwards became Shakespeare's wife, and the scene of his courtship, has been shown to visitors to the shrine at Stratford, but it has been in private hands. It was recently advertised for sale, and ultimately secured by the Trustees, together with the many relics which it contains of him who was 'not for an age, but for all time.'

Mr James Morris of Glasgow has recently discovered a new method of producing Gems artificially, but as yet he has given no details of his method of procedure. He says that the process which he has adopted is a simple one, and that many analogies point to the probability of its being one of those followed in Nature's laboratory. The products which he obtains consist of rounded and compact crystals composed chiefly of alumina. They are transparent, and by special treatment will take a blue colour, and although the bulk of them may be described as sapphires, some at least are believed to be diamonds. These last, however, are much smaller than the chief crystals, which approach one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and they have not yet been exposed to those tests which would identify them as diamonds. 'The sparkle of some of these small crystals,' says Mr Morris, 'is magnificent. Carbon is present in the production of all the crystals, and some of the aluminous ones contain a little of that element.' It is not easy to anticipate what would be the result of the discovery of a method by which gems of large size could be manufactured, but certainly it would be one which to many would be most unwelcome.

Two melancholy accidents through balloons becoming ruptured in mid-air have led to experiments being made with a view to save life under such conditions. One aeronaut in France fitted the top of his balloon with a parachute which overspread the upper part of the gaseous envelope. He then made an ascent, and, with marvellous confidence in the value of his improvement, purposely cut the fabric of the balloon and let the gas escape. The parachute then expanded, and the occupants of the car sank slowly and safely to earth. In another experiment, conducted in this country, to show that if the neck-line of a balloon were left untied, the silk envelope would itself form an umbrella-like parachute, the car had no occupants, but was weighted so as to represent a crew of three persons. By means of a fuse and a weight the fabric was automatically slit from top to bottom when the balloon was at a height of three thousand feet, upon which the material assumed the form of an inverted basin and came down gently. It is argued from the result of this experiment that the occupants of a burst balloon would come safely to the ground,

if they only have the presence of mind to cut the neck-line.

Probably one of the most charming exhibits at the coming World's Fair at Chicago will be the Irish Village which is being arranged under the auspices of the Countess of Aberdeen and Mrs Ernest Hart. In this village there are to be seven cottages, in each of which will be carried on a different industry, such as spinning, dyeing, weaving, embroidering, lace-making, &c. There will also be a model dairy, with dairymaids making butter from the milk of real Kerry cows. In this village will stand a 'replica' of Donegal Castle, an old well, and other Celtic memorials.

Photography has long proved of value as an aid to astronomy, and it is a matter of common knowledge that a complete photographic survey of the heavens has for some time been in progress. As a good instance of the manner in which the camera can be used to solve an astronomical problem, we may point to the work recently undertaken by Mr Isaac Roberts, F.R.S., in his search for hypothetical planets existing beyond the orbit of Neptune, which has generally been regarded as the limit of the solar system. Professor Forbes twelve years ago predicted that two such planets exist; and Mr Roberts recently agreed to search for them by photographic methods, if the Professor would point out their supposed position. A chart was made of the region indicated by Professor Forbes, and this was covered by eighteen photographic plates, two sets of photo-plates being taken at intervals of seven days between the exposures. The dual photographs so obtained were then superposed, in order to see if any star appeared on one plate which was not on the other, and to detect any change of position in any particular star which might have occurred in the interval between the two exposures. By this method Mr Roberts was able to assert that there was no planetary body in the region indicated.

Waterspouts are very seldom seen in Britain, but their occurrence is occasionally recorded. In July last much damage was caused by one of these unwelcome visitors, which made its appearance on the Yorkshire wolds in the neighbourhood of Langtoft. After travelling for some distance, its progress was arrested by a hill, upon which it expended its force. After cutting three ditches, two of which were nearly thirty yards long, and about ten feet deep, and scattering the expelled rock, amounting to many tons, the village of Langtoft, lying at a lower level, was inundated by the released water, which formed a volume seven to ten feet in height. Two cottages and a workshop were destroyed; but the loss of life was happily confined to a few pigs, some sheep, and poultry. Curiously enough, a similar visitation occurred on this same hill four years ago.

In a recent Report by the Consul-general of Smyrna several interesting details are given concerning the Sponge-trade of that district. As a whole the industry has suffered a decrease as compared with the year 1890; but while the output of sponges of the fine quality was less, the prices realised were higher; but sponges of an inferior kind were sold at unremunerative rates. Districts which have long been in use are becoming exhausted, and although new fields are being discovered, the produce from them does

not yet compensate for the decreased supply from the old ones. The risks attached to the occupation have increased, for the men are tempted to descend to greater depths than formerly, and as many as eighty fatal accidents are recorded for the past season. This, out of a total of four thousand men employed, is a high percentage. Fishing continues throughout the winter season, but not in the same localities as during the summer. A parasitical weed which infested the sponges some years ago and gave much anxiety is gradually decreasing in quantity.

Rain which on touching the ground crackles and emits electric sparks is a very uncommon, but not unknown phenomenon. An instance of the kind was recently reported from Cordova, in Spain, by an electrical engineer who witnessed the occurrence. The weather had been warm and undisturbed by wind, and soon after dark the sky became overcast by clouds. At about eight o'clock there came a flash of lightning followed by great drops of electrical rain, each one of which on touching the ground, walls, or trees gave a faint crack, and emitted a spark of light. The phenomenon continued for several seconds, and apparently ceased as soon as the atmosphere was saturated with moisture.

In the interesting Cantor lectures on Mine-surveying, lately delivered at the Society of Arts by Mr Brough, much attention was devoted to the divining-rod and its pretensions as a discoverer of hidden minerals, a use to which to a considerable extent it is still put. While the hazel fork or divining-rod cannot be regarded seriously as an aid to the miners, it is of great value in the discovery of iron ore when it takes the form of a magnetic needle, for by noting the inclination or 'dip' of the needle as the ground is traversed, some idea of the extent of the deposit can be formed. An instance is recorded by Professor Le Neve Foster where a bed of iron ore lying below a lake in Sweden was correctly mapped by observations of this kind in winter when the water was covered with ice. This method of surveying has not escaped the keen scent of the fraudulent. In some cases the inclination of the needle has been helped by the approach of a walking-stick containing a concealed magnet, and it is not difficult to make the needle itself give unreliable testimony.

A curious fact connected with the French revenue has been made known. It is forbidden, on the shores of the Mediterranean, to draw any sea-water without a permit from the civil authorities. A well-known Englishman, staying in a villa on the Riviera the garden of which runs down to the sea-shore, could not obtain a pailful of sea-water without permission of the civil power. The story is corroborated by others, who tell us that not a servant or villager can be induced to rob the ocean of a quart of water without permission of the Mayor of the district. The explanation of this apparent anomaly is that the French revenue derives benefit from a tax on salt, and if sea-water were free to all, the peasants would boil it down and make illicit salt.

The terrible disaster at St Gervais by which an hotel and most of its occupants was washed away in the dead of night, has been investigated by different men of science, who do not, however, agree as to the causes which led to

the catastrophe. One theory is that the usual drainage from the glacier from which the disaster undoubtedly originated became either totally blocked or partially obstructed, and that in this way a volume of water was pent up, which gradually acquired sufficient pressure to break its bonds. A more likely theory is that held by Professor Forel, who says that a body of water sufficient to do so much damage could not accumulate in so small a space as that assigned to it. He believes that the disaster was due to the natural movement and breaking-up of the glacier, and that the avalanche consisted of what he calls a lava of ice and water. The ravine shows no trace of any great evacuation of water; but he found the earth mixed with powdered ice, while great blocks of glacier ice were strewn in every direction. The catastrophe was caused then, if this latter theory be adopted, by an avalanche of ice starting at an altitude of ten thousand feet, which was 'pulverised by its fall, a large portion of it being melted by the heat generated in its rapid passage, and contact with matters relatively warm.' The falling mass was further liquefied by mingling with the water which finds its natural outlet at the ravine in question.

## THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.

### I.

'THAT be a relief!' exclaimed Micah Daggles as he threw down his hammer and drew his sleeve across his forehead.

It was striking one o'clock. They could just hear the quarters from the Stent parish church, about a third of a mile from the Rathole.

The other workers in Micah's shop also uttered exclamations of gladness. It was a blazing July day outside the shed. Inside the shed, where three fires were going, blown on by bellows, it was as hot as it well could be without being unbearable. These other workers comprised Mrs Daggles, Ruth Daggles, Adam Gray, and a boy. It was almost a family affair, this chain-shop of the Rathole. Adam Gray, though no relation, in fact, had won Ruth's heart, and was to marry her when—

But this brings us to the pathos of the place. Trade was extremely bad. It had steadily worsened for years. The big chain-factories had swallowed up scores of the domestic workshops. Not absorbed them, giving compensation for so doing; but driven them into extinction by the facilities they naturally obtained for underselling them. What became of them afterwards no one knew. The men and women left the neighbourhood, some well-nigh broken-hearted. The Stent district, though spoilt by these factories, is not without attraction; and after all, home is home, be it a palace in a shire, a hovel in Stent, or a single room in a Whitechapel alley.

The Daggles had come down in the world. Micah's father had been reputed a well-to-do man. The bankers of Stent had treated him with a certain deference that meant much in a pecuniary sense. His bills were always met, with never a word about extended time. There was then, too, a certain rude plenty in the old red house: meat on the table every day, and no lack of bones for the three white bulldogs which



for fully ten years seemed to occupy almost too much of old Daggie's spare time.

But the old man died one day, with a queer sort of smile on his face. 'Mebbe, Micah, thou'lt be a rich man—mebbe thou won't,' he murmured.

This oracular statement did not affect Micah much at the time. But after the funeral—with abundance of feathers, and half Stent at their doors uttering exclamations of rapture—Micah betook himself to the bank in his sleek Sunday clothes, and asked the manager to please to tell him how much money he had inherited. The old man had been mightily reserved. He always drew the wages himself, and attended to cheques and all commercial matters. His son was just a paid employee of his—rather more favoured than the rest of course, but little else. But the banker had merely lifted his eyebrows and said there was nothing in his hands to the late Mr Daggie's credit. There had been once upon a time, he allowed, a matter of thousands; but it had all been withdrawn. He rather fancied the chain-maker had invested it in land, was exceedingly surprised at the deceased man's reticence, and was sorry he could say nothing of a more satisfactory kind for Micah.

Time passed, and affairs stood as they did on this particular day of disappointment. No one knew in the least what had become of old Daggie's money. Micah had questioned every lawyer within ten miles of Stent on the subject, had, in fact, become liable for an astonishing number of six-and-eightpences quite to no purpose. And as the outcome, it appeared he was the heir to nothing in the world but the old workshop, the old red house adjacent, and a strip of soft ground behind, some twenty yards by five, which sloped towards a certain black brook between elder-bushes, famous for the size and number of its rats. Hence the style of the immediate neighbourhood: Rathole.

Micah had married three or four years before his father's death, and Ruth was born. In compliance with local custom, Mrs Daggie, when she was freed from the embarrassments attendant upon little Ruth's birth, had entered the workshop and wielded a hammer with the rest. She was a large woman, of the common Stent type: fond of bright Paisley shawls and drooping feathers to her bonnets, with a very red face, and great arms which made nothing of the ten-pound hammers. And she was not slow to proclaim her opinion that her husband's father had behaved very shabbily in doing away with the money she, in common with others, believed had been saved up for the next generation.

Since then, all sorts of discomfiting events had happened. The first large factory had been established—a huge haunting building of red brick with a tall chimney. Others had followed it; and now daily you might see men and lasses in troops entering the gates of the various works. Trade had languished, and the price of materials had risen, while the ability of Micah's customers to pay enhanced values had gone down. Little by little the old Daggie connection had died off. It was not easy—it seemed almost impossible—to get new patrons. These were secured by the big works. Nor was it easy to get workers to grub and hammer in the pokey little domestic

forge, when in the large establishments they got higher wages, better and a more extensive society, and where the sanitary conditions were better cared for.

Thus, from eight paid hammerers, the workshop had fallen to one—young Adam Gray. The odd lad who took charge of one of the bellows was of small account. Adam Gray was an anomaly in Stent. He had none of the braggart, self-assertive ways of the other chain-makers; nor did he care two pins about pigeon-flying, horse-racing, coursing, or poaching, which were the favourite holiday pursuits of the districts. He was a quiet, almost a moping sort of lad, with long hair and a reflective look. Mrs Daggie did not think much of him; but she forebore to tell him so, fearful lest he, like his predecessors, should straightway give notice. Micah, on the other hand, had a certain regard for the lad. There was something in Adam's face and in such of his mind as he exhibited that convinced Mr Daggie that his assistant was not, as Mrs Daggie playfully expressed it more than once, 'such a fool as he looked.' Adam had a fine pair of brown eyes. He was, besides, strong in the arm and phenomenally industrious.

Ruth Daggie had entered the workshop in her tenth year. That was before state legislation made it penal to employ young girls at hard chain-work. She was a delicate little slip of maidenhood, and Adam from the first resented seeing her little arms bared to such work as she had to do. The attachment that grew up naturally between them increased with the years. Ruth, though distinctly pretty in a fragile way, was almost as shy a girl as Adam was diffident among mankind. The two went about together, much to the amusement of Stent. Mrs Daggie did not appreciate such a courtship. But Micah said: 'Let 'a be—the lad's a good un, and the wench loves him. I'll ha' no comin' between um.'

This was how matters stood in the Daggie household when Micah flung away his hammer and breathed with satisfaction. He adopted the conventional division of the day that Adam might have the less cause for discontent with the lower rate of wages he received, and, for Ruth's sake, received willingly. All four left the workshop as if it were a Purgatory, as in truth it was that day.

'Put on thy coat, wench,' said Micah when he saw Ruth bare-armed to the shoulder, and with her dress open at the throat, inhaling the scant July breeze with avidity. Her little face was sadly pale, and her blue eyes seemed preternaturally large. But ere Micah had finished speaking Adam had anticipated him.

'I dunnot want it, Adam,' murmured the girl as she fidgeted under the cloak.

'You'd catch a cold, else; you are such a one for colds, Ruth.'

A sudden rush of petulance took possession of the girl. It was not wonderful. The poor lass had been worked beyond her strength. Chain-making is never an agreeable employment. The hot days of summer had told upon her.

'I'd like rarely to catch a cold as should carry me right away to the churchyard—that I would,' she exclaimed. Tears broke from the blue eyes as she said these naughty, though not unpardonable words.

Micah looked at his daughter in surprise, and his face assumed an expression of grievous anxiety. None knew better than he how little chance there seemed of excusing Ruth from the work she did in the forge. The bellows must be blown. The lad could not attend to two pair at once; nor could he, Micah, afford to pay another hand. Things seemed almost desperate with him.

'Come, my wench,' he said nevertheless, with a tone of tenderness that in the grimed and wrinkled man was very touching, 'keep up thy heart; joy cometh in the morning, the Book says.—Bring her in, Adam, lad, to her dinner. I wouldn't be surprised, not I, if there was to be a bit of pork on the table to-day. Thou wert allers a good little un for pork, Ruth.'

The girl surrendered herself to Adam.

'I'm so tired,' she whispered. 'I didna mean to bother poor feyther.'

Adam stooped and kissed the pale face, where a tear was beginning to run. 'Your father's right,' he said. 'Never fear; it'll be better by-and-by. I had a black dream last night—it goes by contraries, you know, dear. I'll work the extra this evening, and you shall go at five.'

The tear-dimmed look that Ruth gave him was enough reward to Adam for his offer of self-sacrifice.

Then they went in to dinner, which did in fact include some salt pork with the potatoes. Salt pork, potatoes, and bread do not make up a great meal; but they dined worse three days in the week.

Yet another shock was destined, however, to come upon Micah Daggle that afternoon. They had hardly begun to work again when a black-coated young man appeared with a paper. 'Mr Branstone has sent me with this, Mr Daggle,' he said. 'I'm sorry to have to bring it.'

'What is it, sir?' asked the chain-maker, looking about for his iron spectacles. 'There be no papers due yet awhile.'

'It's about the mortgage. Those people want to build another factory; and unless you can pay, I'm afraid they mean to foreclose, take possession, you know, and just pull down your place.'

'Pull down this 'ere house, which was my gran'feyther's?' exclaimed Daggle.

'That's just it, Mr Daggle. But you must try and find the money.'

'I canna do that, sir. I'd as well hope to find a gold mine. Well-a-day, it be hard!—How much time do they give me?'

'A month, Mr Daggle.'

'One month—only a month. Well, if the Lord dunnot provide in that time, they shall have their will o' me, sir.—I wish you good-day.'

## II.

August opened very wet in Stent. The black brook of the Rathole surged in its bed with a riotous music that was never heard except in flood-times. For a week it rained daily—heavy tempestuous downpours, with big drops. It was good weather neither for farmers nor chain-makers.

Micah Daggle and all in his shop were, however, less concerned about the weather than about

the calamity that was impending over them. On the 14th of the month, if money was not found, they would have to go elsewhere.

'It'll just break my heart, though I winna say nowt about it,' said Micah to Adam one day. 'To which young Gray made no reply. What reply could he have made?'

There were snatches of talk between them about America, or joining one of the large factories as paid hands. It would have to be one or the other. There was no money for the passage to New York. The issue, therefore, seemed a foregone conclusion. But it was a sad come-down for Micah, whose father and grandfather had both been independent employers of labour themselves.

'If only,' began Adam one evening as they sat in the gloaming under a stunted old apple-tree, and listened to the tumult of the stream—'if only I could get some one to take up this idea of mine!'

Adam had the self-contained temperament of the inventor. He had already made two or three clever improvements in the domestic machinery, which, from his ignorance of common protective measures, had soon become public property. Of late, however, he had, as he fancied, conceived a plan by which chain-production might be increased in a very simple manner. He was so fearful that this also should get appropriated, that he let no one into the secret except just Micah and Ruth. Money was necessary to test it fairly, and he had nothing like enough money for the purpose. Hardly had he said these words, when they both heard a cracking sound. Immediately afterwards Mrs Daggle and Ruth came running down the little puddly garden path.

'Th' house's falling, Micah!' cried Mrs Daggle.

They stood all together by the ancient apple-tree and watched.

A thin smile stole over Micah's face. 'I knew,' he said, 'as my gran'feyther 'ud never let owt but Daggles have to do wi' it.'

'Still, it would be such a pity if it was to break down now,' added Adam. 'It's the damp. There's been crownins' in all over Stent. You know that pub. by Rachel Row, the *Gammon of Bacon*. Well, it sank three feet last Sunday night, and none on 'em knew about it till they got up and found the sitting-parlour windows level with the ground.'

Ruth had instinctively ranged herself by Adam, whose arm, also instinctively, was round her neck.

'Tales like them bean't over-comforting,' observed Mrs Daggle snappishly. 'It 'ud be fine and nice to be wi'out a roof to our heads—in this rain and all.'

They waited for half an hour; then, no further symptoms of collapse having declared itself, they slowly re-entered the house.

'It's a mossul o' one side,' said Micah with a forced laugh as he lurched against the right-hand wall. 'But that's nothing,' he added hastily. 'There's a many houses in Stent as has been like that for years an' years, an' never the worse for it.'

Adam looked dubious, and his eyes wavered between Ruth and the tallow candle in the kitchen, which could be seen guttering at a considerable angle on the table. 'I'll fetch Jake

Carter,' he exclaimed as he snatched up his cap; 'he'll know if it's safe.'

Jake Carter soon came, laughed at the idea that there was any real danger in a house so slightly tilted, and then went away, refusing the glass of beer that was offered to him.

An hour after this the house was wrapped in utter darkness. The Daggles and Adam were all abed, and the heavy rain and the noisy brook echoed about it.

But Jake Carter's wisdom on this occasion was at fault. Towards one o'clock, when the heavens seemed like to be wholly liquidated upon the earth, there was another resounding crack throughout the house, and in an instant the back part of the building, on the side which had already yielded, broke into the ground. The loss of equilibrium sent the chimney-pots flying; and one of the inner walls fell with a crash. The lesser noise of breaking china and sliding furniture could also be heard, followed by a scream from Ruth, and Micah's and Mrs Daggles' voices intermingled.

Adam slept on the ground-floor, in the room in which Micah's father had died. It was just here that the subsidence was most emphatic. He awoke with a sense of calamity upon him, heard the clamour of the general ruin, and was then sensible that his head was much lower than his heels. In this uncomfortable position he heard something else. If it was not the clink of gold pieces in numbers, then his recollection of the sound as he had heard it in the bank when he had changed a cheque for Micah was much disordered for the moment. However, he did not heed this agreeable music. He was much encumbered, and all his wits were necessary to enable him to get out of bed and grovel upon his hands and knees towards the door. Ruth's cries much stimulated him.

An hour passed, and then all the four members of the household were reunited outside in the drenching night. No one was hurt. Ruth had been merely frightened. She was quite calm again, now that Adam had her in charge.

They went to a neighbour's house, where they were given such accommodation as was possible. Here it was that Adam recalled to mind the noise of gold pieces.

'Micah,' he said, 'if there is not money in the house, my hearing is at fault. It was like bagfuls of it breaking against each other.'

At first the chain-maker made light of the matter. 'Thou wert but half awake, lad, an' it was the glasses bursting thou heardst.' Later, however, he suddenly became serious. 'See,' he whispered; 'the daylight is here, an' it doan't rain so much. What dost say—us two'll just step across an' look at th' ould place.'

Mrs Daggles, too, wished to accompany them, mindful of her Sunday gowns, a favourite kitchen clock, and certain other articles she wished to secure from possible ruin. But Micah bade her lie down again and keep Ruth company.

They had much ado to get into the building, and could move in it only on their hands and knees. But the moment they were in Adam's room the truth of his tale was evident. A timber had started from the wall and knocked out several bricks; and with the bricks three boxes had come out. These latter lay in a heap in the sunken corner with a number of sovereigns still

in them. As for the coins that had got dislodged, they were in double handfuls in the corner of the room. There was also another similar box still in the hole whence the others had tumbled, and this, too, proved to be full of gold.

The two men sat on the floor and looked at each other. Adam was the first to speak. 'I knew that good would come of it, Micah; though I'll allow I hadn't much hope how it would come.'

'It's my feyther's savings—there beann't a doubt in the matter,' retorted Micah. 'Praise the Lord, for sure good hev come from this evil.'

Then they set to work and collected the coins. They replaced them in the boxes, which were just ordinary workshop boxes for chain-litter, and without lids. And carrying them in their arms, sweetly conscious of their weightiness, they returned to the house, where Mrs Daggles and Ruth lay awaiting them.

'See what we've found, my dears,' cried old Micah joyfully as he plumped his burden upon the floor. 'We're rich for life—all four on us.—An' we'll hev your invention put up in Lunnon, Adam, where they're all fine an' honest, I've heerd tell. An' you shall hev the wench here whenever she likes to say "I'll hev you."'

Adam laughed somewhat shyly. Mrs Daggles was too much occupied with the gold to heed anything else.

'I think, Master,' said Adam, 'I'll be wise to strike while my chance is warm.—Will it be "Yes," Ruth, if I ask you now this very minute?' He took the girl's hand, she assenting, with a happy light in her eyes. 'I've loved you ever since you were a mite—you know I have,' proceeded Adam. 'Will you be my wife for better or worse, Ruth?'

The 'Yes, Adam' of her reply was fully as cordial as the young man could have desired it to be.

There were six thousand five hundred sovereigns in the boxes—quite enough, as Micah said, to set up a big chain-factory if he had a mind to build it. But he preferred to live on the interest of it in a snug house outside Stent. The five hundred pounds that were appropriated to further Adam's invention turned out a remarkably good investment. It did not result in a fortune, but it brought in a very comfortable living for Adam and his wife.

## A CURIOUS CALLING.

'WHAT! never heard of a "husher?" Then we'll interview one.'

My friend who made this remark had been employed as an enumerator during the last Census, and his work had brought him into contact with men and women following remarkably curious occupations in order to procure the means of existence. Of these the trade of a husher is certainly not the best known to the general public.

Hushers, I discovered, was a name given to those men who make a living by raking away the accumulated mud from the walls and grubbing and hunting for unconsidered and other trifles in the sickening effluvia of the metro-



politan sewers. The reader might well be pardoned if he imagines that these men are small and emaciated, with pallid countenance and one-foot-in-the-grave appearance. That this is not the case was vouched for by the singularly strong and robust individual we interviewed. He had worked some thirty-five years as a husher, and had never experienced a day's illness in his life. His appearance was so florid and healthy, that I suggested he might be an exception among those who followed this odorous occupation. Not so, however; as a class, these men are remarkably healthy, and escape sickness of all kinds in a manner astonishing. This fact, as true as it is unaccountable, has always been a puzzle to doctors generally. The hushers themselves never tire of declaring they receive great benefit from the gases they inhale in the sewers. Be this as it may, their lot does not seem to be a particularly happy one, although the average earnings of each man in a gang of five or six are better than those of an ordinary artisan.

For several reasons, hushers invariably work in gangs, each gang being accompanied by an old hand, who knows every inch of the ground, and is capable of conducting them all over underground London. Under his guidance—without which they would soon lose themselves—they travel long distances, and are enabled to scour not only the main sewers but also many of the smaller branches. A good lookout man is also posted at the entrance. The absolute necessity of this individual may be judged by mentioning the fact that should a shower of rain come on suddenly, the hushers would, unless warned, be washed into the river.

Until recently, the not very prepossessing entrances to the main sewers could be seen by any one travelling down the river by boat, and the general public could enter them if they so wished. These entrances have now been blocked by the authorities. The hushers are therefore 'barred' by heavy iron gates from entering the main sewers direct, and have consequently to make their way first of all through the smaller passages before reaching their hunting-grounds.

Before commencing operations each man in a gang provides himself with a bull's-eye lantern, a canvas apron, and a pole some seven or eight feet in length, having an iron attachment at one end somewhat in the shape of a hoe. For greater convenience, the lantern is invariably fixed to the right shoulder, so that when walking, the light is thrown ahead; and when stooping, its rays shine directly to their feet. Thus accoutred they walk slowly along through the mud, feeling with their naked feet for anything unusual, at the same time raking the accumulation from the walls and picking from the crevices any article they see. Nothing is allowed to escape them, no matter what its value, provided it is not valueless. Old iron, pieces of rope, bones, current coin of the realm, and articles of plate and jewellery—all is good fish which comes to the husher's net.

With 'funds' in the way of coins of course the 'humble penny' predominates. Sixpences and shillings, however, often increase the value of the collection; and at rare intervals—too rare to please the husher—half-sovereigns and even sovereigns are discovered. Like the flies in

amber, the mystery is how they got there. Among other articles of intrinsic worth, silver spoons are most often found, although shirt-studs, diamond rings, silver drinking-vessels, and many other quite-out-of-place articles swell the list from time to time. Lucky finds such as those above mentioned do not deter the husher from keeping a sharp lookout for less valuable articles as they float by. His 'eagle eye' from long practice is capable of judging the worth of the floating refuse before it would be even discernible to the ordinary observer. Mile after mile does the sewer-hunter traverse underground, until a tolerably heavy bag is a result of his labour. Night or day is all one to the husher. Some gangs enter the sewers at night and work on until morning, while others carry out the search only during the daytime. Rats abound everywhere, some of them being of enormous size, large enough to frighten any beginner at the game. The experienced husher, however, takes no notice of them; and the rats are only too pleased to sneak away in the darkness.

When a gang has done a fair day or night's work and leave the sewer, the first business is to sort and divide the spoil. The saleable goods, such as bones, rope, rags, &c., are disposed of to the marine-store dealer; and any articles of silver plate or jewellery are pledged. The proceeds are then added to any money found during the work, and the whole is equally divided among the gang. The average earnings, taking the year through, are about seven shillings per day each man, this sum being greatly exceeded if a man happens to join a 'lucky' gang. This peculiar line of business has not as yet suffered from over-competition.

#### SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES, when life seems wonderfully dear,

When heart and spirit bound with untold mirth

For very gladness of our God-given birth,

And all the happinesses round us here;

When blossoms throng our pathway, skies are clear,

And loved and loving ones are by our side,

Until it seems in all the horizon wide

No touch of sorrow ever could appear;

Then sometimes, in a moment, at a word,

Some memory—a child's sad, lonely cry—

The mournful note of some wild stricken bird—

A look of anguish in some dumb thing's eye—

Will fill the heart with such a weight of grief,

That bitter tears alone will bring relief.

FEODORA BELL.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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## AUSTRALASIAN BANKS AND BRITISH DEPOSITS.

A LITTLE over forty-three millions of British money, the main portion of which comes from Scotland, is at present deposited with the banks in Australasia. This of itself forms sufficient reason why the depositor should know about these banks. But, in addition, there has been a severe crisis in the Antipodes; about fifty financial institutions, including so-called land banks, have toppled down, and in their fall have of necessity more or less involved the ordinary banks of issue. These, in fact, have suffered losses during the last seven years owing to failures and disasters, according to the estimate of the *Australasian Insurance and Banking Record*, of not less than four and a half millions sterling, and one has had to close its doors.

It is now three-quarters of a century since the first bank was established in Australia—namely, the Bank of New South Wales in 1817. The number of Australasian banks is now twenty-five with 1713 branches—a goodly number for a population of four millions. Many of the bank offices are palatial buildings, such, for instance, as the premises of the Australian Joint-stock Bank in Sydney, which are said to be the finest of the kind in the world. Some of the branch banks, however, are in small country townships consisting of collections for the most part of wooden shanties, where one would hardly think it worth while to set down a branch in the parent country. But they must surely pay or they would not be maintained, and they are easily abandoned if unprofitable. In the up-country branches, firearms are as indispensable an article of furniture as the coal-scuttle; and it is the duty of the Inspector on his periodical visits to see that the revolvers are in order and that a supply of ammunition is in hand. The country managers keep a horse at the bank's expense to visit the farmers, and are often at work in boots and breeches. So very different from the staid and decorously habilitated

banker of the home type! The banker's office hours are nine A.M. to five P.M. in the big towns. As to salaries, an officer of two years' standing usually gets sixty pounds; one of six or eight years' service may have from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds per annum.

Most of the Australasian banks have offices, and some of them head offices, in London; and certain of the banks have established what is termed a London Register. A London Register is a Register of Shareholders who have subscribed to an issue of shares in London. The shares on the London Register cannot be transferred to the Colonial Register, nor can shares on the Colonial Register be transferred to London. Australian bank shares command a higher price in the London market, usually ten per cent. more than the price ruling in the colonies. The reason for this is that the Antipodeans expect a better return for their capital. If an Australian bank wants to float an issue of shares here, it must open a London Register and obtain a quotation on the Stock Exchange to enable free dealings to take place in the shares. The shares on the Colonial Register are not negotiable here, and buyers or sellers in this country must appoint an attorney to act for them in the colony if they wish to operate.

A London Register does much to increase the prestige and influence of the bank adopting it in Great Britain. It is of importance also to found jurisdiction on in case of litigation. Depositors like to see the shares of the bank in which they are interested quoted in the newspapers, as it affords them an index—often the only one available to them—to the prosperity of the institution, and the consequent safety of their hoard. If a bank's shares stand at a good premium, it is fair to infer as a general rule that its credit is good and its position sound. A high price on the London Stock Exchange is at any rate a very substantial argument.

But the London Register has its disadvantages. Troubles in the Antipodes, either personal to the

bank or resulting indirectly, have an instant influence on quotations, and set depositors thinking; whereas if there were no London Register, and consequently no quotation of shares, they would be in 'happy ignorance.' The heavy selling of shares and depression of price constitute a great source of danger to a bank. A case in point is the Agra and Masterman's Bank, which was wrecked in 1866 by Stock Exchange 'bears.' This led to the passing of Leeman's Act, which provided that a sale of bank shares shall be invalid unless the numbers of the shares are stated in the contract.

It may be asked, wherein lies the security to a depositor?—in the paid-up capital, the reserve fund, or the reserve liability? In our opinion, it is in all the three; yet the principal security is without doubt the reserve liability. An ample capital is a necessity; yet on how comparatively small a capital some of the Australian banks have been rearing a magnificent fabric of deposits. One bank with six hundred thousand pounds of paid-up capital has accumulated deposits, in this case gathered mainly in the colonies, to the extent of twelve millions, and pays a dividend of twenty-five per cent. The reserve funds of the Australian banks total a little more than half the amount of the paid-up capital. A reserve fund is very desirable as a security; it is the bank's absolute property; it consists of undivided profits; and it cannot be redemanded like deposit money. Yet there have been notable cases of failure on the part of banks possessing good reserve funds, such as the Cape of Good Hope Bank; and recent disclosures have led depositors to pay more attention to reserve liability, which is by far the most important security from their point of view. A very slight depreciation in assets will wipe out most reserve funds. In one bank which was ultimately amalgamated with another the depreciation was as much as twenty-five per cent. Take the case of a big bank with, say, a capital and reserve fund of one and a quarter million, and twelve millions of assets. A depreciation of ten per cent. in assets would absorb all its capital and reserve. Any one who knows the nature of bank assets, the stone and lime holdings, the advances on goods and stock, the expense of liquidation and of litigation, and the bad debts, knows that in times of forced realisation from shareholders and the bank's debtors there is unfortunately ample room for depreciation. But with a Register of Shareholders who are personally liable for a certain amount of reserved liability, the depositor should feel more secure. The amount is intact, that is, it cannot be drawn on save in the event of liquidation. The depositor should satisfy himself, however, that the shareholders are not 'dummies'—that is, fictitious persons—but that they have a real existence, and are more or less in credit.

The paid-up capital of the Australasian banks amounts to nearly sixteen millions; and the total capital liability—callable and reserved under charter—is about twenty-three and a half millions sterling. It appears that, in terms of the Acts of Incorporation under which most of the banks are constituted, the liability of the shareholders is limited to double the amount of their shares; and shareholders are made responsible to this extent in the interest of the bank's creditors,

who, if this provision had not existed, would otherwise have had no redress in the event of the assets of the banks failing to satisfy their claims. The bank with the greatest amount of capital liability is the Union Bank of Australia, which has a million and a half of paid-up, and three millions of callable capital. The Bank of Australasia has £1,600,000 paid up, and a reserve liability of like amount; and the Commercial Bank of Australia has a capital of three millions, of which £1,200,000 is paid up.

While on the subject of capital, we should mention a peculiar method adopted by one of the banks—the Union Bank of Australia—in the way of capitalising a portion of its deposit money. It has £750,000 of what it terms 'Inscribed Stock Deposits.' This Deposit stock is guaranteed a return of four per cent; but it can only be realised by sale on 'Change and on conditions defined by the bank. The object of establishing this stock was to obtain money which was not liable to be withdrawn, as is the case with ordinary deposits.

An additional security offered to depositors in the Melbourne banks is afforded in the fact, as stated in the Melbourne *Argus* of 29th March 1892, that, at a meeting of the associated banks, held on the previous day, it was resolved to announce: 'That the associated banks in Melbourne have agreed upon mutually satisfactory conditions, on which they will extend their joint support to any one of their number requiring it.' The names of the ten associated banks in Melbourne are as under: Bank of Australasia, Bank of Victoria (Limited), City of Melbourne Bank (Limited), Colonial Bank of Australasia, Commercial Bank of Australia (Limited), English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered Bank, Federal Bank of Australia (Limited), London Chartered Bank of Australia, National Bank of Australasia, Union Bank of Australia (Limited). One Sydney bank, the Bank of New South Wales, although not one of the associated banks in Melbourne, has joined in this alliance for mutual support. It was estimated a couple of years ago that these Victorian banks held among them somewhere from fifteen to twenty millions of British deposit money, and it is expected that in the other colonies, notably New South Wales, the banks there will similarly federate for self-protection to the benefit of the British depositor.

Another security offered to depositors consists in the opportunity which they have of insuring their bank deposits with companies transacting this class of business. For the benefit of intending insurers we may name several companies which are mentioned by the *Bankers' Magazine* of London—namely, the Mortgage Insurance Corporation, the Securities Insurance Company (Limited), and the Law Guarantee and Trust Society (Limited). These insure bank deposits, bonds, debts, and all classes of securities and investments, granting policies of insurance therefor at a premium usually of two shillings and sixpence per cent. Amongst other companies undertaking the guarantee of deposits are the Liverpool Mortgage Insurance Company, the Insurance Trust and Agency (Limited), and the Lancashire Trust and Mortgage Insurance Corporation. These companies appear to act on the doctrine of averages and to limit their risks in



each particular bank. They do not disclose what the amount of that risk is, nor do they publish the extent of their transactions, probably from the circumstance that this class of business is novel and tentative. As the premium of insurance is so small, there is much to be said in favour of thus insuring the repayment of deposits made with the weaker banks. If a bank gets into any discredit, the companies will either refuse to insure or raise their rates considerably. As much as fifteen shillings per cent. premium has been asked in a doubtful case. The underwriters at Lloyd's also bid for business of this kind, and they will insure the deposits of a bank in difficulties in the same way and at something approaching the same rates of premium as they charge for the insurance of a ship which is long overdue.

The Australasian banks allow no interest in the colonies on current accounts. On deposits for fixed periods, from three months to five years, rates are allowed varying from three to five per cent., as the case may be. These rates are fixed in the various colonies by agreement among the banks so as to keep down the evils of excessive competition. But the rates offered in this country to British depositors are not so regulated. Each bank fixes its own terms, which are entirely dependent on its money needs. If it has a plethora of deposits, it offers less inducement; but if it requires money, say, to float a colonial loan or make advances generally, it raises its rates to the British public accordingly.

The rates charged recently by the Australasian banks for advances averaged eight per cent. for overdrafts; and for discounts, nine to ten per cent. The advances of the Australasian banks amount to the large sum of about one hundred and forty-three millions to a population of four millions. A critic remarking on this, has asked: 'Is there one farmer in ten in any of these colonies who is not in debt for his land, or who has not obtained advances upon his growing crops? Is there one house in ten in Melbourne or Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, or Wellington, without a mortgage on it?' This leads us to remark how very different is the Australian banks' system of lending money from what it is in this country. Here we think it bad banking to lend on goods or material possessions, and only do so in very exceptional cases, personal security which can be turned into cash being much preferred. But in Australasia the security in the great majority of cases consists of mortgages on land, farms, and houses, especially in the country, it being the only security that country-people have. Then there are personal guarantees, also liens over stock, crops, wool, &c.

In regard to what are termed pastoral advances, the late Mr Brett said that it might fairly be assumed that fully two-thirds of 'all debts due to the banks' in Australasia were directly or indirectly based upon pastoral securities, connected with the occupation of grazing-land, which is mostly the unalienated property of the Crown. Wool is impledged by a document which confers a preferable lien over the wool in favour of the bank, fixes the rate of interest on the loan, and stipulates that the sheep shall be shorn and the wool delivered to, or sold for behoof of, the lending bank. If any of these conditions are not com-

plied with, the bank as lienor can take possession of the stock at any moment for such purpose.

It may be asked how the Australasian banks have managed to secure so much British deposit money, which, by the way, does not appear to be diminishing in amount, since it is stated in the *Australasian Banking Record* that an increase of three and a half millions in the total had taken place during the past year. It may be mentioned that the Australian money deposited with the banks in the colonies amounts to one hundred and ten millions. The popularity of British depositing with Australian banks is primarily due to the favourable conditions attaching to the deposit receipts, the interest on which is paid to the depositor by warrant issued half-yearly for the interest due, less the income tax. But the great success which deposit-seeking institutions have met with in Scotland is to be ascribed to the efforts of agents representing the banks, who, under the stimulus of a small commission of usually two shillings and sixpence per cent., gather in much deposit money. Investors ordinarily leave the disposal of their funds in the discretion of their factors and lawyers, and these gentlemen have been valuable allies to the Australian banks in this way. There is, moreover, a scarcity of secure investments, and the amount of money seeking investment is growing greater day by day.

The present crisis in Australia has been intensified by the speculative action of many of the land and building companies, or, as they misname themselves, 'land banks.' These and other financial companies have likewise drawn much deposit money through their agents here offering higher rates than the ordinary banks. The result of this influx of British money was to encourage a fictitious trading and operating in land. The constant tendency of land to rise in price proved tempting to many of the companies, who bought and mortgaged properties in order, by selling them again, to make money out of them. Land reached such inflated values that, in some cases, house property and land in the vicinity of Melbourne fetched higher prices than in the immediate neighbourhood of London. A period of inflation has been followed by a time of depression, and the present prices of town properties in those colonies affected by the land 'boom' are as much below the real value as they were formerly above it. Fortunately, the land 'boom' was to a great extent local, and its effects were not felt in all the colonies or in all parts of any one. Most of the banks are represented in several colonies; so, when trade is bad and losses are made in one colony, they may be reaping profits in another.

But although, through its association with land institutions as clients, banking in Australasia has suffered some losses, there can be no question as to the future of Australia as a whole. It has advanced with such leaps and bounds that its 'resistless march' cannot long be stayed. The largest island in the world, it is more than twenty-six times the size of the United Kingdom, more than fifteen times as large as France, more than half as large again as Russia in Europe, and almost equal in extent to the Continent of Europe, or to the United States of America. So says the Government Statist of New South

Wales, who adds that the British Empire extends over an area of 8,040,000 square miles, so that nearly two-fifths of its area is embraced within the limits of the seven colonies. In 1889 it had one hundred millions of sheep, nine and a half millions of cattle, one and a half million of horses, and more than a million of swine. The year's value of wool grown was twenty million pounds, of other pastoral produce fifteen millions, of agricultural produce twenty-five millions, and of dairy produce seven millions. The total capital value of pastoral property, including stock, freehold land, improvements, and plant, is four hundred and seventeen millions sterling.

Everywhere signs of the latest improvements are visible. Owing to the uncertain rainfalls and recurring droughts, tanks and wells have been dug in many places. In New South Wales alone four millions have been spent in the construction of tanks for large storage purposes. Even wire-fenced paddocks have been provided for the sheep. The railway lines which belong to Government extend to more than fifteen thousand miles. It is acknowledged that on these and other public works too much public money has been expended, and one result is that the present public debt of the colonies is nearly two hundred millions sterling. The interest on this will partly be met out of the large revenues derived from the Government railways and harbours, and partly from the industrial earnings of the community, and it is of importance that the credit of the country be maintained, so that the loans which fall to be renewed may be taken up at the same low rates as at present. And as the loans are frequently financed by the banks, the more credit that the colonies enjoy for financial and administrative power, the better will it be for the banks, whose wealth is bound up with that of the whole community.

### BLOOD ROYAL.\*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *In All Shades, This Mortal Coil, &c.*

#### CHAPTER VII.—AFFAIRS OF THE HEART.

THE return to Chiddingwick was a triumphal entry. Before seven o'clock that evening, when the South-eastern train crawled at its accustomed leisurely pace, with a few weary gasps, into Chiddingwick Station, Mr Plantagenet had spread the news of his son's success broadcast through the town, *vid* the *White Horse* parlour. Already, on the strength of Dick's great achievement, he had become the partaker, at other people's expense, of no fewer than three separate brandies and sodas; which simple Bacchic rites, more frequently repeated, would have left him almost incapable of meeting the hero of the hour with suitable effect, had not Maud impounded him, so to speak, by main force after five o'clock tea, and compelled him to remain under strict supervision in the domestic jail till the eve of Dick's arrival.

Dick jumped out, all eagerness. On the platform, his mother stood waiting to receive him, proud but tearful, for to her, good woman, the glories of the Plantagenet name were far less a

matter of interest than the thought of losing for the best part of three years the mainstay of the family. Maud was there, too, beaming over with pure delight, and even prouder than she had ever been in her life before of her handsome brother. Mr Plantagenet himself really rose for once to the dignity of the occasion, and instead of greeting Richard with the theatrical grace and professional flourish he had originally contemplated, forgot in the hurry of the moment the high-flown speech he had mentally composed for delivery on the platform, and only remembered to grasp his son's hand hard with genuine warmth as he murmured, in some broken and inarticulate way: 'My boy, my dear boy, we're all so pleased and delighted to hear it.' He reflected afterwards with regret, to be sure, that he had thrown away a magnificent opportunity for a most effective display by his stupid emotion; but Dick was the gainer by it. Never before in his life did he remember to have seen his father act or speak with so much simple and natural dignity.

All Chiddingwick, indeed, rejoiced with their joy. For Chiddingwick, we know, was proud in its way of the Plantagenets. Did not the most respectable families send their children to take dancing lessons at the *White Horse* Assembly Rooms from the disreputable old scamp, on the strength of his name, his faded literary character, and his shadowy claim to regal ancestry? The station-master himself, that mighty man in office, shook hands with 'Mr Richard' immediately on his arrival; the porters presented him with a bouquet of white pinks fresh plucked from the Company's garden; and even Mr Wells raised his hat to his late assistant with full consciousness of what respect was due from a country tradesman to a gentleman who had been admitted with flying colours to 'Oxford College.' Dick's progress up the High Street was one long shaking of many friendly hands; and if that benevolent soul, Mr Trevor Gillingham, of Rugby School, could only have seen the deep interest which his rival's success excited in an entire community, he would have felt more than ever, what he frequently told all his Sixth Form friends, that he was glad he'd been able 'practically to retire' in favour of a young man so popular and so deserving.

And then, after the first flush of delight in his victory had worn off, there grew up in Richard's mind the more practical question of ways and means: what was he to do with his time in the interval, till term began in October? Neither his father nor Mr Wells would hear of his returning meanwhile to his old employment.

'No, no, Dick—Mr Richard, I mean,' the good bookseller said seriously. 'For your sake and the business's, I couldn't dream of permitting it. It's out of place entirely. A scholar of Durham College, Oxford, mustn't soil his hands with waiting in a shop. It wouldn't be respectable. No self-respecting tradesman can have a gentleman in your present position standing behind his counter. I call it untradesman-like. It's calculated to upset the natural and proper relations of classes. You must look out for some work more suited to your existing position and prospects; and I must look out for an assistant in turn who ain't a member of an ancient and respected university.'

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Dick admitted with a sigh the eternal fitness of Mr Wells's view; but at the same time he wondered what work on earth he could get which would allow him to earn his livelihood for the moment without interfering with the new and unpractical dignity of a Scholar of Durham College, Oxford. He had saved enough from his wages to eke out his Scholarship and enable him to live very economically at the university: but he must bridge over the time between now and October without trenching upon the little nest-egg laid by for the future.

As often happens, chance stepped in at the very nick of time to fill up the vacancy. At the rectory that night, Mr Tradescant was talking over with his wife the question of a tutor for their eldest son, that prodigiously stupid boy of seventeen—a pure portent of ignorance—who was to go in for an army examination at the end of September. 'No, I won't send him away from home, Clara,' the rector broke out testily. 'It's no earthly use sending him away from home. He's far too lazy. Unless Arthur's under my own eye, he'll never work with any one. Let me see, he comes home from Marlborough on the 28th. We must get somebody somehow before then who'll be able to give him lessons at home, if possible. If he has two months and more of perfect idleness, he'll forget all he ever knew (which isn't much), and go up for examination with his mind a perfect blank, a *tabula rasa*, a sheet of white note-paper. And yet, unless we get a tutor down from town every day—which would run into money—I'm sure I don't know who the—person is we could possibly get to teach him.'

Mary Tudor was sitting by; and being a very young and inexperienced girl, she hadn't yet learned that the perfect governess, when she hears her employers discuss their private affairs, should behave as though her ears were only for ornament. (And Mary's, indeed, were extremely ornamental.) So she intervened with a suggestion—a thing no fully-trained young woman from a modern Agency would ever dream of doing. 'There's that Plantagenet boy, you know, Mrs Tradescant,' she remarked, without bearing him the slightest grudge for his curious behaviour over the bookbinding incident. 'He's just got a Scholarship at Oxford to-day, Mr Wells was telling me. I wonder if he would do? They say he's a very clever, well-read young fellow.'

The Reverend Hugh received the suggestion with considerable favour. 'Why, there's something in that, Miss Tudor,' he said, leaning back in his easy-chair. 'I'm glad you thought of it. The young man must be fairly well up in his work to have taken a Scholarship—a very good one, too, a hundred a year, at my own old college. I met Plantagenet this afternoon in the High Street, overflowing with it.—This is worth looking into, Clara: he's on the spot, you must bear in mind; and under the circumstances, I expect, he'd be in want of work, and—willing, I daresay, to take extremely little. He can't very well go back to Wells's, don't you see; and he can't afford to live at home without doing something.'

'The boy's as mad as a March hare, and not a very desirable companion for Arthur, you must feel yourself,' Mrs Tradescant answered, a little chillily, not over well pleased with Mary for

having ventured to interfere in so domestic a matter. 'And besides, there's the old man! Just consider the associations!'

'Well, he can't help being the son of his father,' the rector replied with a man's greater tolerance. 'He was born with that encumbrance. And as to companions, my dear, young Plantagenet's at anyrate a vast deal better than Reece and the groom, who seem to me to be Arthur's chief friends and allies whenever he's at home here. The boy may be mad, as you suggest: I daresay he is: but he's not too mad to get a Durham Scholarship; and I only wish Arthur had half his complaint in that matter. A fellow who can take a Scholarship at Durham's no fool, I can tell you. I'll inquire about his terms when I go into town to-morrow.'

And the Reverend Hugh did inquire accordingly, and found Dick's attainments so satisfactory for his purpose that he forthwith engaged the new scholar as tutor for Arthur, to come five days in the week and give four hours' tuition a day till the end of September, at a most modest salary, which to Dick nevertheless seemed as the very wealth of Croesus. Not till long after did Dick know that he owed this appointment in the first instance to a chance word of Mary Tudor's. Nor did Mary suspect, when out of pure goodness of heart and sympathy for a deserving and struggling young man she suggested him for the appointment, that his engagement would be the occasion of throwing them too much together in future.

So luck would have it, however. Five days a week, Dick went up with his little strapped parcel of books to the rectory door, to engage in the uncongenial and well-nigh impossible task of endeavouring to drive the faint shadow of an idea into Arthur Tradescant's impenetrable cranium. It was work, hard work—but it had its compensations. For quite insensibly to both at first, it brought Dick and Mary a great deal into one another's society at many odd moments. In the very beginning, it is true, they only met quite by accident in the hall and passages or on the garden path; and Mary rather shrank from conversation with the young man who had been the hero of that curious episode about the binding of the Flora. But gradually the same chance threw them more and more into contact; besides, their relative positions had been somewhat altered meanwhile by Dick's success at Durham. He was now no longer the bookseller's young man, but a student who was shortly to go up to Oxford. This told with Mary, as it tells with all of us, almost without our knowing it. We can seldom separate the man from the artificial place he holds in our social system. Indeed, the very similarity of their positions in the household—his as tutor and hers as governess—made to some extent now a bond of union between them. Before many weeks were out, Mary had begun to look for Dick's pleasant smile of welcome when he arrived in the morning, and to see that the strange young man, whose grave demeanour and conscious self-respect had struck her so markedly that first day at Mr Wells's, had really after all a great deal in him.

The more Dick saw of Mary, too, the better he liked her. Just at first, to be sure, his impulse had been a mere freak of fancy, based on the



curious coincidence of their regal names; that alone, and nothing else, had made him think to himself he might possibly fall in love with her. But after a while the mere fancy counted for comparatively little; it was the woman herself, bright, cheery, sensible, that really attracted him. From the very beginning he had admired her; he soon learned to love her; and Mary for her part found it pleasant, indeed, that there was somebody in this social wilderness of Chiddingwick who genuinely cared for her. A governess's lot is as a rule a most lonely one, and sympathy in particular is passing dear to her. Now Dick was able to let Mary feel he sympathised with her silently in her utter loneliness; and Mary grew soon to be grateful to Dick in turn for his kindness and attention. She forgot the handsome shopman with the long yellow hair in the prospective glories of the Durham undergraduate.

The summer wore away, and the time drew near when Richard must begin to think about his preparations for going up to Oxford. A day or two before the date fixed for the meeting of the colleges, he was walking on the footpath that runs obliquely across the fields which stretch up the long slope of the hill behind Chiddingwick. As he walked and reflected, he hardly noticed a light figure in a pretty print dress hurrying down the hillside towards him. As it approached, he looked up; a sudden thrill ran through him. It was Mary who was coming! How odd! He had been thinking about her that very moment! And yet not so odd, either; for how often he thought about her! He had been thinking just now that he couldn't bear to leave Chiddingwick without telling her how much she had lately become to him, and how very, very deeply he regretted leaving her. His face flushed at the sight and the thought; it seemed to him almost like an omen of success that she should happen to come up at the very moment when he was thinking such things of her. It was so unusual for Mary to go out beyond the rectory grounds by herself; still more unusual for her to be coming home alone so late in that particular direction. He raised his hat as she approached. 'Oh, Miss Tudor,' he cried shyly, with a young man's mixture of timidity and warmth, 'I'm so glad to see you here. I—I was just thinking about you. I want to have a talk with you.'

'And I was just thinking about you,' Mary answered more frankly, with a scarcely perceptible blush—the charming blush that comes over a good girl's face when she ventures to say something really kind and sympathetic to a man she cares for. 'I was thinking how very soon we're going to lose you.' And as she said it, she reflected to herself what a very different young man this pleasant intelligent Oxford scholar seemed to her now from the singular person who had insisted, three months back, on putting her monogram with the Tudor rose on the *British Flora*!

'No, were you really?' Dick cried, with a glowing cheek, much deeper red than her own. 'Now that *was* just kind of you. You can't think how much pleasanter and happier in every way you've made my time at the rectory for me.' And he glanced down into her liquid eyes with grateful devotion.

'I might say the same thing to you,' Mary answered, very low, hardly knowing whether it was quite right of her even to admit such reciprocity.

Dick's face was on fire with ingenuous delight. 'No, you can't mean to say that?' he exclaimed, a delicious little thrill coursing through him to the finger-tips. 'Oh, how very, very kind of you!' He hesitated a moment; then he added with a tremor: 'You needn't walk so fast, you know. I may just turn round and walk back with you, mayn't I?'

'I don't quite know,' Mary answered, looking round her, a little uncertain. She didn't feel sure in her own heart whether she ought to allow him. He was a very nice fellow, to be sure, and she liked him immensely, now she'd got to know him; but would Mrs Tradescant approve of her permitting him to accompany her? 'Perhaps you'd better not'—she faltered again—but her lingering tones belied her words. 'I'm—I'm in a hurry to get home. I really mustn't wait a minute.'

In spite of what she said, however, Dick continued—just like a man—to walk on by her side; and Mary, it must be admitted by the candid historian, took no great pains to prevent him. 'I'm so glad you say you'll miss me, Miss Tudor,' he began timidly, after a very long pause—oh, those eloquent pauses! 'For I too shall miss you. We've seen so much of each other, you know, these last six or eight weeks; and it's been such a pleasure to me.'

Mary answered nothing, but walked on faster than ever, as if in particular haste to return to the rectory, where they were really awaiting her. Still, a great round spot burned bright red in her cheek, and her poor throbbing heart gave a terrible flutter.

Dick tried to slacken the pace, but Mary wouldn't allow him. 'Do you know,' he went on, glancing down at her appealingly, 'it may seem a queer thing to you for a fellow to say, but until I met you, my sister Maud was the only girl I'd ever met whom I could consider—well—my equal.'

He said it quite simply, with all the pride of a Plantagenet; and as he spoke, Mary felt conscious to herself that whatever else Dick might be, after all he was a gentleman. Yes, and in spite of old Mr Plantagenet's many obvious faults, a descendant of gentlemen too; for even in his last disreputable and broken old age, traces of breeding still clung about the Chiddingwick dancing-master. Mary instinctively understood and sympathised with the poor lad's feeling. She spoke very softly. 'I know what you mean,' she said, 'and I can understand it with you. I've met your sister—at the *White Horse*, and I felt, of course'—She checked herself suddenly. She had just been going to say, 'I felt she was a lady,' but instinct taught her at once how rude and pretentious the expression would sound to him; so she altered her unspoken phrase to, 'I felt at once we should have a great deal in common.'

'I'm so glad you think so,' Dick murmured in return, growing fiery red once more, for he knew Mary was accustomed to accompany the rectory children to the Assembly Rooms dancing lessons, where Maud often helped her father with her violin; and he couldn't bear to think she should

have seen the head of the house engaged in such an unworthy and degrading occupation. 'Well, I was just going to say, you're the only girl I ever met in my life with whom I could speak—you know what I mean—why, just speak my whole heart out.'

'It's very kind of you to say so,' Mary answered, beginning to walk much faster. She was really getting frightened now what Dick might go on to say to her.

'And so,' the young man continued, floundering on after the fashion of young men in love, 'I—I shall feel going away from you.'

Mary's heart beat fast. She liked Dick very much, oh, very much indeed; but she didn't feel quite sure it was anything more than liking. (Women, you know, make in these matters such nice distinctions.) 'You'll meet plenty of new friends,' she said faintly, 'at Oxford.'

'Oh, but that won't be at all the same!' Dick answered, trembling. 'They'll all be men, you see.' And then he paused, wondering whether perhaps he had spoken too plainly.

Mary's pace by this time had become almost unlady-like, so fast was she walking. Still, just to break the awkward silence which followed Dick's last words, she felt compelled to say something. 'You'll meet plenty of girls, too, I expect,' she interposed nervously.

'Perhaps; but they won't be *You*,' Dick blurted out with a timid gasp, gazing straight into her eyes; and then recoiled, aghast, at his own exceeding temerity.

Mary blushed again and cast down her eyes. 'Don't let me take you out of your way any farther,' she said after another short pause, just to cover her confusion. 'I really *must* get back now. Mrs Tradescant'll be so angry.'

'Oh, no; you can't go just yet,' Dick cried, growing desperate, and standing half across the path, with a man's masterful eagerness. 'Now I've once begun with it, I must say my say out to you.—Miss Tudor, that very first day I ever saw you, I thought a great deal of you. You could tell I did by the mere fact that I took the trouble to make such a fool of myself over that unhappy book-cover. But the more I've seen of you, the better I've liked you. Liked you, oh, so much, I can hardly tell you. And when I went up to Oxford about this Scholarship, which has given me a start in life, I thought about you so often that I really believe I owe my success in great part to you. Now, what I want to say before I go—he paused and hesitated; it was so hard to word it—'what I want to say's just this. Perhaps you'll think it presumptuous of me; but do you feel, if I get on, and recover the place in the world that belongs by right to my family,—do you feel as if there's any chance you might ever be able to care for me?'

He jerked it out, all trembling. Mary trembled herself, and hardly knew what to answer; for though she liked the young man very much—more than any other young man she'd ever yet met—she hadn't thought of him to herself in this light exactly—at least not very often. So she stood for a moment in the corner of the path by that bend in the field where the hedge hides and shelters one, and replied diplomatically, with sound feminine common-sense, though with a quiver in her voice: 'Don't you think, Mr Plan-

tagenet, it's a little bit premature for you to talk of these things when you're only just going up to Oxford? For your own sake, you know, and your family's too, you ought to leave yourself as free and untrammelled as possible: you oughtn't to burden yourself beforehand with uncertainties and complications.'

Dick looked at her half reproachfully. 'Oh, Miss Tudor,' he cried, drawing back quite seriously, 'I wouldn't allow anybody else in the world to call you a complication.'

He said it so gravely that Mary laughed outright in spite of herself. But Dick was very much in earnest for all that. 'I mean it, though,' he went on, hardly smiling to himself. 'I mean it, most literally. I want you to tell me, before I go up to Oxford, there's still some chance, some little chance in the future for me. Or at anyrate I want to let you know what I feel, so that—well, so that if anybody else should speak to you meanwhile, you will remember at least—and—' He broke off suddenly. 'Oh, Miss Tudor,' he cried once more, looking down at her with a mutely appealing look, 'it means so much to me!'

'You're very young, you know,' Mary answered, with a good woman's subterfuge, half to gain time. 'I think it would be very foolish, both for you and me, to tie ourselves down at our present ages. And besides, Mr Plantagenet—she played with her parasol a moment—'I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I'm not quite sure—whether or not I care for you.'

There was a tremor in her voice that made her words mean less than they seemed to mean; but she felt it too. This was all so sudden. Nevertheless, Dick seized her hand. She tried to withdraw it, but couldn't. Then he began in eager tones to pour forth his full heart to her. He knew he had no right to ask, but he couldn't bear to go away and leave the chance of winning her open to some other fellow. It must be for a very long time, of course; but still he could work better if he knew he was working for her. He didn't want her to say *yes*; he only wanted her not quite to say *no* outright to him. This, and much else, he uttered from his heart with rapidly developing eloquence. He was so glad he'd met her, for he couldn't have left Chiddingwick without at least having spoken to her.

To all which Mary, with downcast eyes, very doubtful—though she liked him—whether it was quite right for her to talk in this strain at all to the dancing-master's son, replied demurely that 'twas all very premature, and that she didn't feel able to give him any answer of any sort, either positive or negative, till they had both of them had more time to look about them.

'And now,' she said, finally, pulling out her watch and starting, 'I really mustn't stop one moment longer. I must go back at once. It's dreadfully late. I'm sure I don't know what Mrs Tradescant will think of me.'

'At least,' Dick cried, standing half in front of her yet again, and blocking up the pathway, 'you'll allow me to write to you?'

Yes, Mary thought, yielding, there'd be no harm in that: no objection to his writing.

Dick gave a little sigh of heartfelt satisfaction. 'Well, that's something!' he cried, much relieved. 'That's always something! If you'll allow me

to write to you, I shall feel at anyrate you can't quite forget me.'

And indeed, when a girl lets a young man begin a correspondence, experience teaches me, from long observation, that other events are not unlikely to follow.

### ENAMELS.

LIMOGES, the modern capital of the French department of Haute-Vienne, the ancient capital of the Lemovices, and the medieval capital of the Limousin, gave its name in the middle ages to one of the most beautiful of arts, and one which was very extensively practised in Limoges. The art of Enamelling is indeed very ancient in Europe. Gaulish ornaments have been found that show that at the time of the Roman occupation the principle of applying transparent vitreous matter over metal was known. But the only colour employed was red. In the Frank and Merovingian epoch a good deal of ornament was done by enamelling gold or silver. The splendid mosaic-work of the Byzantine artists had impressed the imagination of the Franks, and they attempted, not by any means rudely, to adapt mosaic-work to personal ornament, and to combine with it the method of vitrifying the coloured compounds over the metal they desired to enrich.

But the great age of enamels began in Europe in the twelfth century, when the term by which enamelling was known was 'Opus Limogiae, labor de Limogia,' Limoges being considered as the great centre of the manufacture.

Long before, however, Limoges had been famous for its jewellers, and it was but a short stride from encrusting gold with precious stones to encrusting it with vitrified paste. St Eligius was a native of a village in the Limousin, and worked as apprentice to a goldsmith in Limoges, who was also Master of the Mint there. About 600 A.D. he went to Paris, and was placed with Bobbo, Treasurer to Clothair II. The king wanted a throne made of precious metal, and probably enamelled, for no one was found in Paris who knew how to do the work desired, and the task was confided to Eligius. Eligius found he had sufficient silver to make two seats. When they were done, he gave one to the king, who greatly admired it, and ordered another. Then Eligius produced the second throne. The king was so struck with his honesty that he immediately advanced him to be Master of the Mint, and gave him his entire confidence. After Dagobert succeeded to the throne, Eligius continued in his office, and occupied himself as well in hammering out gold and enamelled vessels for his master. Some specimens of his handiwork have been preserved. He was elected and ordained Bishop of Noyon in 640, and died in 659. The Abbey of Chelles possessed in the seventeenth century a large chalice that Eligius had wrought; and though this was destroyed at the Revolution, a description left of it leaves no doubt that it was richly enamelled. Other workshops for enamels were founded, one at Treves; another, under Bishop Bernward, at Hildesheim; later on, Cologne endeavoured to rival Limoges in the production of enamels.

Of enamels there are two sorts, entirely distinct. The first are the encrusted enamels, and the second are the painted enamels. Enamelling consists in applying to a metal surface a powder composed of pounded silice—or to put it in the simplest form, of glass coloured with metallic oxides, and then fixed by fire. Thus it is obvious that the transition was easy from letting coloured glass into gold or silver settings to melting the glass into its place so that it adhered at the back. The earliest enamels tell their own story—they are 'cloisonné,' that is to say, precisely as jewels were set in a framework of metal, so frameworks of metal were fashioned to contain the glass melted into these cells. This was the construction of 'cloisonné' enamel: first of all a fine band of gold was soldered on to the base, standing up from it at right angles, and contorted to form an outline such as was desired to be given to the ornamentation. If green was to be the colour for leaves, then each leaf was formed of the band and closed to contain the green. Each petal of a red rose would in like manner be enclosed so as to form a gold pocket in which the red paste would be melted into glass. Specimens of cloisonné enamel of European manufacture are rare; the Louvre collection comprises hardly more than one example, but that is a magnificent one, the cover of a book of the Gospels.

The jewel of King Alfred is in cloisonné work, probably of Byzantine manufacture, for the Anglo-Saxon jeweller who mounted it covered the enamel with a plate of glass as something very rare and precious. The earliest specimens are certainly Byzantine; such is the iron crown given to the Cathedral of Monza by Queen Theodelinda, who died in 625; such also the votive crown in the Treasury of St Mark's, Venice, on which is represented Leo the Philosopher, who died in 911. The fine reliquary at Limburg on the Lahn was brought there from Constantinople by a crusader. It had been executed for Basil II. before 976. The golden altar front at San Ambrogio, at Milan, which is also decorated with cloisonné enamel, is Byzantine, and dates from 825. All these enamels were the work of Byzantine artists, and are all framed by fine ribbons of gold. It is known that so late as the eleventh century, Desiderius, Abbot of Monte Cassino, in Italy, was obliged to send for workmen from Constantinople to fashion an altar frontal for him in coloured glass on metal, which was to represent the legend of St Benedict. However, the treatise of the monk Theophilus, who lived about that same time, either in Lombardy or in Germany, describes the manner of decorating gold and silver work by means of enamel set in the cloisonné fashion, so that though in Southern Italy there may have been no enamellers, this was not the case in the northern parts of Europe. In fact, at Essen, in Germany, there are still preserved some most interesting enamels of this description made in Germany for Mathilda, the Abbess of Essen, who ruled that convent between 974 and 1018. As an inscription on it names her brother Otho, Duke of Swabia, who died in 982, the enamel cannot be of a later date.

Cloisonné work was also called 'email de plique,' from the folds formed by the fine gold ribbon that enclosed the several coloured glasses.



As may be supposed, this was a somewhat clumsy proceeding; only very flat surfaces could be so treated, and the back plate had to be thick and solid, that there might be no parting at the joints. A further advance was made by the adoption of 'champlevé' enamelling. Again the artists were led on to this development by the easiest transition. It occurred to them that they would gain all the same effect at far less cost of time and patience, if, instead of soldering a series of pockets on to the surface of metal, they removed such portions of the surface as they desired to ornament with colour, dug out pockets, and then filled these little pits with the enamel. Thus the artists were able to decorate rounded surfaces, and were no longer confined to such as were flat. In a church near Limoges is an eucharistic dove of copper gilt, standing on a plate. The wings have been scooped out in parallel lines, and coloured paste let in to represent the feathers of rainbow tint. So also the disc on which the dove stands, and the plumage of the back are enamelled by colours dropped into sunken receptacles.

Now the enamellers found that some of their colours were transparent, others were opaque. Their greens and reds and blues were of the former description; but white, yellow, and turquoise were opaque. This gave great variety and beauty. The deeper the engraving of the metal the intenser the depth of colours of the translucent enamel; consequently, it was possible to give to drapery a wonderful intensity of darkness in shadow and of brilliancy in lights where the gold ground shone through the shallow glass. Thus came into use, chiefly if not exclusively in Italy, the translucent enamels, of which a few superb examples remain, notably at Orvieto. But in champlevé enamel as ordinarily practised in France and Germany we have opaque and transparent colours employed side by side with charming effect.

The metal disc that was to be enamelled was treated both with hammering into relief and cutting out of the surface with the chisel, sinking for enamels, whereas the human figure was usually raised in relief. Thus treated, the figures were of copper gilt, and the enamel-work served as a background to throw them up. Every colour is surrounded with a thin rim of metal, that is the surface uncut away.

The champlevé enamel held its own till the end of the fifteenth century; but already, towards the later half of that century, a third modification of the art came in: it was that of painted enamels. In this new form assumed by the art the entire surface was covered over with a coating of white, black, or deep blue, and the subjects were painted thereon, the transparent colours floated over the white, and white laid film on film over the black. Finally, the whole was in many cases touched up with gold. To heighten effect, gold or silver foil was introduced under the transparent colours for dresses, giving a tinselly appearance, very inferior to the splendour produced by varying depth of cutting under the enamel.

The reason why painted enamels came in was that in the sixteenth century there was a great accession of wealth and influx of the precious metals into Europe. Hitherto, gold had been rare,

and the great monasteries, cathedrals, and parish churches had been content with copper-gilt ornaments and vessels, and these had been enriched artistically with enamels; but when gold became more common, then the great churchmen and the nobles as well exchanged their copper-gilt vessels for those of the most precious metal, and these latter they did not care to have overlaid with colour. Accordingly, the art of the enameller was threatened with extinction. The transformation of the art saved it. The metal was employed as a mere panel on which to paint a subject.

When the ground was black, a light film of white was washed over it, except in such points as were to be left black; this was subjected to fire and fixed; then the plate was again treated with another coating of white of still less extension; and finally a subject was produced in 'grisaille'—that is to say, in white of various shades from high pure white down to faint gray. If the finger be passed over the surface of these grisaille paintings, it is sensible of the elevation of the lights: As many as twenty or thirty of these coats are often superposed. Finally, the grisaille painting was either left as it was, a study in black and gray and white, or was washed over with transparent colours.

The most beautiful work of all is almost certainly the plain grisaille with just the faces and hands put in in colour and with the use of gold to touch it up. There are plates representing the several seasons, rose-water dishes and cruet, candlesticks, &c., in grisaille that are marvels of renaissance beauty. The Louvre and the Hôtel de Cluny at Paris contain great collections.

At Limoges, families arose, the Limosins, the Penicauds, the Reynauds, the Courteys, the Landins, the Nonaillers, which became illustrious, and whose works of art are now eagerly sought after and bought at a price beyond their weight in gold. In 1890 a portrait by Leonard I. Limosin representing Louis de Gonzaga sold for ninety-seven thousand francs. There are several magnificent portraits by this artist in the Louvre, amongst them Francis II., Henry II., the Constable Anne de Montmorency, and Melancthon.

But the process of laying layer upon layer of white, and subjecting the plate to fire after each, was vastly laborious and risky, and necessarily the cost was very great. This process was accordingly abandoned for hatching in the shadows with black. The effect is immeasurably inferior, but it rendered the enamels cheaper, and the artist had finally to struggle against the introduction and spread of porcelain. Patience was nothing but enamelling on earthenware; and earthenware whitened and decorated on its glazed white surface everywhere thrust out the costly copper dish and ewer, chandelier, and salt-cellar.

It is somewhat melancholy to watch the end of the struggle under the Nonaillers, who turned out vast quantities of enamel of very little artistic value and of little beauty at a low price, and finally gave up the contest. Nevertheless, enamelling continued to the beginning of the present century; it was resorted to mostly for portrait-painting and miniatures in brooches. Recently it has somewhat revived, and furnaces have been relighted at Limoges, where some beautiful work is now done, which is happily in considerable

demand. The art is one very easy of acquisition, and which may be practised by any one in his own home if he can devote for the purpose two small rooms, one as studio, the other for the necessary furnaces. And enamel-work sells. It is in request for brooches and personal ornaments. Large subjects, vases for the chimney and candlesticks, are in less demand; and an enameller in Limoges told the writer that he had abandoned the making of articles that were necessarily costly; but that of small enamels costing not more than five to sixteen pounds he could sell as fast as he made. Would it not be well for ladies in quest of a remunerative occupation to take up this beautiful art?

### BABY JOHN.\*

By the Author of *Laddie*; *Zoe*; *Rosé* and *Lavender*, &c.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.—LUCY.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,  
And siller hae to spare,  
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride.

A cold day early in March, with a cruel, north-east wind blowing, and a few scattered snowflakes falling out of a leaden sky.

'Cold, ain't it?' the women said as they met at the corners of the streets, and drew up their shawls over their heads and hurried on, not even waiting for the little bit of gossip which, as a rule, caused them to ignore all other considerations, such as urgent business, crying baby, swearing husband, kettle boiling over, or even a sharp shower of rain.

But a north-east wind dulls even the appetite for gossip, and when the mill-bell rang at twelve o'clock, and the hands turned out for dinner, they did not linger round the gate or at the corner of Mill Lane, as their usual custom was, but went running off with their arms rolled up in their aprons, and the corners of the little shawls they wore over their heads in their mouths, to keep the wind from making its cold, penetrating way under them.

And yet there was more to be talked about that day than was the case generally, for report said that Mrs Craddock, the wife of the mill-owner, was dying. 'She as used to be Lucy Coles,' the mill-girls would have added; for only eighteen months before she had been one of the hands, running home to dinner just as they were doing now, with a shawl over her curly hair, and quite up for a long slide on a piece of ice where the water had frozen in the gutter.

A pretty, silly, little thing was Lucy Coles—a bit giddy, the folks said—and only kept straight by steady, sober-sided Alice Reynolds, who looked after her as sharp as an old hen after her one chick, and kept off the lads who would have come after Lucy's pretty face. A regular born old maid, the girls called Alice Reynolds; and they said it was a shame (that it was!) of her to keep Lucy out of all the fun.

And sometimes Lucy herself would rebel, and go off with a noisy party down to the town meadows, when there was a steam roundabout or

some shows down there, or would follow along the street with the other giddy ones when the militia marched through the town. But these rebellious fits did not last long, and she would soon come running back and fling her arms round Alice's neck, and kiss away the cloud on her kind, plain face, and with it the heartache of anxiety that always set in when Lucy was out of sight.

Mr Craddock, the mill-owner, was a middle-aged man, with a grave, severe, and somewhat surly manner, which awed the impudence out of the girls, and silenced the chatter of tongues directly he came in sight. He lived with his old mother in a house adjoining the mill, and instead of employing an overseer, as most of the other mill-owners did, saw to it all himself, and was constantly about in the mill or in the little office by the door.

'And I wish he wouldn't,' the girls said. 'As sure as ever there's a bit of larking, there he comes! He's all over the shop! Why can't he be like Dobson down town, as leaves it all to that foreman, and only comes in nows and thens in lavender kids and patent leathers. My! ain't he a masher?'

But, in the long run, the girls agreed that Craddock was not such a bad sort for a master. He was very fair, if he was a bit hard, and fairness is a quality which inspires respect, and wears better than generosity. And there was never a word of scandal against him; and that is saying a great deal for a man in a country town where gossip spares neither youth nor age, poverty nor riches.

Whether it was his little sharp-eyed mother, or his own surly manners, that procured him this immunity, I do not know; but certainly there was not another man, old or young, in Felsby, who could have stood so often by Lucy Coles' loom and kept her nearly every Saturday, on one excuse or another, for a few minutes' chat in the office, without setting all the tongues in the mill wagging, and a good many outside it.

Not even Alice Reynolds noticed it, or, at anyrate, noticed anything remarkable about it; and if she ever thought about it at all, set it down rather to his dissatisfaction with the girl's want of skilfulness in her work. And when she had waited for Lucy outside the office on pay day, she would try and devise in her wise, little head what she should do if Lucy got her leave, and whether, by strictest economy, she could keep them both out of her earnings.

It had really come to that, she felt sure one day, when she had been kept waiting longer than usual in the mill-yard, till all the girls had scattered and the foggy evening had stolen on, making Alice's shawl seem more thin and threadbare than she had reckoned it, when she had decided that it would last another year, and that Lucy must have a new jacket. And this conviction was strengthened when Lucy came out with a slow step, quite unlike the run and bound with which she generally came down the few steps, throwing her arm round Alice's waist and spinning her round, and making that staid, little, old-maidish person go prancing off in a sort of gallopade step.

And when she caught a glimpse of Lucy's face under the gas-lamp at the gate, and saw that

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it was troubled and grave, that the eyes were wide and frightened, and the pretty, little mouth drawn into thoughtful lines, she never doubted what had happened; but tucked her hand under the girl's arm, and set off briskly home through the fog, proposing that they should go to the reckless extravagance of sausages for supper.

Lucy said nothing till they got out of High Street and turned into Grape Gardens where their lodging was, and which was not important enough to have a gas-lamp allowed it, and so was in darkness, except where here and there an open door or uncurtained window threw some warm light on to the fog; but Alice could feel the girl's heart beating with great throbs against her hand, and she thought it was all from the pain of being turned off.

'Alice,' at last Lucy burst out, 'I've got something to tell you.' She stopped as she spoke, and drew Alice in front of her, laying her hands on her friend's shoulders, and bending her face down close to hers, for Lucy was a good bit the taller.

'Tell me? Why, bless the girl! do you think I don't know? And there! it ain't nothing to trouble about! I've a-seen it coming this ever so long.'

'Have you?' Lucy answered. 'Well, you've been sharper than me, then, for when he asked me just now, it struck me all of a heap, and I didn't a bit know what to say.'

'There weren't much to be said anyway, as I can see, but just "thank you," and come away. I don't hold with begging and praying to be kep' on; it don't do no good.'

'Kep' on?'

'Yes. That's about it, ain't it? as you've got the sack.'

Lucy gave a long laugh, and shook the small, thin shoulders her hands were holding.

'No, it ain't; you're just wrong; you ain't so clever after all. Got the sack! No, it will be me giving the sack to any one as don't please me. Kep' on, indeed! I shan't need to touch a shuttle again, and I'll just dip my hand in the strong-box and help myself when I want some money.'

'What?'

'Ay, you may well say what? I said it when he asked me to marry him.'

'Who?'

'Why, Craddock, the master. There! you needn't wriggle them shoulders and sniff that way. Gentle folks' courting ain't a bit like ours, leastways his ain't. I'd never a-known what he meant by it. He hardly as much as looked at me, but got as red as anything, and kep' scribbling on his blotting-paper, and he says'—

'Well?'

'He says, "How would you like to be my wife?" says he. And I thought as I hadn't heard right, seeing as my breath was took away by its being so sudden-like, and I says, "What?" for all the world just as you did this minute. And he says again, "How would you like to be my wife?" and I as near as anything laughed out, it seemed so funny like to hear him as were always so grave and serious, and not a bit like courting, let alone marrying. But I didn't. I only says, "You wouldn't go for to marry a girl like me;" and he says, "Why not?" And I

says, because he were a lot older, and master, and me only just one of the hands. He were a bit vexed about the age, and said he weren't as old as he looked; and as for being master, so he were, but his father weren't nothing better than a mill hand, and his mother a factory girl.

'And then I says, "And there's your mother;" and he says, "She can't hinder even if she's a mind to, and we wouldn't live along of her; but I'll take a pretty place outside of the town, and fit it up all new, and you should have a carriage to ride in, and plenty of nice silk gownds, and pretty things, and a servant, so as you shan't have to put your hand to nothing." Only to think, Alice, of me setting up in my own drawing-room in a silk gownd with a gold ring on my finger!'

The girl stopped breathless; and Alice, too, drew a long breath, as if all this grandeur were too much even to imagine.

'There's no mistake?' she said at last; 'he don't mean nothing but what's right and fair?'

'No, that's all right enough, but'—

'Well?'

'It's all very grand and fine, but I don't know but what I'd as lief rub along with you.' And then she burst into a sudden passion of tears, and clung to Alice and sobbed; and then as suddenly recovered her spirits, and darted off to get a bloater for supper, and cooked it herself, though Alice was generally the one to prepare their meals; and she laughed and talked nonsense, and made fun about this solemn lover of hers, and about what she should do when she had a grand house of her own, and Alice came to visit her.

She, too, was the first to fall asleep that night, with a smile on her lips, which lingered there when Alice, more than once in the night, struck a match, to see how the time was passing, which goes so slowly and heavily to watchers, and slower still when full of anxious thought, as was the case with her. Any one might have thought that it was Alice who was going to take this important step, and that Lucy was an unconcerned spectator; for after she had once told Alice, she seemed to have no further serious thought or anxiety on the subject, but treated it all as a joke, and would not let Alice pull a long face or talk solemn, as she called it.

#### CHAPTER II.—A FRIEND.

You were so far away,  
Beyond all help from me;  
And so, when skies were gray,  
And clouds lowered threateningly,  
And the wailing storm wind blew,  
My heart went out to you.—K. TYNAN.

That was eighteen months ago, and now, on this cold March day, the report crept about in the mill that Mrs Craddock, 'she as used to be Lucy Coles,' was dying. I do not know how the news came to Alice Reynolds. I do not think, careless as many of the mill-girls were about giving pain, and little as they liked Alice, whom they described as a stuck-up piece of goods and a born old maid, they would have ventured to strike her to the heart with such a piece of news.

'Not as she'd have any cause to feel of it much,' they whispered to one another; 'seeing as Mrs Craddock turned her back on all her



old friends, and ain't been to see Alice once since the wedding. No, nor Alice ain't crossed the door-step of that smart villa where she's quite the fine lady, folks says.'

Anyhow, Alice knew, she sometimes fancied she felt without being told, when anything went wrong with Lucy. It was only fancy, of course, and a very good thing for her that it was not reality, for she would have had many an ache at her heart during those eighteen months on Lucy's account; for the marriage had not turned out happily, and Lucy herself, in a mind dulled with weakness and pain, felt almost glad that it was so near an end, in spite of the natural clinging to life in the young, and for the matter of that, in the old also.

It was quite true, as the mill-girls had said, that Lucy's marriage had separated her and Alice. Alice had made up her mind to this—at least she thought she had—from the very first, even that first night when she lay awake with Lucy sleeping so peacefully beside her. And she told herself that it was only natural, and she quite expected it, and she did not really wish it otherwise, when day after day went by, and Lucy neither came nor sent to her.

But in spite of having expected it, and being so perfectly resigned to it, she felt it very sorely, though she would have quarrelled with her best friend who said so; and she grew to have a nervous dread of meeting Lucy or even of hearing her name, and she hurried away from the groups of girls, who, you may be sure, had plenty to say of the young madam. She kept more and more by herself, and took to going home to Grape Gardens by a circuitous route, along dirty back lanes and alleys, to avoid the chance, which once befell her, of being passed by a briskly trotting pony driven by a man in livery with some one sitting beside him, though who it was Alice only guessed; for she turned and stared hard into a corn-chandler's shop, as if her whole interest were engrossed in the white chalk horse and a sample of oats on which her unseeing eyes were fixed.

She left off going to the church where she and Lucy used to go together, and went far out into the country to churches in the villages round, to avoid the risk of seeing Lucy and her husband; and on pay nights she would rush into the office when her turn came and hurry out again, hardly looking at the master, for fear he should think she was waiting for a word from Lucy, or was expecting to be treated with peculiar consideration because she had been his wife's friend.

Once he called after her when she was leaving the office, but she pretended not to hear, and then suffered agonies of remorse for fear Lucy wanted her. And it was the night after this that she paid her first visit to Apsley Villa, the house which Mr Craddock had taken on his marriage, and which Alice till then had scrupulously avoided.

Even now she got no farther than the gate, where she stood for nearly half an hour, looking at the white stucco front, which appeared to her very imposing, with its bow-windows and glass porch filled with flowers; and she watched till a light appeared in one of the up-stairs windows, and some one came and drew aside the blind and looked out, and then she slipped away, afraid of being noticed, and sure that the face looking out

was Lucy's, though in fact it was the house-maid's.

She had caught a bad cold that first winter she was alone (she was always a frail, little thing), and was obliged to stop at home a few days; but she went back to work long before she was really fit, for fear Lucy should hear and be unhappy, or come and see her in spite of her husband's wishes. And she would smother her cough when Mr Craddock was within hearing, and draw up her head, and walk briskly as she passed the office door, as if her limbs were not aching with weariness.

But to-day there was no need for any pretence, for the office was empty. Mr Craddock had not been there all day, and perhaps it was this absence of his that made her more attentive to the stray words that reached her ears from time to time, and convinced her that something was seriously wrong at Apsley Villa.

She was among the last to leave the mill, and when she got out into the lane, all the hands had dispersed; for, as I have said before, the wind was so cold and searching, that not even the most inveterate gossip would care to defy it. But Alice wrapped her shawl tightly round her, and without a moment's hesitation set off right in the face of the wind, along High Street, without taking the turn down into the back streets, which had been her way home of late, and which afforded now some protection from the wind, and she went straight on towards Apsley Villa.

It was getting dusk, and the lamps were being lighted along the streets and along the Mellingham Road, for Apsley Villa did not stand far enough out of Felsby to be beyond the reach of gas and other town advantages. And this time she did not stop at the gate, but went in, and along the short drive to the front door. A carriage was waiting there; but, undeterred by this, and undistracted by the sweetness of the hyacinths, primulas, and narcissus with which the porch was filled, and which she could hardly have passed at another time, she rang the bell.

Apsley Villa was nothing surprisingly grand; but certainly Alice Reynolds, in her mill dress stained with oil and much wear, and with a faded plaid shawl over her head, did not look altogether appropriate standing in the porch among the flowers, with the lamp shining brightly down upon her, and revealing pitilessly the shabbiness of her appearance; so perhaps the smart parlour-maid was to be excused for her feeling of indignation, more especially as the coachman on the brougham outside was looking on with some surprise and amusement.

'Well to be sure! some folks has impudence!' said the parlour-maid, tossing her head with its white cap and long streamers. 'We ain't nothing for you. Master don't give nothing to tramps.'

'I ain't no tramp. I wants to know how Mrs Craddock is.'

'Then, if you're from the works and wants to see master, you did ought to know better than to come to the front door.'

'I didn't know as I didn't ought to come to this door. And I don't want to see the master; it's the missus as I wants to see.'

'Then you just can't. She's that ill that nobody don't see her.'

'Will you tell her as I'm here?' Alice made

a step forward into the hall, with a determination which made the servant make way for her involuntarily, though the next minute she resented this fresh piece of 'imperence.'

'Now, my good woman, you'll have to be off, or I'll call the master to you. You can't see Mrs Craddock' (as may be fancied the terms between poor Lucy and her servants had been a little strained, and a smart parlour-maid could hardly bring her mouth to call a mill-girl 'missis'); 'she's too ill, and I can't take no message.' The servant's voice assumed a more civil tone as she went on, for a door behind had opened, and a gentleman came into the hall.

It was the doctor, and he looked at Alice as he passed, and then stopped. 'What does she want?'

'She's a girl from the mill, sir, and she's wanting to see the missus; wanting to beg most likely, but I've been telling her she's too ill, poor dear, to be troubled.'

'Did you know she was ill?' asked the doctor.

'Yes, that was just why I come. She and me used to be friends in old times, pretty well like sisters, and I've nursed her many a time, and I knows just all her fancies when she's ill, and Lucy had a-many fancies, and I've always a-lumoured her as far as I knew how.'

'Take her up,' said the doctor, and when the servant hesitated, he added, 'I'll make it all right with your master,' and stepped back into the room he had just left, while the servant with great unwillingness led the way up-stairs.

At another time Alice would have been keenly alive to the softly carpeted stairs, to the coloured panes in the window she passed, and to a large glass bowl with goldfish in it on the landing; but she did not even notice them; nor, when the bedroom door was opened at the servant's knock, and a hospital nurse, after a whisper about 'Doctor says,' admitted her to what must certainly have been the most luxurious bedroom Alice had ever seen, did she see anything but Lucy, her Lucy, lying there motionless in the bed, with a white wan face and closed eyes, all alone.

It was that loneliness that had been in the doctor's mind, quite haunting him as he left the house, and it was this that made him stop and look at Alice with a strange sort of intuitive feeling that with her the poor, young, dying girl might not be so alone. And yet it would have been hard to say why this loneliness should have impressed him, seeing that she had an excellent and kind nurse always in attendance, and a husband who had not left the house all day, and was in great anxiety about her condition, and a mother-in-law who was ready to take the nurse's place or share her watching, and yet the doctor went away quite sore at heart at the thought of her loneliness, and Alice's first feeling was 'all alone.'

It was quite contrary to all the theories of the hospital nurse to disturb a patient who, for the first time for many a restless, painful hour, was lying quiet if not asleep; to have the bedclothes, which had just been arranged with hospital precision, tumbled and disarranged by two arms, in sleeves faded and stained by factory work and wearing into a hole at the elbow, which clasped

the patient close, and drew her head to rest on a shoulder on which was a patch of a somewhat different shade from the rest of her dress.

But we all have to pocket our theories sometimes, and confess that we cannot shape all circumstances to meet them, and so the nurse's remonstrances died on her lips, when she saw the patient's eyes open with a life and brightness they had not had for days, and heard her voice, stronger than she had had any experience of hitherto, say, 'Alice, old girl, why, it's never you?'

With a wisdom which ought to have been favourably noticed on her certificate, she made no protest against this very irregular proceeding, but turned to the fire and busied herself with something rolled up in flannel in a bassinette, and left the two friends undisturbed, and when it was time for medicine or food, she brought it to the bedside and did not resent its being taken from her by Alice, and seeing her own patient coaxed into taking what she knew no entreaties of her would have prevailed upon her to touch. She was a real good nurse and no mistake, and I should like to have her to nurse me if I were ill.

They did not say much; it does not need words between loving hearts. A gentle pressure of the arms that clasped Lucy, a tender, rocking motion of the shoulder on which the weary young head rested, a feeble clasp from a weak, wasted hand that had lost all sign of the factory work, and on which the massive wedding ring seemed too heavy; that was quite enough.

And when, an hour or two later, a step sounded outside, and a knock came at the door, the nurse whispered to Mr Craddock, in answer to his inquiries for his wife, that she was sleeping quietly, and drawing back let him look in at her and see her with her head on Alice's arm, and her fingers twisted in the shabby fringe of her friend's shawl, as if to prevent her slipping away while she slept. 'She is better,' said the nurse.

#### IN A REFORMATORY SCHOOL.

'WHAT place is this?' I heard a man ask another the other day, as the two were passing one of our rural reformatories. 'It's a Reformatory School' was the answer. Evidently the inquirer was ignorant of the meaning of reformatory, for the second man explained in answer to another question: 'It's a place as they put kids in what nip anything.'

To the majority, no doubt the words 'reformatory school' bring hazy notions of youthful criminals, hard work, poor living, and prison discipline—in short, a life of misery dragged out for four or five years. I will endeavour to show what five years in a reformatory really mean; and, without entering into any of the questions which philanthropists and men of sentiment continually raise with regard to the efficacy of the work, I will give a faithful outline of a boy's life and training while under detention, so that the public may judge for themselves what the outcome of such training is likely to be.

No boy is admitted to a reformatory after he

is sixteen years of age, nor until a qualified medical man has certified that he is fit for physical training. These institutions are not hospitals, and have no scope for dealing with any but those who can bear the same discipline as the majority. Neither can a lad be sent to one of these schools until he has undergone punishment for the crime of which he was convicted, and, once within the walls, he is never reminded of his past misdeeds. Steady hearty work, honesty, and prompt obedience are the fundamental rules in all schools, and to the credit of the teachers and taught, it is but rarely indeed that they are defied. When we bear in mind that the boys dealt with—with few exceptions—were utterly incorrigible and unamenable to all authority—in fact, brought up to beg and steal, having no knowledge of any existence but that in which drink, dirt, and squalor were inextricably mixed—the change that is wrought in a boy by five years' steady discipline is wonderful.

To bring the reality of what I write as closely home to my readers as possible, I will describe the work as I see it carried on every day. The school is a small one, certified for fifty boys, and is situated in the midst of an agricultural district. Attached to it is a farm of fifty acres, which serves to supply the boys with work during the greater part of their time—neither plough nor reaping-machine forming any part of the property of the institution. When not required on their own land, the boys are hired out by the neighbouring farmers; and their labour is eagerly sought after. All the domestic work of the school is also done by them—cooking, scrubbing, washing, sewing, mending, and darning. It is a pleasant sight to see them start off to work in the morning. Every boy knows just what he has to do, and he goes to it knowing that if it is well done he will have a word of praise and recognition; but if the contrary, that the reprimand will come as surely. 'If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well,' is a truism that every lad is made acquainted with; and it is the earnest endeavour of those in charge to train the youths to see the truth of it.

Every one is encouraged to put forth all his energy whether at work, in school, or at play. Discipline is maintained without too much form, and true English home-life is, as far as is compatible with circumstances, infused into the system. Half-past five is an early hour to turn out of bed, yet at that time the bell calls all up. It takes but a short time for them, to dress, open their windows, make their beds, march down to the lavatory for a good wash, and then begin the real work of the day with two hours' lessons in school. School is a great trial to most newcomers, for many boys when first admitted do not know the letters of the alphabet, and mastering the elements of the English language is tedious work for them. They would much prefer two hours' hard digging; but what must be cannot be avoided, and the progress they make is surprising. When lessons are over there is half-an-hour's play, then breakfast, a short Scripture lesson, and morning prayers.

Now for parade in the yard. Each lad falls in, and stands to attention, while numbers are called out, and boys told off for their different duties during the forenoon. Mayhap twenty are going to work for some farmer who knows that boys like a bun or a glass of milk between meals, and who is not above exchanging a cheery 'Good-morning' with them when he meets them; while the others are distributed to suit the requirements of the house and farm according to their merit and ability.

A lad's great ambition is to be promoted to a monitorship, and those boys who are striving hardest to gain this are given definite duties, which they keep so long as their conduct entitles them to do so, or until they are raised a scale higher.

At half-past twelve the bugle sounds, as a signal to leave off work; and hungry lads come in to find a substantial meal awaiting them in their dining-room. When every one has finished, grace is sung, and all troop off to play, sometimes at football, sometimes at cricket, according to the season. Oftentimes all may be seen busy on their little garden plots, which in the summer are gay with many-hued flowers. Ask a boy the name of any plant among them, and it will be strange if he does not know it and something of its history as well. At two o'clock, work begins again, and usually lasts until half-past five, when again the bugle sounds to finally call all in for the day. Each lad as he comes in goes straight to the lavatory and makes himself spruce and tidy for the evening; and then, after half-an-hour's good fun, he is thoroughly ready for his supper. But the day's work is not finished yet, for there is another hour and a half in school, and no one is sorry when the bell rings for evening prayers and it is time to be off to bed.

A week's good work earns a half-holiday on Saturday, and sometimes a night in the course of the week, when slates and lesson-books are left in the cupboard, and draughts, puzzles, and games take their place; or perhaps it will be a night's band practice, for the school can boast of a 'drum-and-fife' band, and not one of the boys but likes to think he is a musician.

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Ingrained habits, however, are not eradicated in a few weeks, and bad boys don't develop into full-fledged angels all at once. The best of masters may well feel discouraged at times. A boy who has been going on well for some time has been found pilfering; another has been detected at wanton mischief; or it may be that a boy who has had every confidence reposed in him suddenly absconds at the instigation of one of the black-sheep of the school. A well-regulated system of rewards and punishments has done much to put down petty crime within the walls, and every moral influence is brought to bear upon the boys that can help to keep them in the paths of rectitude and truth.



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Sunday is a day of rest. All attend the village church morning and night. In the afternoon, the boys enjoy a quiet chat among themselves, read their library books, or have a story read for them.

Every season brings its own work and enjoyments. In the winter they prepare the land for the spring, thresh the autumn crops, and finish off the numberless oddments that are left for that time of the year. Then there is many a jolly hour's sliding when Jack Frost is kind; and, occasionally, that delight of every school-boy's heart, a regular snowball battle. This is the season, too, when concerts are got up, and how hard all practise that there may be no hitch on those auspicious evenings! No need to describe the work of the spring. Every one knows what that means to the farmer. But what matters it for hard work when you see your labour reducing all to order, in readiness for the seed which must soon be sown. Then, when seed-time is over, how eagerly all look for the first appearance of the young leaves above the ground. In their gardens, every little morsel of green is watched with an interest that those whose lives have more changes might well envy. Nor are the duty-boys idle indoors. This is the time of scrubbing, painting, and whitewashing, for spring sunbeams have an ugly knack of showing up begrimed corners, and all must be made clean and bright after the winter's smoke and fog.

Then comes summer with its long days of heat and sunshine, when cricket takes the place of football in the playground, and hoeing and weeding keep every one busy all day long.

The season they like best is autumn; and for days before they commence reaping there is much talking of former prowess with the sickle. When they do begin, their whole energy is given to their work, and two extra meals a day are only a just compensation for the extra tear and wear of muscular tissue. Every lad does his level best, and all work as one, for are they not reaping their own corn, gathering in their own sheaves? They sowed the seed, they watched it grow to maturity, and now they are striving to garner it in its due time; and were you in the neighbourhood when the last load is carried, you would hear such a clamour of vociferous cheering as might well make you say, 'Something pleases the reformatory boys very much to-day.'

Nor are the lads without their special gala days: Easter Monday, sundry birthdays, Harvest Home, Christmas Day, and even Examination Day, are all times to be remembered long after they have left school.

Thus pass the weeks, months, and years. Every day separates the boys more and more from their past life. Their moral characters develop under the firm guidance of cool heads and warm hearts; and, although there are cases which are almost hopeless, there is no boy but learns all that is needful to enable him to earn an honest living and lead a decent life. As far as is possible the school authorities endeavour to keep in touch with every lad, and use the moral influence they have acquired over him long after his school-life has come to an end.

## VEGETABLE PEPSINE.

VEGETABLE Pepsine is the name very aptly given to the juice of the unripe fruit of the Papaw (*Carica Papaya*), a plant fairly well distributed throughout the tropics. The papaw is a handsome tree, and would well serve as an ornament to gardens; but it would leave very little room for the growth of shrubs and bushes, as it absorbs an incredible quantity of moisture. When not topped, its cylindrical stem attains a height of ten to twenty feet, crowned by a number of large leaves. It is a very quick grower indeed, and the flower unfailingly becomes a fruit, so that almost daily every period of growth from the bud to full ripeness may be observed on the tree.

The useful properties of the papaw plant have long been known to the various natives, and have been taken advantage of by them, as can be seen by reference to the works of travellers who can themselves vouch for the accuracy of the accounts they narrate. Thus Drury, in *The Useful Plants of India*, states that old hogs and poultry which are fed upon the leaves and fruit, however tough the meat they afford might otherwise be, are thus rendered perfectly tender and good, if eaten as soon as killed. Browne, too, in his *Natural History of Jamaica*, says that meat becomes tender after being washed with water to which the juice of the papaw tree has been added; and if left in such water ten minutes, it will fall from the spit while roasting, or separate into shreds while boiling. In his *History of Barbadoes*, Griffith Hughes mentions that the juice of the papaw tree is of so penetrating a nature that if the unripe peeled fruit be boiled with the toughest old salted meat it quickly makes it soft and tender. Karsten also tells us that boiling meat with the juice of the papaw is quite a common thing in Quito. Captain S. P. Oliver, writing in *Nature*, July 10, 1879, says: 'In Mauritius, where we lived principally on ration beef cut from the tough flesh of the Malagasy oxen, we were in the habit of hanging the ration under the leaves themselves; and if we were in a hurry for a very tender piece of fillet, our cook would wrap up the undercut of the sirloin in the leaves, when the newly-killed meat would be as tender as if it had been hung for a considerable time.'

It is not surprising that the attention of medical men abroad was drawn to the wonderful solvent action exercised by the leaves and fruit of the papaw tree. They soon commenced using the juice from the fruit in simple cases of

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Every inmate may, if he likes, earn a shilling a month by gaining the maximum number of marks—one hundred and forty-four. If a lad loses twelve marks, he loses one penny, and his chance of being a monitor or duty-boy for the month. If guilty of a serious offence, a youth makes the acquaintance of the best of all remembrancers, which, after all, in spite of what sentimentalists say, is the most wholesome of all correctives for hardened offenders. Every case of corporal punishment is taken note of, and is posted up in the schoolroom, that all may read. If a boy knows his friends are coming to see him when his name is there, he looks very glum indeed.

Sunday is a day of rest. All attend the village church morning and night. In the afternoon, the boys enjoy a quiet chat among themselves, read their library books, or have a story read for them.

Every season brings its own work and enjoyments. In the winter they prepare the land for the spring, thresh the autumn crops, and finish off the numberless oddments that are left for that time of the year. Then there is many a jolly hour's sliding when Jack Frost is kind; and, occasionally, that delight of every school-boy's heart, a regular snowball battle. This is the season, too, when concerts are got up, and how hard all practise that there may be no hitch on those auspicious evenings! No need to describe the work of the spring. Every one knows what that means to the farmer. But what matters it for hard work when you see your labour reducing all to order, in readiness for the seed which must soon be sown. Then, when seed-time is over, how eagerly all look for the first appearance of the young leaves above the ground. In their gardens, every little morsel of green is watched with an interest that those whose lives have more changes might well envy. Nor are the duty-boys idle indoors. This is the time of scrubbing, painting, and whitewashing, for spring sunbeams have an ugly knack of showing up begrimed corners, and all must be made clean and bright after the winter's smoke and fog.

Then comes summer with its long days of heat and sunshine, when cricket takes the place of football in the playground, and hoeing and weeding keep every one busy all day long.

The season they like best is autumn; and for days before they commence reaping there is much talking of former prowess with the sickle. When they do begin, their whole energy is given to their work, and two extra meals a day are only a just compensation for the extra tear and wear of muscular tissue. Every lad does his level best, and all work as one, for are they not reaping their own corn, gathering in their own sheaves? They sowed the seed, they watched it grow to maturity, and now they are striving to garner it in its due time; and were you in the neighbourhood when the last load is carried, you would hear such a clamour of vociferous cheering as might well make you say, 'Something pleases the reformatory boys very much to-day.'

Nor are the lads without their special gala days: Easter Monday, sundry birthdays, Harvest Home, Christmas Day, and even Examination Day, are all times to be remembered long after they have left school.

Thus pass the weeks, months, and years. Every day separates the boys more and more from their past life. Their moral characters develop under the firm guidance of cool heads and warm hearts; and, although there are cases which are almost hopeless, there is no boy but learns all that is needful to enable him to earn an honest living and lead a decent life. As far as is possible the school authorities endeavour to keep in touch with every lad, and use the moral influence they have acquired over him long after his school-life has come to an end.

## VEGETABLE PEPSINE.

VEGETABLE Pepsine is the name very aptly given to the juice of the unripe fruit of the Papaw (*Carica Papaya*), a plant fairly well distributed throughout the tropics. The papaw is a handsome tree, and would well serve as an ornament to gardens; but it would leave very little room for the growth of shrubs and bushes, as it absorbs an incredible quantity of moisture. When not topped, its cylindrical stem attains a height of ten to twenty feet, crowned by a number of large leaves. It is a very quick grower indeed, and the flower unfailingly becomes a fruit, so that almost daily every period of growth from the bud to full ripeness may be observed on the tree.

The useful properties of the papaw plant have long been known to the various natives, and have been taken advantage of by them, as can be seen by reference to the works of travellers who can themselves vouch for the accuracy of the accounts they narrate. Thus Drury, in *The Useful Plants of India*, states that old hogs and poultry which are fed upon the leaves and fruit, however tough the meat they afford might otherwise be, are thus rendered perfectly tender and good, if eaten as soon as killed. Browne, too, in his *Natural History of Jamaica*, says that meat becomes tender after being washed with water to which the juice of the papaw tree has been added; and if left in such water ten minutes, it will fall from the spit while roasting, or separate into shreds while boiling. In his *History of Barbadoes*, Griffith Hughes mentions that the juice of the papaw tree is of so penetrating a nature that if the unripe peeled fruit be boiled with the toughest old salted meat it quickly makes it soft and tender. Karsten also tells us that boiling meat with the juice of the papaw is quite a common thing in Quito. Captain S. P. Oliver, writing in *Nature*, July 10, 1879, says: 'In Mauritius, where we lived principally on ration beef cut from the tough flesh of the Malagasy oxen, we were in the habit of hanging the ration under the leaves themselves; and if we were in a hurry for a very tender piece of fillet, our cook would wrap up the undercut of the sirloin in the leaves, when the newly-killed meat would be as tender as if it had been hung for a considerable time.'

It is not surprising that the attention of medical men abroad was drawn to the wonderful solvent action exercised by the leaves and fruit of the papaw tree. They soon commenced using the juice from the fruit in simple cases of



indigestion; and when they found good results follow, they extended their experiments to more complex disorders. Surgeon B. Evers, writing upon Indian Medicinal Plants in the *Indian Medical Gazette* in 1875, mentions some cases in which he used it satisfactorily in enlarged spleen and enlarged liver. Out of sixty cases which he treated, thirty-nine were cured; in eighteen the results were not reported; and in three cases of enormously enlarged spleens, relief was afforded. The juice was administered as follows: a teaspoonful was mixed with an equal quantity of sugar, and the mass divided into three boluses, of which one was taken morning, noon, and evening. For children, a single drop of the juice was given as a dose mixed with sugar.

The juice of the papaw has been used with very great success in many other complaints. In Mauritius it is regarded as one of the most successful remedies for intestinal worms, a single dose being usually sufficient for a cure.

Attention was first drawn to the remedy in this country about 1879. Dr T. Peckolt, who made a thorough study of the plant when he was abroad in Brazil, succeeded in extracting the active principle from the juice of the fruit, to which he gave the name of Papayotin. In the following year Drs Bouchut and Wurtz investigated the plant, and separated the active principle, to which they gave the name of Papaine. This proved to be identical with Dr Peckolt's Papayotin, so that the two terms may be regarded as synonymous. Dr Bouchut also made a very important discovery which opened an entirely new field for the use of papaw. He found that both the diluted juice and Papaine had the property of digesting living tissues, normal or pathological, such as adenomata and cancer, and converting them into peptones in exactly the same way as dead ones. This knowledge was very soon turned to account. Surgeons commenced to treat abnormal growths with Papaine, and found it most efficacious in removing the false membranes of croup and diphtheria. As a rule, solutions of one in ten were employed for painting the throat, and in some instances Papaine was also given internally.

About the same time, a well-known London surgeon, a specialist in skin diseases, tried its effect upon an obstinate case of eczema with marked success. His prescription was composed of twelve grains of Papaine and five grains of powdered borax in two drachms of distilled water; this was painted on the parts twice daily; and in less than a month the hard horny masses of heaped-up epidermis had entirely disappeared from the skin, and the texture was left quite normal.

We ought not to conclude this notice of papaw without mentioning that the natives and residents abroad find the ripe fruit a delicious dessert. Dr Peckolt, whom we have already referred to, has given us some interesting data from an alimentary point of view in a paper he published upon the Papaw Plant some few years back. He says: 'This herbaceous tree is in Brazil a constant companion of the banana, and is never wanting near the huts of the natives. And rightly do the Indians honour this useful and most grateful tree, specially selected by Providence for people averse to any cultivation, for

without the slightest care or labour after a few months' growth it yields harvests the whole year through. Notwithstanding that in respect to nutritive value the fruit cannot compete with the banana, its use makes a refreshing change.' There are three varieties known, and of these the 'Mamao melao' is regarded as the best.

In Brazil, Dr Peckolt says, 'the tree is scarcely cultivated, or with but little care, its continual planting, like that of the banana, being self-effected, but with this difference, that instead of shoots from the roots, it is done by the seeds of the fruit falling on the ground. The tree is simply left to stand where the seed has been planted, either by the use of the fruit as manure, or by the agency of birds; the tender young plants brave all weathers, and are very tenacious of life, are not eaten by animals, and after becoming ten inches high, are not prevented by injury to leaf or bark from growing luxuriantly and almost perceptibly to the eye, even more rapidly than the banana. The fruit, like the banana, is collected in the full-grown but still green condition, so as to ripen in the house. If perfectly ripe when taken from the tree, the flesh, especially in the neighbourhood of the skin, is bitter; moreover, the ripe fruit is difficult to secure against destruction by birds.'

#### THE FLOWER-GIRL.

The cold wind nipping at her feet,  
She loiters in the busy street  
Forlorn and lonely,  
And proffers there with wistful eye  
Pale blossoms to the passers-by—  
A flower-girl only.

Yet never has her young life known  
The dells and valleys where have blown  
The flowers she fingers.  
She knows not of the charms that cling  
About the woodland ways, when Spring  
On Summer lingers.

Her little foot has never pressed  
The dewdrop on the gowan's breast  
At eve or morning;  
Nor did she ever yet behold  
The genial Autumn's fruitful gold,  
The plains adorning.

The lilies that she holds for sale  
Are not, in sooth, so sickly pale  
As her young face is—  
A face that speaketh eloquent  
Of life in thrall of poorth spent  
Down sunless places.

She sees not in the flowers she sells  
Young April twinkling on the fells  
Or in the wild wood;  
But we, to whom they speak of Spring,  
May here some bit of sunshine bring  
To cheer her childhood.

THOMAS MORTON.

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## THACKERAY'S LONDON.

THE influence of the great centre of national life upon our literature may be traced in the writings of many of our foremost novelists and essayists, some of whom, like Dr Johnson or Charles Lamb, have left on record their love for London's busy streets or quiet nooks and corners; while others, such as Dickens, have invested the local habitations of their characters with almost as great an interest as attaches to the characters themselves. Thus we seem as familiar with the old prison of the Marshalsea as with Little Dorrit, with Golden Square as with Ralph Nickleby. In Thackeray's works it is the west end of the town which is more especially illustrated, and it is more often the personality of the inhabitant than the house itself which leaves an enduring impression on the reader's mind—facts which may serve to explain why so little has been written on the London of Thackeray when compared with that of Dickens. Yet Thackeray's knowledge of London, the foibles of its fashionable life, and the humours of its clubs, was extensive; and the various localities in which he from time to time took up his abode are mostly to be found depicted in his novels and sketches—such as the Charterhouse, where he passed his school-days; or Kensington, in which the later years of his life were spent. Few schools have been more immortalised in literature by an old pupil than has the Charterhouse by the great novelist—that Hospital of Gray Friars with its memories of Addison and Steele, where the 'Codd' Colonel stood among the poor brethren uttering the responses to the Psalm for Founder's Day, and where he murmured his final 'Adsum.' Here Thackeray sent Philip Firmin, Clive Newcome, and little Rawdon Crawley; and it was in the chapel of his old school that he himself made his last appearance in public to commemorate with other old Cistercians the praises of Thomas Sutton, the Founder.

The neighbourhood of Covent Garden was familiar to Thackeray, and he has described it

with picturesque accuracy: 'the two great national theatres on one side; a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other; a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote and history; an arcade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle,' and its 'rich cluster of brown old taverns.' At the Bedford Hotel he was a frequent visitor in his youthful days, though it was then only in name the old coffee-house which had been once 'the emporium of wit, the seat of criticism, and the standard of taste,' when every night, with its crowd of 'polite scholars' and wits, jokes and bon-mots were echoed from box to box. It was more particularly patronised by theatrical celebrities, among whom Sheridan and Garrick were the most famous.

Close by, in the north-west corner of Covent Garden, was Evans's Hotel and Music-hall, which appears in the *Newcomes* under the transparent disguise of the 'Cave of Harmony,' whither the Colonel took Clive, and found so much to object to in the singing of Captain Costigan. From the date of its building in the reign of Charles II., this house was destined to undergo many changes of fortune. At one time it was the home of Sir Kenelm Digby, then of that Admiral Russell who, in 1692, defeated the French fleet off La Hogue; and was opened in 1774 as a family hotel—one of the first of the kind in London. After one or two other changes in the proprietorship, the Hotel passed into the hands of Evans of Covent Garden Theatre; and the musical entertainments soon became famous, and continued to be a feature of the house after 1844, when it had become vested in John, more popularly known as 'Paddy' Green. Thackeray was one of the many men of letters who frequented the house; and it has been told us how one day, when the *Newcomes* was in course of publication, Lowell, who was then in London, met him in the street, serious in manner, and with looks telling of weariness and application; and how, in response to the kindly look of inquiry in the poet's eyes, he said: 'Come into Evans's, and

I'll tell you all about it. I have killed the Colonel.'

Another house of lyrical talent was the tavern in Maiden Lane known as the 'Cider Cellars,' for many years the chosen resort of the bohemian world, and the favourite haunt of Professor Porson. This was no doubt the prototype of the Fielding's Head, at which was held the little club called the 'Back Kitchen,' where it will be remembered Pen and Warrington listened to such airs as the *Brown Jug* or *The Good Old English Gentleman*, interspersed with those of a different type.

'Le monde où l'on s'amuse' is described in many a page of Thackeray's works, and in one of the Roundabout Papers he gives us a list of his favourites of song and of the drama in his youthful days, when Sadler's Wells and the Adelphi were at the height of their fame, when Taglioni danced, and such singers as Sontag and Malibran were to be heard at the Opera. Vauxhall is frequently mentioned in his novels with the hundred thousand 'extra' lamps which were always lighted; the fiddlers in cocked hats, who played ravishing melodies under the gilded cockle shell in the midst of the gardens; the comic and sentimental ballad-singers; the country-dances; and the hermit who always sat in the illuminated hermitage. Here it was that the Sedley party was so disturbed by the conduct of Jos, under the influence of the rack punch. Vauxhall was also the scene of the visit of Arthur Pendennis when he met Captain Costigan and his guests from Shepherd's Inn. It was Uncle Newcome who took the children to Astley's, and laughed at the clown's well-worn jokes at the representation of the 'Battle of Waterloo.'

The Temple, with its old-world courts and cloisters and its numerous associations, had a peculiar fascination for Thackeray as for Dickens and other writers. About the year 1846 he seems to have occupied chambers at 10 Crown Office Road, Temple, his friend Tom Taylor having a set of rooms in the same house. Here, in Lamb Court, Pen abode with his noble-hearted friend Warrington, and was visited by his uncle, Major Pendennis, who had great difficulty in climbing up the abominable black stairs to the third storey, to be mistaken at last for the beer which Warrington had been anxiously expecting. Here, too, in the *Newcomes*, we find the same occupants visited by the Colonel and Clive. It will be remembered, likewise, that the Hon. Mr Denceace, the youngest son of the Earl of Crabs, is described by James Yellowplush as 'a barrystir—that is, he lived in Pump Court, Temple: a vulgar nay-brood witch praps my readers don't no. Suffiz to say it's on the confines of the city, and the choasen abode of the lawyers of this metrap-polish.'

Shepherd's Inn in *Pendennis* might be any of the quaint old Inns of Chancery which are so fast disappearing from modern London. Thackeray has described with more minuteness than usual the quadrangle, approached by curious passages and ambiguous smoky alleys on which the sun has forgotten to shine. 'Slop-sellers, brandy-ball and hardbake vendors, purveyors of theatrical prints for youth, dealers in dingy furniture, and bedding suggestive of anything but sleep, line the narrow walls and dark case-

ments with their wares. The doors are many-belled; and crowds of dirty children form endless groups about the steps, or around the shell-fish dealers' trays in these courts, whereof the damp pavements resound with patters, and are drabbed with a never-failing mud.' Clement's Inn as it was half a century ago, in the days when the law-courts were yet at Westminster, appears to be indicated by the description. Captain Costigan had his abode at this Inn, and pretty Fanny Bolton dwelt at the porter's lodge.

The more remote or less fashionable districts of London do not figure largely in Thackeray's later works, nor must we look there for descriptions of the poor and their dwellings, the seamy side of life being generally depicted in his novels in connection with impecunious gamblers of high degree. *Catherine*, his only story of 'low life,' was written as a protest against the then prevalent fashion of painting its often sordid and mean details in attractive and at the same time unreal colours. Ikey Solomon of Horsemonger Lane is supposed to tell her sad history. In the jail here it was that Moore and Lord Byron paid a visit to Leigh Hunt, who was suffering for having indiscreetly styled the Prince Regent an 'Adonis of fifty.' The out-at-elbows Colonel Crawley was for some time confined in Sloman's sponging-house in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane. This place, splendid with its huge old gilt cornices and dingy yellow satin hangings, in contrast to its chained and fast-barred door, has also been described by Disraeli in *Henrietta Temple*. The Fleet, with its memories of Pickwick, was where Barry Lyndon passed the end of his days in the company of his old mother. Here, too, Captain Shandon was very much at home, and lived as a king, adored by his wife; to which circle Arthur Pendennis was introduced in the course of his literary career.

Thackeray's early married days were spent in Great Coram Street, near the Foundling Hospital, and many of the streets and squares in that neighbourhood, as well as about Smithfield, are to be found in his works. The happy possessor of the great Hoggarty Diamond dines with the Roundhands in Myddelton Square, Pentonville—the name of which commemorates the inventor of the artificial New River. In the same story the Samuel Titmarshes are made to reside in a genteel house in Bernard Street, Russell Square. In one of the Yellowplush Papers, Mr and Mrs Altamont live in Cannon Row, Islington, in as comfortable a house as well could be, 'carpeted from top to to; pore's rates small, furnitur elygant, and three deomestix.' In Russell Square was the well-known home of the Sedley family, and Thackeray is said to have once pointed out to a friend the identical house in which he had located them. The vast and melancholy house in Fitzroy Square, 'cheerfully ornamented in the style of the end of the last century with a funeral urn in the centre of the entry, and garlands and the skulls of rams at each corner,' was tenanted by Colonel Newcome; while in Howland Street, close by, Clive went to live with his wife and mother-in-law when misfortune fell on him.

It is, however, in Mayfair, St James's, and other districts of the West End that we meet with the majority of the novelist's characters. Dr Firmin and Philip lived in Old Parr, that is,



Old Burlington Street, whence the fashionable world had fled, finding it too dismal. In Gaunt Square, Lord Steyne had his town palace. Some have recognised Berkeley Square in the description of this spot with its mansions passed away into dowagerism—tall dark houses, with window-frames of a lighter red, and blank iron extinguishers that still flank the lamps over the steps. It was in Great Gaunt Street, leading out of the Square, that Becky Sharp first made the acquaintance of the eccentric Sir Pitt Crawley; and in Curzon Street, Mayfair, that she lived as the wife of the impecunious Rawdon in the snug and complete bachelor's residence with its geraniums in the window and carved bronze knocker. Not far away—in Queen Street—that veteran of fashion, old Lady Kew, abode, and might even sometimes have been found, when London was supposed to be a desert, cowering over a bed-candle and a furtive teapot in the back drawing-room. Conveniently situated for her ladyship's devotions was Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, where the Rev. Charles Honeyman officiated. Park Lane is represented by Lady Ann Newcome and Miss Crawley with her pug-dog; while Mrs Hobson Newcome lived in Bryanston Square. More interest perhaps attaches to the Bury Street lodgings of Major Pendennis, the daily scene of his elaborate toilet.

Pall Mall, the 'sweet shady side' of which was the favourite haunt of the beaux and dandies of the Regency, was familiar to Thackeray, who began and finished *The Luck of Barry Lyndon* while staying in St James's Street. No more congenial district could have been found for the worldly-minded old Major, who loved to station himself in the great window of Bays's Club—the bow-window of White's—with half a score of old bucks similarly recreating themselves—old fogies who, Pen unkindly suggested, should be set up in wax at Madame Tussaud's in a Chamber of Horrors by themselves. The humorous side of club-life is admirably portrayed in the *Book of Snobs*. A member of the Athenæum and the Reform, Thackeray was particularly partial to the smoking-room of the Garrick Club, then situated in King Street, Covent Garden. It was here, at the annual dinner held on Shakespeare's birthday, that he said, 'We the happy initiated never speak of it as the Garrick: to us it is the G., the little G., the dearest place in the world.' It was at Willis's Rooms, the old Almack's, in King Street, Pall Mall, that he delivered, in 1851, his lectures on the English Humorists. In the vicinity of Brompton and Kensington his life as a successful author was mostly passed. Becky Sharp on her marriage retired to snug little Brompton lodgings; and in a cottage in a street leading from the Fulham Road, with the romantic title of St Adelaide Villas, Anna Maria Road West, old Mr Sedley hid his head with his wife and daughter when the crash came. There is a touch of Dickens in Thackeray's description of this neighbourhood, 'where the houses look like baby-houses; where the people looking out of the first-floor windows must infallibly, as you think, sit with their feet in the parlours; where the shrubs in the little gardens in front bloom with a perennial display of children's pinafores, little red socks and caps; and where little porter pots hang on the railings sunning themselves.'

In 1847 Thackeray went to live in Young Street, and once pointing out the bow-windowed cottage to an inquiring friend, is said to have remarked: 'Go down on your knees, you rogue, for here *Vanity Fair* was penned; and I will go down with you, for I have a high opinion of that little production myself.' Here he also wrote *Esmund*; and one of the houses close by, in Kensington Square, has been chosen as the home of Lady Castlewood and Beatrice. In 1862 Thackeray removed from Onslow Square, where the *Newcomes* and the *Virginians* had been composed, to the house he had built himself in Palace Green, still remaining in the old court suburb with its leafy trees and gardens, to which he was so much attached. Here it was that the completion of *Denis Duval* was cut short by his lamented death in the following year.

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

## CHAPTER VIII.—AT 'OXFORD COLLEGE.'

'WELL, I don't know what you fellows think, but as far as I'm concerned,' Trevor Gillingham remarked, with an expansive wave of his delicate white hand, 'my verdict on the Last of the Plantagenets is simply this: the Prince of the Blood has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.'

It was a fortnight later, in Faussett's rooms in the Chapel Quad at Durham (Chapel Quad is the most fashionably expensive quarter), and a party of raw lads, who took themselves for men, all gathered round their dessert, were engaged in discussing their fellow-undergraduate. The table groaned with dried fruits and mandarin oranges. Faussett himself raised to his lips a glass of Oxford wine-merchant's sherry—our famous Amontillado as imported, thirty-six shillings the dozen—and observed in a tone of the severest criticism: 'Oh, the man's a smug; a most unmitigated smug: that's the long and the short of it.'

Now, to be a smug is, in Oxford undergraduate circles, the unpardonable sin. It means, to stop in your own rooms and moil and toil, or to lurk and do nothing, while other men in shoals are out and enjoying themselves. It means to avoid the river and the boats; to shun the bump-supper; to decline the wine-party. Sometimes, it is true, the smug is a curmudgeon; but sometimes he is merely a poor and hard-working fellow, the sort of person whom at forty we call a man of ability.

'Well, I won't go quite as far as that,' one of the other lads observed, smacking his lips with an ostentatious air of judicial candour, about equally divided between Dick and the claret. 'I won't quite condemn him as a smug, unheard. But it's certainly odd he shouldn't join the wine-club.'

He was a second-year man, the speaker, one Westall by name, who had rowed in the *Topicks*; and as the rest were mostly freshmen of that term, his opinion naturally carried weight with all except Gillingham. He, indeed, as a Born Poet, was of course allowed a little more license in such matters than his even Christians.

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'Up till now,' Faussett put in, with a candid air of historical inquiry, 'you see every Durham man has always as a matter of course subscribed to the wine-club. Senior men tell me they never knew an exception.'

Gillingham looked up from his easy-chair with a superior smile. 'I don't object to his not joining it,' he said, with a curl of the cultured lip, for the Born Poet of course represented culture in this scratch collection of ardent young Philistines; 'but why, in the name of goodness, didn't he say outright like a man he couldn't afford it? It's the base hypocrisy of his putting his refusal upon moral grounds, and calling himself a total abstainer, that sets my back up. If a man's poor in this world's goods and can't afford to drink a decent wine, in Heaven's name let him say so; but don't let him go snuffling about, pretending he doesn't care for it, or he doesn't want it, or he doesn't like it, or he wouldn't take it if he could get it. I call that foolish and degrading, as well as unmanly. Even Shakespeare himself used to frequent the *Mermoid* tavern. Why, where would all our poetry be, I should like to know, if it weren't for Bacchus? Bacchus ever fair and ever young? War, he sang, is toil and trouble; Honour but an empty bubble; Never ending, still beginning; Fighting still, and still destroying; If the world be worth thy winning, Think, oh, think it worth enjoying.' And Gillingham closed his eyes ecstatically as he spoke, and took another sip at the thirty-six Amontillado, in a rapture of divine poetry.

'Hear, hear!' Faussett cried, clapping his hands with delight. 'The Born Poet for a song! The Born Poet for a recitation! You men should just hear him spout Alexander's Feast. It's a thing to remember! He's famous as a spouter, don't you know, at Rugby. Why, he's got half the British poets or more by heart, and a quarter of the prose authors. He can speak whole pages. But Alexander's Feast's the thing he does the very best of all. Whenever he recites it, he brings the house down.'

'Respect for an ancient and picturesque seat of learning prevents me from bringing down the roof of Durham College, then,' Gillingham answered lightly, with a slight sneer for his friend's boyish enthusiasm. 'Besides, my dear boy, you wander from the subject. When the French farmer asked his barn-door fowls to decide with what sauce they would wish to be eaten, they held a meeting of their own in the barton-yard and sent their spokesman to say, "If you please, M. le Propriétaire, we very much prefer *not* to be eaten." "Mes amis," said the farmer, "*vous vous écarterez de la question.*" And that's your case, Faussett. The business before the house is the moral turpitude and mental obliquity of the man Plantagenet, who refuses—as he says on conscientious grounds—to join the college wine-club. Now, I take that as an insult to a society of gentlemen.'

'What a lark it would be,' Faussett cried, 'if we were to get him up here just now, offer him some wine, to which he pretends he has a conscientious objection—unless somebody else pays for it—make him drink success to the cause of total abstinence, keep filling up his glass till we make him dead drunk, and then set him at the window in a paper cap to sing *John Barleycorn*!'

Gillingham's thin lip curled visibly. 'Your humour, my dear boy,' he said, patting Faussett on the back, 'is English, English, essentially English. It reminds me of Gilray. It lacks point and fineness. Your fun is like your neckties—loud, too loud! You must cultivate your mind (if any) by a diligent study of the best French models. I would recommend, for my part, as an efficient antidote, a chapter of De Maupassant and an ode of François Coppée's, every night and morning.'

It was Trevor Gillingham's cue, indeed, always to treat his fellow-students at Durham College as mere young Englishmen who had never seen anything of the great European world where he himself had received the rudiments of his education. They had not been brought up in the diplomatic service; they had not been hurried about the face of the Continent from Madrid to Constantinople, and from Stockholm to Athens; they had not picked up French with their mothers' milk, nor lisped in High-German from their earliest infancy. It was something, Gillingham felt, to have been dandled on the knees of Roumanian and Servian queens, or to have been held at the font by the orthodox hands of Russian princesses. And he never let his contemporaries at school or college forget his superiority in that respect. He had painted over his door with his own hand the proud words of the *Psalmist*, 'Reginæ erunt nutrices tue.' So he denied Faussett for not being as cosmopolitan as himself, and he had a low opinion of Oxford altogether as a rather provincial English university.

Faussett, somewhat abashed, retired for a moment into himself. He busied himself meanwhile with handing round the mandarin oranges.

'Plantagenet's not a man of the world, you see,' Gillingham went on after a short pause, puffing away at a contemplative cigarette, with a proud consciousness that he himself was wholly different. 'That's not his fault, of course, and nobody blames him for it. The *poet* is born, not made, we know: it's perfectly true. But the man of the world is made, not born; he *acquires* his qualities to the society in which he has been brought up, and the people with whom he and his forebears have associated. Still, when a fellow comes among gentlemen, no matter from what origin, he should "behave as such;" he should have gumption and tact enough to find out instinctively what are the things one should do and what the things one should leave undone, so as to fit him for the superior groove in which he is thenceforth to hold his orbit. I hate unadaptiveness; it's a mark of a low unprogressive nature. The wise man moves with his time and adapts himself to his company. If he happens to be in Spain, he's a pillar of the bull-fights; *cosa d'españa*, you know—*cosa d'españa*! If he comes to England, he's a Vice-president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. When he's at Rome, he does as Rome does; when he's in Geneva, he renounces the Pope and all his works as a most dangerous heresy.' And Gillingham leaned back in his easy-chair with a self-satisfied face, and blew forth a blast of pale blue tobacco smoke, conscious that he had spoken like a man of the world himself, and merited the admiration of his attentive listeners.



'But if Plantagenet's poor,' one more tolerant lad put in, apologetically, 'it's natural enough, after all, he shouldn't want to join the club. It's precious expensive, you know, Gillingham. It runs into money.'

The Born Poet was all sweet reasonableness. 'To be poor, my dear Matthews,' he said with a charming smile, turning round to the objector, 'as Beau Brummell remarked about a rent in one's coat, is an accident that may happen to any gentleman any day; but a patch, you must recognise, is premeditated poverty. The man Plantagenet may be as poor as he chooses, so far as I'm concerned: I approve of his being poor: what so picturesque, so affecting, so poetical, indeed, as honest poverty? But to pretend he doesn't care for wine—that's quite another matter. There the atrocity comes in: the vulgarian atrocity. For I call such a statement nothing short of vulgar.' He raised his glass once more, and eyed the light of the lamp through the amethystine claret with poetic appreciation. 'Now give the hantboys breath,' he cried, breaking off once more in a fit of fine dithyrambic inspiration; 'he comes! he comes! Bacchus, ever fair and ever young, Drinking joys did first ordain. Bacchus' blessings are a treasure; Drinking is the soldier's pleasure. Rich the tr-r-asure, Sweet the pleasure; Sweet is pleasure after pain.'

And when Gillingham said that, with his studiously unstudied air of profound afflatus, everybody in the company felt convinced at once that Plantagenet's teetotalism, real or hypocritical, simply hadn't got a leg left to stand upon. They turned for consolation to the Carlsbad plums and the candied cherries.

But at the very same moment, in those more modest rooms, up two pair of stairs in the Back Quad, which Dick had selected for himself as being the cheapest then vacant, the Prince of the Blood himself sat in an old stuffed chair, in a striped college boating coat, engaged in discussing his critic Gillingham in a more friendly spirit with a second-year man, who, though not a smug, was a reader and a worker, by name Gillespie, a solid Glasgow Scotchman. They had rowed together that afternoon in a canvas pair to Sandford, and now they were working in unison on a chapter or two of Aristotle.

'For my own part,' Dick said, 'when I hear Gillingham talk, I'm so overwhelmed with his knowledge of life, and his knowledge of history, and his extraordinary reading, that I feel quite ashamed to have carried off the Scholarship against him. I feel the examiners must surely have made a mistake—and some day they'll find it out, and be sorry they elected me.'

'You needn't be afraid of that,' Gillespie answered, smiling, and filling his pipe. 'You lack the fine quality of a "guile conceit o' yourself," Plantagenet. I've talked a bit with Gillingham now and again, and I don't think very much of him. He's not troubled that way. He's got an extraordinary memory, and a still more extraordinary opinion of his own high merits: but I don't see, bar those two, that there's anything particularly brilliant or original about him. He's a poet, of course, and he writes good verses; every fellow can write good verses nowadays; the trick's been published. All can raise the flower

now, as Tennyson puts it, for all have got the seed. But as far as I can judge Gillingham, his memory's just about the best thing about him. He has a fine confused lot of undigested historical knowledge packed away in his head loose: but he hasn't any judgment; and judgment is ability. The examiners were quite right, my dear fellow; you know less than Gillingham in a way; but you know it more surely, and you can make better use of it. His work's showy and flashy: yours is solid and serviceable.'

And Gillespie spoke the truth. Gradually, as Dick got to see more of the Born Poet's method, he found Gillingham out: he discovered that the great genius was essentially a *poser*. He posed about everything. His *role* in life, he said himself, was to be the typical poet: and he never forgot it. He dressed the part; he acted it: he ate and drank poetically. He looked at everything from the point of view of a budding Shakespeare, with just a dash of Shelley thrown in, and a suspicion of Matthew Arnold to give modern flavour. Add a tinge of Baudelaire, Victor Hugo, Ibsen, for cosmopolitan interest, and you have your bard complete. He was a spectator of the drama of human action, he loved to remark; he watched the poor creatures and the pretty creatures at their changeful game, doing, loving, and suffering: he saw in it all good material for his art, the raw stuff for future plays to astonish humanity. Meanwhile, he lay low at Durham College, Oxford, and let the undergraduate world deploy itself before him in simple Bacchic guise or Heraclean feats of strength and skill.

Dick saw more of Gillespie those first few terms than of any one else in college. He was a thorough good fellow, Archibald Gillespie, and he had just enough of that ballast of common-sense and knowledge of the world which was a trifle lacking to the romantic country-bred lad fresh up from Chiddingwick. He helped Dick much with his work, and went much with him on the river. And Dick worked with a will at his history all that year, and pulled an oar with the best of them: though he found time, too, to coach a fellow undergraduate going in for 'Smalls,' which increased his income by ten whole pounds, an incredible sum to him. When he thought of how hard it used to be to earn ten pounds at Mr Wells's in the High Street at Chiddingwick, no wonder Oxford seemed to him a veritable Eldorado!

In spite of hard work, however, and frequent tight places, that first term at Oxford was a genuine delight to him. Who that has known it does not look back upon his freshman year even in middle life with regretful enjoyment? Those long mornings in great lecture-rooms lighted up with dim light from stained-glass windows; those golden afternoons on the gleaming river or among the fields towards Iffley; those strolls round the leafy avenues of Christ Church walks; those loitering moments in Magdalen cloisters! What lounging in a punt under the chestnuts by the Cherwell; what spurts against the stream on the river by Godstow! All, all is delightful to the merest full-blooded boy; to Richard Plantagenet's romantic mind, stored with images of the past, 'twas a perpetual feast of fantastic pleasure.

He wrote to Mary twice a week; he would have written every day, indeed, if Mary had



allowed him; but the lady of his love more prudently remarked that Mrs Tradescant would be tempted to inquire in that case as to the name and business of her constant correspondent. He wrote her frankly all his joys and griefs; and she in return quite as frankly sympathised with him. Boy and girl as they were, it was all very pleasant. To be sure, it was understood and arranged on both sides beforehand by the high contracting parties that these letters were to be taken as written on purely friendly grounds, and as the lawyers say, 'without prejudice;' still, as time went on, they grew more and more friendly, until at last it would have required the critical eye of an expert in breach-of-promise cases to distinguish them at first sight from ordinary love letters. Indeed, just once, towards the end of term, Dick went so far as to begin one short note, 'Dearest Mary,' which was precisely what he always called her to himself in his own pleasant day-dreams; and then he had the temerity to justify his action in so many words, by pleading the precedent of this purely mental usage. But Mary promptly put a stop to such advances by severely beginning her reply, 'Dear Mr Plantagenet;' though, to be sure, she somewhat spoilt the moral effect of so stern a commencement by confessing at once in the sequel that she had headed her first draught with a frank 'Dear Dick'—and then torn it up, after all, being ashamed to send it.

When Dick read that deliciously feminine confession, consigned in blushing ink to fair white maiden note-paper, his heart gave a jump that might have been heard in Tom Quad, and his face grew as red as Mary's own when she penned it.

#### THE CHINA TEA-CLIPPERS.

THE crimson flag of the British merchant service has flown at the peaks of many famous ships since it was hoisted aboard the first of the Black-wall Liners; but never has that glorious bunting 'terrific burned' over a more renowned fleet of vessels than the China Tea-clippers. The little 'fruiters' which raced home from South Spain and the Western Islands with the golden products of the orange grove and the raisins of the sunny Murcian vineyards, won great fame in their day. Such names as the 'Jack o' Lantern,' 'Susan,' and 'Lady Rebow' will kindle the heart of the old sailor, and carry him back in recollection to the period of his first going to sea, when he recalls the picture of those yacht-like clippers, streaming down the bay like a flight of graceful seabirds under their widespread wings of canvas. Dainty little vessels they were, to be sure; schooner-rigged for the most part, and wonderful sailers. But they seldom went farther than a week's run from soundings, and this, together with their slender size, prevented their ever attaining the significance which attaches to the great ship, rendered majestic to the eye by her towering heights, and heroic to the mind by the length of her voyages.

The tea-trade with China was first thrown open by our war with that nation in 1842. The

Americans then possessed a magnificent fleet of sailing-ships, hailing chiefly from Boston and Baltimore, which no British vessel afloat could rival. Our ocean liners at that period were of the old frigate-built school; bluff, homely craft, very dry and comfortable to be on board of in a gale of wind, but never celebrated for their speed. The Yankees, on the other hand, were introducing the new form of clipper-building into their yards; and the vessels which, in 1845-46, they despatched from New York to the Whampoa were not to be surpassed, indeed scarcely approached, by anything that we could send to compete against them. Then, again, by first carrying a cargo to California, which paid them something like five pounds a ton, it answered their purpose to cross to the Chinese ports, load with tea, and bring it to the Thames or Mersey at a rate which it would have ruined our shipowners at home to accept. Thus it was that for the first few years in the history of the China tea-trade the Americans practically enjoyed a monopoly in supplying the markets of the world.

But British enterprise was not very likely to sit down long under this state of things. Others were reaping the fruits which we had shed our blood in China to secure. The Navigation Laws had been repealed; Free Trade was in operation, and it seemed strange that with these great commercial advantages we could not successfully compete against the Americans. What was wanted first of all was for our shipwrights to turn out vessels that could hold their own against the Yankee ships. Brother Jonathan gave us the idea of clipper-building, and we were not above borrowing it. By way of experiment, Messrs Hall of Aberdeen constructed a large schooner on the lines of the famous Baltimore clippers, named her the 'Torrington,' and in the year 1846 sent her to engage in the coasting-trade with China. Her voyage proved such a success, that other vessels of the same class, but of greater burden, followed in quick succession. The 'Torrington' was the first of the British China clippers; the vessels which had preceded her, such as the 'Euphrates,' 'Foam,' 'John o' Gaunt,' and the 'Monarch,' were all of the type still known among sailors as 'tea-wagons.'

For quite ten years after the launch of the 'Torrington,' however, the Americans remained our masters in this particular trade. When they found that we had begun to compete with them, their builders went to work to construct the magnificent set of ships which may be described as belonging to the later Baltimore clipper school. There was nothing afloat under British bunting to rival such vessels as the 'Challenge,' 'Sea Witch,' 'Oriental,' and at least a score of others. Occasionally, one of our ships would beat a celebrated Yankee clipper; but these triumphs were so few that they merely served to accentuate the superiority of their craft over our own. For instance, there was the memorable race from Whampoa to the Thames in 1851 between the two Baltimore clippers 'Flying Cloud' and 'Bald Eagle' and the English ship 'Ganges.' The former vessels sailed three days ahead of the 'Ganges.' A great deal of excitement was created in China by the race, the Americans, from their prestige, being the universal favourites. The south-west monsoon was strong, and the 'Ganges'

made a long passage to the Sunda Strait; but, when she passed Anjer signal station, nothing had yet been seen of her rivals. She arrived in soundings on December 16th, after a passage of one hundred and eight days.

A well-known Aberdeen ship-owner who was on board at the time tells the story of the race up Channel in Lindsay's *History of Shipping*. 'On the following morning at daylight we were off Portland, well inshore and under short sail, light winds from north-east, and weather rather thick. About eight A.M. the wind freshened and the haze cleared away, which showed two large and lofty ships two or three miles to windward of us. They proved to be our American friends, having their stripes and stars flying for a pilot. Captain Deas at once gave orders to hoist his signals for a pilot also; and as by this time several cutters were standing out from Weymouth, the "Ganges," being farthest inshore, got her pilot first on board. I said that I would land in the pilot boat and go to London by rail, and would report the ship that night or next morning at Austin Friars (she was consigned to my firm). The breeze had considerably freshened before I got on board the pilot cutter, when the "Ganges" filled away on the port tack, and, contrary to his wont, for he was a very cautious man, the captain crowded on all small sails. The Americans lost no time, and were after him, and I had three hours' view of as fine an ocean race as I can wish to see. The wind being dead ahead, the ships were making short tacks. The "Ganges" showed herself to be the most weatherly of the three; and the gain on every tack inshore was obvious; neither did she seem to carry away behind in fore-reaching. She arrived off Dungeness six hours before the other two, and was in the London Docks twenty-four hours before the first, and thirty-six hours before the last of her opponents.'

It was much about this period that the famous China house of Jardine, Matheson, & Co. caused to be constructed for them a ship with lines quite as fine as those of any American craft afloat, and of stouter scantling. She was named the 'Stornoway,' and was the first of the far-famed race of Aberdeen clippers. The 'Chrysolite,' a ship of very similar type, was launched shortly afterwards. But these vessels were scarcely equal to holding their own against the Baltimore clippers, few of which were less than double their tonnage. Our shipbuilders, however, were experimenting in the right direction, and gaining in confidence. Their next attempt was a vessel called the 'Cairngorm'; she proved herself not only a swift sailer, but a staunch ship, and by delivering her cargo in superior order, speedily obtained a preference over her American competitors. The English ship-owners began to grow hopeful again. In April 1853 the 'Joseph Fletcher' arrived in the Thames, one hundred and four days from Shanghai. This was the swiftest passage yet made by a British tea-clipper, and created a good deal of enthusiasm.

But it was not until the year 1856, when the 'Lord of the Isles,' one of the earliest iron vessels built in this country, raced home from Foochow against two of the most famous Baltimore clippers of the age, and beat them both by some days, that our ships re-established their ascendancy in a trade which the Americans had long been

bidding fair to monopolise. From this time the stately Yankee craft began to disappear one by one from off the seas, followed by the regretful memories of many British jacks, who had loved the honour of rivalling such ships and such sailors as those which dashed across the oceans under the stripes and stars during the two middle decades of the century. The revolution of the wheel of fortune was slow, but complete. Between the years 1845 and 1855 British merchants were chartering American clippers to bring freights of tea from China to supply the London markets: not more than twenty years later, nearly the whole of the tea imported into the United States was carried by English ships. That we drove the Americans out of the trade by our own superiority no one would be so foolish as to affirm. Had they chosen to continue competing with us, there is no doubt that they would have sent forth ships quite capable of giving a good account to the most celebrated of our own clippers. As seamen, we at least admit them equal to ourselves; as shipbuilders they taught us many valuable lessons.

In 1860 we had got the great bulk of the China tea-trade into our hands again, and a fleet of famous vessels was gradually springing up in this traffic. There was the 'Challenger,' specially built by Mr Richard Green, ten years earlier, to compete with the Yankee clipper 'Challenge,' which she was most successful in doing; the 'Falcon,' 'Kate Carnie,' 'Crest of the Wave,' 'Spray of the Ocean,' and several others whose names are quite historic in the annals of our mercantile marine. But by the time our Yankee neighbours had ceased to be rivals to us in this particular trade, a keen competition had sprung up among our own ship-owners. Freights in the tea-trade usually ruled very high; but in addition to this, extra inducements were held out to the owners of swift ships in the shape of racing premiums, and heavy prizes for the earliest deliveries. The result was that China clipper-sailing, stimulated by such strong commercial considerations, grew into a sort of mania: the builders were put to it to produce vessels which nothing afloat could touch, and as a consequence they launched a set of ships of such beauty, and possessed of such extraordinary sailing qualities, that the world had never seen their like before. Steele of Greenock and Hood of Aberdeen were particularly famous for the clippers they turned out. The first-named firm it was that, in 1865, sent forth the 'Sir Lancelot,' the pride and wonder of the whole race of tea-clippers.

This ship went manned by a crew of thirty hands, commanded by Captain Richard Robinson. It was in the season of 1869 that the 'Sir Lancelot' made the swiftest passage ever recorded of any tea-clipper. She left the anchorage at Foochow on the 17th of July with a full cargo of tea for London; and on the 10th of October sighted the Lizard, and entered the English Channel. Four days later she was berthed in the West India Docks, having completed a voyage of nearly 15,000 miles in eighty-nine days, and maintained an average of over one hundred and sixty miles a day through all the vicissitudes of weather which every ship meets with upon a long ocean passage.

This voyage of the 'Sir Lancelot' was ten days



quicker than those of the 'Serica,' 'Ariel,' and 'Taeping' in the great homeward race from Foochow of 1866, and eight days quicker than the celebrated passages of the 'Spindrift' and 'Ariel' in 1868. The nearest approaches to it are the runs made by the clippers 'Thermopylae,' 'Titania,' and 'Halloween.' The first-named ship came home from Foochow to London in 1869, sailing about five weeks before the 'Sir Lancelot.' She was making her maiden voyage, upon the outward passage of which she had covered the distance between Melbourne and the Thames in sixty days. She then crossed to Shanghai in twenty-eight days, the quickest run on record. Leaving Foochow shortly afterwards, this wonderful vessel accomplished the voyage to London in ninety-one days. The 'Thermopylae' was one of the Aberdeen clippers; she was about sixty tons larger than the 'Sir Lancelot,' although built very much upon the lines of that vessel. The 'Titania,' a Greenock-built ship of a less burden than either of the two foregoing vessels, made a famous passage in the race of 1871. Perhaps none of the China clipper-matches excited more interest than this particular one, because of the notoriety of the ships engaged in it. The 'Thermopylae' left Shanghai on June 22d; the 'Forward Ho' sailed from the same port two days later; and the 'Undine' on the 27th. On the 1st of July the 'Titania' left the anchorage at Foochow, by which time the first of her competitors had got the start by the whole length of the China Sea, and the other two were many leagues ahead. Notwithstanding this, the 'Titania' arrived in the Thames on the 2d of October after a passage of ninety-three days, the 'Thermopylae' coming in on the 6th, the 'Undine' on the 16th, and the 'Forward Ho' on the 20th of the same month. The 'Halloween' was another of the swiftest of these famous ocean racers. In 1874 she made a memorable passage: eighty-nine days from Shanghai to Deal. But this extraordinarily quick voyage is perhaps partly attributable to the fact of her having sailed at a time of the year when the monsoon was strong and favourable, whereas the usual period for the leaving of the China fleet was between the months of May and August, during which the monsoon is adverse. The 'Halloween' was one of the very few China clippers ever built upon the Thames. She was launched at Greenwich in 1870, and was a most beautiful model, of nine hundred and twenty tons burden.

The China clippers were a fine school for seamen. The greatest dexterity of navigation was called for in sailing these crack ships. If a man were reckless, and permitted his desire to 'carry on' to get the better of his judgment, he stood to dismast his ship and hopelessly ruin his chances of a smart passage. Mishaps were frequent. Studding-sail booms and skysail poles were carried away with as little compunction as a sailor would feel in snapping the stem of a clay pipe. The 'Cutty Sark,' whilst racing almost neck to neck with the redoubtable 'Thermopylae' in 1872 lost her rudder off the Cape; yet she contrived to arrive in the Thames only a week behind her competitor. Occasionally one of the most notorious of the racers would make an inordinately long passage. The 'Challenge' in 1869 was one hundred and forty-eight days in

coming home from Shanghai, having been exceptionally unfortunate in the weather she met with. In the previous year she had occupied one hundred and thirty-one days in making the same passage, the 'Forward Ho' one hundred and twenty-eight days, and the 'Titania' one hundred and twenty-six days. This was the season (1868) when one of the greatest of all these ocean regattas was run. Between May 28th and May 30th, six ships started—five from Foochow, and one from Whampoa. They were the 'Lahloo,' 'Taeping,' 'Ariel,' 'Spindrift,' 'Sir Lancelot,' and 'Undine.' Never was there a more exciting match, saving, perhaps, the race of 1871. Heavy wagers were laid, and the progress of the ships most eagerly watched as they passed the various signal stations. Then they were lost sight of for a long while; until one fine morning from the summit of the Portland cliffs were seen two stately-looking vessels in the offing, sweeping up Channel under a prodigious spread of white wings. 'The first of the China clippers!' went the cry; and the news was wired to London and circulated among the excited brokers of Mining Lane before even the numbers of the distant ships had been made out. They proved to be the 'Ariel' and the 'Spindrift,' ninety-five days from Foochow; and forty-eight hours later they were both snugly berthed in the London Docks.

But from the day in 1863 when the steamship 'Robert Lowe,' of 1250 tons, commanded by Captain Congalton, left Hankow loaded with teas for London, the China clipper was doomed. She held her own for at least twelve years after this; but her knell had been sounded by the screech of the 'Robert Lowe's' siren, and her disappearance was only a matter of time. A few of these beautiful vessels still survive, but they are no more than the relics of a vanished type. When the last of them goes, she will carry with her the tender recollections of a race of sailors who are rapidly growing fewer; and as the old salt turns from the shadowy memory of some gallant spectacle of swelling canvas and rushing hull to the sight of the modern wall-sided steamboat, thrashing along deep with the first of the season's teas, he may well be excused for heaving a sigh in lament of the China clippers.

## BABY JOHN.\*

### CHAPTER III.—BABY.

'Where did you come from, Baby dear?'  
'Out of the everywhere into here.'  
'Where did you get your eyes so blue?'  
'Out of the sky as I came through.'—G. MACDONALD.

IN the old days before Lucy was married—not such very old days either even now—she used to talk of all she should do when Alice came to stop with her in the beautiful house that her rich husband was going to give her; and the two girls would laugh, and try to imagine, what was really inconceivable to them both, being waited on by servants, and not having to put their hands to anything. Alice, to be sure, had sighed as often as she laughed, having a foreboding of the separation this marriage would make between them; but now, here it was actually come to

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pass, only far more delightful than the brightest and wildest anticipations.

No fine servants to awe and trouble them, no critical eyes or ears to note what they did and what they said, not even the grand husband to throw the shadow of his presence on their sunshine; there they were, those two together, in what seemed to Alice splendid luxury, though Lucy, more accustomed to her surroundings by this time, used to try to convince her that it was nothing like so fine as the drawing-room; and she used to incite Alice to steal down and have a peep just to see the pictures and the big looking-glasses and the piano and all. The nurse did not stay very long after Lucy began to recover; but though it was delightful to be alone, they had both grown so fond of her that they quite regretted her leaving; and Lucy cried when she kissed her, and said, 'Ain't she a dear? bless her!'

The doctor came every day, but he was so kind and so pleased to see Mrs Craddock slowly but surely recovering her strength, that his visits were quite a pleasure.

And then it seemed to Alice that everything that heart could wish was to be arrived at by just ringing the bell; and there was a smiling, rosy-faced, country girl who brought up what was wanted, who was not so alarming as the tall parlour-maid, who, however, now was very different when she came in contact with Alice, having had impressed upon her by master, doctor, and nurse, that it was as much as her place was worth to make herself unpleasant to the person who had seemed to call back Mrs Craddock from the very gates of death.

I will not undertake to say that she did not vent her feelings freely in the kitchen at the indignity of having to wait on a common, low, mill-girl, she 'as was used to gentle-folks, and only came to Mrs Craddock just to oblige, as she wouldn't stop beyond her six months were it ever so, though they went on their bended knees and doubled her wages.'

But Jessie, the under-housemaid, had none of these dignified feelings, nor had she been so long in service as to be shocked at sundry little fancies in the sickroom which Travers, the parlour-maid, would have known at once were not such as ladies, even in their moments of greatest unbending, gave way to, such as a bit of fresh watercress for tea—I think they called it 'créase,' and spoke of having it 'to' their tea—or even twopennyworth of periwinkles, over which, I am sorry to say, the doctor surprised the two girls.

Though he shook his head doubtfully over the desirability or digestibility of such food, he was yet fain to condone it for the sake of the peal of laughter that greeted his ears as he opened the door, and the bright look on Lucy's pretty, delicate face as she held up in triumph on a large pin, for Alice's inspection, a curly, black body which she had successfully extracted from its shell.

But I have not mentioned the greatest and most entirely satisfactory delight of that bedroom at Apsley Villa. In all their anticipations of Alice's visits to Lucy after her marriage, they had never included in the delightful programme a real, live, little baby, Lucy's very own baby, and so by natural consequences more than half Alice's; the dearest baby, with tiny hands and

wonderful little feet, with toes like dainty shells, and a small face, over which the two girls pored with an admiration that was almost worship.

Baby had a soft down over the head that was a delight to touch, and of which Alice and Lucy talked as if it were abundant tresses that might be plaited or curled or otherwise arranged according to the latest fashion—in fact, it was just such a baby, neither more nor less, as the many thousands of little babies born every day, as seen by their mothers' eyes.

The two girls wanted no other occupation or interest all day and all night long; but the baby did not undertake to afford active amusement for more than two or three hours out of the twenty-four, being a placid creature and much addicted to peaceful slumbers, which his mother and Alice reluctantly agreed were better in the pretty bassinette than in the arms of either of them.

The only time during the day when a sense of uneasiness or constraint came into the pleasant atmosphere of the room was in the evening, when the door-bell rang and they knew the master of the house had returned. He went off too early in the morning to disturb his wife, though as a matter of fact she was always awake, and gave a little sigh of relief when she heard the door close after him. He did not come in in the middle of the day, but went to his mother's for his luncheon; but in the evening, when he came in from the mill, he always came up to his wife's room for a few minutes, and Alice went away and left them together.

Lucy might have been quite gay and like her old self all the afternoon, but as soon as his ring came at the door, her spirits seemed to die away, and she began to feel languid and tired, and her voice sounded dull and weak. These interviews were never very long, and Alice fancied there was as much relief in the step that went downstairs as in the face she found lying back among the pillows.

At first Lucy said nothing about her husband to Alice, and Alice asked no questions; but as the days went on, and Lucy was gradually regaining strength, and each day saw some slight step towards convalescence, which must needs put an end to this happy, peaceful existence, she began to talk of those eighteen months of married life, of which Alice knew so little, and to fret over the prospect of going back to what it had been before.

'I don't want never to get well, Alice,' she would say; 'no, nor he don't wish it neither. When I was so bad, before you came, and made sure I was going to die, I used to say to myself, well, anyhow, I'll be out of his way.'

'Weren't he kind to you?'

'Well, he weren't, so to say unkind. I sometimes thought I'd a deal rather that he were. Don't you mind, Alice, that Sarah Giles, whose husband knocked her about so—he were a brute—and yet, when they'd made it up after one of them breezes, there she'd be setting on his knee with a black eye maybe, as he'd given her, and she'd fight the first that said a word against him. Well, mine was sick to death of me, and just put up with me the best he could. I don't know why ever he wanted to marry me for. I'd never have thought of it. Why couldn't he a-let me be?'

'Were the old lady nasty to you?'

'No, she'd a-liked to be, but he wouldn't have that, and we didn't see much of her. When I was ill, she came and sat up with me one night, but I'd a deal rather have been left alone. She kep' sighing and shaking her head, and muttering to herself, for she's terrible pious, but I knew she'd rather by a long way I died; and she said once when she gave me a drink, as we did ought to be resigned, if it was the will of the Lord. But there! I couldn't help thinking it's not so easy to be resigned when one's real fond of any one. You wouldn't a-been resigned, would you, my darling? not easy like, would you? And she were a bit too willing to think it were the will of the Lord to take me out of her son's way, as if it weren't never the will of the Lord to be kind and let one live. But there! I'm beginning to think I'd be as resigned as she is if I was to go now we've had this nice little time together, you and me, as must come to an end sooner or later. Oh, Alice, don't you wish it could go on just as 'tis for ever, just you and me and baby, baby and you and me? But I can't a-bear to leave him. I'd like to take him with me, bless him! him and you, if we could all go together. There! lie's waking! Give him to his mother.'

The mere thought of recovery retarded its progress: the doctor's suggestion that she should come down-stairs for an hour sent up her temperature; and a proposal that, if the weather continued so bright and mild, she might go for a drive before long, took away her appetite, and made her languid and depressed.

I think the doctor divined the cause of these relapses, and felt sorry for the girl who clung so to the old friend of former years, and yet he felt that the situation could not be prolonged indefinitely, and that, as soon as Mrs Craddock was sufficiently recovered to go back to ordinary life, Alice's presence at Apsley Villa could not fail to be an embarrassment.

For Alice—even though she wore her Sunday dress every day, and with tidy collar and cuffs and smooth hair, did not look so rough and wild as she did on the first night of her arrival—would never look like anything but a mill-girl, nor would she if she had consented to Lucy's constant entreaty that she would take some of the dresses hanging in the wardrobe and alter them to fit herself. She absolutely refused to take anything, though it gave her continual amusement to explore the treasures that wardrobe contained, and spread out the dresses about the room, and discuss the colour and material and style, and the occasions on which each had been worn, giving Lucy for the first time some enjoyment in her various possessions.

Lucy, like most pretty girls, had been fond of a bit of finery in the old days, when a new ribbon meant sometimes going without butter on her bread, and a smart wing for her hat had to be saved up for for weeks; so Alice was quite surprised to find how little pleasure all these pretty things seemed to have given her, and how she hardly seemed to remember all the trinkets that lay in her drawer in the jeweller's boxes and pink cotton wool, looking as if they had hardly been opened since they were given; while a little trumpery gilt locket with A on it, which Alice had given her once on her birthday, was

treasured, and had evidently been worn on a little real gold chain which belonged by rights to a handsome pendant set with pearls.

'I wouldn't lose that,' Lucy said, 'were it ever so! I dropped it one day on the stairs, and my! didn't I make a racket till it was found. I remember so well the day you gave it me, and how it took me all by surprise, you kept it so close. You *was* sly, and pretended you hadn't a penny to spare for a present, and you was so sorry; and I was quite took in, and said, "Never mind, I didn't want no present;" and there! when I woke in the morning, was the little box on the pillow between you and me, and you pretending to be asleep, only I could hear you smiling in a whisper.'

Lucy had learned to talk better English than this during her married life; but when she was with Alice, she fell back into the old forms of speech, for there were no critical ears to listen, or eyebrows to rise, or mouths to twitch with irritable or patient endurance.

It was the doctor who suggested the idea that a change was what Mrs Craddock wanted to set her up again; and proposed she should go to Boston, a little place on the east coast.

'Of course, you couldn't get away from business,' he said to Mr Craddock. 'Why don't you get that girl to go with her, and take care of her and the baby? She'll want a good deal of care for some time yet, and that girl is a capital nurse, and has a head on her shoulders, which is not such a common thing among women.'

So one evening, when Alice came back into the room after a longer than usual interview between the husband and wife, she found Lucy, not as she expected tired and depressed, but with bright eyes and eager face; not stretched limp and languid on the sofa, with her face turned away from the light, but standing at the open wardrobe, reaching for a box on the top shelf, to see if a certain hat would do to wear at the seaside.

'Oh, Alice, only to think! it's too good to be true, you and me and baby—only us three—he's not going, he can't leave the mill. When he first began to talk of it, I thought he meant to go too, and I felt so bad, just as if it would be the death of me; but when he said he thought you and me might manage if he couldn't get away, I could almost have given him a kiss, I was so pleased, or got up and danced for joy. You've never seen the sea, Alice, and you'll love it, that you will, and so shall I. He took me to the sea once, but I didn't care a bit about it; there wasn't any one to talk to, or say what I thought of it, and I was fretting to come back and see you, or anyhow have a chance of seeing you. But only to think of you and me all to ourselves. We're to have lodgings; it will be just like old times, only no horrid old mill, and we shall do just what we like all day long, and have baby to ourselves.'

That was the culmination of everything, heightened by the dread that had been growing as she grew better, that a regular nurse would have to be engaged for her darling—a grand, frightening nurse like Travers, who would take the baby clean out of her hands, and keep him shut up in a nursery where his mother would only be admitted on sufferance, and who would absorb all the exquisite delights of washing, and feeding, and rocking him to sleep.

'Do you think he noticed as you didn't care to go as long as he was going?'

Mr Craddock was always spoken of as 'he' between the girls; the only other he who was ever mentioned being baby, and the personal pronoun in his case was spoken in such a different tone, that there was never any mistake as to who was meant.

'Noticed? Not he. Bless your heart, he don't care!'

But 'he,' going heavily down-stairs to his solitary dinner, said to himself, 'She will be glad to get away from me, poor child!'

### DREAMS AND PERCEPTIVE ILLUSIONS.

DREAMS form a world of their own, with no discoverable links binding them to the other facts of human experience. The very name suggests something far distant and shrouded in mystery; to the memory phantoms and apparitions are conjured up; the sleeper feels he has been the actor in scenes no less real than those of waking moments although the sights and sequence of events are of an unknown realm. The mind not drawing its knowledge from without will be free to follow the wildest play of the imagination, and will reflect the individual's temperament and mental history. The interpretation of the different sensations will depend on the sleeper's character, for during sleep every man has a world of his own, although when awake we all have a common world.

Authorities differ as to whether the nerve-centres are ever so lowered as to break the continuity of our conscious life. While the metaphysician holds that the soul as a spiritual body can never be inactive, the psychologist and physiologist teach the doctrine of deep unconscious sleep. Against the theory of unbroken mental activity it is urged that many never dream. This objection may be answered by remembering that our sleeping life is so different from our waking life that what occurs in the former may readily be forgotten in the latter. The fact that on being suddenly roused most persons are found to be dreaming, is probably due to the dream being developed during the moments of awakening. A man may resolve to awake at a certain hour, and succeed in doing so, but his success is mainly owing to his being in a state of mental perturbation which renders him liable to be disturbed by slight stimuli. The truth appears to be that a minimum degree of intensity is always present in the nervous substance, and this is especially the rule where we lose all recollection of the dream. We awake in the night, the remembrance is clear; in the morning, all trace has disappeared.

The brain is not only the organ of thought, but it equally stimulates and directs our whole body during our waking moments. In sleep, however, the brain is relatively torpid, and the movements taking place then almost entirely depend upon the spinal cord and peripheral ganglia, the brain retaining its conscious and automatic actions, although losing its stimulating

power. By physiologists the spinal cord is regarded under a twofold aspect: it is a conductor, and transmits messages to the brain, and brings back the motor excitation; as a nerve-centre it is the seat of reflex action, and these reflex actions are automatic, unconscious, and co-ordinated. Reflex actions are movements in parts of the body brought about by sensations coming from that part and acting through the intermediary of some nerve-centre other than the brain. The reflex act is physiological, and differs from the intelligent act, which is psychological, in the fact that the former is unconscious and the latter conscious. Some authorities state that 'where there can be no consciousness because the brain is wanting, there is, in spite of appearances, only mechanism.' Others observe: 'Where there is clearly selection, reflection, and physical action, there must also be consciousness in spite of appearances.'

Dreams are classified with hallucinations, as they have no basis of actual impression for their starting-point; whereas illusions have, and the parallelism between dreams and insanity has been pointed out by Kant, who remarks 'that the madman is a dreamer awake.'

The day-dreams and castles in the air built by every one of an imaginative nature are far more extravagant than the false beliefs of the insane; with the sane however, the dream scenery does not last long and the stimulus of light and sound soon dissolves it. A nightmare gives us a very good idea of what an insane delusion is like. The ancient Greeks believed that their dreams were pictures laid bare to the eye of the soul by some of the gods. The African savage holds that in dreaming his higher self then travels to unfamiliar lands; the North American Indian believes that man possesses two souls, and during sleep one remains in the body, while the other rambles at pleasure through unknown regions; the Dyak, that there is one soul which is absent during sleep, and that the dreams represent what is seen by that soul in its wanderings. Others believe that dreams are sent by the good spirit presiding over our destiny to warn us of an impending danger; and many to-day hold this view, although modern science, by careful study of the close connection existing between mental life and bodily operations, has attempted to solve the problem by proving that our dream-imagery is mostly drawn from our every-day experiences. The power which cements into a coherent mass our disconnected dream-images is called 'creative fancy,' and this is said to be derived from the fantastical force of the soul.

Internal or external nervous stimulation is a great source of dreams. Scherner relates the case of a love-sick youth who was allowed to whisper his name in the ear of his obdurate mistress whilst she slept, with the result that she contracted the habit of dreaming of him, which led to a happy change in her feeling towards him.

A cold foot suggests an image of ice and snow. Moonbeams will sometimes lead those of a highly religious temperament to believe that they are visited by angels. Over-eating at supper will cause dreams of a terrifying nature. The sensation of being grasped by some invisible being is due to the sleeper seizing his own arm.



When we attempt to flee from some approaching danger, and cannot, the limbs are lying in an awkward position, and a certain amount of muscular strain is present. The horrible feeling of falling down from some height is caused by the involuntary extension of the sleeper's foot. Change of pressure on the retina will develop lovely plains bedecked with beautiful flowers and tenanted by birds of gorgeous plumage. Where we believe we are being crushed by some great weight, the cause is most likely due either to the closeness of the air or the mouth being covered with the bedclothes. The throbbing of an aching tooth has been mistaken for the stride of an avenging giant. If our skin is acting abnormally, and at the same time there is a subjective visual stimulus, the resultant is a combination of both; and we imagine there is an insect creeping over us. If a tale rivets our attention it tends to awaken a vivid recollection of the facts disclosed, and may thus easily lead to a dream. It is not only one's own daily experiences which supply the ground-work of our dreams, but the thoughts communicated by others to us are also woven into the scenery of our sleeping life, and this is advanced to explain the peculiar fact of our dreaming of persons or places of which we have no individual experience.

I am inclined to believe, however, that in dream-imagery the delicate threads and shadowy strands of hereditary memory, which in our waking moments are prevented from acting by the energy of the coherent groups of impressions received from the world by our sense organs, now make known their concealed power. Strange forms are visible; events not known to us in waking life are seen to follow one another in regular order, and careful reflection will not bring to light any link that will connect them with our waking hours.

We have most of us at times felt a sense of familiarity on visiting a new locality, although we cannot recall when, where, or under what circumstances we have before seen it. Is it too much to ask one to believe that in such a case our memory is restoring some fragments of our past ancestral life?—perhaps of a time even as remote as when our ancestors used small lozenge-shaped arrow-heads and a hatchet made of flint!—a period when the mighty Mammoth and the Cave-bear roamed in almost undisturbed freedom through the primeval forests!

Perceptive Illusions are false or, rather, mistaken perceptions of the senses: something is seen or heard; but that which the person thinks he sees or hears is not real but false. An hallucination is also a false perception of the senses, but is entirely subjective and is not due to any excitation from the outer world. Thus, when a man sees a stump of a tree and mistakes it for an apparition, he is suffering from an illusion; but if there is no stump, and he pictures to himself the ghost, he is the victim of an hallucination. I am not here discussing the truth of the theory of the idealist, who looks upon those who believe in an external world as existing and not depending on our perception of it, as suffering from a grand illusion of sense. The real, I hold, is the truth, as it exists for average man, free from individual bias and special circumstances favour-

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As far as the appearance of images and their mode of action are concerned, the waking state is similar to the dreaming. In the former condition the images are not objective; they appear and disappear by the immediate association of ideas, time and space being modified as they are in dreams; but whereas in dreaming the things seen are supposed to have a real existence, in waking they remain ideas. It occasionally happens, however, that these ideas do not remain as mere thoughts, but become so intense that they are held as real; and this result is more likely to take place when we abandon ourselves to a deep train of thought, and being absorbed are by our inattention unconscious; and the same condition of mind is established as in dreaming. When thinking of persons or places they are often imaged before us with such distinctness that we are startled. These vivid but momentary hallucinations are not morbid, for they are seen by those who are sane but happen to be strongly excited by anger, sorrow, or hope. Dante, Milton, Goethe and others gifted with an intense imagination, unconsciously regarded as real the characters they created. Talma declared that he was able to transform his audience into skeletons, thereby giving greater force to his acting; and Abercromby relates the case of a man who could, by strongly fixing his attention, call up any vision with such vividness that it seemed real. Thus, then, there is no hard and fast line between sleeping and waking.

All forms of illusions are due to carelessly performed synthesis, as when a man on a hot summer's day looks in a stream and 'sees' the delicious coolness, thus performing an act of imaginative construction. To the impression which his sense of sight gives him he adds what prior experience has bequeathed to his mind. 'In perception,' says Sully, 'the material of sensation is acted on by the mind, which embodies in its present attitude all the results of its past growth.'

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The following is a good example of an illusion. 'On a small three-legged table beside my bed,' says Vignole, 'there was a little oval mirror, on which hung a woman's cap, which fell partly over the glass; there was also an easy-chair, on which I had thrown my shirt before going to bed, while my shoes were as usual on the floor. I awoke towards morning, and as I chanced to look around the large room in the uncertain light of a night-light which was almost burnt out, my eyes fell upon the easy-

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A like mistake in an imaginative individual would lead to the firm conviction that an apparition had been seen.

To be the victim of an illusion is, according to some, a sufficient reason to be excluded from the circle of sane men; but the careful observer knows that this is not true, for momentary fatigue or relaxation of attention will prevent the perceptions being rational; and it is not only in the undisciplined mind of the savage that we find illusions prominent, but also in the cultivated intelligence of civilised communities. Most of us, when we have allowed our imagination free play, have detected images of animals in the clouds; and it is no unfamiliar experience to be called upon to observe likenesses to the human form in mountains and rocks: these occupations are favourite ones with the insane. The explanation is that there is a tendency to regard any object of perception as subjective and causative, and the mind, which is unconsciously exercised, constructs a resemblance of the image already impressed on it. All faint sensations are liable to be wrongly classified, and it is in these hazy impressions that most illusions take their rise. Thus, when looking through a window at some distant object, a fly on the pane may be mistaken for a bird. When there is an echo, we sometimes fancy our call is answered by some one else, and this is because, by a process of suggestion, the second sound brings before us the image of a second shouter. Cold and smooth surfaces frequently appear to be wet, and this is due to the confusion of two impressions when near each other, wetness being a compound sensation, consisting of touch and temperature; as the feeling is caused in the majority of cases by surfaces moistened by a cold liquid, we speak of it as a sensation of wetness.

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the moon moving rapidly than of large masses like the clouds.

If a nervous stimulation is continued for a lengthened period, it ceases to have any effect: the noise of a mill is not heard after a time, and perfect silence is the result. A man who has had his leg amputated frequently has some sensation arising which he refers to the lost member, and this is due to sensation arising at the sensory centre, and not by excitation of the peripheral fibre. If we hit the ulnar nerve at the elbow, we feel the tingling in the fingers, and not at the seat of injury.

The imitation of solidity and depth in painting is a curious illustration of the mode of production of illusions. Some pictures will give the eye a representation of a scene in which the objects have the distinctness of proximity with the magnitude of distance. According to Helmholtz, a picture representing a Bedouin's white garment in brilliant sunshine will, when seen in a fairly lit gallery, have a degree of luminosity reaching only to about one-thirtieth of that of the actual object; whereas a painting representing marble ruins illuminated by moonlight would in the same gallery have a luminosity ten to twenty thousand times greater than the reality. The observer does not, however, notice these great differences, for his imagination, which displaces conscious sensation, is held captive by the vivid representation. 'The mystery of the process, however,' says Sully, 'greatly disappears when it is remembered that what we call a conscious "sensation" is really compounded of a result of sensory stimulation, and a result of central reaction, of a purely passive impression and the mental activity attending to this and classing it. This being so, a sensation may be modified by anything exceptional in the mode of central reaction of the moment.' When we see the eye in a portrait following the spectator as he moves, the trick is due to the painting being a flat projection and not a solid, so that wherever the observer stands it presents the front view of the object represented.

Permanent traces of familiar experiences are left on the mind, and thus a clever draughtsman can with a few rough lines indicate the face of any well-known individual; for the mind of the spectator will, at the slight external suggestion, supply the mental image. At the theatre, if the acting is good, there is a cumulative effect; and towards the end of the play the illusion becomes most marked, for we have come to see what purposes to represent an actual series of events, and by anticipation the mind becomes slightly excited, and emotion is the great disturber of intellectual operations. When two discontinuous stimulations follow each other closely, the effect is that they appear continuous: in conjuring, if the observer is specially asked to note two successive actions separated by a very narrow interval of time, to him it will appear as if they were continuous. From this fact, and from the attention being bribed beforehand by vivid expectation, the eye fails to see the slighter movements which would have given the clue to the performance of the trick.

Healthy mental life is so nearly related to abnormal mental life, that in different ways our slight illusions frequently lead to hallucinations

When we attempt to flee from some approaching danger, and cannot, the limbs are lying in an awkward position, and a certain amount of muscular strain is present. The horrible feeling of falling down from some height is caused by the involuntary extension of the sleeper's foot. Change of pressure on the retina will develop lovely plains bedecked with beautiful flowers and tenanted by birds of gorgeous plumage. Where we believe we are being crushed by some great weight, the cause is most likely due either to the closeness of the air or the mouth being covered with the bedclothes. The throbbing of an aching tooth has been mistaken for the stride of an avenging giant. If our skin is acting abnormally, and at the same time there is a subjective visual stimulus, the resultant is a combination of both; and we imagine there is an insect creeping over us. If a tale rivets our attention it tends to awaken a vivid recollection of the facts disclosed, and may thus easily lead to a dream. It is not only one's own daily experiences which supply the ground-work of our dreams, but the thoughts communicated by others to us are also woven into the scenery of our sleeping life, and this is advanced to explain the peculiar fact of our dreaming of persons or places of which we have no individual experience.

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the moon moving rapidly than of large masses like the clouds.

If a nervous stimulation is continued for a lengthened period, it ceases to have any effect: the noise of a mill is not heard after a time, and perfect silence is the result. A man who has had his leg amputated frequently has some sensation arising which he refers to the lost member, and this is due to sensation arising at the sensory centre, and not by excitation of the peripheral fibre. If we hit the ulnar nerve at the elbow, we feel the tingling in the fingers, and not at the seat of injury.

The imitation of solidity and depth in painting is a curious illustration of the mode of production of illusions. Some pictures will give the eye a representation of a scene in which the objects have the distinctness of proximity with the magnitude of distance. According to Helmholtz, a picture representing a Bedouin's white garment in brilliant sunshine will, when seen in a fairly lit gallery, have a degree of luminosity reaching only to about one-thirtieth of that of the actual object; whereas a painting representing marble ruins illuminated by moonlight would in the same gallery have a luminosity ten to twenty thousand times greater than the reality. The observer does not, however, notice these great differences, for his imagination, which displaces conscious sensation, is held captive by the vivid representation. 'The mystery of the process, however,' says Sully, 'greatly disappears when it is remembered that what we call a conscious "sensation" is really compounded of a result of sensory stimulation, and a result of central reaction, of a purely passive impression and the mental activity attending to this and classing it. This being so, a sensation may be modified by anything exceptional in the mode of central reaction of the moment.' When we see the eye in a portrait following the spectator as he moves, the trick is due to the painting being a flat projection and not a solid, so that wherever the observer stands it presents the front view of the object represented.

Permanent traces of familiar experiences are left on the mind, and thus a clever draughtsman can with a few rough lines indicate the face of any well-known individual; for the mind of the spectator will, at the slight external suggestion, supply the mental image. At the theatre, if the acting is good, there is a cumulative effect; and towards the end of the play the illusion becomes most marked, for we have come to see what purposes to represent an actual series of events, and by anticipation the mind becomes slightly excited, and emotion is the great disturber of intellectual operations. When two discontinuous stimulations follow each other closely, the effect is that they appear continuous: in conjuring, if the observer is specially asked to note two successive actions separated by a very narrow interval of time, to him it will appear as if they were continuous. From this fact, and from the attention being bribed beforehand by vivid expectation, the eye fails to see the slighter movements which would have given the clue to the performance of the trick.

Healthy mental life is so nearly related to abnormal mental life, that in different ways our slight illusions frequently lead to hallucinations

almost as well marked as those occurring in insanity; but when the mind is normal, by the corrective effect of reflections, the illusions are fugitive; whereas in abnormal states certain false ideas become fixed and persistent by the suspension of judgment and reflection. If we habitually allow our imagination to become overheated, the best of us are liable to illusions; but if we live in a healthy atmosphere, and keep free from mental excitement, we can look upon the occasional failure of the mechanism of the mind as an inseparable accompaniment of its general efficiency.

### A PAIR OF GRAYS.

ONE terribly cold winter's morning, Ivan Ivanovitch, Chief of Police, was walking up and down his comfortably furnished office, apparently deep in thought; and not very pleasant thought either, to judge from the dark frown which disfigured his usually handsome face, and the occasionally angry stamp he gave with his foot. It was not often that the suave polite Ivan allowed himself to show any indications that his plans had not turned out to his entire satisfaction. No! he was far too politic for that; otherwise, he would not have stood in the high position he did at present, of chief of police in N—. His income amounting to many thousands roubles a year, possessed of unbounded influence, allied through marriage to some of the first Russian families, respected by his equals, regarded with trembling awe by his inferiors, what more could a man wish for?

But listen! Once during the winter, the Governor of N— was accustomed to hold a grand reception, which was attended by the élite of society, the highest civil and military officials, the foreign diplomatic corps, in short by all the rank and beauty that N— could boast. Up the gaily-decorated sledges would dash over the crisp hard snow, the silver trappings of the horses glittering in the sun, the occupants smiling and nodding as they sat wrapped to their eyes in splendid furs—all smiling and nodding except Ivan Ivanovitch. And yet his sledge was one of the handsomest and most admired; his pair of glossy coal-black horses not to be matched in beauty or swiftness by any of those which they passed so triumphantly on the road. But Ivan knew that presently the sound of other sledge-bells would be heard, their music ringing out in the clear cold air, and the loveliest pair of grays would come dashing by, leaving him, the great man, far behind, and pulling up at the stately entrance, amid general exclamations of wonder and admiration.

This is the vision constantly before his eyes. Why had not fate assigned to him those splendid grays? But fate or no fate, by fair means or foul, those grays he must and would obtain before the next reception, now only one week distant. Never did anything appear more improbable. His rival, a rich land-owner, whose estate lay some miles from the town, had refused all offers, even the most exorbitant prices. Take them by force he could not, by stealth still less. They were known too generally. He was at his wits' end. And so he paced up and down his luxuri-

ously furnished room, revolving in his mind all the different schemes he had thought of during the last few days, only to give them reluctantly up as hopeless and impossible.

The office of the 'Chief of Police' formed part of a huge building situated just outside the town—not a cheerful place to look at; its windows barred with iron; the great heavy doors only opening an instant to swing back, with a dull clang, cruelly suggestive of hopelessness to those within. Even the bright winter's sun, as he shone on strong bolt and bar, regardless of all the terrible misery and despair those walls enclosed, failed to give any appearance of cheerfulness to the place.

But he shone directly into the room where stood, fuming and impatient, the man in whose hands lay the keys of this 'living tomb,' on whose word depended the life and liberty of its inmates, enticing him with its warm rays to look out for a moment on the clear cold day. And indirectly those same warm rays brought liberty and life to one who had despaired of both.

Seconds grew into minutes, minutes into hours, and still Ivan stood by the window, till the darkening twilight warned him that if he did not bestir himself, his last idea, the last chance of attaining his cherished object, would fail him for ever.

The next day the whole population of N— were thrown into a state of wildest terror and confusion, for S—, the notorious burglar, who had only been captured with the greatest difficulty and danger, had somehow managed to effect his escape during the night.

It was a terribly cold night, the thermometer registering many degrees below zero, the huge icicles—some of them measuring as much as one or two feet long—hanging from the trees, the trees themselves looking like spectres in the black darkness. Not a night for man or beast to be out. So thought at least a man as he trudged steadily on through a dense pine forest, his heavy tread leaving scarcely any impression on the hard snow. He was wrapped in a sheepskin cloak such as is usually worn by the peasants, and his fur cap was pulled well over his ears, almost concealing the upper part of his face. His rough beard and long straggling black hair were encrusted with ice, and over his shoulders, slung on a stout stick, he carried two large stone bottles. Long and patiently had he continued his way, without turning to right or left, without meeting a single human being.

The moon had now risen, her clear cold beams turning that dark forest into a veritable fairyland. Not a bare branch or twig was to be seen; not a breath of wind stirred the deep stillness. The slender pines and massive firs might have been carved out of silver, so stately and motionless they stood, the whole scene peaceful and pure, a strange contrast to the heart of him who passed, the one dark spot in all this loveliness. But at last a distant sound fell upon the silence—the sound of tinkling bells—and a rough wooden sledge drawn by two miserable animals came in sight. It was moving slowly in the same direction as himself, and its occupants, two sturdy stolid-looking peasants, were returning from the market. They at first gazed stupidly and some-

what askance at the stranger, as he begged for a lift by the way, explaining that he wanted to reach a village ten miles off by the morning. The sight of the stone bottles decided them; and they willingly made room, and offered him some share of the coarse sacking with which they were covered.

The stranger laughed, and said he had something better to keep the cold out, at the same time uncorking the bottles and offering one to each of his companions. They contained the strongest kind of spirits, the best 'vodki.' How it burnt in their throats, till they almost seemed on fire inside. No thought of cold now. The stranger kept plying them more and more, urging them to drink where no urging was needed, himself taking care to put the stone bottles now and then to his own lips. Gradually they got emptier and emptier; a drowsy feeling came over the men; the stranger watched them stealthily till they sank back utterly oblivious of all and everything around them. Then he who was watching them slid quickly from the sledge, and hastily but quietly cut through the thick ropes which take the place of harness, and silently disappeared with the submissive animals into the forest.

A few hours later a cry of 'Fire!' was raised on the estate of Count C—. How it originated no one could tell. The 'dvornik' or porter had looked carefully round before turning in for the night. Everything had been in order; the different buildings all safely secured and locked. True, at this season the wood was so dry, the lofts in the roofs so packed with hay, that the slightest spark would be sufficient to ignite them. Some careless servant, perchance, had, while lighting his cigarette, dropped a match, which had smouldered unperceived, till it burst suddenly into flame. The reflection could be seen for miles round. Everything was soon in the wildest confusion; servants hurried hither and thither; the wells were pumped for water—all in vain—every drop was frozen; and the flames unchecked mounted higher and higher. The stables appeared to have caught first, and when discovered, were already one mass of fire. The beautiful occupants, the pride of their master's heart, had perished.

The next day the strictest inquiries were made, but with no result. Simply a piece of carelessness, it seemed, with terribly disastrous consequences. No one dreamed of connecting the complaint of two drunken peasants, that they had been robbed of their wretched animals that same night, with the untimely end of the famous 'grays.' Why should they? There could be no possible connection between the two.

At the Governor's reception that winter, Ivan Ivanovitch, amid general exclamations of admiration and astonishment, smiling and nodding, dashed up in his splendid sledge, drawn by the loveliest pair of grays imaginable. Count C—, who stood at the entrance talking to a high official, turned hastily to his companion. 'Confound it!' said he. 'If I had not seen with my own eyes their very bones lying charred and blackened in the stables, I could have sworn these were my horses alive again.'

S—, the famous burglar, was never recap-

tured. Some say he escaped to America, where he bought land and settled down as a comparatively rich man. How he obtained the means and money remains a profound secret.

#### REMARKABLE BEDS.

As the Eskimo sleeps on moss and skins, so even wealthy ancient Romans were content to repose on leaves and straw. Ere long they improved on hints taken from conquered nations, filled beds with delicate down, or stuffed them with the finest wool, till they attained the highest pitch of luxury in the appointment of their couches. Richly-carved wooden frames inlaid with ivory or silver, and finally with gold, sustained cushions, pillows, and counterpanes of gold and purple—a striking contrast to the flock-filled trusses of their plebeian brethren. The old Greeks used beds supported on iron frames; while the Egyptians had couches shaped more like easy-chairs with hollow backs and seats.

Climatic considerations must be taken into account by different nations in their bed-making arrangements. The Russian day and night hugs sheepskins round him; and the Pacific islander finds in palm-leaves a sufficient coverlet. In the tropics, mats of grass answer the same purpose. The East Indian unrolls his portable mattress, and in the morning literally takes up his bed and walks off with it. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often well carved; while the Jap, with an uncomfortable wooden rest for his neck, stretches himself on a matting, and has a lighted paper lantern for company.

German beds are furnished with a huge pillow or upper mattress, which answers the purpose of ordinary bed-clothing. Travellers agree that there is not enough of the Continental bed—that, in fact, it ends too quickly.

Europeans living in the East soon become acquainted with the slender iron bedsteads with tall iron rods, designed to support the mosquito curtain which seldom really answers its purpose.

On view in one of the early London Exhibitions was a Chinese bed ornamented with all sorts of curious and elaborate cabinet-work, the greater part of which consisted of inlaid mother-of-pearl. How useless and extravagant ornaments may be heaped upon a single domestic article was proved by the grand bedstead exhibited in the Austrian department. The enormity of its bedposts, of which there appeared to be at least a dozen rising in spires of different heights, with the high relief of the carving, and the massive magnificence of the whole design, and the finish of the carving in all its parts, made this bed appear not unlike a great model of a Gothic cathedral.

Some of our very wealthy American cousins appear to be puzzled in what new form to lavish their money. A brass bedstead inlaid with real pearls was recently made for a lady in New York. On a brass rail which runs across the top the owner's name is wrought in pearls. Still more of a curiosity is the 'Silent Alarm Bedstead,' to turn any one out of bed at a given hour, the production of an inventive genius in London some years ago. This amusing contrivance assumes a degree of density in the sleeper which



no alarm can affect, or else a singular amount of luxurious weakness of purpose. The bed therefore acts the part of Resolution for the sleeper; and having been set overnight for a given hour in the morning, the said incorrigible sleeper finds the bed revolve so as to tilt him out; and a bath being placed by the bedside, he may at once be relieved of all need for summoning a resolution either to get up or take a plunge.

Another remarkable and, we should say, more generally useful bedstead—exhibited in the Workmen's Exhibition at Paris—was made so that it can be taken down and put up again in the short space of half a minute. By a curious combination of springs, the bed can be instantaneously surrounded with curtains, a washstand wheeled inside, and the occupant go through his or her toilet without being seen. By another spring the bed is turned into a canopy suited for invalids, who have no need to stir to perform the transformation.

We are told that M. Thiers died in a little iron bed scarcely larger than a child's, which he had used for fifty years. It was wheeled into the small drawing-room where he had breakfast. He took it with him on his tour through Europe in 1870.

An interesting historical relic will be familiar to all who have visited Holyrood Palace, where may be seen the four-poster bedstead of Scotland's beautiful and luckless Queen, in its faded splendour and melancholy suggestiveness of misfortune and decay.

The darkness and secretiveness of Richard III.'s character had an illustration, strange as it may appear, in the construction of his bed. Among his camp baggage it was his custom to carry a cumbersome wooden bedstead, which he averred was the only couch he could sleep in; but in which he contrived to have a secret receptacle for treasure, so that it was concealed under a weight of timber. Quite a romance could be made out of its subsequent history. After the battle of Bosworth, Richmond's victorious troops pillaged Leicester; but the royal bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house, afterwards discovering the hoard, became suddenly rich without any visible cause, and became Mayor of Leicester. Years afterwards, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered by her servant, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this culprit the whole transaction came to light. Concerning this bed a public print of 1830 states that 'about half a century since the relic was purchased by a furniture-dealer, who slept in it for many years and showed it to the curious. It was well preserved, being formed of oak, and having a high polish.'

Many great personages seem to be careful that their importance should be reflected, as it were, in the luxurious appointments of their sleeping apartments. True, it is said that on one occasion when a Persian ambassador was shown into his bedroom in a certain hotel, where a grand canopied state-bed had been prepared for him, he supposed it was a throne in his audience chamber, received his visitors seated on it, and retired to sleep on the carpet in the corner of the room. But Eastern potentates show as a rule a much greater appreciation of costly beds. A remarkable bedstead

was made in Paris for an Indian Prince, who paid thousands of pounds for it. It was constructed partly of silver, with large female figures at each corner, each holding a delicate-looking fan. The weight of the sleeper's body sets certain machinery in motion which causes the figures to keep the fans gently in motion—an ingenious luxury in a hot climate. By touching a spring, a large musical box is made to give forth soft music as a further incentive to slumber. Another bedstead made of silver is said to have been occupied by the German Emperor during his visit to the Sultan. It had Oriental curtains of surpassing richness, heavily embroidered with gold. What a contrast this presents to the simple iron camp beds affected by Prince Bismarck, Moltke, and other renowned leaders!

Among numerous presents sent to a Shah of Persia by one of the Russian Emperors was a bedstead of extraordinary magnificence. It is said to have been entirely made of crystal, and was accessible by steps of the same material all worked in imitation of large diamonds, incrusting in a solid frame. On each side there were spouts made to eject scented water, which by its murmuring invited sleep. It was crowned by a large chandelier, which spread light around, so as to give to the whole the splendid appearance of millions of diamonds reflecting their brilliancy at once. This unique piece of furniture was produced, we are told, at the imperial manufactory of St Petersburg.

In these days, royalty does not seem to concern itself so much about such magnificent sleeping-couches. It is well known that our gracious sovereign always includes a bed among her travelling belongings, which is sent from Windsor Castle whenever Her Majesty goes anywhere. It is said to be a perfectly simple bedstead of maple wood, with plain hangings arranged as a tent, muslin curtains, and a hair mattress. Two beds were manufactured at the Castle works, one of which was placed in the Queen's cabin on board the *Osborne*, and the other sent in advance to the Schloss occupied by Her Majesty in Darmstadt. The royal visitor is said sometimes to leave her bed as a sort of souvenir. One, we are told, is at Dunkeld, and others at Baden and Coburg.

#### SUMMER'S LATER FLOWERS.

ERE yet the glowing Summer says 'Farewell,'  
She leaves a trail of sweet and peaceful light;  
In tints subdued she decks the mountain height,  
And o'er the woodland weaves a glowing spell.  
Oh, faint and few the choristers which tell  
June's faded hours of glory and delight!  
The faint, sweet airs and tones betoken flight  
Of many gladsome gifts, beloved well.

Yet, can a mortal stand unmoved and feel  
The laughing hours of bloom and bee go past?  
Oh wondrous hour of pathos, solemn, vast!  
Let this great aspiration o'er me steal:  
'That as my life doth near its close, the last  
Faint hours may glow with undiminished zeal!'

WILLIAM JOSEPH GALLAGHER.

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### OUR CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS.

AFTER viewing a cathedral, mounting to the full height of its topmost tower, perchance descending to its low, dim, short-columned crypt, pacing its aisles and transepts as well as its mighty nave, and the choir with its ambulatories, conning its countless chapels, perusing its monuments, considering its stained glass, and lingering in the galilee last of all, if there be one, there still remains another pleasure in connection with it—a loiter in the Cloister. The fresh air, the green garth, or 'paradise,' as it was often called, in the centre, the open-traceried arcading, the stone-vaulted or open-timbered roof, as the case may be, the wide smooth-paved foot-walks, the vistas they afford—all tend to give these secluded places an ineffable charm.

In old times the cloisters were not so unfrequented as they are now. They served as communications to various parts of the great establishments to which they belonged; and they were used for special purposes. There were many doorways opening into them, not always in similar places in every case, but intended to suit the general convenience in the same way. Often, the doorway to the chapter-house, or of the vestibule giving access to it, was placed in the east walk of the cloisters; that of the parlour was also sometimes there; on the north or south sides, according to their position, another doorway, and in some instances two, opened into the cathedral; the refectory, treasury, and slypes were also frequently entered from the cloisters; and thus there was much coming and going where a footfall is now seldom heard. In one spot was, generally, a lavatory. In front of some of the window-like arches, secluded in compartments or tiny chambers they called 'carrels,' scribes sat at their lifelong tasks of copying the manuscripts that were then the literature of the world, and of occasionally adding to their number by new works. Twenty of these carrels are still to be seen in the south walk of the cloisters at Gloucester. And in the north walk in the same

quadrangle, near the refectory door, is the vast washing-place with a recess for towels. It is claimed for this beautiful cloister that it was the building in which fan-tracery in stonework for vaulting was first used. It is a square quadrangle, and each walk is about a hundred and forty-five feet long, a little more than twelve feet wide, and about eighteen feet high. The east walk has ten large windows, of which nine are divided by mullions into eight lights; and the other three sides have ten six-light windows in each. All of these are now glazed; but it has been thought they may have been unglazed at first, and protection from the weather gained by some other means. It would be difficult to devise a presentment of more elegant and antique sumptuousness in a similar space.

In the cloisters at Durham the lavatory is in the centre of the cloister-garth. It was originally octagonal, with a dovecot on the top of it, and documentary evidence has been preserved that states the stone of which it was built was bought of the abbot of Eggleston-on-the-Tees. The curious work known as the *Rites of Durham* mentions it particularly as a fair laver, or conduit, for the monks to wash their hands and faces at, covered with lead, and all of marble, except the outermost walls, with many little conduits or spouts of brass, and twenty-four cocks of brass round about it; and the same authority mentions there were seven fair windows of stonework in it, and on the top of it a dovecot covered with lead, all of workmanship fine and costly. There were carrels before each arch or window for the north walk; and there was also a receptacle for such books as were in most frequent use.

The dimensions of the quadrangle are about the same as those of the Gloucester example. There is, however, a great difference in the matter of construction; for, instead of the delicate fan-tracery in stonework, timber is used for the roof. There were still older cloisters here than those we now see; but these date from the end of the fourteenth and commencement of the

fifteenth centuries. In the refectory, now used as a library, are all the items that are left of the personality of St Cuthbert, the source of the honours and wealth of the bishopric. In a glass case, as in a glass sarcophagus, are placed his embroidered stole and maniple, with the cross that rested for so many centuries upon his breast.

At Lincoln the gray hoary cloisters are placed between the two transepts on the north side of the choir. They are also roofed with oak, and their rich traceried windows are of fourteenth-century workmanship. One side has suffered grievously from insufficient foundations; and the walls in other places are somewhat out of the perpendicular. At Chester the cloisters are also in picturesque decay. The walls on the north and west sides are Norman. On the east are the chapter-house and its vestibule of thirteenth-century workmanship.

The Worcester cloisters are built on the south side of the nave. These are also of fourteenth-century workmanship with traceried windows of geometric designs. There were, however, Norman cloisters here, as at Durham, before these were erected, for in the south-west corner of the quadrangle is a Norman lavatory. Water was brought to this from Henwick Hill in the neighbourhood down to the days of the Rebellion, when the pipes were used for ammunition. There are three slypes in these cloisters. One of them served also as the parlour, where the brethren might see those with whom they were permitted to converse; another led to the infirmary; another, southwards, to the outer court; and there is a winding stair in the north-west angle which gives access to the library over the south aisle of the nave.

The cloisters at Norwich are on the south side of the nave of the cathedral. They are vaulted with stone, and enriched with sculptured representations of biblical subjects and scenes from the lives of saints. Close to the refectory door in the southern angle of the west walk is the lavatory. In the eastern walk is the door leading to the chapter-house, which is all that has been preserved of that fabric. Only the northern wall, too, of the refectory is left standing, the hand of the spoiler having had free play in this edifice. At Canterbury the cloisters were rebuilt in the fifteenth century, the authorities retaining a few fragments here and there of Norman work and the Norman passage called the Dark Entry. At Exeter they have been partly restored on the south side for the purpose of a library. At Wells the cloisters form three sides of a quadrangle of which the fourth is the whole length of the nave of the cathedral. At Oxford they are well maintained.

Of a different tone are the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. They are not of the soft ashen-gray hue of those of the smiling southern counties, nor of the steely gray of those of the north, but black and white, according as the parts are protected from the soot and rain or exposed to them—absolutely as black and white as an engraving of them. Only those who have turned into their quiet precincts from the rush and roar of the crowded thoroughfares near at hand can realise their peaceful calm and their severe beauty. In a register in which the clerk

of the works recorded facts relating to his duties there is mention of a middle tread in connection with an interment in the cloisters, and thus we learn that these walks were paved with a pathway of squared stones down the centre; whilst, perhaps, the others were placed diagonally to distinguish these more particularly from the rest; and it has been noticed there was also a course of square stones against the walls. This middle tread was a device to keep processions in straight lines; and was also used in the ambulatories in the cathedral, though the large number of interments, with the consequent disturbance of the pavement, had almost obscured it and caused it to be forgotten before recent investigations brought the fact to light.

Of all the incidents that these cloisters have seen few have been more out of the way than the robbery of the king's treasure kept there in 1303, when forty-eight monks as well as the Abbot were sent to the Tower, and some of them kept there for two years. The passing to and fro of William Caxton and his assistant printers when they set up their first press in the Abbey is another departure from the more usual slow-pacing of hooded figures, or grand processions of ecclesiastics in brodered raiment, or swift hurrying backwards and forwards on the occasions of royal ceremonials.

The mention of interments brings to mind that another use is occasionally made of cloisters. At Gloucester there are fragments of incised tombstones in different parts. One near the chapter-house door shows the upper portion of an ecclesiastic with an abbreviated lettering that is understood to represent John de Stantone. In the south walk an arched recess appears to have been made in the walk on purpose to receive another tombstone with a cross incised in it and the letters W. B. And there are few cloisters in which similar memorials are not to be noticed.

There is sometimes a second cloister attached to a cathedral, when one is distinguished from the other as the Bishops' Cloister, or the Vicars' Cloister, or the Little Cloister, or by some other appellation. They are all generally square; but we have examples of an oblong form and of a single straight way, or walk. The diversities in the different buildings surrounding them are thought to have typified the differences that we are assured exist in celestial mansions; the four walls to have represented renunciation of self and the world, and devotion to eternal pursuits and the love of God; the bases of all the columns to have typified Patience; and the whole closed-in square to have suggested Contemplation. Look at them as we may, it is certain they are a delightful legacy left to us all. The Vicars' Cloister at Hereford is especially interesting. It is a hundred and eight feet long, and about eight feet wide. There are a few tablets to the memory of the dead on the inner wall, which is otherwise without break and void. The outer boundary, instead of being a wide open series of arches, as is most frequently the case, is also built of solid masonry up to a certain height, when it is pierced with a row of eight three-light windows, having seven canopied niches between them, supported on brackets. The chief feature is the open-timbered oaken roof, which is richly moulded and very curiously and cunningly



carved on the tie-beams and principal rafters. Each beam has a different subject, such as a wild boar pursuing a squirrel or a bird, or with a saddle on its back; a stag pursued by a dog; swine, fish, foliage; an owl and a mouse; human figures; and an ox with human hands. There is a figure carrying a shield with a different device upon each in the centre of every beam, and the whole forms a vista of open perforated work that is of rare occurrence.

Salisbury cloisters are more superb. The four covered galleries or walks are a hundred and ninety-five feet long and eighteen feet wide; and the green enclosure they surround is about a hundred and forty feet wide each way, and has two cedar trees growing in it. The beautiful arcades are formed by clustered columns placed at certain intervals, on which are raised lofty pointed arches filled in with rich tracery above, and by smaller arches below, which are subdivided again, and ornamented with more tracery. Between each superior arch is a strong buttress projecting into the garth. As in the case of the cathedral close by, all is plain sailing. There are no alterations to explain, no mutilations to deplore. There is one jubilant and serene expression of the utmost perfection possible to the builders of it. We could scarcely take leave of the subject in a more pleasant place.

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

### CHAPTER IX.—A SUDDEN RESOLVE.

'Now, then, young gentlemen, choose your partners!' Mr Plantagenet murmured, with a bland and inane smile. ('Strike up the violin, Maud!' aside.) 'Bow, and fall into places. Eight bars before beginning. No, *not yet*, Miss Tradescant.—Explain to this young lady, if you please, Miss Tudor, that she must always wait eight bars—eight bars exactly—before she begins to *chasser*.—That's right. Just so! Advance in couples—right, left—right, left—right, left—down the middle.—Very nicely done, indeed: very nicely: very nicely. Now!—yes—that's it. Change hands, and over again!'

A year and more had passed, and Mr Plantagenet's face bore distinct signs than ever of his ruling passion. It was coarse and red under the bland exterior. Maud watched him intently now on the morning of lesson days to see he didn't slink away unobserved into the bar of the *White Horse* before the appointed hour for the meeting in the Assembly Rooms. Once let him cross the threshold of the inn, except to enter the big hall where he received his pupils, and all was up with him. On such occasions, Maud was compelled with grief and shame to stick a notice on the door: 'Mr Plantagenet is indisposed to-day, and will be unable to meet his usual classes.' Nobody else ever knew what agony those notices cost the poor shrinking girl: but on the next appointed afternoon, Mr Plantagenet would be at his place again as if nothing had happened, and would murmur plaintively, with one hand on his left breast, and the other

on the bow of his faithful violin: 'My old complaint, ladies and gentlemen; my old complaint! I suffer so much from my heart. I regret I was unable to receive you on Wednesday.' Everybody in Chiddingwick knew quite well the real nature of Mr Plantagenet's 'old complaint'; but he was an institution of the place; and everybody pretended to believe in it and to sympathise with him.

On this particular day, however, in the middle of November, Mr Plantagenet seemed even more consequential and more dignified than usual, if such a thing were possible. He received Lady Agatha's little girls with princely condescension. Maud, who stood by trembling, and watching him with dismay, as he fiddled with a will on his well-trying violin, wondered to herself, with a mute feeling of terror in her heart, what on earth could have put her father into such visible good-humour. She didn't discover the secret till the end of the lesson. Then Mr Plantagenet, rising with great importance and a conscious smirk, observed in his suavest and most professional tone: 'I'm sorry to say, young ladies and gentlemen—and you, Miss Tudor—I won't be able to give the usual lessons next Tuesday and Wednesday. The fact of the matter is, I shall be away from Chiddingwick. It doesn't often happen that I take a holiday; but on this occasion I shall be away from Chiddingwick. Long and close attention to the duties of a harassing and wearisome task has undermined my constitution; you can sympathise with my feelings: and next week, I propose to give myself a well-earned repose, in order to visit my dear son at the university of Oxford.'

It was a perfect bombshell. To Maud, sitting by wearily, with her small violin clasped in her bloodless hands, the announcement came like a thunderbolt: he was going to Oxford! She turned deadly pale at once, and clutched the bow of her instrument with a spasmodic action. Mary Tudor, sitting near, noticed the pallor on her cheek, and guessed the cause of it instantly. The two girls looked up: for a second their eyes met; then Maud let hers drop suddenly. Though on that one dearest point Dick had never taken her into his confidence, Maud had guessed the whole truth during last Christmas vacation; and if anything could make the cup of her bitterness even bitterer than it was, 'twas the thought that Dick's friend, Dick's future wife perhaps, should see and understand the full depths of her misery.

Mary had tact enough and feeling enough, however, not to press her sympathy upon the poor wounded creature. With a hasty side-glance, she hurried her charges out of the room as quick as she could, and motioned to the other governesses to do the same for theirs with all possible expedition. Two minutes later, the big hall was fairly cleared, and father and daughter stood face to face in silence.

If Maud had followed only the prompting of her own personal feelings she would have sat down where she was; covered her face with her hands, and cried long and bitterly.

But her sense of duty towards her father prevented her from so giving way; she couldn't bear to let him see how deeply, for Dick's sake, she dreaded the idea of his going to Oxford. All

she could do was to look up at him with a scared white face, and murmur in a terrified half-articulate tone: 'Oh, father, father, you never told me of this. What on earth do you mean by it?'

Mr Plantagenet eyed his daughter askance out of the corner of his eyes. He was more afraid of Maud than of any one else on earth; in point of fact, she was his domestic keeper. But he tried to assume his jaunty happy-go-lucky air for all that. 'Well, my dear,' he said, examining the strings of his fiddle with profound attention, 'I haven't had a holiday for a very long time, away from Chiddingwick; and I'm tired with the duties—the duties of my very exacting profession—and I felt I needed a change; and I haven't been up to Oxford since your brother Richard entered into residence as a member of the university. Now, I naturally feel a desire to see my son in that position in life which a Plantagenet ought to occupy. And so, the long and the short of it is'—Mr Plantagenet went on, shuffling about, and glancing up at her anxiously—'the long and the short of it is, as you heard me inform my class just now—I think next week of allowing myself the luxury of a trip to Oxford.'

Maud rose and seized his arm. His grandeur and indefiniteness positively alarmed her. Did he think she would be taken in by such grandiose words? 'Now, father,' she said boldly, 'that sort of talk won't do between us two, you know, at a serious crisis. This is important, very. You must tell me quite plainly what you mean by it all. Does Dick know you're coming, and why do you want to go to him?'

Mr Plantagenet, thus attacked, produced from his pocket a rather dirty silk handkerchief and began to whimper. 'Has it come to this, then?' he cried with theatrical pathos—'has it come to this, I ask you, that I, the Head of all the Plantagenets, have to beg leave and make explanations to my own eldest daughter before I can go to visit my own son at Oxford?' And he hid his face in the pocket-handkerchief with a studied burst of emotion.

But Maud was inexorable. Dick's happiness was at stake. Not for worlds, if she could help it, would she have him shamed by the appearance before all the world of Oxford of that shabby, degraded, disreputable old man in the guise of his father. 'We must be practical,' she said coldly, taking no notice of his hysterics. 'You must explain what this means. I want to know all about it. How have you got money to go up to Oxford with; and all those bills unpaid; and Mrs Waite still dunning us for the rent from last quarter? And where are you going to stop? And does Richard know you're coming? And have you proper things to go in? Why, I should think the very pride of a Plantagenet ought to prevent you from going to a place where your son lives like a gentleman, as he is, unless you can afford to go in such clothes as won't disgrace him!'

Thus put upon his mettle, Mr Plantagenet, deeply moved, at first admitted by slow degrees that he had taken proper steps to replenish his wardrobe for this important occasion. He had ordered a suit of good clothes, very good clothes, at Wilkins'. And they would be paid for too,

the Head of the House added proudly. Oh, he wasn't quite so devoid of friends and resources in his old age as his undutiful daughter appeared to imagine. He could sometimes do a thing or two on his own account without asking her assistance. He had money in hand—loads—plenty of money for the journey!

The more high-flown and enigmatical Mr Plantagenet grew, the more terribly was poor Maud distressed and frightened. At last she could stand it no longer. Plantagenet though she was, and as proud as Heaven makes them, she couldn't prevent the tears from stealing through and betraying her. She flung herself into a chair and hid her face in her hands. 'Now, father,' she said simply, giving way at last, 'you must tell me what you mean by it. You must explain the whole thing. Where did you get this money?'

Then, bit by bit, hard pressed, Mr Plantagenet admitted, with many magnificent disclaimers and curious sives to his offended dignity, how he had become seised of a sum of unexpected magnitude. When he took the last rent of the Assembly Rooms, for the afternoon dancing lessons, to the landlord of the *White Horse*, a fortnight earlier, the landlord had given him a receipt in full, and then, to his great surprise, had handed him back the money. 'You've been an old customer to me, Mr Plantagenet,' Barnes had said—'with real feeling, my dear—I assure you, with very real feeling'—and a good customer; too, and a customer one could reckon upon, both for the Rooms and the parlour; and I feel, sir, now your son's gone up to Oxford College, and you a gentleman born, and so brought up, in the manner of speaking, it 'ud be a comfort to you, and a comfort to him, if you was to go up and see him. This 'ere little matter of the quarter's rent ain't nothing to me: you've brought me in as much and more in your time, as I says to my missus, with your conversational faculties. It draws people to the house, that it do, when they know there's a gent there of your conversational faculties.' So in the end, Mr Plantagenet, after some decent parley, had accepted the gift, 'in the spirit in which it was offered, my dear; in the spirit in which it was offered,' and had resolved to apply it to the purpose which the donor indicated, as a means of paying a visit to Richard at Oxford.

Poor Maud! she sat there heart-broken. She didn't know what to do. Pure filial feeling made her shrink from acknowledging even to her own wounded soul how ashamed she was of her father; far more did it prevent her from letting the poor broken old drunkard himself too plainly perceive it. All she could do was to sit there in blank despair, her hands folded before her, and reflect how all the care and pains she had taken to keep the rent-money sacred from his itching hands had only resulted at last in this supreme discomfiture. It was terrible, terrible! And Dick, she knew, had had social difficulties to contend with at Oxford at first, and was now just overcoming them, and beginning to be recognised as odd, very odd, but a decent sort of fellow. Mr Plantagenet's visit would put an end to all that. He couldn't be kept sober for three days at a stretch; and he would disgrace dear Dick before the whole university.

However, Mand saw at once remonstrance was impossible. All she could conceivably do was to warn Dick beforehand. Forewarned is forearmed. She must warn Dick beforehand. Sorrowfully she went off by herself towards the post-office in the High Street. She would send a telegram. And then, even as she thought it, the idea came over her, how could she ever allow that fuzzy-headed Miss Janson at the Chiddingwick office to suspect the depth of the family disgrace? and another plan suggested itself. The third-class fare to Broughton, the next town of any size, was eightpence-ha'penny return: telegram would be sixpence; one and twopence-ha'penny in all: that was a lot of money! But still, for Dick's sake, she must venture upon the extravagance. With a beating heart in her breast, she hurried down to the station and took a ticket for Broughton. All the way there she was occupied in making up a telegram that should not compromise Richard; for she imagined to herself that a scholar of Durham would be a public personage of such distinction at Oxford that the telegraph clerks would be sure to note and retail whatever was said to him. At last, after infinite trials, she succeeded in satisfying herself. 'PLANTAGENET; Durham College, Oxford.—E. P. visits Oxford to-morrow as surprise. Take precautions.—MAUD.' That came to sevenpence. But try as she would, she couldn't make it any shorter. Not for worlds would she describe E. P.'s relationship to the Scholar of Durham. And she blushed to herself as she handed it in to think she should have to ask the brother of whom she was so proud to take precautions against a visit from their own father!

## INSECT WAX.

THOSE who, like the present writer, have had experience of trade in the East, often puzzle over the origin, character, and destination of many strange items of commerce unknown in the Western world. One of the strangest of these oddities of traffic is the White Wax of China; and naturalists have only recently been able to reveal it as also one of the strangest products of Nature. The existence of the commodity and of the Chinese business in it has, however, been known to Eastern traders for a couple of centuries.

As long ago as 1655, Martini mentioned *Albaceres* among the products of the Hu-kwang provinces; and since then, White Wax has been repeatedly referred to by travellers in China. But very little was really known about it until the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce and the Director of the Kew Gardens began to interest themselves in the subject. Some years ago, Mr E. Colborne Baber, Chinese Secretary of the British Legation at Peking, wrote a special Report about Insect White Wax, on his return from a journey of exploration in Western China (the records of which are buried in Blue-books and in the Papers of the Royal Geographical Society). In consequence of the information thus brought to light, Mr Alexander Hosie, of the Consular service in China, was instructed to make a special visit to the White Wax country, to gather additional information on the whole subject of wax

production, and to obtain for Sir Joseph Hooker specimens of the insects, of the trees on which they live, of the wax itself, and of the articles into which the Chinese convert it. And still more recently, the American Minister at Peking has made it the subject of a special Report to his Government.

Mr Denby, by the way, refers to an item on the Chinese Customs' lists which has often puzzled the coast-traders, namely, tigers' bones. One lot of thirteen thousand pounds weight of these bones was entered of the declared value of six hundred pounds—say, roughly, about one hundred pounds per ton. At such a price they cannot be used as manure; for what purpose, then, are they exported from Ichang? To convert into a tonic which fetches a high price, as it is supposed to impart to the invalid some of the strength of the tiger! Almost as high a price is put upon deer-horns, which are supposed to possess exceptional medicinal properties of another kind.

Of White Wax upwards of a million and a half pounds were shipped at Ichang in 1889, and sent in foreign vessels down the Yang-tse river for distribution at the Chinese ports. The value of this mass was stated at about ninety-five thousand pounds sterling. In Shanghai a ton of this wax in its commercial state sells now for about two hundred pounds. Being a clear white wax which only melts at a high temperature—one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit—it is found extremely useful as a coating for candles, to prevent too rapid consumption. It is also used for sizing paper and cotton cloths, as a glaze for silk, and as a polish for furniture and stone ornaments. Besides the quantity just stated as having been shipped down the Yang-tse in foreign vessels, an immense quantity is sent up the river in native junks to the cities of the interior; and a further quantity finds its way across the mountains and down the West River to Canton. In the Canton 'go-downs' the large round white cakes are a familiar sight.

Where, then, does it come from? Largely from what Mr Colborne Baber describes as the richest nook in China—the neighbourhood of the sacred mountain of O-mi or O. As a matter of fact the White Wax is found in at least five of the great western provinces; but the chief area of production is in the province of Se-chuen, in the Valley of Chieu-chang, which is formed by the river An-ning as it makes its way towards the Yang-tse, there called the Golden River. The precise geographical position of the valley of Chieu-chang is between latitude 29° 20' and latitude 27° 11', and it is about five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

In this valley and on the slopes of the surrounding hills grow in greatest profusion what is locally called Chung-shu, or the Insect Tree, which elsewhere is called the Evergreen Tree and also the Crackling-flea Tree, because of the spluttering and popping of the branches when burning. It is an evergreen with thick, dark-green, glossy, ovate and pointed leaves, which spring in pairs from the branches. In May and June it bears clusters of small white flowers, and, later, a dark purple fruit. At Kew it has been identified as a large-leaved privet (*Ligustrum lucidum*).



These trees afford the birthplace and cradle of the wax insect, scientifically called *Coccus pe-la*. In the early spring the bark of the boughs and twigs becomes covered with brown pea-shaped scales, which can be easily detached, and which when opened reveal a flowery-looking mass of minute animals, whose movements can just be detected by the naked eye. In May and June, however, the scales are found to contain a swarm of brown creatures with six legs and two antennæ each. Some of the scales also contain the white bag, or cocoon, of a small black beetle, which, if left undisturbed, burrows into and consumes the scales. The Chinese say that this beetle eats the little wax insects; and it appears certainly the case that where the parasite is most abundant the scales fetch a lower price in the first market.

This first market is one of the most curious incidents in a curious history. The valley of Chien-chang produces the insects, but the wax is produced elsewhere. At the proper season the scales are detached from the *ligustrum*, and made up into paper packets of about sixteen ounces each. A porter's load is about sixty of these packages, and the duty of the porters is to convey them with the utmost speed over the mountains, a distance of two hundred miles, to the town of Chiä-ting, which is the centre of the wax-producing country. The greatest care has to be taken in the carriage of the brittle scales, and the porters must only travel during the night, as the high temperature during the day will develop the insects too rapidly, and they may escape from their natural cages. Wherever they stop for rest, the porters must open up their paper-packets and spread them in cool places; but with all precautions, there is a large percentage of loss upon the journey—the packets usually weighing at Chiä-ting each about one ounce lighter than when they left Chien-chang. The usual price at Chiä-ting for a pound of scales is about half-a-crown; but in years of scarcity this price has been doubled. A pound of scales ought to produce from four to five pounds of wax; but in bad years only pound for pound is yielded, so that the profits of the industry are very fluctuating.

Between Chiä-ting and the sacred O-mi mountain—which has so often been described by travellers—is a plain, which Mr Hosie describes as an immense rice-field, well watered by the streams from the western mountains. This plain is thickly studded with tree-stumps, from three to twelve feet high, resembling pollard willows. This tree does not seem as yet to have been accurately classified, but it is a species of ash, called by the Chinese Pai-la-shu, or the 'White-wax tree.' It is to these wax-trees that the scales are brought from the insect-trees of Chien-chang.

The scales arrive in May, and are immediately reweighed and made up into fresh packets, each packet containing twenty to thirty scales, enclosed in a leaf of the wood-oil tree. The edges of the covering are drawn together with a rice-straw, by which also the packet is suspended under the branches of the wax-tree. Then a few small holes are pricked in the packets, so that the insects can find their way out on to the branches of their new habitation.

In due time the insects emerge, and very soon make their way to the leaves which have been

allowed to sprout about the tops of the pollards. They remain among the foliage for thirteen days, and then descend again to the branches and twigs, where the females proceed to make scales for the deposit of their eggs, and the males to excrete the white wax. What connection exists between the two operations is not very certain; for while it is believed that the wax is intended as a protection for the scales, Mr Hosie says he has frequently seen deposits of scales far removed from any white wax.

What the insects feed on is also something of a mystery. For thirteen days, as we have seen, after emerging from their shelters they nestle among the leaves; but all the rest of their time they spend upon the bark of the tree. Whether they feed upon the leaf or upon the sap cannot be said, because no visible mark of insect ravages can be detected on either. The Chinese say that they live upon dew, and that the wax is a kind of insect perspiration!

There are, however, two classes of the insect, distinguished by the Chinese as La-sha, or 'wax sand,' and Huang-sha, or 'brown sand.' The former produces wax, and the latter does not. It is assumed, then, that the La-sha, which are of a reddish-white colour, are the males; and that the Huang-sha, which are of a brownish colour, are the females.

Soon after the insects come down from the green heights, the inner sides of the boughs and twigs, their new resting-places, begin to show a thin white coating, like snow. This gradually spreads over the whole bough, and in the course of about three months should have attained a thickness of a quarter of an inch.

One hundred days is the usual period allowed for the completion of the deposit, and each day during the process the wax-farmer makes the round of the trees under his care, thumping them with a heavy stick, in order to destroy the beetles, which he calls la-kow, or wax-dogs, and regards as the natural enemy of the wax insect.

When the hundred days are expired, the branches are carefully lopped off, and after as much of the wax as possible has been peeled off by hand, the branches are placed in pots of boiling water. The wax melts, rises to the surface, is skimmed off, and moulded. The boiling of the branches, however, produces a darker and inferior wax to that which is removed by the hand. The first hand-gleanings are also thrown into boiling water to be melted, and then skimmed into round moulds, which form the compact round white cakes one sees at Shanghai or Canton.

There is still a third process. After the trees have been stripped of every atom of wax, and every bit of available twig has been boiled, the poor insects, who have meantime fallen as sediment to the bottom of the pot, are then placed in a bag, and squeezed until they yield every atom of wax they may have left in their bodies. The pigs finish what is left of the pilgrims from far Chieu-chang.

The process, nevertheless, is a wasteful one, because the fresh scales which would produce a new generation of insects are destroyed when the branches are boiled. This is why Chiä-ting has to send every year to Chieu-chang for a fresh supply of eggs and insects. Then, again, after

the branches have been lopped off a wax-tree, it cannot be used again for three years—a period of rest which has been found necessary to allow it to recover vigour and foliage. One reason for this period is that sprouts of one or two years' growth are too weak to resist a strong gale, and the Chinese will not risk their precious scales on branches which may be blown or washed away.

What would happen if the wax-tree were left undisturbed? This may be guessed from the following experience of Mr Hosie's: 'On the 27th of August 1884,' he says, 'branches of the *ligustrum*, coated with wax, were brought to me. On removing the wax I found close to the bark a number of minute brown bags, evidently the male *cocci* in a state of metamorphosis. I examined the undisturbed branches from day to day, and on the 4th of September I observed quite a number of white hair-like substances rising above the surface of the wax deposit. These ultimately proved to be the white forked tails of the male insects forcing their way up from the bark, and dislodging, as they emerged, small quantities of the wax. They were now provided with long wings, and after tarrying for a time on the branches, flew away. By the 13th of September they had all disappeared, leaving visible the tunnels from the bark upwards by which they had escaped.'

Needless to say the Chinese permit neither the development of the wings nor the escape!

Only a few years ago as many as ten thousand porters annually were required to transport the packets of scales from the Valley of Chieu-chang to Chiä-ting. One of the sights of the road in the season is still a stream of carriers with long round baskets slung at the end of poles, with a lamp swinging in front. The rate at which these men have to travel, and mostly, as has been said, by night, has been often commented on by travellers, who did not altogether understand the nature of the business they represented. On their way to Chiä-ting the carriers have to cross the Ta-tu river with their precious loads, and towards the end of April the race to the ferry is one of tremendous excitement. Hundreds of men will be competing day by day who shall reach the boat first, for delay is injurious to the precious charge they carry, and the fleetest of foot will bring his freight more safely because more quickly to its destination.

This flight of insect carriers, however, is not now so great and so exciting as it was. Mr Hosie says that a thousand porters per annum will now carry the Chieu-chang supply, instead of ten thousand, as formerly. This seems in part due to the development of the industry in other provinces, but chiefly to the fact that American kerosene is largely displacing the use of candles—of vegetable or animal tallow coated with insect wax—in Chinese households. The present value, also, is only about one-half of the value ten or fifteen years ago.

It would thus seem that the natural oil-wells of America are gradually 'playing out' one of the most curious natural industries in the land of curiosities—China. But insect White Wax is too useful a commodity, and has too many valuable properties, to be dropped out of sight altogether. Without doubt, large employment can be found for it in Europe, where even now it

is not unknown, when it reaches a suitable level of price. A few years ago an attempt was made to introduce the Wax Insect into Algiers, but we have not learned with what result.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that Se-chuen—the great silk-producing province—has other natural curiosities besides the wax insect. There is, for instance, the Varnish Tree (*Rhus vernicifera*), which in the hilly districts grows to a height of twenty feet, and yields, by incision of the bark near the foot of the tree, a sticky sap, which forms an excellent varnish. It is dark brown as exuded, and becomes jet black by exposure to the air; and it is good both for cementing and varnishing. It has been suggested that if chemical science were applied to make this varnish colourless, it would become an important item of Chinese trade.

Again, there is 'Soy,' which some people used to shudder at as made of boiled cockroaches, but which is really the juice of a bean. But as our object was to tell of wax insects and insect wax—not of hypothetical cockroaches—we must draw the line.

#### BABY JOHN.\*

##### CHAPTER IV.—SPRING.

When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight.

SHAKESPEARE.

How beautiful that spring was! 'It's just perfect,' Alice used to say, standing on the beach, looking out over such a sunny sea, bright and sparkling, blue and green and peacock, with great indigo shadows from those fleecy white clouds which passed across the blue sky; or pale, shimmering, dimpling silver, with tiny, rippling waves chasing each other to the shore; or rough, tumbling, gray-green with white-crested breakers, coming proudly riding in, and casting themselves on the beach, and dragging back the pebbles with them with a screaming rush.

'Bless the girl!' Lucy used to complain to baby, 'she's never tired of staring at that old sea. She don't take no notice of you and me, as if you wasn't better to look at any day!' Though she herself was not far behind Alice in her fascinated love of it.

But there was not only the sea, but the inland delights of the spring, which were new to Alice, whose lines had always been cast in towns, and whose days had been too full of work since she was old enough to do half-time at the mill, to allow of exploring into the country round, which every year grew farther away as the town spread out its octopus-like arms of brick, spoiling the hedgerows, and swallowing up the trees and open spaces, and annihilating the primroses. In every direction behind Boston, deep lanes with high banks led away, and there were copses with no notice boards that trespassers would be prosecuted, and meadows that were not desirable building lots; and in these deep sheltered lanes, primroses grew as plentifully and beautifully as

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in the first spring in Eden; and in the copses, bluebells and dainty white anemones were in such lavish abundance, that Alice longed for a regiment of the little ones from the alleys of Felsby, 'as might gather them all day, and you'd hardly see the difference.'

Then came the cowslips all over the meadows, and kingcups by the stream; and the girls came back every day laden with flowers, or with shells and bright-coloured pebbles, or ribbons of seaweed from the beach, till the kind, deaf, old landlady entered a protest against the accumulation of such rubbish; and Alice reluctantly agreed to some of the larger stones being thrown away, as there was no denying that they looked very much the same as the other many thousand stones on the beach, now that they no longer lay in the wash of the coming tide, and had to be rescued by a bold dash at the risk of a drenching.

Their lodgings were of quite a humble description, as they soon moved away from those which Mr Craddock had engaged for them, and which, though by no means grand, made the girls feel constrained and ill at ease; and they found a cottage on the outskirts of the little place, the main recommendation to which was that the old woman standing at the gate one day noticed the baby, and declared it to be 'the finest child for its age that ever she seed.'

A woman of such discrimination was likely to be satisfactory in other respects; so when they saw a modest card in her parlour window with 'Lodgings to let' on it (she did not even call them apartments), they went in, and found a clean little sitting-room and bedroom over it, and the terms very moderate, as the season (for even little Beston has a season) had not begun, and Mrs Tripp had hardly hoped to let her rooms for two months to come. Mrs Tripp kept no servant, and was rather deaf; but the girls declared it was so much the better, as she had no objection to little cookings over the parlour fire, which in the other lodgings had been sternly discountenanced, or to their stepping into the kitchen for anything they wanted; and her deafness prevented any annoyance from the baby's crying, for even the most perfect baby will cry sometimes.

She was rather confused in her mind as to which was the mother of the baby; and as Alice, by virtue of her superior age and the old traditions of her relations with Lucy, took the lead and management, Mrs Tripp, as a rule, called her 'mum,' and Lucy 'my dear,' and the girls for fun rather favoured the idea; and, as Lucy recovered her health and spirits, she looked so young and girlish, that it was much easier to imagine Alice, with her more staid and quiet manner, to be the married woman and mother; and as the baby was quite as often in her arms as in Lucy's, it was no wonder that Mrs Tripp was confused.

'Ain't it lovely?' Alice used to say over and over again, the first few days they were there; 'it's just too good! Whoever would have thought, when we was at work in the old mill, with all the row, and the dust, and the heat, and the worry of getting through, that this was going on all the time and we should see it at last? I'm that glad to have seen it all. I shall think of it times and times, and when I goes back'—

But here Lucy always stopped her mouth with a kiss or baby's little hand, and would not let her talk of that terrible future. 'I don't think I'd ever a notion what heaven was like before,' Alice said. 'I've tried sometimes to fancy it, but the nearest I come to it was them gardens up Castle Hill with red geraniums and a fountain, and I don't think I'd turn my head now to look at 'em, leave alone jumping to see over the wall. Ain't it lovely to wake up in the morning and know as it's all there, and nothing to do but enjoy it? One won't feel so strange-like in heaven now. I used to be afraid of that sometimes when I got thinking, for I knew that heaven was bound to be different from Felsby anyhow.'

Alice would wax quite eloquent over the delights of Beston, till Lucy would turn and laugh at her. 'You are a funny girl, Alice! I do believe the sea and the flowers and things is instead of meat and drink to you. You don't eat nothing hardly, and I don't believe you sleeps much neither; for first you're out of bed to look at the moon on the sea, and then you thinks the sun'll be rising, and you must have a peep. And you ain't no flesh on your bones; I could carry you pretty near as easy as I can baby. There'll be nothing of you if you go on this way, and it'll be my turn to nurse you up as you've done me.'

One day they took the baby to be christened. There had been some talk of its being done before they left Felsby; but the weather had been bad, and the question of sponsors a difficult one, for Mr Craddock had naturally wished that his mother should hold the baby at the font, and Lucy, though she did not say so, was resolved that Alice should be his god-mother. So the subject was dropped, and Lucy had now written to ask her husband if he would mind the baby being 'done' at Beston, and whether he had any choice about the name. It was a work of much time and difficulty getting that letter written, for Lucy was not a good scribe, and she was keenly conscious all through of the critical eye that would observe the bad writing and worse spelling. Alice was no great help either, and she did not understand Lucy's feverish wish to send a tidy-looking letter, but was inclined to think that a blot here and there smeared out with the little finger did not matter.

That letter spoilt the whole of one day, and even bid fair to spoil the night that succeeded it; for long after they were in bed Alice found Lucy wide awake, with hot cheeks and bright eyes, agonising herself over some word which she was sure was spelt wrong.

'Do he make fun of your spelling now?' Alice asked.

'No, he don't say nothing. I wish he did, but he looks kind of patient. I shan't never forget as pudding is spelt with two *ds*, from the look he gave when I wrote it down with one on the cook's slate.'

It is certainly a comfort in this age of inventions that the art of sending looks by post has not been discovered, though perhaps unhappy generations to come may invent a means of conveying them in that way; and if Mr Craddock looked patient or shuddered over his wife's letter, it was only known to himself, for the answer



only said that she could have the baby baptised at Beston if she liked, and might give it what name she pleased.

Alice could not at all account for Lucy's wrath on reading this letter, which was thrown across the table for her inspection. It was stiff perhaps, and business-like; but it was not till Lucy caught up the insulted baby out of the cradle and declared he was mother's own little boy, and shouldn't be called 'it,' like a stick or a stone, that he shouldn't! that she realised the cause of offence.

'What shall you call him?'

'Yes, what shall it be? There! I'd almost wish he were a girl, so as we could call him Alice Lucy, or Lucy Alice, after us two. We'll choose just the names as we like best; you shall choose one, and I'll choose another, and then we'll have a third to please us both, for three names ain't a bit too much; folks often has three names, and some of them royal babies have ever so many more, and long ones too. I've a kind of fancy for Reginald. Don't you remember that story in the *Family Herald* as we used to read in Partley's shop, and how we couldn't see over the page just at the most interesting part where the wicked earl had hold of the lady by the hair of her head, and Sir Reginald came rushing in? And you used to have a liking for Arthur. And there's Lancelot too. I suppose it wouldn't do to give him more than three, as he ain't royal, though he's every bit as good as any king or prince of them.'

They talked for hours of what the name should be, and strung together all manner of fine-sounding incongruous names, and wrote them down—not always, I am afraid, quite correctly spelt—to see how they looked, or repeated them to the baby to see if he showed any signs of preference; and finally abandoned the name of Lancelot on account of his crying when it was mentioned, though Alice was not sure that a touch of stomach-ache might not have been the cause of this demonstration.

It was after they were in bed at night, and the baby making comfortable, little, drowsy noises in the bassinette on Alice's side of the bed—for they took it by turns to have the supreme honour of having the baby next them—that Alice asked, 'What's his name?'

'His? Oh! John. Why?'

'Oh, nothing. Only John?'

'Yes, just John alone. I can't think whatever his mother could have been about. It's downright common, ain't it?'

'Perhaps his father's name were that?'

'Yes, it were. I've heard as there have been John Craddocks, father and son, for ever so long.'

And then they said no more.

Sponsors were a difficulty which bid fair to be almost insuperable, as the girls did not like the idea of a man with a wooden leg who lived near the church, and who was generally had recourse to in such emergencies, being ready to undertake the office for half a pint of beer. But ultimately Mrs Tripp turned up a brother who was a coastguard, and he brought one of his mates to oblige the ladies, so the next Sunday they took the baby to the little church at Beston. Much attention had been given to his toilette;

Alice and Lucy between them had ironed his white robe, though a laundress would have done it much better, and they took ever so long to tie up his sleeves with white ribbon to their entire satisfaction.

They had finally decided on Frederick Reginald Arthur as the names he should bear; but just as they passed into the little white-washed porch of the church, Lucy pulled Alice's shawl.

'I've a mind after all,' she said, 'to alter the name.'

There was such sympathy between the girls, that Alice understood directly what was in Lucy's mind.

'Doece now,' she whispered back. 'I'll be bound he'd be pleased.'

And Lucy answered, 'There! I'll leave it to you. Please yourself.'

'Name this child,' said the clergyman presently, and Alice, with a quick look at Lucy's face, named him 'John,' and Lucy gave a little nod, as if she were not displeased.

'And the very best name he could have!' she declared that evening repeatedly, ignoring all her former opinions. 'And whatever do folks want with more than one name, I'd like to know? And now I come to think of it, my father's name was John; and I'd an uncle too, mother's brother, as was the same, and I'd like to call my boy after one of them.'

## SOME DUTCH CHARACTERISTICS.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

To my mind, the most remarkable features of Holland at present are the multitude of the advertising placards of the Sunlight Soap and the shape of the Dutchmen's noses. The latter is probably an hereditary and in all likelihood an enduring characteristic. But it does not for that reason impress one the less.

A study of Jan Steen's pictures of Dutch home-life some two hundred years ago proves to conviction that in his day the noses of his country-folk were quite as fantastic as they are now. Without their pendulous, heavy, mirth-inspiring organs of smell, the artist's tipsy fiddlers and peasants, quack doctors and housewives, would not make one smile half as much as they do. It is well that the average Dutchman is a good-natured fellow. No matter whether his amiability be due to his phlegmatic temperament or to the reasoned discipline in his soul: the result is the same to the outer world. If he were naturally disposed to be a prey to his passions, there would be something horribly discordant in the broad comedy of his face.

As for the soap, no doubt Holland ought to be as good a market for the stuff as may be found anywhere on the earth's surface. Many of the country dames and damsels look as if they had been brought up on soap and water. Their faces glisten so preternaturally; their pots and pans, the red tiles of their floors, their tables and benches, all bear witness so unmistakably to their cleansing ardour. I suppose a fly in the butter they were churning, or a mired foot on the boards they have but just scrubbed, would be as nearly likely to give them a fit as anything could be. Winter is a terrible time of trial to them. The

snow, at least in the country, is so nice and spotless that it puts them quite out of humour with the results of their own domestic washings.

Of course different standards of cleanliness prevail throughout the different provinces of Holland. It is one thing to be in the home province, of which Amsterdam is the capital; quite another to be in Drenthe, where the peasants are very poor, and have to wrest a livelihood from peat morasses which we in Scotland or Ireland should regard as irreclaimable. In Drenthe I have entered a house the floor of which was grimed with mud and snow clots that would have made an English peasant woman ill at ease. Here, too, the labourer, his wife, daughter, and two boys were drinking coffee out of cups that were not clean; and the lace headgear which the women-folk wore over the silver plates with which custom bids them cover their foreheads would have been improved by a hearty introduction to the wash-tub. As a rule, however, it may be said that soap is in much more demand in the land of dikes than with us.

A certain inscription in the little house at Zaandam in which Peter the Great lived for a time while he was apprentice to the shipbuilding trade, will, I think, bear excellent adaptation to suit the Dutch character. The inscription says: 'Niets is den grooten man te klein'—'Nothing is too small (or trivial) to the great man.' I propose, therefore, to compliment the Dutch people by changing the words to, 'Nothing is too great for these small men;' and by applying them to the inhabitants of the Netherlands.

At first sight it may appear that the mind of the Dutchman is more apt to be engrossed by the care of little things than great. The Dutch domestic artist with an immense appreciation for details is better known to us than the Dutch artist with conceptions like Raphael's or Michelangelo's. But it ought to be enough merely to hint at the history of Holland to prove the contrary. Where else in the world, too, can we find such gigantic works of their kind as the dikes with which the Dutchmen from year to year keep the sea off their land! Where, too, is there such industrious reclamation of square miles of country, which in other lands would have been regarded as hopelessly good for nothing to the end of time! The 'polders,' or cultivated beds of drained marshes or lakes, are now among the best lands in Holland. And nothing more astounds a visitor to the wilds of such provinces as Drenthe than to discover in the midst of vast expanses of flat heath that seems useless except for the stacks of peat which here and there stand upon it, settlements of hundreds and even thousands of men who have fought with the barren heath and conquered it, even as their more inventive brethren have been able to compel the sea to do their bidding.

I refer more particularly to the Dutch penal institutions between Meppel and Heerenveen. It seems genuine wisdom in the authorities to make the State prisoners do for the worst parts of Holland what nature has neglected to do. Little by little the country will all be cultivated; and at no distant date one will be able to traverse it from end to end and find no purposeless spot upon it. Doubtless the aesthete will ask where lies the merit of turning a land into one great

kitchen garden. But I do not care to concern myself with answering a supposititious question of this kind.

In calling the Dutch 'small men' I would limit the application of the words to the men of Holland proper. The Frieslanders and the people of the neighbouring provinces are almost as different from the dwellers between the mouth of the Maas and the Helder as we ourselves are. They are much taller and more stalwart, and their faces have hardly anything of that farcical cast which sets one laughing at a plebeian Dutchman of Rotterdam or Amsterdam. It is an awful charge to make against the thoroughbred Dutchman, but truth prompts me to declare he has no legs to speak of, even as his wife has no waist, and his daughter no ankles. Seated, the average Dutchman is not conspicuously lilliputian; but when he stands, you discover that Nature has played him a wicked trick in abbreviating his thighs. Of course, however, she compensates him in other directions. She has made him nearly as broad as he is long, and given him such a faculty of patience and long-drawn industry as ensures him as much chance of happiness as the most energetic of tall men has at his disposal. To the accomplished Dutchman it is simply delightful to sit in a 'trekschuit,' or passenger canal boat, and travel twenty or thirty miles in this way at two and a half miles an hour, with a landscape before his eyes that differs not in the least at the end of the five-and-twenty miles from what it was when he began the journey. So he may be allowed a box of tobacco to masticate on the way, or half-a-dozen bad cigars to smoke; so he may have a penny glass of gin now and then when the craving assails him, and be freed from all obligation to be polite—he is what the greatest of men have not succeeded in becoming, to wit, a contented man.

The Frieslander is not such a comatose individual. I speak of him especially when he wears his winter humour. In summer he is no doubt enthusiastic enough; but his enthusiasm is of an agricultural order, pivoting about such things as the butter and cheese he makes and sends to us in England, and the beasts he fattens on the nice broad meadows with which nature has so liberally endowed his dear native land. There is a picture in the Museum of Leeuwarden, the capital of Friesland, which shows that in 1430 A.D. there was a measure of refinement in this remote corner of Europe. It shows us a Friesland family eating their dinner—is it not a subject after the very heart of a Dutchman?—and we mark that the women of the house are allowed to take their place at the table, as if they had as much right to a meal as their lords and masters. The costumes and even the details of the ménage are very much less coarse than one would have expected them to be. And there is a fine fat capon upon the table, which somehow makes one think of the great roofed farmhouses about the province, in one of the barnyards of which it was probably fed through a luxurious summer in the first and only year of its lifetime.

I fancy it is in winter, however, that the Frieslander is most apt to stand his full height, and breathe with the fullest contentment. Certainly, it is more than likely to be rare lusty weather. Gone then for a while are all the green

meadows whence the honours of his butters and cheeses—which have taken so many creditable prices in different market-towns—have proceeded. Bound rudder and sail are then the pleasant chocolate and black boats in which the Frieslander passes so many agreeable summer hours, whether in helping to convey his farm-produce to the markets or the seaport of Harlingen, or in disporting himself on the broad meres which dot his province in the south-west, and which provide him with such toothsome eels for his table. The cows are stalled, and the canals are frozen a foot thick. It is time to put on skates and live the merry winter-life.

Now the average Dutchman of the south, though he can skate very well, looks rather foolish on the ice. His short legs and wide breeches are admirable adjuncts to his nose, his thin cocked beard, and the lumpishness of his expression. To be sure, this breadth makes him look important; but if he were less muscular it would be a sad hindrance to him in battling with the wind, which in winter is apt to make skating in one direction something of a trial.

The Frieslander, however, is taller, better proportioned, and in all respects a handsome fellow. The yellow beard he sometimes wears seems to put him at once on a footing of affinity with the other members of that respectable Anglo-Saxon family to which we ourselves belong; quite as much his provincial speech and his blue eyes. He is a most masterful creature when once he has put on those quaint old-fashioned skates of his, and thinks nothing of making a score of miles from one village to another before you and I are out of bed. As for the cold, what cares he for it? He knows he must rely on that lusty circulation of his to keep him from being benumbed, though he clothe ever so lightly, and seems more regardless of his head—which a sealskin cap takes care of—than of his well-shaped body.

A Friesland canal in winter is as lively as anything can be. The ice may not be very good or of unquestionable strength; but no sooner are the boats penned in and the broken pieces of ice sufficiently welded to allow him to skate between them, than his sport begins. It is a feat of honour to be the first in the district to cross the canal when the wintry season is in its youth. The name of the bold lad is remembered for a week or two; and I have no doubt his pluck stands him in good stead in the esteem of the cherry-cheeked damsels of his province, whose eyes dance past one so brightly when the ice festival is in full swing, and journeying is all done upon skates.

But to recur to some more general features of life in this flat little corner territory of Europe. I was amazed to be told by an intelligent Dutchman of a large market-town that there is a vast amount of religious infidelity among his countrymen. At the first thought I should as soon have expected to hear the like charge brought against Scotland. Afterwards, however, when I had gone elsewhere in the land and looked in the churches, and watched the worthy Dutchman at his devotions, it seemed less surprising.

Upon one of these occasions a small incident happened which has driven one particular church—the large one of Groningen—very firmly into my memory. I was smoking a cigar when I

approached it, and naturally I had either to throw the cigar away or put it into my pocket. So I fancied, at least. Having, as I thought, extinguished it, I pocketed it, and followed certain large-bodied ladies who went in procession to their ugly pews in the noble old building, with their maids behind them carrying footstools, in which pans of peat-embers were to contribute to the comfort of their toes. A horrid smell of burning soon made me wonder how the congregation could endure so defective a heating apparatus. It went with me wherever I strolled in the broad aisles and abandoned choir of the church, and latterly became so insufferable that I went outside to breathe more freely. The next thing that happened was an outcry from a working man who pointed at me—and then I discovered that I was very thoroughly on fire. The thick wool of my coat was smouldering right and left, with a lurid line of fire on both sides. The odd thing was that my friend was a fireman, and that the fire station was close at hand. Thither, therefore, we went and the destruction was arrested; and while I sat among the fire-engines and was told their history and their abilities by one fireman, another brought forth needle and thread and gave me a patching I had no cause to be ashamed of.

From this church I wandered to another almost as large and of the same period. Service was going on; the drowsy voice of the pastor could be heard even in the beautiful forlorn choir which had been boarded away from the rest of the church. Once upon a time it had been a magnificent building. Now it was whitewashed, its chiselled work had been beaten to pieces with hammers, the brasses from the ornate gravestones which paved it had long been torn away, and the very excrecences of the scrolls, flouriations, and flourishings which adorned the epitaphs had been scratched at and levelled by iconoclastic imbeciles. Texts from the Bible, the Commandments, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer, were painted in dark colours upon the glowing white columns of the choir. Where the high altar had been, there was a common table piled with boards and a ladder or two set crosswise. The windows were of common glass, and through a broken pane the chill winter's wind blew upon this cold unedifying scene. And all the while, on the other side of the screen, in the cosy body of the church, there were three or four hundred respectable burghers and their wives in decent Sunday clothes, worshipping in sober brown pews, and keeping themselves comfortable with cushions and stoves. And the men kept their hats on. It is a mournful picture, this succession of wrecked churches wherever one goes in Holland.

For my part, however, I was struck rather by the simplicity of the people than by anything in them which was likely to make them aggressively irreligious. They have an intense love for their unlovely little land. That may be taken for granted. And they have small desire to see the rest of the world, to compare it with the homeland; which alone seems to mark them as a good deal divergent in nature from the main stock whence we also have come. When they are rich, they build themselves pretty little villas, to which they give names much like a child with its dolls. Sometimes the name is a whole text, which must be tiresome for the correspondents of the people



who live in it. Further, they deck the small gardens of their little villas with tiny lakes and fountains, summer-houses in which one person may enter, or two only at a pinch, and bridges not warranted to bear a Dutchman of low degree. These features of Dutch villa-life look strange enough when winter has stripped the surrounding trim-cut little trees of all their leaves, frozen the lakelets, turned the fountains into preposterous images of ice, and covered the baby summer-houses with snow. But in summer they look stranger still. Then the Dutchman and his wife and family may be seen moving about among them, happy as if they were so many children at play. They take tea between the lakelet and the summer-house, and look inexpressible words of felicity at each other. The summer-house itself is of course at the disposal in chief of the elder daughter of the house, and the excellent young man who seems inclined to ask her to marry him. But they cannot always squeeze into it at the same time, which is very tragical.

### EXPIATION.

A STORY OF THE CHILIAN REVOLT.

By F. W. EVANS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It was the month of January, the year 1891. Summer in Chili. The Republic was in a state of uneasiness and ferment. The Parliament and the President were embarking on a struggle for the supremacy, a contest which, from the determination expressed on both sides, promised to be bitterly fought out and exhaustive. Partisanship ran high. A wholesome dread of Balmaceda and his merciless method of dealing with his enemies caused many people to conceal their true sympathies; yet there was little doubt but that the adherents of the Congressional party were the strongest in number. The majority of the upper class, with true conservatism, supported the President in his endeavour to attain something like autocratic powers. Among his adherents was Colonel Enrique de Nardez, descendant of an old and ennobled Spanish family. In the war of '64, Nardez did yeoman service; and in all her troubles, Chili had no braver, better defender than he. Enjoying the respect and admiration of all classes, Nardez did not gain, and indeed did not seek, the affection of any. A character stern and unbending, carrying into all the relations of life the strictness of the military martinet, had yet in its innermost recess one spark of truer humanity in a deep-seated and lasting love for George, his motherless son.

Lieutenant George de Nardez held a commission in the navy. Neither expense nor trouble had been spared in his training. A liberal education, concluding at a German university, and embracing a lengthy visit to the United States, had given George broader views and less introspective egotism than the average Chilian. In person he was of average height and average good looks, the latter enhanced by a frank and charming smile. He was as much attached to his father as the latter to him. Their only disagreements were political. George was suspected, and not without reason, of

being more inclined to favour the Parliament than the President. Many sharp words and a few heated arguments had passed between father and son on the subject, without, however, disturbing their mutual affection. Within the last few days, however, a subject of dispute had arisen which threatened graver consequences.

There was at the time residing in the same town a widow lady named Gorman, relict of a prosperous corn-merchant of Santiago, an Irishman, who came to Chili forty years previously to seek his fortune, found it, and, indifferent to the flashing beauty of the Chilian damsels, journeyed home to the Green Island, and brought back as his wife a Scottish girl, whom he found there visiting. The only child of the marriage was a daughter, Ada, who was born in 1871. The mixture of Scottish and Irish blood in her veins had produced a beautiful woman. The best qualities of both nations met in her person; the large, dark, speaking eyes—inherited from her mother—looked out from and lit up a face as clear and delicately complexioned as it is only possible for a healthy happy maiden to possess. Her nose was not of the strictly aquiline type, nor her mouth such an apology for one as we see depicted in fashion plates; but the two soft lips were the most tempting in the world. Without being tall, she had a deliciously shaped figure. Altogether, she was a lovable girl, in manner and character as pleasing as she was physically charming. George de Nardez met her and succumbed. To his intense delight, she proved not indifferent to his society and, after a short courtship, they became engaged, not, however, without the strongest opposition on the part of her mother, who was against the step being taken without the consent or at least knowledge of George's father.

George, however, had pleaded so strongly, urging the unsettled state of the country and his liability to be called away on duty at a moment's notice, that the old lady reluctantly assented to an immediate engagement. It was more difficult to reconcile her to the concealment of the fact from the old Colonel. George was not at fault in thinking his father would be opposed to the match. Truth to tell, the Colonel had other and more ambitious matrimonial views for his son. His heart had long been set on uniting his son to one who could bring not only wealth, but that rank and position which the old aristocrat worshipped. Such a one he had in view for some time, but had not divulged his views until assured of the willingness of the lady's relatives. Learning at last that this assent would not be wanting, he at the next opportunity broached the subject to his son, only to be startled and shocked to find an obstacle in his path of so formidable a nature as George's love for and engagement to another woman.

The two men were sitting in the veranda room of their house in the suburbs of Santiago, when the elder sprang his mine, and the younger the countermine. The Colonel rose to his feet and paced the room with long deliberate strides. He was palpably greatly disturbed and surprised; but in the straight stern lines of his shaven, furrowed face there was no sign of bending from his path. George sat on a chair listening attentively and answering his father respectfully. 'I

cannot, father,' he was saying. 'Even if I was not in love with Ada, I could not now draw back; I have passed my word.'

'That can easily be arranged,' said the old man quickly, pausing in his walk; 'those people will listen to reason.'

'I hope not!'

'You fool—ungrateful fool! is this the reward of all my care and affection?'

'I am very sorry indeed, father, more so than you can'—

'Oh George,' interrupted the Colonel, 'I implore you give up—give up, for my sake, all idea of this—this connection, and take the wife I offer you—handsome, educated, rich, and refined. That is the wife for you, my son, a daughter of our best blood. How can you refuse such an offer, and prefer a'—

'Stop!' thundered George, starting up with an angry gesture. Then, quietly but determinedly: 'Father, I cannot do as you wish.'

'You mean you *will* not.'

'I cannot, and will not. I love Ada with my whole heart and soul. We are betrothed, and, God sparing us, I will marry her.'

'But you shall not!'

'Who—what will prevent me? I am of age.—Oh father! if you ever cared for me, be good to me now. Would you have me take a step which would not only shut out every hope of happiness for me in this world, but would cause me to despise myself for the rest of my days?'

'You talk like a boy. You would forget in twelve months. She, in less.'

George's face lit up with a lover's faith. 'Never, never!' he replied; 'and I will marry her—yes, to-morrow.' This last with sudden impulsiveness.

'You are determined?'

'Yes.'

'Very well, we shall see. Now go!'

When the Colonel spoke in this manner, there was nothing to be done but to obey. After the young man retired, the elder continued pacing up and down the room, displaying, however, more agitation than he had allowed himself to show in his son's presence. He was enduring a great inward struggle. He stopped in his walk every now and then, as though struck by some fresh idea, and then, with an eloquent despairing gesture, resumed his promenade. At length he sat down at a desk and hurriedly wrote a letter. Having folded and directed it, he placed it in his pocket and left the house.

Meanwhile, George, on leaving his father, had walked quickly into the city and wended his way to the house of his betrothed's mother. The ladies were not at home when he arrived; but he elected to wait, and thus gained time to subdue his agitation and attain at least outward calmness before they came in. Control as he might, however, he could not entirely conceal his excitement. Ada was quick to see something untoward had occurred, and it was not long before George had informed them of all that had passed between his father and himself.

The elder lady was, of course, inclined to temporise; and, regarding the Colonel's consent as an almost indispensable condition, would not at first hear of anything but submission and patience.

'I would be patient to wait,' said George—'wait for years, but I know it would be in vain.

Nothing will influence my father. I know him. If I don't marry Ada now, at once, I shall not have another opportunity.'

'I don't understand that,' said the widow.

'My father has enormous influence. He has the ear of the President,' explained George; 'and he will stop at nothing, hesitate at no measure to prevent our marriage. He could have me sent away—practically banished.'

'What do you propose?' said Mrs Gorman, hesitatingly.

'I told my father we would be married to-morrow. Whatever steps he takes, will be in view of that. I must anticipate him. It must be done at once, before he moves.'

'What! to-day? You think to be married to-day?'

'Yes, with Ada's consent.' He turned to his sweetheart and took her hand. 'Will you, Ada,' he asked pleadingly—'will you marry me to-day?'

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and saying 'Yes,' she burst out crying. 'He will take you from me, George, even after we are married.'

'No, not that. When he knows we have taken the irrevocable step, his opposition will cease. He won't fight mountains, and would not stoop to revenge.'

Ada turned an imploring look towards her mother, and that mute appeal moved her more than the man's arguments.

'Well,' she said at length, 'if it can be managed, I consent.—When, where, and how do you suggest?' she continued, addressing George.

'This evening, at San Jose de Ferrara. I will go at once and make all arrangements.'

Ada went up to her lover, and putting one hand on his shoulder, looked straight into his eyes. 'To-morrow, George?' she said; 'let me be my mother's till to-morrow.'

'It cannot be, Ada. To-morrow—to-night may be too late,' replied George.

One moment's hesitation, then Ada yielded; and the widow held out her hand to George, saying, 'As you will.'

The young man kissed them both affectionately, and, promising to be back in an hour, hurried away.

The ladies set about making such preparations as the short time allowed would permit; but even this was curtailed, the sound of great excitement in the streets attracting them to the windows. Crowds of people were out, and speedily the news spread: 'Civil war had broken out!' The Congress troops had taken the field.

Before the hour expired, George returned. He also had heard the news, and hastened to reassure the ladies by his presence. 'This is an additional reason for hurrying the marriage,' he said; 'I have arranged everything.'

A few hours subsequently, a small party of six persons, consisting of George Nardex and his bride, the latter's mother with a lady friend, and two officers in civilian dress—friends of the bridegroom—emerged from the little chapel of San Jose de Ferrara, and entering a couple of hired carriages, drove away.

By this time the streets were in an uproar. The greatest excitement was visible everywhere and in everybody. Shouting and singing, laugh-

ing and drinking; troops marching, bands playing. Strange that nothing but war, cruel war, could cause so much of what looked like joy.

As the bridal party entered the street in which the Gormans resided, usually a very quiet place, they saw that the excitement seemed to be concentrated, centred on one spot, and that the door of Mrs Gorman's house. A small crowd of loungers, strollers, and neighbours had gathered, in the midst of which a number of uniforms were discernible. As the carriages drove up, the crowd parted and became silent. The widow's face assumed an expression of puzzled anger, and she instinctively turned an interrogative look on her son-in-law. The latter's face was as white as death; but curbing his emotion as well as he could, he descended, handed out the two elder ladies, and then turned to assist his bride.

As she came down in his arms, she whispered: 'What is it, George?'

Before he could answer, the officer in charge of the soldiers stepped forward, touched him on the arm and said: 'Lieutenant George de Nardez! I think?'

'The same, sir. What is it?'

'You must come with me. You are arrested.'

'Arrested! On what charge?' The words were words of surprise, but there was no astonishment visible in George's face.

Ada, who had watched his face intently with her arm within his, now withdrew it, and stole it protectingly round his shoulder.

'I arrest you on a charge of being inimical to the Government,' said the officer formally.

'I have just been married,' faltered George, unconscious in his agitation of the irrelevancy of his reply.

'I am deeply, truly sorry to have such a duty to perform and at such an hour,' said the officer; 'but I must carry out my orders. I can only grant you five minutes' grace, and in doing that shall be straining my discretion.'

'May I enter the house and bid my wife farewell?'

'Certainly. I have your parole?'

'Yes. I thank you.'

At the expiration of five minutes, George reappeared and surrendered. One of the bridal carriages was chartered. George took his seat; and then, with his captor by his side instead of his bride, and two armed soldiers for bridesmaids, he was driven away to spend his wedding night in prison.

The military prison to which George was conveyed was but partly filled on his arrival; but within a few hours prisoners began to file in rapidly. The emissaries of the President had, on the first sign of active rebellion, laid their hands on all known or suspected opponents within reach. The young lieutenant passed a very bitter night. In addition to the agony of such a parting and a great anxiety as to his wife's bearing under the shock, he was tormented by the uncertainty connected with his arrest. Was it due to his father's action, or solely to his own political opinions? In the former case, he might hope for a speedy release when the futility of the step became manifest. The morning dragged slowly on without anything arising to resolve this doubt. About noon, however, and before the meal hour, footsteps approached his cell.

The door was opened, and Ada and her mother entered, accompanied by Don Manuel Pulido, a lawyer and friend of the family. George sprang to his feet, and without a word the lovers were in each other's arms. The other two turned away for a moment, respecting alike the bitterness and the bliss of the meeting. Time, however, is precious at a prison interview.

Don Pulido spoke, and addressing George, said: 'I have obtained permission for this meeting with great trouble and some risk. It must only last a quarter of an hour. Make the most of it. Why are you here? Have you been formally charged?'

'No. I know nothing beyond what the officer said when arresting me,' replied George.

'And that was?'

'That I was arrested as inimical to the Government—meaning, I presume, the President.'

'Do you know the Congress party is in open rebellion?'

'I learned it yesterday.'

'That lends seriousness to your arrest.'

'I have reason for thinking my apprehension on that charge was a mere ruse.'

'How? You must be candid.'

George looked at Ada, as though he would spare her. She saw and rightly interpreted the glance, and taking his hand in hers, said: 'Go on, George. I have a right to know everything now, and strength to hear anything.'

'Well, you must know,' said George, addressing Pulido, 'my father was opposed to our marriage. At our last meeting yesterday we had high words on the subject. When he saw I would not yield to persuasion, he threatened to prevent our union at any cost and—I fancy he may have used his influence and caused my arrest in order to attain this object.'

'Is that possible?' said the lawyer.

'Thinking, no doubt,' continued George, 'to frighten me into submission, and relying on his position and influence to prevent any—'

At this moment the cell door was again opened and Colonel Nardez entered. He was evidently prepared to find others there, and bowed courteously to the ladies, while greeting the lawyer by name. He then turned to his son; but the old fearless look was gone from his eyes, and his glance was hesitating and shifty. The old soldier was ashamed, and to cover his embarrassment assumed an overbearing manner. 'Well,' said he, 'I hope you have come to your senses?'

'Have I been without them?' queried George.

'You have been mad!'

'This isn't exactly the place to cure madness.'

'No, but folly—yes!'

'Let me assure you, father, that mine is a folly, if you choose to call it so, that no time will cure or any coercion diminish.'

'Are you aware of the terrible position in which you stand?' queried the elder man.

'I am, and also to whose unnatural action I owe it.'

The random shot hit the mark, and George's spirits rose. He was much the calmer and more collected of the two.

'Why did you defy me?' The Colonel's voice faltered. He began to display great agitation.

'I could not do otherwise, father—could not. Forgive me now for not obeying you in this.'



Take me out of this. I prestein that as you had me confined, you can also have me released?"

"God knows," muttered the father, "I am myself unaccountably under suspicion now. Oh, why did you defy me?" he reiterated, and there was something in his tone as well as in the words that roused apprehension.

George waited anxiously. In the elder man's mind a struggle was going on.

"Will you give this—this idea—this marriage up?" dropped slowly from his lips, and he looked eagerly into his son's face.

"I cannot—on my honour, I cannot. It is much too late," replied George firmly.

"Would you rather—remain a prisoner?"

"If that is the alternative—Yes!"

"Will you remain a prisoner until—until some morning you are taken out and shot?" demanded the Colonel in a low voice of suppressed anxiety. "What will that profit you? You could not marry then."

"I am not going to marry again," said George with a ghost of a smile.

"Again! Why, what do you mean?"

George took Ada by the hand, and advancing a step, presented her formally to the Colonel. "My wife," said he. "We were married yesterday."

The old man started as though he had been struck; then he bowed low. When he stood again upright, all the assumed sternness had passed out of his face, and an ill-concealed anxiety and remorse taken its place. He did not, could not speak. His better nature, his strong natural affection for his son, was conquering the pride and obstinacy of his character. At the moment when the struggle was at its fiercest, Ada threw herself on her knees at his feet, sobbing. The scale was turned. The old soldier lifted the girl gently, looked at her a moment critically, and kissed her. Then turning to his son, he extended his hand with a gesture of reconciliation. For a moment the three were locked together in an embrace. Then the elder loosened himself and spoke. "I should be on my knees now, praying and begging for pardon," he said fiercely.

Mrs Gorman and Don Pulido had been silent but interested spectators of the moving scene, but at this juncture the lawyer interposed. "Permit me," he said, "to congratulate you all round on the understanding arrived at. Now, I advise strongly that no time be lost in effecting your son's release. In the present state of affairs, he is in a critical position."

"You are right," said the Colonel: "it must be done at once."

"May I ask, Colonel," continued the lawyer, "if you were instrumental in causing his arrest?"

"Yes," was the low reply. "It was only to be a temporary measure."

"Then you can manage his release speedily?"

The Colonel was silent; a terrible anxiety fastened on the others. "Yes, I suppose so. I don't know! Oh miserable father that I am! I will go at once; but I fear the shadow of suspicion has fallen on me. God grant I may be mistaken!"

"What steps do you propose to take?" asked the lawyer. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"I will see Balmaceda at once, and state the entire facts. He can scarcely refuse me a favour."

"But where is he? He left the capital last night."

The Colonel bit his lip with vexation. "I will follow him," he said. "I can surely find out his whereabouts. I must see him personally. I could do nothing with any of the others."

"Then come at once. I must escort the ladies home, and then am at your disposal, if I can be of any use whatever."

Colonel Nardez turned to his son, and clasping his hand, said: "Cheer up, George; I have every hope of success. He cannot turn against me or refuse any reasonable request of mine. Be of good heart, my son. Forgive me, if you can now; but I must wait until you are free before I can ask your pardon."

"You have it freely now, father. Whatever happens, I know you have done nothing but in care of me."

Steps were heard in the corridor.

"Time is up," said Don Pulido; "we have trespassed already."

Before George could kiss his bride good-bye, the chief of the prison entered accompanied by another official and a warder. "Colonel de Nardez," said the first-named, "you had permission to visit the prison and have an interview with your son. I regret to inform you that your visit must be prolonged."

"What do you mean?" demanded the Colonel sternly.

"This gentleman will explain," said the chief, indicating his companion.

"I am the bearer of orders from the President," said the official, "ordering the arrest and detention of Colonel de Nardez, who has become suspected of intriguing against the Government."

"There must be some mistake," said the Colonel in desperation. "I am one of his Excellency's friends."

"His Excellency is become mistrustful of his friends," remarked the official dryly. "However, my task is ended.—I leave Colonel de Nardez in your custody," he concluded, addressing the jailer.

"Permit me," said the latter, indicating the door.

The old Colonel turned on his son a look of the keenest remorse and appeal, and then followed his custodian from the cell.

No further time was granted to the others, and they were compelled to take a hasty farewell, crushed and desperate at the turn affairs had taken. George still had spirit to whisper: "Courage, my darling; it will not be for long. Balmaceda will be surely beaten, and then"—A fervent kiss concluded the sentence, and a minute afterwards George was alone.

## REFUSE DISPOSAL.

THE rapid accumulation of rubbish is unhappily too well known to need special comment. Every one of our readers is familiar with the constant warfare with refuse in every shape and kind, necessary to maintain our houses and streets in a healthy and sanitary condition. The problem in large cities is a serious one, and the cleansing and scavenging duties of the local authorities, whether viewed in the light of their unintermittent nature, or the serious danger to the public entailed by neglect or failure, are of far greater importance to society than many topics which more readily command attention.

As our readers are doubtless aware, the Public Health Acts impose on every Local Authority the duty of the removal of ashes, dust, and rubbish generally from every house. Into the vexed questions of the best methods of storing that rubbish and removing it, we do not propose to enter; various modes are in vogue, each possessing distinct advantages, and each requiring to be considered in relation to the particular needs and characteristics of any city or locality under consideration. Our present concern is rather the ultimate disposal of the collected rubbish, a problem, we may add, which is occupying the serious attention of sanitary engineers and municipal authorities. As is well known, 'town refuse' is largely used for manurial purposes in agriculture; but not only is this mode of disposal liable to objection on the ground of the unpleasant odour caused, but it is understood that in many cases the value of such refuse for spreading on the land has declined, owing to various causes, such as the improved methods of combustion now in vogue, with corresponding diminution in the quantity of ashes thrown away; whilst the extended use of tinned goods has not merely lessened the amount of organic refuse, but has introduced into house refuse a large body of rubbish whose profitable utilisation has hitherto baffled the efforts of the economist.

No one who has noticed, we may remark in passing, the enormous quantities of empty tins bestrewing the country, will fail to admit the desirability of, and the enormous profit attending, a successful method of turning such to useful account. We believe tin toys have been profitably manufactured from empty sardine boxes; but the supply of raw material is far in excess of the demand for the finished product.

Turning to other methods of disposing of town refuse, that of tipping to form 'made-ground' for building purposes is highly objectionable on sanitary grounds, and even in the case of land at all likely to be used for residential purposes is to be strongly deprecated.

A third method—namely, deposit at sea, as practised in New York and Liverpool—is fully described by Mr Percy Boulnois, M.Inst.C.E., in an able paper recently read in Liverpool. In the case of Liverpool, two special steamers, carrying respectively three hundred and thirty and four hundred tons of refuse, are constantly employed in taking the material twenty-four miles out to sea and there depositing it. Mr Boulnois states that during 1891 no fewer than 145,032 tons of refuse were thus disposed of, at a cost of approximately 1s. 6½d. per ton. As pointed out in the paper above mentioned, this system is applicable only for cities near the coast; and the liability of the lighter refuse to float and be washed again on shore, forms a serious drawback. Moreover, trawling-nets are liable to injury from tinned-meat cases, &c.

The difficulties of other large cities in connection with the disposal of their refuse, and the constant questions arising in reference to the nuisance and undesirability of the material in question, are well known of late years. Recently, the material has been disposed of by burning, and the name of 'Refuse Destructors' has been given to the furnaces in which the operation has been performed. This system is growing in

favour, and the problem seems only what is the least cost at which it can be performed. Various types of Destructor are now in operation; and though it scarcely falls within the scope of this article to detail the different designs in use, we may point out that the principal points aimed at in each, as enumerated by Mr Boulnois, are: (1) Ease of access by carts; (2) Ease of charging furnaces; (3) Perfect combustion without nuisance; (4) Easy withdrawal of 'clinker'; (5) Reduction of the refuse to as small an amount of clinker and ash as possible; and (6) Expeditious combustion.

The cost of destruction of refuse by burning necessarily varies much in different districts, as quality of refuse, rate of wages, &c., fluctuate; but in the paper already quoted the rate per ton is given as ranging between sixpence and two shillings and threepence.

The site of a Refuse Destructor is necessarily a question involving much anxiety; for even with total cremation of all fumes in the Destructor, the refuse has still to be conveyed to it, and care has to be taken to cause as little nuisance as possible in conveying the material to the flames. The heat generated in a Destructor can be utilised for a variety of purposes, such as raising steam for electric light, pumping, &c.

In conclusion, the cremation of refuse is rapidly establishing itself, and bids fair to extend considerably. The problem is largely one of cost, as the system complies in all respects with sanitary science, and cannot fail to commend itself to every person interested in a question which, both directly and materially, concerns the whole community.

#### WESTWARD.

WESTWARD the sunset is dying,  
For twilight has gathered and grown;  
Westward the swallow is flying,  
The way that the Summer has flown—  
Flying, flame-crowned and crested  
With light from the day that is spent,  
After the Summer that rested  
Awhile in our meadows—and went.

Westward the breezes are blowing  
And breathing of nothing but rest;  
Westward the river is flowing—  
Thy home is there in the west,  
And Summer around thee is springing,  
But Autumn is lingering with me,  
And westward my fancies are winging  
Their flight unto thee—unto thee!

Ah, dreary and darkly and slow drifts  
The time to the end of the year!  
Blow, winds of the Winter, with snow-drifts,  
And frost upon moorland and mere,  
With the day when at last I shall follow  
The flight of my thoughts and have rest,  
Shall follow and find, like the swallow,  
My Queen of the year in the west.

A. SR J. ANCOCK.

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## ON GRIEF.

THERE may be more truth in the Stoic philosophy that denied grief to be grievous or pain an evil, than we moderns, with our army of anodynes, are willing to admit. In a day when morphia and chloroform, poppy and mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the East, are constantly being had recourse to for ills our forefathers endured with Indian fortitude, men are becoming nice and delicate, unwilling even to admit the fellowship of Grief. All periods of mourning are shortened: life, we say, is too brief to be passed in vain retrospects; put a gloze on sorrow; assume a cheerfulness if you have it not; do not shut yourself up with your unhappiness; if you have a grief, hide it; mingle with the crowd, and by-and-by you will cease to feel it. This mode of dealing with sorrow at least possesses one undeniable advantage—it exonerates our friends from showing sympathy, real or affected. And the man who can show a front of cheery stoicism under unhappiness, one who does not visit upon another human being the neglect or calumny which the day may have brought him, deserves praise. If, moreover, he is conscious of having acted unwisely, or his spirit is galled and vexed by the importunate remembrance of past follies; if he can still maintain his usual air of calm and good-humour, he is still further to be honoured for his wisdom. And if he be wise, he knows that few things take the flavour out of life more completely than going perpetually over the same ground in one's thoughts, dwelling on the 'devilry of circumstances,' whereby a small inlet of mischance has broadened into a flood of evil. A man who broods thus over a vexation—eating his own heart, as it were—is unaware, it may be, that the scourge under which he winces is wielded by himself—by his own pride. He is resolved at any cost to redeem the past—to cancel by success his first error or folly; and thus he keeps the wound raw, whereas, if he could once for all acknowledge his past want of wisdom, the

strength he has at his command would be his to labour with, unhampered by vain regrets.

But griefs whose dirge it is well to have sung and be done with, are not all of this nature. They are as various as the beings who suffer them; and that which crushes one, drives another to madness or suicide, or both, yet leaves a third stronger and sounder for the ordeal through which he has passed. Through it he attains to a health and vigour of soul which no mere enjoyment, however pure and right in itself, could give him. It has added elasticity as well as strength to his perceptions—like an ash-tree that, grown in the shade, possesses twice the suppleness, as well as double the resisting power, of one that has sprung up in sunshine. We venture to assert that no human being in this world can be all that he was born capable of becoming unless his soul has been purged by intensest sorrow. Our griefs, too, are the pass-keys by means of which we gain admission into the darkened chambers of another's spirit. By them are we made free of the guild; they enable us to minister to the sad and the lonely by virtue of that fellowship and sympathy which is the child of knowledge and experience. This is one of the advantages bestowed by grief—perhaps the greatest that it has to give. Another valuable fruit of sorrow is that it enables us to estimate at their true value a hundred little daily and hourly vexations, which shrink and dwindle in the presence of majestic grief, ashamed of their own pettiness.

Often grief puts a period to anxiety—a sad ending, perhaps, but still an ending. We have watched, it may be for weeks, beside a sick-bed, now hoping, now fearing; the tension grows with every hour's anxiety, until it is almost too great for human endurance, and at last the bolt is shot, and we are left to face life without the one who was the very life of our lives. But—it is all over; and our consolation must be that the anguish and the dull succeeding blank is ours, not theirs. And if we have parted in unabated love, who shall say that the parting



was ill timed? Misunderstandings, alienation, can never come now; the beloved image is ours, clear and bright for ever.

We have said griefs are as various as those who endure them; and we may add, borne in as many various ways as there are individual sufferers. There is the loud, vehement, passionate grief that wears itself out by its own violence; and there is the deep quiet sorrow that wears itself into the character, purifying every emotion, sanctifying every impulse.

Some, sorrow stuns—turning heart and face to stone. After a great grief, these will pass through life afterwards as though incapable of either joy or sorrow more. These are chiefly those—like the king 'who never smiled again'—upon whom sorrow has fallen suddenly and unexpectedly, like a bolt from a clear and apparently propitious sky. Others, again, grief renders bitter; and forthwith they make a mock of all things, including themselves; striving to find in scorn and satire a bitter solace for their disenchantment. Of these are the proud in spirit, who covet respect, and despise sympathy, and fairly hate pity. Others, on the contrary, crave so keenly to be commiserated, that every one about them, yea, even those who only casually look upon their lined and puckered faces as they meet them in the streets, cannot choose but recognise, and in a manner feel for, the piteous griefs that have left such seams and scars behind them.

Again, there are dispositions that grief turns acid and acrid, making their owners worry and fret about every trifle that goes wrong, urging them to anticipate the dark side of every event not yet come to pass, to express but a grudging satisfaction when their prophecies are unfulfilled, and who perfectly revel, when the event justifies their forebodings, in saying triumphantly: 'I told you so.' Some—and these not a few—find relief from grief in anger, in irritability and exactions, who resent other folks' happiness as an insult almost to their gloomy selves. And having indulged a habit of discontent, fostered the growth of persistent disparagement until praise or commendation is with them almost an impossibility, they wake up at last to find themselves isolated, avoided, left solitary, amid the dreary ruins of a life that their own hand has so greatly helped to wreck.

A foolish family pride lies at the root of many a grief. A child has erred perhaps, erred madly, wickedly; we long to forgive—to take back the weak, the unstable, the repentant sinner; we know that in such forgiveness lies our own only chance of peace of mind, of happiness, as well as his only, or, at any rate, his best chance of reformation, of rehabilitation. But—'He has disgraced the family'; and our pride and vanity revolt equally with our virtue at the idea of reinstating the erring one. And thus the evil that might have been single and transitory becomes permanent—permanent as our grief—a grief tinged with remorse not undeservedly, in that we have, under whatever name we may disguise it, preferred to pamper our pride—to courageously holding out openly a helping hand to the foolish, dejected, hopeless backslider.

We may reckon on our fingers the friends who would stand by us in grief, in poverty, in sick-

ness; we are fortunate indeed if we can securely reckon on one who will stand by us in the greatest grief of all, in shame, in disgrace. And yet it is all but impossible for us to be acquainted with the causes of the career which have led to the catastrophe on which we so glibly pronounce judgment.

The very possible ill management of parents, the probable temptations, are all, or almost all, hidden from us. Yet we immaculate vases look down from under our glass shades with a scarcely justifiable self-satisfaction on the poor little pitcher that has been carried once too often to the well. Dante puts into the mouth of Francesca the oft-quoted saying that there is no grief so deep as that of remembering happier days in present distress. But that is so only when, as in Francesca's case, it is remorse that is speaking. She sorrowed, and sorrowed justly, for the happy, honourable days before that one on which 'they read no more.' But let the happiness that once was ours be untinged by remorse, by self-reproach, and be our present horizon ever so gloomy, memory will send a twilight glow from the past into our minds; and we say, and say truly, that 'it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'

In like manner, those who have lost a fortune may console themselves that at least they have had a fortune to lose. Many there are who have never even seen 'better days.' And supposing what the world calls good fortune to have continued uninterrupted—supposing we have never lapsed from the small circle of self-satisfied prosperity, it is possible that this, too, might constitute a misfortune in itself, by fostering our egotism, dulling our imaginations, narrowing our sympathies.

It is inexperience, or feebleness of insight, that makes us look at life as a child at a statue: so round, so smooth, soft surely, and responsive. But when we touch it, we feel how cold and hard and insensate is the marble of which it is composed; yet, having learned certain truths and limitations respecting it, and having got, as it were, to the right stand-point, the marble regains somewhat of the fascination of its old smooth beauty.

We learn to manage our griefs, so to speak; we recall the great and wise sayings uttered of old by the great and wise to comfort and aid their brethren in adversity. If we cannot forget our sorrows, we learn to occupy our minds with other things. True, they are our very own—our dear-bought possession. Any accident may deprive us of our joys, but our sorrows are at least our own. Yet is it not wise to dwell wholly on our grief freehold: we must pass the boundaries, venture upon higher ground, become acquainted with the mode in which our neighbours cultivate their domains, acknowledge them to be perhaps even wider than our own—put to better uses, made more profitable by better husbandry. It is a poor pride that makes us shrink from learning a lesson from others' management of their 'heritage of woe.'

What, beyond sympathy, may we reckon as a fruit of the inheritance in which we all share? For one thing, a knowledge of ourselves. Until the storm came and tested us, we neither knew

how frail nor how strong we were. For another—if it has been allowed its dues, it has begot a fortitude and a preparedness in us; a resolve and a readiness if need be to suffer; and lastly, a great peace, in that we have done with sickly uncertainties, vain hopes, selfish longings; and leaning on the strengthening arm of our grief, we can smile alike at the blandishments or frowns of a blind or fickle Fortune.

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

## CHAPTER X.—MR PLANTAGENET LIVES AGAIN.

OUTSIDE college that same afternoon, Trevor Gillingham in a loud check suit lounged lazily by the big front gate—on the prow, as he phrased it himself, for an agreeable companion. For the Born Poet was by nature a gregarious animal, and hated to do anything alone, if a comrade could be found for him. But being a person of expansive mind, ever ready to pick up hints from all and sundry, he preferred to hook himself on by pure chance to the first stray comer, a process which contributed an agreeable dramatic variety to the course of his acquaintanceships. He loved deliberately to survey the kaleidoscope of life and to try it anew in ever-varying combinations.

Now the first man who emerged from the big gate that afternoon happened, as luck would have it, to be Richard Plantagenet in his striped college blazer, on his way to the barges. Gillingham took his arm at once as if they were boon companions. 'Are you engaged this afternoon?' he inquired with quite friendly interest. 'Because, if not, I should so much like the advantage of your advice and assistance. My governor's coming up next week for a few days to Oxford, and he wants some rooms—nice rooms to entertain in. He won't go to the *Randolph*—*banal*, very, don't you know—because he'll want to see friends a good deal: he's convivial, the governor; and he'd like a place where they'd be able to cook a decent dinner. Now, Edward Street would do, I should think. First-rate rooms in Edward Street. Can you come round and help me?'

He said it with an amount of *empressment* that was really flattering. Now Dick had nothing particular to do that afternoon, though he had been bound for the river: but he always liked a stroll with that brilliant Gillingham, whom he had never ceased to admire as a creature from another social sphere, a cross between Lord Byron and the Admirable Crichton. So he put off his row, and walked round to Edward Street, the most fashionable quarter for high-class lodgings to be found in Oxford. Sir Bernard, it seemed, had just returned to England for a few short weeks from his Roumanian mission, and was anxious to get decent rooms, his son said, 'the sort of rooms, don't you know, where one can dine one's women folk, for he knows all the dons' families.' They looked at half-a-dozen sets, all in the best houses, and Gillingham finally selected a suite at ten guineas. Dick opened his eyes with astonishment at that lordly figure: he never really knew till

then one could pay so much for lodgings. But he concealed his surprise from the Born Poet, his own pride having early taught him that great lesson in life of *nil admirari*, which is far more necessary to social salvation in snob-ridden England than ever it could have been in the Rome of the Caesars.

On their way back to college, after a stroll round the meadows, they met a very small telegraph boy at the doors of Durham. 'Message for you, sir,' the porter said, touching his hat to Dick; and in great doubt and trepidation, for to him a telegram was a most rare event, Dick took it and opened it.

His face flushed crimson as he read the contents; but he saw in a second the only way out of it was to put the best face on things. 'Why, my father's coming up too,' he said, turning round to Gillingham. 'He'll arrive to-morrow. I—I must go this moment and hunt up some rooms for him. My sister doesn't say by what train he's coming; but he evidently means to stay, from what she tells me.'

'One good turn deserves another,' Gillingham drawled out carelessly. 'I don't mind going round with you and having another hunt. I should think that second set we saw round the corner would just about suit him.'

The second set had been rated at seven guineas a week. Dick was weak enough to colour again. 'Oh no,' he answered hurriedly. 'I—I'd prefer to go alone. Of course I shall want some much cheaper place than that. I think I can get the kind of thing I require in Grove Street.'

'As you will,' Gillingham answered lightly, nodding a brisk farewell, and turning back into quad. 'Far be it from me to inflict my company unwillingly on any gentleman anywhere. I'm all for Auberon Herbert and pure individualism.—I say, you, Faussett: here's a game;' and he walked mysteriously round the corner by the Warden's Lodgings. He dropped his voice to a whisper: 'The Head of the Plantagenets is coming up to-morrow to visit the Prince of the Blood: fact: I give you my word for it. So we'll have an opportunity at last of finding out who the dickens the fellow is, and where on earth he inherited the proud name of Plantagenet from.'

'There were some Plantagenets at Leeds—no; I think it was Sheffield,' Faussett put in, trying to remember. 'Somebody was saying to me the other day this man might be related to them. The family's extinct, and left a lot of money.'

'Then they can't have anything to do with our Prince of the Blood,' Gillingham answered carelessly; 'for he isn't a bit extinct, but alive and kicking: and he hasn't got a crooked sixpence in the world to bless himself with. He lives on cold tea and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. But he's not a bad sort, either, when you come to know him; but you've got to know him first, as the poet observes: and he's really a fearful swell at the history of the Plantagenets.'

Dick passed a troubled night. Terrible possibilities loomed vague before him. Next day, he was down at the first two trains by which he thought it at all possible his father might arrive; and his vigilance was rewarded by finding Mr Plantagenet delivered by the second. The Head of the House was considerably surprised and not

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a little disappointed when he saw his son and heir awaiting him on the platform. 'What, you here, Dick!' he cried. 'Why, I wanted to surprise you. I intended to take my modest room for the night at the same hotel at which you stopped—the *Suracen's Head*, if I recollect the name aright—and then to drop in upon you quite unexpectedly about lunch-time.'

'Maud telegraphed to me that you were coming, father,' Dick answered, taking his hand, it must be acknowledged, a trifle less warmly than filial feeling might have dictated. Then his face grew fiery red. 'But I've engaged rooms for you,' he went on, 'not at an inn, on purpose. I hope, father, for your own sake, as well as for mine, while you're here in Oxford, you won't ever so much as enter one.'

It was a hard thing to have to say; but for very shame's sake, Dick felt he must muster up courage to say it. As for Mr Plantagenet himself, poor old sot that he was, a touch of manly pride brought the colour just for once to his own swollen cheek. 'I hope, Richard,' he said, drawing himself up very erect, for he had a fine carriage still, in spite of all his degradations—'I hope I have sufficient sense of what becomes a gentleman, in a society of gentlemen, to think of doing anything that would disgrace myself, or disgrace my son, or disgrace my name, or my literary reputation—which must be well known to many students of English literature in this university—by any unbecoming act of any description. And I take it hardly, Richard, that my eldest son, for whom I have made such sacrifices'—Mr Plantagenet had used that phrase so often already in the parlour of the *White Horse* that he had almost come by this time to believe himself there was really some truth in it—'should greet me with such marked distrust on the very outset of a visit to which I had looked forward with so much pride and pleasure.'

It was quite a dignified speech, for Mr Plantagenet. Dick's heart was touched by it. 'I beg your pardon, father,' he replied in a very low tone. 'I'm sorry if I've hurt you. But I meant no rudeness. I've engaged pleasant lodgings for you in a very nice street, and I'm sure I'll do everything in my power to make your visit a happy one.' As he spoke, he almost believed his father would rise for once to the height of the circumstances, and behave himself circumspectly with decorum and dignity during his few days at Oxford.

To do Mr Plantagenet justice, indeed, he tried very hard to keep straight for once, and during all his stay, he never even entered the doors of an hotel or public-house. Nay, more; in Dick's own rooms, as Dick noticed with pleasure, he was circumspect in his drinking; it flattered his vanity and his social pretensions to be introduced to his son's friends and to walk at his ease through the grounds of the college. Once more for a day or two Edmund Plantagenet felt himself a gentleman among gentlemen. Dick kept as close to him as possible, except at lecture hours; and then, as far as he could, he handed him over to the friendly care of Gillespie, who mounted guard in turn, and seemed to enter silently into the spirit of the situation. As much as possible, on the other hand, Dick avoided for those days Gillingham and Faussett's set, whose

only one wish, he felt sure, would be to draw his father into wild talk about the Plantagenet pedigree—a subject which Dick himself, in spite of his profound faith, had the good sense to keep always most sedulously in the background.

For the first three days, Dick was enabled to write nightly and report to Maud that so far all went well and there were no signs of a catastrophe. But on the fourth day, as ill-luck would have it, Gillingham came round to Faussett's rooms full of a chance discovery he had that moment lighted upon. 'Why, who'd ever believe it?' he cried, all agog. 'This man Plantagenet, who's come up to see his son, the Prince of the Blood, is a decayed writer, a man of letters of the Alaric Watts and Leigh Hunt period, not unheard of in his day as an inflated essayist. I know a lot of his stuff by heart—Hazlitt-and-water sort of style; De Quincey gone mad, with a touch of Bulwer; learned it when I was a boy, and we lived at Constantinople. He's the man who used to gush under the name of Barry Neville!'

'How did you find it out?' Faussett inquired, all eagerness.

'Why, I happened to turn out a Dictionary of Pseudonyms at the Union just now, in search of somebody else; and there the name Plantagenet caught my eye by chance: so of course I read, and, looking closer, I found this fact about the old man and his origin. It's extremely interesting. So, to make quite sure, I boarded Plantagenet five minutes ago with the point-blank question. "Hullo, Prince," said I, "I see your father's Barry Neville the writer." He coloured up to his eyes, as he does—it's a charming girlish trick of his; but he admitted the impeachment. There: he's crossing the quad now. I wonder what the dickens he's done with his governor!'

'I'll run up to his rooms and see,' Faussett answered, laughing. 'He keeps the old fellow pretty close—in cotton wool, so to speak. Won't trust him out alone, and sets Gillespie to watch him. But an Exeter man tells me he's seen the same figure down at a place called Chiddingwick, where he lives, in Surrey: and according to him, he's a rare old buffer. I'll go and make his acquaintance, now His R'yal Highness has gone off unattended to lecture: we'll have some sport out of him.' And he disappeared, brimming over, up the steps of the New Buildings.

All that afternoon, in fact, Richard noticed for himself that some change had come over his father's spirit. Mr Plantagenet was more silent, and yet even more grandiose and regal than ever. He hadn't been drinking, thank Heaven; not quite so bad as that, for Dick knew only too well the signs of drink in his father's face and his father's actions; but he had altered in demeanour, somehow, and was puffed up with personal dignity even more markedly than usual. He sat in and talked a great deal about the grand days of his youth; and he dwelt so much upon the past glories of Lady Postlethwaite's *salon* and the people he used to meet there that Dick began to wonder what on earth it portended.

'You'll come round to my rooms, father, after Hall?' he asked at last, as Mr Plantagenet rose



to leave just before evening chapel. 'Gillespie'll be here, and one or two other fellows.'

Mr Plantagenet smiled dubiously. 'No, no, my boy,' he answered, in his lightest and airiest manner. 'You must excuse me. This evening, you must really excuse me. To tell you the truth, Richard—with profound importance—I have an engagement elsewhere.'

'An engagement, father! You have an engagement! And in Oxford, too,' Dick faltered out. 'Why, how on earth can you have managed to pick up an engagement?'

Mr Plantagenet drew himself up as he was wont to do for the beginning of a quadrille, and assuming an air of offended dignity, replied with much hauteur: 'I am not in the habit, Richard, of accounting for my engagements, good, bad, or indifferent, to my own children. I am of age, I fancy. Finding myself here at Oxford in a congenial society—in the society to which I may venture to say I was brought up, and of which but for unfortunate circumstances, I ought always to have made a brilliant member—finding myself here in my natural surroundings, I repeat, I have of course *picked up*, as you coarsely put it, a few private acquaintances on my own account. I'm not so entirely dependent, as you suppose, upon you, Richard, for my introduction to Oxford society. My own personal qualities and characteristics, I hope, go a little way at least towards securing me respect and consideration in whatever social surroundings I may happen to be mixing.' And Mr Plantagenet shook out a clean white cambric pocket-handkerchief ostentatiously, to wipe his eyes, in which a slight dew was supposed to have insensibly collected at the thought of Richard's untitled depreciation of his qualities and opportunities.

'I'm sorry I've offended you, father,' Dick answered hastily. 'I'm sure I didn't mean to. But I do hope—I do hope, if you'll allow me to say so, you're not going round to spend the evening—at any other undergraduate's rooms—not at Gillingham's or Faussett's.'

Mr Plantagenet shuffled uneasily: in point of fact, he looked very much as he had been wont to look in days gone by when the landlady at the *White Horse* inquired of him now and again how soon he intended to settle his little account for brandy and sodas. 'I choose my own acquaintances, Richard,' he answered with as much dignity as he could easily command. 'I don't permit myself to be dictated to in matters like this by my own children. Your neighbour Mr Faussett appears to me a very intelligent and gentlemanly young man: a young man such as I was accustomed to associate with, myself, in my own early days, before I married your poor dear mother: not like *your set*, Richard, who are far from being what I myself consider thoroughly gentlemanly. Mere professional young men, your set, my dear boy: very worthy, no doubt, and hard-working, and respectable, like this excellent Gillespie: but not with that *cachet*, that indefinable something, that invisible hallmark of true blood and breeding, that I observe with pleasure in your neighbour Faussett. It's not your fault, my poor boy: I recognise freely that it's not your fault. You take after your mother. She's a dear good soul, your mother'—pocket-handkerchief lightly applied again—

'but she's *not* a Plantagenet, Richard: she's *not* a Plantagenet.' And with this parting shot neatly delivered point-blank at Dick's crimson face, the offended father sailed majestically out of the room and strode down the staircase.

Dick's cheek was hot and red with mingled pride and annoyance; but he answered nothing. Far be it from him to correct or rebuke by word or deed the living head of the house of Plantagenet.

'I hope to God,' he thought to himself, piteously, 'Faussett hasn't asked him on purpose to try and make an exhibition of him. But what on earth else can he have wanted to ask him for, I wonder?'

At that very same moment Faussett was stopping Trevor Gillingham in the Chapel Quad with a characteristic invitation for a wine-party that evening. 'Drop in and have a glass of claret with me after Hall, Gillingham,' he said, laughing. 'I've got a guest coming to-night. I've asked Plantagenet's father round to my rooms at eight. He'll be in splendid form. He's awfully amusing when he talks at his ease, I'm told. Do come and give us one of your rousing recitations. I want to make things as lively as I can, you know.'

Gillingham smiled the tolerant smile of the Born Poet. 'All right, my dear boy,' he answered. 'I'll come. It'll be stock-in-trade to me, no doubt, for an unborn drama. Though Plantagenet's not half a bad sort of fellow, after all, when you come to know him, in spite of his mugging. Still, I'll come, and look on: an experience, of course, is always an experience. The poet's life must necessarily be made up of infinite experiences. Do you think Shakespeare always kept to the beaten path of humanity? A poet can't afford it. He must see some good—of a sort—in everything; for he must see in it at least material for a tragedy or a comedy.' With which comfortable assurance to salve his poetical conscience, the Born Bard strolled off, in cap and gown, with an easy lounging gait, to evening chapel.

## THE MOTHER OF NAPOLEON.

LETITIA RAMOLINI, the Mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, was born at Ajaccio on the 24th of August 1750. She was celebrated throughout the island of Corsica for her beauty, and was married to Charles Bonaparte before she had completed her sixteenth year.

The picturesque island of Corsica was formerly a province of Italy, and was Italian in its language, sympathies, and customs. In the year 1767 it was invaded by a French army, and, after several conflicts, its inhabitants were forced to yield to superior numbers, and Corsica was annexed to the empire of the Bourbons. At the time of the French invasion, Charles Bonaparte, a handsome lawyer, of vigorous intellect and of Italian extraction, abandoned the profession of the law for the sword, and united with his countrymen, under General Paoli, in their endeavours to resist the invaders. He and Letitia had then one child, Joseph; and the young wife

accompanied her husband on horseback in his dangerous journeys, and rode by his side and shared all the perils by which they were surrounded. High-spirited and brave, with a strong will, the beautiful young woman appears to have set an example of almost Spartan endurance.

Eight weeks after the island had been transferred to the dominion of France, Napoleon was born at Ajaccio, on the 15th August 1769. Singularly enough, considering the future that lay before him, his birth took place under a canopy of tapestry representing the heroes of the *Iliad*.

Letitia's husband died not many years after the birth of Napoleon. He is said to have appreciated his son's powers, which even then were remarkable. Madame Bonaparte was left a widow at the age of thirty-five, with eight children, five sons and three daughters. In her husband's lifetime, before their troubles came, she had been a wealthy woman, but now her means were limited. She retired with her children to her country home, a residence approached by an avenue overarched by lofty trees and bordered by flowering shrubs. A smooth snug lawn was a pleasant playground for the 'embryo kings and queens' who called Letitia mother. Napoleon afterwards repeatedly declared that the family were entirely indebted to her for that physical, intellectual, and moral training which prepared them to rise to the summits of power to which they afterwards attained. He often said: 'My opinion is, that the future of a child for good or evil depends entirely upon its mother.'

Speaking of the death of an uncle upon whom the children were partly dependent, and of his mother's life in her early widowhood, Napoleon said: 'He [the uncle] then made us draw near, and gave us his blessing and advice. "You are the eldest of the family," he said to Joseph, "but Napoleon is the head of it. Take care to remember what I say to you." He then expired, amidst the sobs and tears which this melancholy sight drew from us. Left without guide, without support, my mother was obliged to take the direction of affairs upon herself. But the task was not above her strength. She managed everything, provided for everything with a providence which could neither be expected from her sex nor from her age. Ah! what a woman! Where shall we look for her equal? She watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. Every low sentiment, every ungenerous affection, was discouraged and discarded. She suffered nothing but that which was grand and elevated to take root in our youthful understandings. She abhorred falsehood, and would not tolerate the slightest act of disobedience. None of our faults were overlooked. Losses, privations, fatigue, had no effect upon her. She endured all, braved all. She had the energy of a man, combined with the gentleness and delicacy of a woman.'

Abbott tells the following anecdote, which shows how firm was the rule of the good, high-minded mother. 'A bachelor uncle owned the rural

retreat where the family resided. He was very wealthy, but very parsimonious. The young Bonapartes, though living in the abundant enjoyments of all the necessaries of life, could obtain but little money for the purchase of those thousand little conveniences and luxuries which every boy covets. Whenever they ventured to ask their uncle for coppers, he invariably pleaded poverty, assuring them that though he had lands and vineyards, goats and poultry, he had no money. At last the boys discovered a bag of doubloons secreted upon a shelf. They formed a conspiracy, and by the aid of Pauline, who was too young to understand the share which she had in the mischief, they contrived, on a certain occasion when the uncle was pleading poverty, to draw down the bag, and the glittering gold rolled over the floor. The boys burst into shouts of laughter, while the good old man was almost choked with indignation. Just at that moment Madame Bonaparte came in. Her presence immediately silenced the merriment. She severely reprimanded her sons for their improper behaviour, and ordered them to collect again the scattered doubloons.'

Napoleon was not an amiable child; he was silent and retiring in disposition; melancholy, too, and impatient of restraint. Many years afterwards, an isolated granite rock of wild and rugged form, within which was something resembling a cage, in the grounds of his early home, was pointed out as having been his favourite resort as a child, and it still bore the name of 'Napoleon's Grotto.' There, whilst his brothers and sisters were at play, he would recline for hours, book in hand, looking out upon the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, and on the blue sky overhead. At other times, his favourite plaything was a small brass cannon, weighing about thirty pounds. He delighted to hear its loud report, and to imagine he saw whole squadrons mown down by its discharges.

Abbott says the little boy 'loved to hear from his mother's lips the story of her hardships and sufferings, as, with her husband and the vanquished Corsicans, she fled from village to village, and from fastness to fastness, before their conquering enemies. The mother was probably but little aware of the warlike spirit she was thus nurturing in the bosom of her son; but with her own high mental endowments, she could not be insensible to the extraordinary capacities which had been conferred upon the silent, thoughtful, pensive listener.'

When Napoleon was about ten years of age, Count Marboeuf obtained admission for him to the Military School at Brienne, near Paris. Forty years afterwards, Napoleon observed that he should never forget the pang he felt when parting with his mother. Stoic as he was already, his stoicism forsook him, and he wept like any other child. He remained at this school five years, during which his holidays were spent at Corsica; then he was promoted to the Military School at Paris. Afterwards he entered the army, and there his upward progress was rapid.

During the disturbances which took place in the island of Corsica in the year 1793, Napoleon happened to be on a visit to his mother; and when Paoli—dissatisfied with the excesses of the

French Convention, under which he then ruled the island—determined to surrender Corsica to the English, the Bonaparte family became head of the French party. Napoleon had tried all his powers of persuasion to induce the old friend who had been his hero in more youthful days to adopt a different line of conduct, but in vain. Paoli, the veteran General, was eighty years of age; and being firmly convinced that he was right in his determination, it was not likely that he would yield to Napoleon, who was then only twenty-four. The friends parted sorrowfully, and civil war began. Paoli's side soon became the stronger, as increasing numbers of English flocked to his standard. Napoleon saw that it was useless to attempt further resistance, and that he and his family could no longer reside safely in Corsica. Sorrowfully he disbanded his forces and prepared to leave the island.

Paoli called upon Madame Bonaparte, and endeavoured to persuade her to induce her family to join him in the treasonable surrender of the island to the English, urging that resistance was hopeless, and, by perverse opposition, she was bringing irreparable ruin and misery on herself and family; upon which Napoleon's mother rejoined: 'I know of but two laws which it is necessary for me to obey—the laws of honour and of duty.' A decree was immediately passed that the family must be banished from Corsica.

One morning Napoleon hurried to inform his mother that several thousand peasants were coming to attack the house. Hastily seizing such articles of property as they could take with them, the family fled precipitately, and for several days wandered, homeless and destitute, about the seashore, until Napoleon could make arrangements for their embarkation. Their house was sacked by the mob and their furniture destroyed.

It was a touching scene when at midnight an open boat, manned by four strong rowers, approached the shore near Madame Bonaparte's plundered dwelling, and, whilst an attendant held a lantern, the poor exiled family sorrowfully and in silence entered the boat. A few trunks and handboxes contained all their available property. The oarsmen pulled out into the dark and lonely sea. 'Earthly boat,' says Abbott, 'never before held such a band of emigrants. Little did those poor and friendless fugitives then imagine that all the thrones of Europe were to tremble before them, and that their celebrity was to fill the world.' And in the flight, as henceforward in their lives, Napoleon was the commanding spirit.

Madame Bonaparte first settled at Nice, and afterwards at Marseilles, where she and her family resided in much pecuniary embarrassment until relieved by Napoleon's rising fortunes.

When the new government of France, called the Directory, was established, Napoleon, unanimously applauded for having saved the Republic by his energy, was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Interior. He was then only twenty-five; and he had, by the force of his genius and the extraordinary exertions he had made, attained to a very elevated position in the eyes of the French nation.

His first step spoke well for his filial devotion. The historian above quoted says: 'Immediately

upon the attainment of this high dignity and authority, with the ample pecuniary resources accompanying it, Napoleon hastened to Marseilles to place his mother in a position of perfect comfort. And he continued to watch over her with most filial assiduity, proving himself an affectionate and dutiful son. From this hour the whole family, mother, brothers, and sisters, were taken under his protection, and all their interests blended with his own.'

At the age of twenty-six, Napoleon was placed by those in command at the head of the Italian army. There, in the midst of many temptations, he appears to have pursued, as he himself said, 'a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared so to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could only be retained by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses, I should have lost my power.' Abbott says that Napoleon at that time was temperate in the extreme, seldom allowing himself to take even a glass of wine, and never countenancing by his presence any scene of bacchanalian revelry. 'For gaming in all its branches he manifested then and through the whole of his life the strongest disapproval. From what source did the young soldier imbibe these elevated principles? Napoleon informs us that to his mother he was indebted for every pure and noble sentiment which inspired his bosom.'

Public attention does not seem to have been directed towards Napoleon's mother until her son was proclaimed Emperor in 1804. She then received the title of Madame Mère, and an income of a million francs was settled upon her. And that she might have a position of political importance, she was made Protectrice-Générale of all the charitable institutions of France. Such an office admirably suited her. She frequently solicited favours of her son for others, and was happy whenever her exertions met with success. On one occasion, upon learning of the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, she even threw herself upon her knees before Napoleon, imploring mercy for the unfortunate Prince. In her tender anxiety, she thus laid aside that habitual dignity which the following incident illustrates. Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple he chanced to meet his mother in the gardens of St-Cloud. He was surrounded by courtiers, and half playfully held out his hand for her to kiss. 'Not so, my son,' she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return; 'it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life.'

After this, it seems a pity that truthfulness must make us say that even this great woman had one littleness, if we may call it so, of character. She evinced sometimes a resemblance to the brother, whose parsimony her sons had resented in their childhood, by showing a love of economising, even upon trifling occasions. This proved a source of frequent amusement amongst the gay circles of Paris. The Emperor himself was sometimes a little scandalised at her actions, although this did not hinder him from most highly respecting her character.

Mrs Ellis says: 'Many curious instances are recorded of Madame Letitia's love of hoarding;



for which, however, she had, or thought she had, her own sufficient reasons. Indeed, it is impossible to calculate the effect to which her own mind may have been early impressed by circumstances with the convictions of the uncertainty of that success which her sons had so unexpectedly attained. To the mother who had watched over their deserted childhood—who had learned in her widowed state what it was to have scarcely any human friend on whom she could depend for advancing her sons in the career of worldly distinction; and who, with her young family around her, had experienced all the anxieties of being driven from her native country and cast upon a world of strangers—to her there must have appeared but an uncertain foundation for confidence in the sudden and unprecedented exaltation of her sons. And then, "if reverses should come," who can wonder, with this experience so deeply impressed upon her memory, that her imagination should have been haunted with apprehensions, which in their mode of exhibition appeared, to those who were but superficial observers, something like the manifestations of an amusing kind of mental aberration. Under these impressions she is said to have replied to those who remonstrated with her for her parsimony: "Who knows but I may one day have to provide bread for all these kings!"

Mrs Ellis goes on to say: 'But this peculiarity of Madame Letitia's can the more easily be forgiven when it is remembered how faithful and unceasing were the efforts she employed for serving the interests of her sons; and especially how liberal were her offers of assistance when the tide of fortune had set against them. When all her sons except one were seated on thrones, she was unceasing in her applications to the most powerful of them on behalf of Lucien. On being one day told by Napoleon that she loved Lucien more than she did the rest of her family—'The child,' she replied, 'of whom I am the most fond is always the one that happens to be the most unfortunate.'

Madame Mère is said by one who saw her late in life to have been then a pale, earnest-looking woman, who, after speaking of anything which interested her much, sat with compressed lips and wide open eyes, an image of firmness of purpose combined with depth of feeling. At other times, 'her soul beamed in her looks, and it was a soul full of the loftiest sentiments.' The same writer (the Duchesse d'Abrantès) thus describes her at another period: 'The revolution of the 8th was completed, and Paris was no longer agitated. We went to see Madame Letitia Bonaparte, who then lived with Joseph. She appeared calm, though far from being at ease, for her extreme paleness, and the convulsive movements she evinced whenever an unexpected noise met her ear, gave her features a ghastly look. In these moments she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. And her situation gave force to the idea; she had perhaps more at stake than that famous Roman matron.'

It was only natural that the tenderness of such a mother should have been nobly shown to her son when reverses came upon him and his wonderful fortunes changed. She, who always thought most tenderly and with the greatest love of that one of her children who was in adversity,

followed the banished Emperor to Elba, and, with a few attendants, took up her residence there. Mrs Ellis says: 'From the earliest period of his reverses, the mother's heart with all its warmest affections became especially centred in the son. She had often reproved him for his pride and ambition in the days of his prosperity, and at that time she was perhaps the only friend in existence from whose lips he had heard the truth; but from the time of his overthrow at Waterloo to the day of his death, her true woman's heart never swerved from this one object of all her deepest and most absorbing interests. Again and again she offered him all that she possessed in the world, to assist in the re-establishment of his affairs. "For me," said Napoleon, in his last exile, when memories of the past so often filled his mind, "my mother would without a murmur have doomed herself to live on brown bread. Loftiness of sentiment still reigned paramount in her breast; pride and noble ambition were not yet subdued by avarice."

This brave, devoted woman also thus appealed to the allied sovereigns at Aix-la-Chapelle on his behalf: 'Sires, I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your Imperial and Royal Majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this I implore God, and I implore you, who are his vice-gerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits; and posterity, which gives immortality, adores above all things the generosity of conquerors.'

Again, in 1819, Napoleon's mother cheerfully defrayed the expenses of sending to St Helena qualified persons, selected by her brother, Cardinal Fesch, with the approval of the Pope, to minister to the body and soul of her unhappy son. She herself outlived her illustrious son, dying when nearly eighty years of age, and retaining to the last much of her beauty of person and extraordinary vigour of mind.

## BABY JOHN.\*

### CHAPTER V.—GOOD-BYE.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

BYRON.

'He's coming here to-morrow!' It was the end of May, and Baby John Craddock was close on three months old, and Alice and Lucy were seriously considering the necessity of short-coating him. 'A great, big, fat boy, growing out of all his clothes shameful!'

Life had run on so brightly and smoothly, that it had seemed as if it might run on the same for ever, and Alice had ceased to talk of going back to the mill, or Lucy to be on the lookout to stop her from doing so. But here, all of a sudden, a cloud appeared which threatened to darken the brightness of their day—a rock which might turn the peaceful sunny stream into new ways, stony and troubled.

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'He's coming here to-morrow!'

'To fetch you home?'

'No, he don't say so.' Lucy went reading on; writing was not very easy for her to decipher, and her husband's hand was especially difficult to her.

Alice was giving Baby John his bottle, so did not pay much attention, till she heard Lucy give a cry of surprise and rather awe-stricken delight.

'What is it?'

'Oh, Alice, what do you think? As far as I can make out, he's got to go to America for six months on business, and he wants to know if I'd like to stop on here with you while he's gone? Here, just you take the letter and see what you make of it, and give me baby.'

Yes; there was no mistake about it. Alice spelt it out to the same effect. Mr Craddock was obliged to go to America on important business, which might take him as long as six months. During his absence he was going to leave the mill under the care of a cousin of his, and he asked if Lucy would prefer to return to Felsby or remain at Beston, or— There was evidently another alternative in his mind, but the second 'or' had been scratched out, as if it were not worth while to suggest it.

Alice sat for a minute or two with her eyes fixed on that scratched-out 'or,' and when she looked up, there was an absent look on Lucy's face, as if she, too, were pondering something; and she caught the baby up in her arms and held it tightly against her breast, thereby interfering with that individual's enjoyment of the pipe of peace—in his case represented by his bottle—and producing a squall of remonstrance.

'What was he going to say there?' Alice asked, pointing to the scratched-out word.

'I don't know. What could one do except go back to Felsby or stop here? And of course, of course, of course we'll stay here, all through the summer! Six whole lovely months—June, July, August, September, October, November.' Lucy reckoned them off on the fat little fingers of Baby John, which were more generally used to illustrate 'This little pig went to market.'

'It's a long time,' Alice said, 'and'—

'Lovely and long!' Lucy interrupted. 'Why, Alice, I don't believe you're half as pleased as I am. You're tired of me and baby, and the sea, and the flowers, and want to go back to nasty, smoky, old Felsby!'

Alice felt that it was not really worth while to contradict such a ridiculous accusation as this, but she was strangely silent and thoughtful all that day; and Lucy, too, though she kept up rattling talk, and planned what they would do, would drop now and then into a wistful, uneasy silence, and her laughter and gaiety had a strained effect, as if they were not altogether natural.

Mr Craddock had not said what time he would arrive, so the girls began expecting him at the very earliest hour in the morning, not reckoning

that this would have necessitated his leaving Felsby about midnight. They could neither of them eat any breakfast, and they started at the slightest sound, thinking it was his arrival.

Except in the matter of extra care in the appearance of Baby John, Lucy refused to make any preparations for her husband's visit, and did not even tell Mrs Tripp he was coming.

'He'll bide the night, won't he?' Alice asked. 'There's a room in next door that I knows I can have for the night, so don't think about me. I knows how to make myself scarce, and I'll go right off when I see him coming, so as you can be all to yourselves.'

But Lucy would not hear of such a thing. 'If he bides the night, he can just go to the *Seaview*, and he'll dine there, so don't bother your head about getting anything extra in. He'd think this a horrid, pokey, little place, and baby'd worry him, and he'd a lot rather be by himself, and Mrs Tripp's cooking's well enough for us, but it wouldn't suit him.'

'Do he think a deal of what he eats and drinks?'

'Oh no, he ain't that sort at all, he's easily pleased; but there! he's used to having things nice, and I don't care that he should be put about more than I can help along of me.'

He did not actually arrive till the afternoon, and as soon as he came, Alice slipped away, and went for a long walk along the cliffs, hardly noticing all the beautiful colours on the sea, or the vivid green of the new springing grass on the downs, so full was her heart of Lucy and Baby John, and Baby John's father.

She did not come back till nearly seven, and then was planning a visit to a rheumatic old fisherman, whose acquaintance they had made on the beach, so as not to intrude on the privacy of the husband and wife. But before she reached Beston, she met Lucy with the baby in her arms coming out to meet her.

'Why, wherever have you been? I knew you was coming this way, and I've been waiting about for more than an hour, thinking you were bound to be back soon. And you've tired yourself to death. No, you shan't carry baby; you look as if you could hardly carry yourself, and you ain't had no tea. I gave baby his before I started out, and had a cup myself; but I told Mrs Tripp to have the kettle on, as you'd be sure to be in soon, and we'd all have tea together.'

'He didn't stop long, then?'

'No, I could have told you he wouldn't before he came. He's gone to the *Seaview* to have his dinner, and he won't trouble to come in again this evening, for I told him we was early going to bed; but perhaps he may look in to-morrow before he starts.'

'He's going to-morrow?'

'Yes, he's off to America next week; so, of course, he's terrible busy settling everything before he goes.'

'Did he think baby grewed?'

'He didn't take much notice of him. He just poked his cheek with his middle finger—don't you know how men do? and he said he was very small, as if he weren't a big, fine boy for his age.'

'What did he say about the name? Were he pleased?'

'Oh, there! I don't know. I told him as I'd called him after my father, and he didn't make no remark.'

'Did he say anything?'—

'No, not a word. I knew he'd not think of such a thing.'

Neither of the girls had ever said a word to one another of what had been in their minds since Mr Craddock's letter came the day before, which was that the other alternative was for Lucy to go with him to America; and yet Lucy understood Alice's question before it was finished, and Alice understood the answer, vague as it was.

They had to pass the *Seaview* to reach their lodgings. The season at Boston, as I have said, had not begun, and the *Seaview*, at the best of times never a very imposing place, had the desolate air of a hotel out of season. Some repairs were being done, and ladders were reared against the front, and the door was in the first stage of painting, when big blotches of vermilion adorn it. In the bow-window of the coffee-room a solitary figure was sitting at dinner with a newspaper propped up on the cruet-stand in front of him, waited on by a dirty-looking maid, as the waiter was only engaged for the season, and the hotel was generally out of gear. The girls hastened their steps as they went by, but he seemed absorbed in his newspaper, and did not notice them.

'Don't he look lonesome?' Alice said, with compunction.

'Oh, he don't mind, bless you! It's what he's been used to, and he's one of them as likes his own company best.'

At Mrs Tripp's tea was ready on the table, very humble, but clean and cheerful looking, with a little bit of fire lighted, the evenings being chilly, though the days were so warm and bright, and a kettle steaming away on the hob, and the girls' frugal meal spread out on a white cloth, and the baby's bassinette in a warm corner by the fire.

'Don't it look snug?' Lucy said as they came in; and both of them thought involuntarily of the lonely figure in the *Seaview* coffee-room.

That room made a pretty picture half an hour later to any one standing in the road, for the girls had forgotten to draw down the blind, there were so few passers-by, and the little garden, full of thrift and wall-flower in between, prevented any sense of publicity. The tea-table had been pushed back, and Lucy sat in a low chair in front of the fire, with her sleeves rolled back and a large flannel apron on, on which was Baby John, just out of his bath, kicking and crowing in the delightful freedom from the trammels of clothing. Any woman might have looked beautiful in such circumstances; even Alice's sharp, little, plain face was glorified almost into loveliness as she knelt in front, doing homage to the young divinity; but Lucy's young face, with the warm colour in the cheeks, and the hair in soft, curling untidiness, and the big eyes full of mother's love, seemed to some one looking in from the road outside, the sweetest sight possible to imagine.

For there was a looker-on. Mr Craddock had found the mouldy quiet of the *Seaview* inexpressibly dreary, and had turned out to smoke, and involuntarily had turned his steps in the direction of Mrs Tripp's. He had no idea of going in; he

had understood Lucy's hint about their going to bed early; and yet there was something that made him almost inclined to go—the baby that he had taken so little notice of, and the baby's name, which Lucy had taken such pains to tell him had been given from her father. He felt as if Baby John gave him a claim to a corner in that bright little room, and almost ensured him a welcome.

Perhaps the fixedness of his gaze made itself felt, as I believe a very earnest look will sometimes, for Lucy suddenly became aware that the blind was not drawn down, and she asked Alice to do it.

'I thought there was some one looking in.' And then the blind was drawn down, and Mr Craddock turned away to his hotel.

The girls were at breakfast next morning when the little shabby hotel omnibus pulled up in front of the house (not that it took much pulling to stop the horse, which had been drawing seaweed all the week), and Mr Craddock came into the room before Alice could escape, so she was unwillingly obliged to be present at the parting of husband and wife.

'I've only a minute to spare,' he said, 'before the train, but I thought I'd look in to say good-bye.'

There was almost an apologetic tone in his voice, and Alice—who, it need hardly be said, was heart and soul on Lucy's side, and would have maintained through thick and thin that if there was anything unsatisfactory in the relations between them, it was altogether his fault—now felt a little vexed at Lucy's want of readiness to reply.

'I hope you'll be all right while I'm away,' he went on, his voice getting more business-like. 'I've told George Mills to keep you supplied with money, and if you want more you must let him know, and he'll send you a cheque. He'll be writing to me every week on business, so he'll let me know how you get on, and if you've any message to send he'll forward it. Well, I musn't stop, or I shall miss the train. Good-bye! I suppose the baby's asleep, isn't it?'

Alice would have roused Baby John from the sweetest slumbers, even at the risk of injuring his precious health; but perhaps that unfortunate 'it' offended his mother's ear, for she only drew back the quilt and showed Baby John's fat cheek deep in the pillow.

'Yes, he generally has a nap after he's dressed of a morning,' she said.

Then there was an awkward pause, and then Mr Craddock turned and held out his hand to Alice. 'I'm glad you'll be able to stop with Lucy and the boy while I'm away,' he said.

And Alice put her little, rough, hard-worked hand into his very heartily. 'I'll see after them both my very best, never you fear!' And she found she had tears in her eyes, and a hard matter to steady her voice.

And then he kissed Lucy and was gone; and there was the bang of the omnibus door, and the jingle of the harness and crack of the whip, and Alice drew back the curtain to look after it as it moved off.

'Will you have some more tea?' Lucy said, with an immense struggle after composure and indifference, with a trembling hand pouring the



tea into the sugar-basin; but the next minute Alice was cramming Lucy's hat on her head anyhow, wrong side in front, and pulling and pushing her towards the door.

'Run, run!' she was sobbing out, 'as quick as ever you can go; the short way behind the *Anchor*, you know! You'll be in time to catch him if you look sharp!'

'Well,' Alice asked, half an hour later, when Lucy came slowly back in very different style from the wild, breathless rush she had made when she left the house, 'were you in time?'

Lucy nodded. 'The train was just in, and he looked quite startled to see me, and I were that out of breath I could hardly speak; but I said as I'd come to see him off and say good-bye. He didn't say much, but I think he were pleased, and I'm glad I went; but it was all your doing, Alice; I'd never have gone if it hadn't been for you.'

#### CHAPTER VI.—A BRIGHT FUTURE.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me!—WORDSWORTH.

John Craddock thought a great deal of that parting with his wife. He was not at all inclined to be sentimental; he was a very matter-of-fact and business-like man, and it would have astonished some of his business friends, who accounted him more hard and sensible than he really was, if they had known how often, even in the middle of business talk, the thought of his young wife as he had seen her last at *Beston Station*, with flushed cheeks and bright eyes and ruffled hair, panting out her farewell words, came before his mind's eye, pleasanter even to remember than the scene of the evening before, which he had contemplated through the window.

He had grown to think, during those months since his marriage, that it had been an entire and unmitigated mistake; and that the only thing now was to make the best of a hopelessly bad job, and rub along with as little friction as possible. But, somehow, those few hours at *Beston*, and the sight of Baby John and Lucy coming to the station, the first act of spontaneous affection he ever remembered her to have shown (he did not know that even this had been proposed by Alice), seemed to suggest a possibility of something better and brighter and sweeter, a possibility of a wife who might learn to love him, to brighten when he came, to be sorry when he left her, instead of that dreary mutual endurance which had seemed the only prospect to the end of the chapter—a possibility of a home where he would be welcome, and whose brightness he would not cloud, nor have to stand outside in the darkness alone. That little mill-girl, Alice Reynolds, was a good sort, and he had made a mistake in separating Lucy from her. 'When I go back to England,' he used to tell himself, 'it shall be different;' and by-and-by he used to say, 'When I go home,' and the home he thought of was not *Apsley Villa*, with all its comfort and respectability, but that little room at *Beston* with Lucy sitting in the firelight, with Baby John upon her lap.

More than once during those sultry summer months in New York, he had made up his mind

to write to her, to say he was sorry for what was past, and anxious, when he came home, to try to make her happier and win her love; but he was only used to writing business letters, and was as shy as any school-girl or bashful youth of writing love letters even to his wife. And besides he knew what pain and grief it would be to her to answer it, and how the difficulties of spelling and writing would cramp all the natural expression out of it. No, he would wait till he went home, and then, with Baby John between them, it would not be so hard to explain.

Those months seemed interminable. The business that would at one time have been of enthralling interest seemed wearisome and irritating, though it proved, from a money point of view, more remunerative than he anticipated. Every week brought him satisfactory letters from *Felsby*, where all was going well and smoothly in his absence. Occasionally his manager mentioned having heard from Mrs Craddock, acknowledging or asking for remittances, and that he was glad to hear she and the baby were in good health; but as he never imagined that this could be the only communication between husband and wife, parted for six months, he only put it in as a matter of form, and very often omitted any mention of her, though Mr Craddock tore open his letters and scanned them eagerly for just this poor, little, meagre information.

But those months which Lucy had counted so gaily on baby's fat, little fingers—June, July, August, September, October, November—had more than half gone; August's long, dusty days had drawn to an end, and Mr Craddock was beginning to let himself count the days to his return, which, if everything went favourably, might be almost a month before he had calculated. He would not, however, even hint at such a possibility in writing home to his mother or his manager, lest Lucy should hear of it, and be disappointed if there were any unforeseen delay. Would she be disappointed? Oh dear! how much he had built on those very slight foundations—that impulsive run to the station to bid him good-bye, that baby named after himself.

But it took even him by surprise when one day, at the beginning of September, he found himself at the end of his business, and free to go back to England by the next steamer if so minded. There was a steamer advertised to start the next day, and he went straight to engage his passage, and spent the rest of the day in buying presents to take home. What would she like best? Anything for the boy, he felt safe about that; and next, something for Alice. He felt shy of taking Lucy trinkets, remembering many such he had given her to make the peace after some painful scene of irritable impatience on his part, and how she had received them with hardly veiled indifference, and never cared to wear them.

But it was to be different now, and so he encouraged himself to buy a pair of earrings which took his fancy in a shop. While he was choosing them, he came across a man whose acquaintance he had made in business, who looked surprised and rather amused at seeing this grave, grizzled, middle-aged Englishman spending so much time and not a little money over these earrings; and Mr Craddock found himself confiding to this

stranger, in a manner totally unlike his usual reserved habit, that he was going home to his wife, and wanted to take her a present.

He got them out that evening at his hotel to look at them, wondering if she would like them, and if she would let them take the place of those common little earrings that she prized so much, and which at one time he had suspected of being a gift of some former admirer, till it came out accidentally that they had been given her by Alice. He was just putting them back into the jeweller's box with a ridiculously sentimental memory of Lucy's little ear and the soft curls of hair round it, when a knock came at the door and the boy brought in a telegram.

He opened it without much interest, with merely a passing fear that it might delay his departure, and a resolution that he would not allow it to do so. It was from George Mills: 'Deeply regret to inform you Mrs Craddock died this morning at Beston. Wire instructions as to funeral.'

He sat looking at the telegram full ten minutes before he realised what it meant. He even opened the jeweller's little box again, and took out one of the earrings and held it up to the light, and went on in a dull sort of way with the thought of how it would look in Lucy's ear. It was impossible! He remembered how she looked as the train left the platform, with her bright, young face, and her hair ruffled by the speed with which she had come, and her eyes bright, and her lips parted with her breathless words, full of life to her finger-tips. And the night before, as she sat in the firelight with Baby John, a picture of sweetest motherhood, so young and strong and bright, why, by the side of Alice, she looked the very picture of health! And that was the end of it all! Never to tell her he was sorry, to try to make amends, to win her to look at him without the fear in her young eyes, to speak to him without the constraint in her voice. If she had died in the beginning of the year, when Baby John was born, it would not have been so hard. He had been anxious and deeply distressed then; he had felt bitter regrets at the failure of their short married life, and had accused himself of the fault being his, and of being greatly to blame; but he had not thought then of the possibility of anything better and happier—it was only the end of a grievous mistake, not the shattering of bright hope for the future, as it was now.

All through the night he paced up and down his room, drearily plucking up the little flowers of hope that had been growing so sweetly since he left England. He was not naturally a hopeful man; he had not the sanguine nature some possess, which fills the future with bright-coloured possibilities, which, though they are constantly dashed to the ground, are as often renewed. These sanguine people get a great deal of happiness out of life, and if they are continually disappointed, the disappointment is not deeply rooted. But with natures like John Craddock's it is almost a mortal wound when a hope has been rooted up; the poor heavy soil of such hearts bears no more gay blossoms or tender leaves ever again.

The boat was to start at six o'clock next morning, and when the early call came to his door,

John Craddock was ready, and his portmanteau packed. Before he left the hotel he wrote a telegram to George Mills: 'Funeral at Beston. Make all arrangements.'

### CURIOSITIES OF SUPERSTITION.

IN the bardic legends and old folklore of Ireland we now and then meet with a paragraph or a phase of national character which arrests our thoughts. Much there may be to feed and stimulate the enthusiasm of the ardent searcher after the mystic and the weird; but the ordinary mortal of hard work-day life may be thankful if chance throw a few items in his way without having first to glean them out of the obscure notes and the long, dull, heavy pages of prosy compilations.

Like some other nations, the Irish invested even the lowest forms of animal life with the power of exercising no small influence on the actions and destinies of men. The *Dara Deil* (*Forficula oleus*, or 'black devil'), an insect of the earwig class, used to be an object of almost universal abhorrence; yet its services were sometimes availed of in labour which demanded extraordinary physical exertion. In creeping along, whenever it hears any noise it always halts, cocks up its tail, and jerks out its sting, which is similar to that of a bee. No reptile has been so much abhorred and dreaded by the peasantry as the 'black devil,' as it used to be commonly believed that this insect betrayed to his Jewish enemies the way in which the Saviour went when leaving the city of Jerusalem. It was no small gain to destroy this insect; for seven sins, it was said, were taken off the soul of the slayer. The people believed the sting of the *Dara Deil* to be very poisonous, if not mortal, and that it possessed a demoniac spirit. Under this impression, whenever it is seen in a house by the peasantry, they always destroy it by placing a coal of fire over it; and when burnt, the ashes are carefully swept out. It is not trodden on by foot, as a less formidable insect would be; nor is it killed by a stick, for it is believed that the poisonous or demoniac essence would be conveyed to the body of the slayer through leather or wood. It has often been related that labourers have been enabled to perform extraordinary feats through the agency of the black devil, which they insert in some part of the implements of their labour; but the few who were so daring as to have recourse to such means were regarded as dabblers in the black art, and were looked upon as reckless, as 'utterly left to themselves,' and almost beyond the pale of salvation. This insect is still considered exceedingly dangerous; it is thought to be a kind of scorpion; but very few indeed are now disposed to lift it to the dignity of preternatural influence.

The cuckoo is associated with ideas of a milder character. When first heard, in whatever quarter you are looking, in that direction you are to live

the rest of the year ; but the distance is indefinite ; it may be a mile, or it may be a hundred miles, and there is always a large margin allowed on either side the line, which gives easy fulfilment to the prediction. This happy arrangement leaves plenty of space for coincidence, and gives the cuckoo a long lease of prestige and importance.

The cat, so intimately associated with the idolatry of Egypt, was not likely to be forgotten in the fetichism of Celtic mythology. The preternatural attributes said to be ascribed to it by the Druids have outlived the Druids, their rites and their systems, and have come down to us refined and mellowed by the lapse of centuries. Caesar Otway, a diligent gleaner of the reliques of ancient Irish superstitions, has preserved in his *Erris and Tyroneley* some notable instances of the weird character and magical influence of this mysterious animal. He says : 'Cats are supposed to be but too often connected with witchcraft, and to lend their outward forms to familiar spirits. The timorous respect persons have for them is increased by the fact of their frequent meetings, to which they come from a distance of seven or eight miles ; and from fifty to sixty are often in the assembly. The parliament is generally on these occasions under a haystack, and, as in another great house of congress, their deliberations are in the night. Their *discourse* is as loud as it is vehement. What they debate about is not exactly ascertained, but, no doubt, of matters of grave import to feline polity : war and commerce, ways and means, the falling of followers, the increase of rats, the shortening of tails, much arguing at anyrate about raising the wind ; for Erris cats are known to have the power of creating a storm or causing a calm ; and this supposition seems to have arisen from cats being observed scratching the leg of a stool or a table or any upright thing within their reach, previous to a gale of wind, looking most knowingly and consciously the whole time, and frequently accompanying their exercise with most melancholy mews. The storm which succeeds is supposed to be the effect of this feline proceeding, which is looked on as an incantation, insomuch that, the moment a cat is observed to commence this scratching, it is immediately struck at with a stick or fangs or any other weapon within reach ; it is, moreover, assaulted with a clap of curses peculiarly appropriate to cats under these circumstances. As soon as the storm begins to rise, all the available cats are seized and placed under metal pots, and there held in durance vile until they resort to the exercise of their power in causing a calm. Now, not only is this power universally allowed, but what is of incalculable importance, it is often taken advantage of by the cat's owner.'

Not very long ago, a vessel was detained in Blacksod Bay. During the time of delay, the skipper became intimate with and engaged the affections of Catty Kane. But when his vessel was ready for sea, the roving blade, with all a sailor's inconstancy, hoisted his sails and put out to sea, never intending to see the fair one more.

But Catty knew a trick worth two of that, and had recourse to her cat. And now the brig is put into all her trim to clear the bay, but in vain ; the wind blows a hurricane, and she must come back to her old anchorage. From this time forth, day after day, the captain used all possible skill to get out of the harbour ; but as often as he weighs anchor he is driven back again ; and Catty understands the management of her cat so well, that the brig must come in for shelter close to the poor girl's residence. This continued for many months. The cargo is spoiling ; what is he to do ? Why, as the captain finds it impossible to quit Catty, he must needs marry her ; and so, taking her and her cat on board and doing all decently, next day, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, he can and does bid adieu to Blacksod Bay. What a pity it is that spinsters in other portions of the Queen's dominions have not the art of Catty Kane in managing her grimalkin !

## EXPIATION.

## A STORY OF THE CHILIAN REVOLT.

## CHAPTER II.

WEEKS, months, passed. The civil war continued with varying fortune. One day the Congress party gained some advantage, on another the President's troops were reported to have gained a brilliant victory. Not that there was any reliable news published : a strict censorship had been established, with the result that a drawn battle became a decisive victory, and a severe defeat a temporary check. Not everybody was misled by this device. The actual fortunes of the conflict were known to many, and an impression was gaining ground daily amongst those better informed that the repeated successes of the Congressionists pointed to a speedy termination of the war in their favour. The behaviour of Balmaceda himself lent much support to this belief. His authority was still paramount in the chief cities ; and, in showing increased severity towards his prisoners and terrorising every one of whom he had the least suspicion, he displayed the tyrant's premonition of impending disaster. It was almost possible to tell how the war progressed by observing his conduct towards his prisoners. Executions were becoming terribly common. The formality of trial was scarcely observed, in many cases entirely dispensed with. Ada and her mother had a terribly trying time. Suffering the cruellest tortures of suspense and anxiety on her husband's behalf, the young girl had to restrain and subdue every manifestation of it, to refrain from all inquiry, lest suspicion should light on them and worse happen. She had not seen her husband since that one meeting in the prison. Amongst the first of the President's orders after the outbreak of war was that prohibiting all intercourse between prisoners and their friends.

One day, a few months after George's incarceration, rumours of an affair between the two armies



reached the town. The Government industriously circulated the report that the rebels had made an unsuccessful attack; but, in spite of everything, it leaked out that, on the contrary, the President's troops had sustained a serious reverse. There was much secret rejoicing among the partisans of the Congress party, mingled with apprehensions as to what Balmaceda would do in the way of reprisal, apprehensions which gathered terror when it was seen next day that, for the first time, the defeat of the Government was openly asserted. It was said that Balmaceda was more enraged at this display of temerity and confidence than at the defeat itself.

The populace was tremendously excited. What business was done was transacted in feverish haste. Towards evening, rumours of severe measures of reprisal began to circulate, and the rejoicing of the Congressionists gave way to the most gloomy apprehensions as to the fate of their imprisoned comrades.

At an early hour on the following morning Don Pulido arrived at Mrs Gorman's house and asked for an immediate interview. Ada came down with her mother, and both were trembling with excitement, knowing that nothing but news of importance would have caused so early a visit. When Ada saw the lawyer's face and read the look of pity in it, her heart seemed to stop. She gasped and sobbed out: 'O God! what is it?' Then turning to the elder lady, just said: 'Oh dear mother!' and fell into her arms.

The terror and trouble of the last few months had left their marks on the young wife. A deep line between the eyes testified to the continual pressure of despairing thought, and the pallid cheeks and swollen eyes bore witness to many a sleepless, tearful night.

'I must speak to you alone,' said Don Pulido, addressing Mrs Gorman.

'No, no!' cried Ada. 'Let me know now, at once. Oh! he is dead! he is dead!'

'Not at all.'

The words were reassuring, but the tone and inflection were anything but cheering.

'He is not dead,' resumed the lawyer, 'and you may see him soon.'

'Free?'

'No!—Now, let me speak to your mother.'

'Why not tell me? What is it? Who has a better right than I to hear? Is it about George?'

'Yes; but I can only tell your mother. You will know all very soon. Please'—

Ada went away reluctantly.

'You have bad news, I see,' said the widow as the door closed.

'I have—terrible news. Before coming here, I have taken every pains to verify it, and'—

'Don't keep us in suspense. What is it?'

'George is condemned to death!'

'To death! For what?'

'Ask the brutal tyrant,' began the lawyer, but checked himself and paused.

Mrs Gorman was dumb.

'Balmaceda chooses to assert that his late defeat is due to the plots and machinations between the enemy and some of the suspected prisoners. Seven of them are on this ground to be shot to-day. I have seen the list.'

'How could they do any harm in prison?'

'There is no reason in it. It is a transparent

device. A stroke of revenge and an attempt to strike terror.'

'Oh my poor child! Is there no hope?'

'I fear not, unless our—the Congress troops reach here and capture the prison before nine o'clock this morning, and that'—

'Is impossible. My poor child!'

'If you think it advisable, I think I could gain permission for a last interview; but the time is short, very short.'

'I will tell Ada, and be guided by her bearing. God help me to support her. My dear, dear child! Poor George!—Will you wait a few minutes, my friend?'

'Of course! But lose no time, if you decide to see him again.'

The widow left the room. She was absent about ten minutes, and returned, accompanied by her daughter.

The lawyer looked closely to see what effect the fatal intelligence had had on the girl, but she was already dressed for going out, and the upper part of her face was hidden by a veil, and only the drooping, quivering lips were to be seen, visibly telling the agony of the sorely stricken heart.

'Shall we go?' whispered the old lady.

'Yes,' assented the lawyer. He bent an inquiring look on the mother, indicating Ada with a motion of his head which meant, 'Does she know all?'

Mrs Gorman nodded assent.

Outside the door, a conveyance was waiting, into which the three mounted, and were driven off. Early as it was, the town was astir. Little knots of men were conversing eagerly at street corners and crossings; women and children looked out from every door and window. Whilst driving through one of the main streets, a man on the side-walk signalled to the driver to stop, and, coming up to the carriage, entered into an earnest whispered conversation with Don Pulido, at the end of which he made off hurriedly, after saluting the ladies sympathetically.

The lawyer said nothing, but his face brightened and he looked somewhat less despondent. After leaving the town they saw several carriages driving quickly in the same direction, and a thin stream of people on foot making towards the prison. Don Pulido looked out eagerly and anxiously from side to side as they drove on. Ada was sitting quietly, looking out with that fixed unseeing gaze that tells of thoughts too intense for speech. Her face wore a terrible expression of repressed grief. Don Pulido looked at her, and her agony seemed to move him strongly. He leaned forward and whispered: 'There is to be an attempt at rescue. There is every hope—successfully!—Hush! not a word.'

Mrs Gorman was palpably cheered; but Ada had not heard, or, hearing, had not understood. She looked straight ahead, now with an eager, penetrating glance, as though she would overcome distance and all obstacles and see her lover-husband.

At last they came in sight of the prison, a low building surrounded by a high wall, the roof alone being visible from the outside. A number of people were present in scattered groups, kept, however, at a respectful distance from the prison walls by a cordon of soldiers. The carriage drove up until its progress was arrested by an officer.

'You cannot advance,' said he.

'I must see the Chief,' said the lawyer; 'these ladies are relatives of one of the condemned, and'—

'Hush!' said the officer, solemnly.

There came a peculiar clicking sound from within the walls. Then a sharp voice rang out! One word! A roll of musketry! A little cloud of smoke!

The officer turned. 'You were too late. It is over.' He pointed to Ada, who had fainted.

'What is the meaning of it?' excitedly queried the lawyer. 'It was fixed for nine o'clock.'

The man smiled. 'There were rumours of a rescue. To defeat it, the execution was put forward an hour.'

From the hour when this atrocious deed was perpetrated, the tide appeared to set stronger than ever against Balmaceda. Condemned by public opinion, deserted by many of his best supporters, harassed by an open enemy who outmanœuvred and outfought his troops, he hastened to his end. Shortly after the execution, Mrs Gorman and Ada removed to Valparaiso, intending to sail thence to England. Associations were too painful to permit of their remaining in the country. It was, however, not found an easy matter to settle their business affairs in the unsettled state of the country, and they were compelled to linger on during all the later stages of the rebellion. The repeated successes of the insurgents had incited the President to such a degree of tyranny and severity that, outside his armed followers, he had few or no adherents. The great bulk of the populace were wishing and praying for his downfall.

In the beginning of August it was reported that a number of the Santiago prisoners had made their escape and fled, hotly chased to the mountains. Whether they evaded their pursuers or were overtaken and massacred was not known. They were not brought back.

At last the crisis was reached. The Congress troops effected a landing on the coast, and marched on Valparaiso. The President's army went out to meet them, and a week of desultory skirmishing took place, culminating in a great battle. In the result, Balmaceda's army was practically destroyed, and he himself became a fugitive. The victorious troops entered Valparaiso amid the acclamations and rejoicings of the inhabitants. A number of vessels which had been hovering about the port, awaiting the result of the fighting, now came boldly in and discharged a crowd of exiled and proscribed citizens. On the day following the entry of the victors, Ada and her mother ventured out into the streets. The town was in a state of disorder and tumult, as was to be expected, but the work of restoring order had begun. The two ladies stopped to read a proclamation on a wall, and while doing so, a well-known voice behind them exclaimed in a joyful tone: 'Ada! You here!'

Turning round quickly, they saw—George de Nardez. The two thus accosted, apparently by one from the grave, turned pale, trembled, and looked questioningly from one to the other.

'What does this mean?' said George. 'Do you not know me?'

Ada was the first to recover. She reached out her hand with a piteous gesture, half incredulous half rapturous, and said: 'George, my dear George! are you alive?'

The young man convinced her of his vitality by an ardent embrace. Then they turned homewards, George refusing to give or hear any explanations until they were safe indoors. Here they related their story—of the lawyer's visit, and his communication of the death sentence, of their drive to the prison only to reach it in time to hear the rattle of the musketry, carrying, as they thought, death to him and desolation to themselves.

'Don Pulido was mistaken, I suppose, George?' said Ada in conclusion; 'you were not among the condemned.'

'Most assuredly I was,' replied George.—'Let me tell you all. I had several interviews with my father whilst we were confined. He showed the deepest sorrow and remorse for his action towards me, and I believe, was unceasing in his efforts to obtain my release; but he had lost all his influence. One morning we were all called into the corridor. Father was amongst us, and managed to whisper to me that my name would be called, amongst a number of others, for transference to another prison, that he would answer to it, and take my place, as he had great hope by so doing of obtaining an audience with the President. Of course I assented, knowing he had sources of information not common to all the prisoners. Well, the names were called out, mine amongst them. Father stepped forward and took my place. As he passed me he slipped a letter into my hand. The remainder of us were reconducted to our cells. Soon after I heard the sound of firing, but I had no idea what it meant.' George paused—he was deeply affected.

The two listeners were in tears: they had guessed the rest.

'Oh dear! and I have been abusing him so bitterly,' said Ada.

'I looked at the letter,' continued George, 'and found it marked, "To be opened when you are freed. If that should not take place before six months elapse, or in the event of anything happening to you, to be sent to your wife." I put it carefully away. Weeks and weeks passed, and I had almost given up all hope of seeing your dear face again, my darling. By-and-by the surveillance of our jailers relaxed. I believe they were being drawn upon to join the army. We managed to establish communication with each other, and then with some friends outside. A plan of escape was formed, which succeeded. Eight of us got away, and reached the mountains. We had a hard bitter time of it—cold and hunger, weariness and despair, were always with us; but at last we reached the coast, and found a steamer, which brought us here just in time to hear of the tyrant's defeat.'

'And the letter, George?'

'Here it is!'

MY DEAR SON—You are condemned to be shot this morning. I, by whose folly this has been brought about, will take your place and your bullet. You may still have to suffer, but at least you have another chance. I have done

everything on earth to save you. I will die for you now, in the hope of sparing you to your wife, and earning her forgiveness and yours.

ENRIQUE DE NARDEZ.

### THE CHIONODOXA LUCILLE, OR GLORY OF THE SNOW.

HAVING had the honour of introducing the Shirley Poppy and the poetical Edelweiss to the readers of *Chambers's Journal*, and both plants having become so popular and widely cultivated, it is hoped our enterprising readers will give their next attention to one of the loveliest of floral beauties, by way of experiment in floriculture, and select the *Chionodoxa* for that purpose. Its Greek name simply means 'the glory of the snow,' and is very aptly applied to a plant that grows aloof from human habitation, thousands of feet high, amongst the wildernesses of snow that envelop the mountainous ranges of Siberia and other high alpine altitudes. There it displays itself in its native home—its sweetness lost upon the desert air—unless a few ardent botanists cull its blooms for their own special purposes. As a botanical rarity, it has very much the appearance of a *Scilla* or blue squill, and at first sight greatly resembles the more familiar *Scilla Siberica*. Closer examination, however, proves it to be scarcely a squill at all, but a new candidate for fame, with the distinguishing generic title of *Chionodoxa*. The old proverb, 'Far-fetched, dear bought,' does not apply to this new favourite, which has been in cultivation in England several years now, although it has not made the headway we hope it will do when its beautiful flowers become known and its several advantages are made prominent. The Glory of the Snow grows taller than the Siberian squill. It is larger, of a sky-blue, cobalt, or porcelain colour, and is one of our most showy and splendid early-blooming bulbous plants, the petals arranging themselves almost like a blue star, with a white centre, formed by the claws of said petals at their insertion into the calyx. Readers will be glad to know that this exquisite flower is to be grown from the bulbs supplied by nurserymen in the autumn, and they may be treated like any others and with equal success. Take them any time now, and up to November, plant them wherever you choose, and they are sure to prosper. Give them any waste place on rock-work or in the garden, and they will cover it with beauty. Plant them in pots for the conservatory, and they will do equally well, and surprise those who have not already seen them with their simple, modest charms. They may be left undisturbed for years, requiring no thought and no fresh manipulation of soil; and every year, in the winter or early spring, they will unfold themselves and attract attention—the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

This pretty plant completes our tricolour—red, white, and blue, a trio of lovely colours—the bridal Edelweiss, the brilliant rosy Shirley Poppy, and the cerulean Snow-glory. There is this to be said of the last, that it compares favourably with other vegetable blues, and may be used in many ways that will suggest themselves for ornamental work. The flowers may be put under

pressure between sheets of botanical paper, with the best results, not changing colour as much as other blue flowers are known to do. Deft fingers will improvise the most fascinating Christmas novelties from the dried specimens with the aid of a few blank cards; and they may be made to form delightful souvenirs for birthdays, Easter and New-year welcomes, and for sending round the world, wherever love and affection call for remembrance. Designs for brackets and fret-work, for windows, for panel-work and picture-frames, for bazaar ornamentation generally, and much other graceful and artistic elaboration, will be the fruitful result of a heap of these Snow-glory leaves and blossoms; and they will afford innocent and pleasant diversion for the young folk during the irksome winter evenings.

JOHN EMMET, F.L.S.

### THE SWALLOW'S DEPARTURE.

'Yes, friend Blackbird, you say truly, all the summer flowers are dying,

And the harvest sheaves are garnered, and the air grows damp and cold,

And your kin have ceased their love-songs, and the mournful wind is sighing

In the woods through boughs of russet and of scarlet, bronze, and gold.

'But 'tis not because the cushats cry in chorus melancholy

That I'll seek the south and summer, not because the skies are gray,

Not because the wintry berries gleam upon the shining holly,

But because I'll bring good tidings to a soldier far away.

'Oft you've lurked amid the fruit-trees in the dear old-fashioned garden;

So you know the dwelling, Blackbird, that we built, I and my mate,

Near the gnarled, ancient pear-tree, standing like a sturdy warden

O'er the bush of sweet musk roses by the narrow, rustic gate.

'There one eve I heard a soldier tell a maid he loved her dearly;

And she only laughed and answered all his words in mocking tone;

But since he has sailed to India, I've heard her oft and clearly

Say, while tear-drops dimmed her bright eyes, that her heart was all his own.

'So, 'tis not in dread of winter that my leave to-day I'm taking

Of you, Blackbird, till the spring-time brings new robes for wood and dell;

But because in tropic splendours that poor fellow's heart is aching,

And I must fly south to tell him that the maiden loves him well.'

M. ROCK.

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## THE STORY OF AN OLD SONG:

HEY, TUTTI, TAITIE.

In an interleaved copy of Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* there is a note on the fragments of an old song, in the handwriting of Burns, in which the following passage occurs: 'Many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses.' It would be difficult to discover any better illustration of this remark than the air to which the poet wrote the memorable words of 'Scots, wha hae.'

In that bipartite work of art we call a song, the music seems to represent the soul, and the words the body; and when the soul wears the body out, as the sword does the scabbard, and the muddy vesture of decay begins to fall away from the spirit by which it lived, the soul itself, by some hidden power of musical metempsychosis, finds a fresh embodiment, reclothes herself, so to speak, in vernal singing robes, which will serve her for another term of her existence. The air to which 'Scots, wha hae' was written has worn out many sets of such singing garments, for it is one of the very oldest of Scottish songs. It has been known by many names, and in one disguise or another can be traced back at least four hundred years.

The words of its earliest known appearance as a song, 'Hey! Now the Day Dawis,' are not probably the first verses to which the tune was attached. Although the date of the birth of Alexander Montgomerie, the author of the words, is not known, he must have been writing previous to 1568, the date of the Bannatyne Manuscript, as some of his poetry occurs in that collection. But the song by that name was known long before his time. It is mentioned by Gavin Douglas (1512), Bishop of Dunkeld, in the prologue to the thirteenth book of his translation of Virgil, as a favourite song among the vulgar; while his still elder contemporary, Dunbar, alludes to it in one of his poems, in which he laughs at certain minstrels of Edinburgh for having only two tunes—

Your commone menstralis has no tune  
But 'Now the Day Dawis,' and 'Into June.'

Montgomerie's verses, judging from their style, were probably not written before the reign of James VI., at whose court the poet was a retainer and pensioner, and were no doubt a revised version very considerably altered, while retaining the name of the much earlier song alluded to by Douglas and Dunbar, and by whose testimony we are enabled to establish the date of the air at not later than the beginning of the reign of James IV., however earlier it may have been composed. From the fact of its first appearance occurring in a Lute-book, the probability is that in the first place it was composed for that instrument either by a Scotchman who had received his musical education abroad, as was the fashion of the time, or by one of the Italian or French musicians at the court of the music-loving monarch, and among whom the king himself was an accomplished lute-player. Farther back, however, than the Douglas and Dunbar references carry us, all is conjecture; and the tradition alluded to by Burns that it was the air to which Bruce's army marched to the victory of Bannockburn is tradition and nothing more.

How the air acquired its later name of 'Hey, tutti, taitie,' or what that title means, has never been satisfactorily explained. Jamieson gives it as an interjection, meaning 'Pshaw!' but without stating his authority. He quotes a verse of a song in which the words occur, but where the substitution of the word 'Pshaw!' would make the verse absolutely ridiculous. He also conjectures it may mean 'the tuttling of a horn,' which does not help us much. Dr Douglas of Gala-shiels, he informs us, thought the phrase derived from a drinking song with a French refrain, 'Hei, toutes têtes, Ho, toutes têtes;' but, unfortunately, it is quite impossible to fit the Doctor's verse to the tune. It is more probably derived from the Italian musical phraseology, 'tutta' and 'tutto,' or their plurals, 'tutte' and 'tutti'—technical terms, indicating how the tune should be played, frequently seen on music, as well as

with their additions of 'tutta forza' (loud as possible), 'tutti unisoni,' &c. Such phrases—usually written at the top of the page—might easily be mistaken for the title to a piece of music, written for a lute, or an orchestra of such instruments as were used at that time, without any song-name attached to it. The addition of a final 'e' to the word 'tutti' gives it a Scotch character, while we have only to prefix the interjection 'Hey!' to make the metamorphosis from Italian to Scotch complete. Our simple exclamatory 'Hey!' has a very wide scope in Scottish poetry. In many of our songs it is used to heighten the general effect, as naturally as the crack of the finger and thumb in the Reel of Tulloch. Like all true idioms, it takes the colour of its context, hence the variety of its uses. To those unfortunate persons who have been born furth of the realm of Scotland, the effect of

Hey, the bonnie, how, the bonnie,  
Hey, the bonnie briest-knots,

is simply incommunicable. In another direction it exhibits its sly, quizzical, side-glancing quality—

Hey, how, Johnnie my lad,  
Ye're no sae kind's ye should hae been,

addressed to 'a cauldrieff wooer,' which, again, is very different from the rousing effect in the satirical song of

Hey! Johnnie Cope, are ye wauken yet?

And once more, see how it lends itself to the dare-devil abandonment of the old song in Herd's Collection:

Sing Hey! play up the rinawa' bride,  
For she has taen the gee.

Certainly, wherever the 'tutti, taitie' came from, the 'Hey' was not far to seek.

Montgomery's song was long supposed to be lost, until Sibbald, as he tells us himself in his *Chronicles of Scottish Poetry*, was lucky enough to find it in a manuscript collection of poems in the College Library of Edinburgh. The music which Sibbald gives to the old song, although a little less ornate, is fundamentally the same air as that now in use.

A hundred years after Montgomery's time, the tune reappears in a new dress, this time in a Jacobite costume, in the toast-song of 'Here's to the King, Sir,' published in Thomson's *Scottish Airs*, and containing an allusion to the project of Charles XII. of Sweden coming to the help of the House of Stuart, which enables us to fix its date about 1718. So all the sets of words, from first to last, can be sung to the same tune, by whatever name we choose to call it. Montgomery's 'Hey! Now the Day Dawis,' of the end of the sixteenth century; the Jacobite drinking song of the beginning of last century; as well as the 'Scots, wha hae' of Burns, and Lady Nairne's 'Land o' the Leal'—both now about a hundred years old—are all fitted to the same frame, both musically and metrically. The poems in each case are written in the same stanza, that known as the Kyrielle, consisting of four lines,

the first, second, and third rhyming, while the fourth is used as a refrain. Perhaps the best-known and the most beautiful example of the Kyrielle in the language is Dean Milman's hymn, beginning, 'When our heads are bowed with woe.'

There has been some difference of opinion as to the exact date and circumstances under which Burns produced 'Scots, wha hae,' arising out of a discrepancy between a statement made by Burns in a letter to his friend Thomson, and a statement of quite a different kind made by his more intimate friend, John Syme. Mr Syme declares that the poem was composed when they were riding together through a thunder-storm between Kenmare and Gatehouse, in July 1793, and that on the following day Burns gave him a copy of the poem. But the poet, writing to Thomson a full month after, says that he wrote it 'yesternight.' The fact that the two friends did make the journey, as well as the time and place of it, is not disputed; and in believing that Burns was inaccurate, we are only believing in inaccuracies he was continually committing, many of them far more ridiculous than this. In one case he sent his friend Thomson a song which he declared he had just finished—'glowing from the mint' were the words he used—while he had sent the same poem two years before in a letter to Clarinda. There was no intention to misrepresent matters; but Burns was careless and forgetful about such things, and his pockets as well as his brains were kept crammed with song material by his indefatigable provider, Mr Thomson, so that he must have had many poems about him in every stage of development. Lockhart says we have the germ of Burns's ode in the rapture he expressed while standing on the field of Bannockburn, an eloquent note upon which appears in his *Journal* of August 1787, six years before the poem made its appearance. The poet, we must remember, had a reputation for improvising, which he was vain enough to encourage, although he lets us know what care he bestowed on his higher efforts; how, when all his preliminary cogitation and workings of his bosom were over, he retired with his subject 'to the solitary fireside of his study.' Who now would compare any of his admitted impromptus with his finished work? Had the poet lived to superintend a final edition of his works, he would not have suffered them to appear in the same volume with the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' 'Halloween,' or 'Tam o' Shanter.' Poems like 'Scots, wha hae' are not written off the reel; and when Burns sent it to his friend Thomson, he probably did not intend to convey anything more than that he had given the final revision, the last touch to a poem he had been working on for some time, and of which—as we have seen—a prose version had been standing ready for use in his *Journal* for six years. The poet gains nothing from those worshippers of his who, with more zeal than discretion, credit him, in addition to his wonderful gifts, with the power of working miracles.

The tradition that 'Tam o' Shanter' was the unpremeditated outcome of a river-side ramble in the autumn of 1790 is another example of those ridiculous exaggerations, which can be abundantly refuted from the poet's own letters. The story is mainly supported by 'the not

immaculate M'Diarmid,' as Lockhart calls him, who, on purpose to make the performance more wonderful still, says that the poet wrote the verses 'on the top of a sod-dike.' There is a certain latitude allowed in telling a tale, but a certain limitation too. Sir Walter Scott said he never heard a story upon which he could not put what he called 'a cockit hat,' and the ornamentation is quite allowable, especially in the hands of a master. But we must surely draw the line at the ingenuity which, not content with supplying the 'cockit hat,' provides also the story upon which to put it. In a letter to Alexander Cunningham, dated 22d January 1791 (and this furnishes an exact parallel to the 'Scots, wha hae' letter to Thomson), Burns says: 'I have *just finished* a poem, which you will receive enclosed.' The poem was 'Tam o' Shanter,' and the letter scatters to the winds M'Diarmid and the sod-dike tradition. Burns knew well the pains the poem had cost him. In a letter to Mrs Dunlop he says 'that "Tam o' Shanter" shows a *finishing polish* that I despair of ever excelling.' When Ben Jonson said that a good poet is made as well as born, he might have said the same thing of a good poem—that, at all events, was Burns's opinion. Writing to Lady Don, we find him saying: 'Though the rough material of fine writing is undoubtedly the gift of genius, the workmanship is as certainly the united effort of labour, attention, and pains.' In fact, there is no short cut, no royal road between the inception and the completion of any subject upon which art is exercised. That Pallas sprung from the brain of Jupiter ready armed and complete at every point was all very well amongst the gods; but the myth has no counterpart in humanity. Burns's traditional feat on the banks of the Nith was impossible not only for him but for any poet that ever lived. Neither Dante by the Arno nor Shakespeare by the Avon could have gone out for a river-stroll and brought back in his pocket such a piece of finished art as 'Tam o' Shanter'—one of the masterpieces of the world—not less remarkable for its marvellous construction than for its unrivalled imagery. It has the humour of Falstaff and the weird horror of the *Inferno*.

And so 'Scots, wha hae,' like 'Tam o' Shanter,' and indeed all Burns's best work, can easily be distinguished by the careful perfection of their finish from those other efforts of his which he did not think were worth the same labour. Only in his case, as in others, where the highest art comes into play, the products which appear to be the most natural and easy and artless are just those upon which the greatest art has been bestowed. No doubt, then, the story of John Syme is a true one, and that when he rode through the thunder-storm with his singing and gesticulating companion, he heard the first rough murmur of that great hymn which has since become the 'Mar-seillaise' of Scotland. The story at all events has been accepted by one of his best biographers, Lockhart, and by his still more distinguished critic, Carlyle, and there it may be safely allowed to rest.

In the history of a tune we occasionally encounter some curious and unsuspected transformations. The air usually sung to the Hundredth Psalm, and which has been by some erroneously

ascribed to Luther, was a love ditty long before his day. Henry II.'s queen used to sing to him her favourite psalm, 'Rebuke me not in thine indignation,' to a fashionable jig. Our air of 'Tutti, taitie' shows the same curious variety of uses. From a quaint old pastoral it passes into a boisterous drinking song. Then, from a fierce and defiant battle-cry, it seeks rest, as if with wearied wing, in the tender pathos of 'The Land o' the Leal.' Verily, on the world's stage, a tune, like a man, in its time plays many parts.

J. R. S.

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

### CHAPTER XI.—A TRAGEDY OR A COMEDY?

WHAT happened that night in Faussett's rooms Dick never knew. He would have given worlds, indeed, to have been able to remain in college for the evening; but, as ill-luck would have it he had an appointment at eight, which he was obliged to keep, with a tutor in Oriol. 'Twas with a very heavy heart, indeed, that he went to fulfil it. He hoped to be back by nine at latest; but the tutor, having nothing else to do, kept him engaged over his piece of Latin prose till not far from eleven. Oh, how impossible Dick found it to concentrate his mind under those painful circumstances on the oblique oration and the exact use of *ut* with the indicative, while he wondered all the time in his own soul what manner of things might be happening meanwhile at Faussett's rooms in Durham! The tutor had never known his pupil so stupid before; and the more Dick blundered the longer he kept him. Once or twice, to be sure, Dick tried hard to get away by a desperate hint; but the harder he tried, the more determinedly did the tutor resolve to detain him. It was unendurable that a young man should be so anxious to get away—no doubt with the object of going to some silly wine-party—that he couldn't concentrate his mind for a single moment on what his teachers told him!

At last the piece of Latin prose was finished, and Dick felt free to return to Durham. He rushed back, all on fire, and made his way at once towards Faussett's windows. He would listen beneath them and watch if he could hear his father's voice among the hubbub. There was laughing, and talking, and rattling of glasses. As he paused, sick at heart, his own college tutor passed by, and recognised him with a nod. 'Oh, by the way, Plantagenet,' he said carelessly, 'could you come up with me now to my rooms for a minute? I want to have a talk with you about that essay of yours yesterday.'

Dick's heart gave a bound of unspeakable terror; for just at that moment he heard his father's voice, singing, in Faussett's rooms. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he said timidly, and with a terrible effort, for he felt he must do it;

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'wouldn't any other time suit you? I—I was very anxious to go up to Faussett's rooms this evening.'

As he spoke, a peal of laughter resounded from the windows above. 'Jolly good song!—Now, Gillingham! A recitation!' Dick listened with horror. But the tutor looked up and smiled a coldly disapproving smile. 'I don't think you'll miss much,' he said, in a chilly voice, 'by not going up there this evening. Faussett's a noisy fellow. He has too many supper parties. Better come to my rooms now, and leave him to his orgies.'

What could poor Dick do? Very shame prevented him from telling his tutor why he wanted to go up to Faussett's wine-party that night; so, with a sheepish air externally and a burning heart within, he followed his superior up to those panelled rooms which would have excited Clarence's warmest admiration. For many minutes he sat there, by the open window, hearing vague sounds now and again that floated across intermittently from the opposite quad, and totally unable to bring his mind to bear on what his tutor was saying. At last, quite suddenly, the voices ceased: there came a lull in the noise. Dick, straining every nerve to hear, caught strange sounds that appealed to him far more than his tutor's voice. It was his father speaking! Unable to contain himself, he turned his head towards the window and listened attentively. To his surprise and alarm, he could hear Mr Plantagenet raising his voice, not in merriment now, but in indignant anger. What Faussett and his friends might have said or done to rouse the poor pitiful old man, Dick never knew. But fallen as he was, Edmund Plantagenet had in him still in some ways the feelings of a gentleman; and it was clear that something had happened to hurt and wound them. Dick looked out once more. Across the quad, as in a shadow, he could see his father rise in the room with an angry gesture. He rose so straight and erect that for a second Dick felt relieved: all was well in that way: at least he was sober! A few minutes before, to be sure, he had been staggering and unsteady; but whatever had happened to rouse him now had had the effect of immediately sobering him. He was white with anger. Straight as an arrow, he shook his long gray hair fiercely off his forehead, and glared with angry eyes at Trevor Gillingham. Dick felt so much by the mere outline of his figure in dark against the blinding lamplight. What he said, Dick couldn't hear; but the voice in which he said it was one of mingled contempt and bitter indignation. Dick was surprised to see so much fire in his father's eye; to hear so much manly indignation in his father's voice. Mr Plantagenet raised his hand for a moment full in front of the window; then he turned away angrily towards the door behind him. Gillingham, with a frightened air, tried to interpose himself in the way and stop him from departing. But Mr Plantagenet would not be stopped. He walked over to the door, upright, without flinching or staggering, and turned the handle without a second's hesitation. He looked as if he had never had a single glass of sherry. Dick could stand it no longer. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he cried, turning to the

tutor in his dismay. 'I can't stop another minute! I must go! It's imperative! You mustn't try to keep me—I have a sufficient reason. I can't and won't stop one minute longer.'

The tutor had been sitting with his back to the window, and was far too much accustomed to noise in Faussett's rooms to attach any importance to that habitual interruption; but Dick spoke so seriously now that he couldn't pretend not to notice the genuineness of his feeling. He concluded Plantagenet must be ill all the time—which accounted for his dullness—and wondered he hadn't had the sense to say so earlier. 'Oh, certainly,' he answered, rising. 'You can go, if you like. I'm sorry I kept you. Come up again to-morrow and we'll talk this over.'

But as he said it, from Faussett's rooms there came a deadly hush, as all the noisy lads became aware of the gravity of the situation. Gillingham, thoroughly frightened at the turn things were taking, stood forward to stop the old man from leaving. 'I beg your pardon, Mr Plantagenet,' he said with a very red face. 'I'm sorry I've hurt your feelings. I'm sure I didn't mean it. I wanted rather to offer you a delicate compliment by that slight recitation from Barry Neville's works. I—I meant no imputation of any sort upon your present position.'

But Edmund Plantagenet was too wroth for words. Something had happened that stung the old man back into self-respect at once—a stray flash of self-respect that revealed to him, as it were, all his habitual degradation. He motioned aside the Born Poet with a stately wave of the hand. Then, with a profound bow, that had nothing of the dancing-master in it, but a great deal of the angry courtesy of fifty years since, he shut the door sternly in the young man's face, and turned to descend the winding stone staircase.

For a moment there was silent dismay in the room as Mr Plantagenet's footsteps died away through the quadrangle. Then Faussett spoke. 'I'm afraid we've done it now,' he said with a scared white face, turning round to the awed and speechless company. 'He seems very much roused. I hope he won't go and do himself any mischief.'

'I fancy not,' Trevor Gillingham answered, trying to seem unconcerned, for he had been in some ways the chief offender. 'By George, I wouldn't have believed the old man had so much dignity left in him. It was almost worth while doing it to see how he bridled up and became a man in a moment. There was a touch of King Lear in the grand way he blustered. I liked to see him do it; though it's only a dying flicker of what was once a gentleman. He could write well once, and I know by heart several other pieces of his.'

'I don't quite like it,' Faussett interposed. 'You carried the joke a little bit too far, you know, Gillingham; made him feel too acutely the great gulf fixed between his past and his present. I'm almost afraid he may do himself some injury.'

Gillingham shared that fear in his heart—which was an excellent reason for pretending to laugh at it. 'Oh, no danger,' he answered smiling. 'He's a bit excited now; but he's sobered for

the moment; that'll soon pass off again. By the time he's down the stairs, he'll forget all about it, and come up smiling to-morrow morning. He's too far gone for real remorse. This is a temporary outbreak of spleen and self-reproach; it never lives long in a temperament like his. He'll be laughing and talking in an hour, I'll bet you, at some bar in Oxford.

Even as he spoke, the door opened, with a very slight knock, and all unannounced, Richard Plantagenet entered, pale and trembling.

'My father!' he cried, looking round the room anxiously with a restless glance. 'What have you done with my father? I heard his voice just now as I passed outside, and I've come up to look for him.' Then he turned to Gillingham with an accusing face. 'Where is he?' he asked once more, gazing round him in dismay, for a deadly silence reigned, and never in his life before had he heard such a ring in Edmund Plantagenet's voice as he had heard that evening. 'What have you been doing in these rooms to-night with him?'

Gillingham hesitated. Dick's pallor and earnestness produced a deep and instantaneous effect upon him. He was afraid to speak. But Faussett, as the founder of the feast, stood forward manfully. 'Mr Plantagenet has been spending the evening in my rooms as my guest,' he answered as politely and unconcerned as possible. 'But he's just left now; I wonder you didn't meet him; I fancy he's gone home direct to his own lodgings.'

Dick drew back in horror, and glanced from one to another of the abashed conspirators in silent misery. They quailed before his eye, but none of them said anything. Dick didn't delay a moment. He knew from the sound of his father's voice something very unwonted and terrible had happened. Though he hadn't caught a single word of what was said in the room, he had seen the faces and heard the tones, and never before in his life had he known those lips speak out with such pathetic and offended dignity. He trembled for the result of so strange an adventure.

There was no time to be lost, however. The situation was critical. With a burning heart he rushed back to the porter's lodge. The big gate was shut and locked. He beat his fist against it helplessly. 'For Heaven's sake,' he cried with wild fervour, 'let me out, I implore you! Let me out, let me out, or I can't answer for the consequences!'

'Very sorry, sir,' the porter answered with official calmness, rattling the keys in his hand, 'but I can't possibly do it. The clock's gone eleven. Can't allow any gentleman out now without leave from the Dean, sir.'

'Then Heaven save him!' Dick cried, wringing his hands in terror; 'for if he goes out alone like that in such a state of mind, Heaven only knows what on earth may become of him!'

The porter was a man of the world, accustomed to the ways of the Oxford undergraduate, and he entered at once into the nature of the situation. 'Beg pardon, sir,' he answered cheerfully, touching his hat as he spoke. 'If you mean the elderly gentleman with the gray hair, from Mr Faussett's rooms, as has just gone out, he won't come to no harm. He seemed to me to walk

quite cool and collected-like. If you'll excuse my saying it, sir, he was perfectly sober.'

But Dick turned and rushed wildly in an agony of suspense to his own rooms in the Back Quad. There he spent a sleepless night in unspeakable misery. He would have given anything on earth if only he had dared to ask for leave to go out of college. But how ask for it even, without seeming to reflect on his own father's character?

(To be continued.)

## TULLE AND ITS GOVERNMENT FACTORIES OF ARMS.

ACCORDING to an Italian folk-tale, a fairy god-mother asked a woman to whose child she had stood sponsor whether she should endow the boy with wealth or honours or promise him a beautiful wife. 'Give him Impudence,' answered the mother, 'and everything else will come into his hands—wealth, honours, and a beautiful woman.' The *Sieur Martial Fénis de Lacombe*, *Procureur du Roy*, and President of Tulle in the seventeenth century, was certainly richly endowed with that most precious gift of impudence. He drove the inhabitants almost into riot by his exactions, but cowed them by his unblushing effrontery. He made his own fortune; but it must be allowed that he conferred on his native city a benefit that is bearing fruit to the present day.

Tulle in the middle ages had been noted for its arquebuse-makers; the place was well calculated by nature for the manufacturing of arms. It had iron mines in the mountains of Lower Limousin, vast forests of oak to supply charcoal, splendid nut-trees of which to fashion stocks, quarries of whetstone, and masses of clay for castings. The *Sieur Fénis* had his armourer's shop and factory in 1698; then he married an heiress, the daughter of a paper-maker at Souillac, close to Tulle, and for a while he made paper as well as arms. But the *Sieur* had a soul that was not content with such a limited sphere of business, and as *Procureur du Roy* he thought he saw his way to doing something on a very large scale indeed. By some means—it is not certain how—he obtained Government orders for firearms for the fleet, and very speedily he obtained the monopoly of supplying the fleet with arms. The methods of manufacture hitherto adopted by the armourers of Tulle were not perfect, and the *Sieur* induced skilled workmen to come to him from Liège, so as to introduce all the improvements known to the Liégeois armourers. The *Sieur* now undertook voyages to all the Government colonies and stations. He was several times in the Mediterranean; he crossed the Atlantic to Canada, and contrived to supply the forts under the French everywhere with his weapons manufactured at Tulle.

The paper-mill at Souillac was now transformed. The water-wheel was retained; and the ponds of the little river *Céronne* were employed in the polishing of gun-barrels instead of the

conversion of rags into pulp. The business of the *Sieur Fénis de Lacombe* was now in full swing. He assumed for his factory the title of the 'Royal Manufactory of Arms,' without any patent to authorise him so to do, and he made his will felt in Tulle in a manner most insufferable to the inhabitants. Pretending that he was armed with royal authority to press men and beasts, and quarter workmen where he would, he seized on the horses and mules of the carriers and laded them with firearms, which he despatched to the arsenals. If he paid an indemnity, it was such a sum as he himself chose to fix. His men waylaid travellers, cut the girths and cords that bound their packages on the beasts of burden, left the travellers distracted with their goods on the high-road, and drove away their beasts to be laden with his stores. If they protested—'De part le Roy' was his answer. He cut down trees for gun-stocks and oak for charcoal where he would, in the parks of the gentry and the forests of the communes, and no redress was to be had. He acted 'de part le Roy.' He quartered his foreign workmen in the houses of the citizens without leave, and fixed the price at which they were to be entertained. No one had the courage to ask to see his patent authorising him to use such high-handed powers, and no one doubted that the title of 'Manufacture Royale d'Armes' given to his shops was justified.

Unable always to supply orders as rapidly as was required, he entered—so it is asserted—into secret negotiation with the Superintendent of the genuine Royal factory at Saint-Etienne, got a number of weapons there made at Government cost transferred to himself, put his own mark on them, and sold them to the Government as his own manufacture.

It is not at all surprising that by this means the *Sieur de Lacombe* realised a large fortune, and was able to buy up large encumbered estates in the neighbourhood of Tulle; and that his son, *Jean Martial de Fénis*, was able to contract a marriage with a lady of the old and proud noblesse of Normandy, *Charlotte de Charmois*, and to tack on to his name the title of *de Victour* from a seigneurial estate his father had bought.

*Martial de Fénis de Lacombe* died in 1729, and his factories passed to his widow and his brother *Gabriel*, provost of the Cathedral, till his son came of age to carry them on himself. *Jean* took to the making of cannon in 1770, and secured for his factory the royal patent; and a royal inspector, the *Baron d'Escordal*, was appointed to control the output. But the *Fénis* family were by no means the sole makers of arms in Tulle; a large clan of the name of *Pauphille* made guns for the chase at Tulle of two sizes—single-barrelled, which went in commerce by the name of 'grand Tulle' and 'petit Tulle.' These were largely exported to Canada, where many an old French Canadian family

still possesses them as relics of their forefathers.

To return to the factory that was now royal. With the Revolution it passed through a period of great fluctuation of prosperity. A law of 1792 placed all factories of arms under a Commission: in 1804 they were put into the hands of the Minister of War. In 1793 the *Comité de Salut Public* was empowered to cut trees in the woods of the emigrant landowners, to turn what buildings were desirable into arsenals, and to convert every father of a family into an armourer. The number of workmen rose in the factory at Tulle from two hundred and thirty-seven to six hundred and sixty-nine, and of these fourteen were women. In 1791-92 the factory at Souillac turned out 14,127 guns, on an average five hundred per month. At present, the factories have been reconstructed and greatly extended. There are two, one at Souillac, and another at Lagnenne, two suburbs of Tulle; and there are workshops in the town for the making of stocks, &c. The number of workmen now engaged varies from 1500 to 3000. At Souillac the rifling and polishing of the guns take place. The buildings occupy the entire bed of the valley between mountains clothed in forest of pine, oak coppice, and chestnuts. The modest factory of the *Sieur* remains, or a portion of it, incorporated in the modern buildings.

Tulle itself is a singular old town; it lies in a tortuous glen, clustered about some rocks and hills, that start out of the valley bottom beside the river *Corrèze*. The highest of these hills, one fortified by nature, was the stronghold of the ancient Gaulish inhabitants. It is now the cemetery; but to the east may still be traced some of the ancient ramparts that have not been enclosed for the graveyard.

The Cathedral is of fine-grained granite, of the twelfth century, begun in bold style, carried up to a gallery below the clerestory, and then finished off in a feeble and inexpressive fashion. The church has a tower and spire at the west end, all of granite, and not remarkably good. The transepts and choir were pulled down at the Revolution, as they projected towards the river, and made the way contracted and inconvenient. A second church is that of *St John the Baptist*, of the thirteenth century, very badly treated externally. A curious twelfth-century octagonal church lies to the north of the town, and seems to have been originally a baptistery. Later, it became the church of the Carmelites. The days of costume for men and women are over; the old Limousin head-dress is no longer seen; but there is something picturesque in the long dark flowing cloaks of the women, with their hoods, very much resembling those worn by the Flemish women of *Bruges* and *Antwerp*.

What would have become of Tulle but for the *Sieur de Lacombe*? Without the national manufactories of arms, it would have nothing on which to live. Dead and sleepy and behind the rest of the world it is now. It would surely have dwindled to nothingness but for his high-handed conduct, his impudence, his energy, and assurance. And so it has come about that out of considerable wrong done in one quarter of a century, great good has sprung during two; and that Tulle will remain the great national factory of arms for



France for some time to come is certain, for no place is more central, less accessible to an invader, and more naturally protected against invasion by its granite mountain walls.

# BABY JOHN.\*

## CHAPTER VII.—RETURN.

Come,  
I'll fill your grave up; stir;  
Nay, come away;  
Bequeath to death your numbness,  
For from death  
Dear life redeems you.

SHAKESPEARE.

A FORTNIGHT later John Craddock got out of the train at Beston. He had come direct there on landing at Liverpool, without going to Felsby or communicating with any one there. If Lucy had been living, he would have done this, and there was a kind of dreary satisfaction in going direct to Lucy dead. He had the little box with the earrings in his breast pocket. He wondered so often if she would have liked them, or if they would have shared the fate of the other trinkets he had given her. He would have liked to slip them into her dead hand, for no one else should wear them, but he would be too late even for this, for the funeral would have been a week ago and more in the little churchyard at Beston. He remembered passing it that night when he looked through the window at Lucy and Baby John, the little rough church with a stumpy tower, and under its shadow a few clustered graves, some with rude headstones, but most with merely green mounds. He would rather think of her lying there than in the crowded cemetery outside Felsby, and he tried to picture the funeral where George Mills and Alice Reynolds would have been the only mourners, for his mother was too rheumatic to manage the journey; and he remembered sadly that she had never taken to Lucy, and that he had not gone the right way to work to make her do so. Perhaps Alice might have carried Baby John to his mother's funeral; he fancied she would have done so, she was so fond of Lucy, a very true friend, faithful to her through that separation he had insisted on, when she might well have thought that it was Lucy's own doing. He determined that Alice should never want a friend or a home; and if she would, as he had little doubt, consent to take care of Baby John, she should have it all as she liked best, for Lucy's sake.

It was a beautiful, bright September day as he travelled across England towards Beston; as bright as that day four months ago when he left the little place with that new, warm feeling for his wife and child that had grown and brought forth such bright flowers of hope and anticipation. The trees, which were then putting on their tender young foliage, were now showing signs of autumn's touch, golden and crimson and russet; and the cornfields, which had been displaying that rare vivid green in May, were bare stubble or ploughed land; and under the hedgerows and trees lay heaps of dead leaves.

John Craddock, as he gazed dully on the landscape from the railway carriage, felt as if those

dead leaves, those bare furrows, were like his life with its withered hopes, and the approaching winter of lonely old age.

It was evening when he reached Beston; but though it was lighted with not very brilliant oil-lamps instead of the lovely May sunshine, the little station brought back vividly his parting with his wife. Oh, if only he had known that it was the last time he should see her! Why did he not let the train go, and stop with her, turn back to the little lodgings, and take Baby John in his arms, and begin the new life from that day? What did the most important business in the world signify, compared with a life's happiness? Perhaps if he had been there he might have prevented the illness that had stricken her down in her health and strength. He felt as if, had he been there, nothing could have harmed her, that his love could have protected her from the arrow that flieth by night, or the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday.

'Where to, sir?' the porter asked, as he took John Craddock's portmanteau, the only luggage taken out of the train, Mr Craddock being the only passenger. 'The bus don't meet the trains, now the season's done and all the holiday folks left. But if you're going to the *Seaview* I'll just carry it round.'

Mr Craddock had not thought where he would go, having an indistinct feeling that he was going to that fire-lighted room where Lucy sat, and which meant home to him; but he let the porter take the portmanteau to the *Seaview*, and followed slowly the man's brisk footsteps. There was no gas in Beston; but it was not dark, for a great white moon was riding through the clouds, and drawing a broad silver line on the quiet sea, which sighed softly and sadly on the beach, drawing back with a hush lest it should wake the sleepers.

The church stands a little higher than the rest of the place, so that, from the churchyard, you see, over the terrace of houses in front, a wide stretch of sea. Mr Craddock took this way, though it was by no means the shortest to the *Seaview*, and the porter carrying the portmanteau glanced round over his shoulder, thinking he had mistaken his way, being a stranger to the place.

How quiet it was! The whole place might have been dead as well as Lucy for all the sound there was; only the 'Hush, hush' of the sea, which seemed to intensify the stillness. He found his way to the new-made grave; it was not turfed yet, but he could see in the clear moonlight that there were flowers on it, and he imagined how Alice brought Baby John there every day.

It seemed almost more impossible to believe that Lucy was dead, now that he was standing by her grave, than it had been when the telegram first came, or during the voyage home. The loss seemed more terrible, more unbearable, more unbelievable; his whole soul rose up in passionate, despairing protest as he stretched out his empty, yearning arms over his young wife's grave, crying to the God above that great, quiet vault of indigo sky, beyond that great dark stretch of sea with the long silver line of moonlight on it, 'Oh, give her back to me!' A passionate, self-willed, undisciplined prayer, without the resignation and submission to the Divine will that all

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prayers should have; and yet, it may be, such prayers find their way to the throne of grace, and their unworthiness is forgiven for the sake of their heart-broken reality. But the great white moon above looked quietly down on his grief, and the waves on the beach only answered with their gentle 'Hush, hush.'

When John Craddock left the churchyard, he turned his steps almost involuntarily to Mrs Tripp's cottage. He did not mean to go in and see Alice and the baby to-night; to-morrow would be soon enough to hear all particulars and make any arrangements for the future; but he thought he would just walk past the house and recall once more the scene he had looked at four months ago. The moon was hidden behind a bank of clouds, and as he turned the corner he saw that now, as on that evening, light was streaming from the little window on to the small garden, where marigolds and asters had taken the place of wall-flower.

It gave him a pang, half pleasure, half pain, that this should be so, and as he came up to the house and laid his hand on the palings, he shut his eyes and conjured up every detail of that scene—the firelight shining on the white cloth, and the tea-things on the table pushed back out of the way; the pictures on the wall, the big shells on the mantel-piece, the baby's cradle by the fireside, and Lucy sitting in the low chair with the baby on her lap and Alice kneeling in front. How vividly he remembered it all! It cost him an effort to open his eyes to look on the changed reality.

And then his heart seemed to stop beating, and he clutched at the railings for support. Could vivid memory produce such strange hallucinations? Were his eyes playing him false? Was his head going wrong? For it seemed to him that he saw Lucy there sitting before the fire with Baby John on her lap—Lucy, who had been dead a fortnight, whose grave he had seen not ten minutes ago in the moonlight!

He tried to collect his thoughts, to pull himself together, to shake off this curious impression; he stamped his foot on the ground, he clenched his hands, he rubbed his eyes. And then he looked again through the little window, and again he seemed to see his wife with the child in her arms.

The child was sleeping, and she was leaning forward and looking into the fire with sad, wistful eyes, and thoughtfully turning the thick wedding-ring on her finger. As he watched her in stunned, incredulous silence, she got up and laid the sleeping child in the cradle; and the movement seemed to break the spell that kept him, and the next minute he was in the room, with Lucy in his arms, and warm, living arms round his neck.

'Dear heart! how he cried,' Lucy used to tell Baby John—for, now Alice was gone, there was no one to whom she could talk of her husband, though nowadays she could always talk to him. 'I'd never have dreamed that he'd have cared so much, and I'd never seen a man cry before, and it did make me feel funny, and yet I was that glad, Baby John, that I couldn't help crying too; so there were a pair of sillies of us. It was a good thing, Baby John, that you was asleep, or you'd never have honoured your father or mother

again in your life, and I'd thought I'd cried all my tears away for Alice. And he'd brought a workbox for her, such a beauty! she would have been that pleased! I can't help hoping as she knows about it with the sandal-wood as smells lovely, and the red silk inside. And she'd think such a lot of its coming from him. And them earrings too! they'd have been just the very ones she'd have chosen, if she and me had been standing outside Percy's window and choosing out which we'd have when our ships came in. Leastways, she'd have chosen them for me, for she always chose the prettiest as she'd like me to have, and then the next prettiest for herself; it was always that way, bless her! And so, Baby John, that's why I've got 'em on now, though I know as they don't go with crape, to please her—and to please him.'

It was Alice who was taken. She had been failing all through that bright summer, though Lucy, with all the blindness of love, could not see it. But at last the weakness and shortness of breath grew so painfully apparent, that a doctor was called in.

'Don't tell her,' Alice panted, reading her sentence on his kind, grave face. 'Don't tell her; maybe I'll live till her husband comes home. It won't be long now.'

Perhaps this was the least kind thing that Alice ever did in her life, for in her wish to spare Lucy the anxiety and dread, she prepared a crushing blow for her, that, when it fell, seemed to overwhelm her with its suddenness.

'I'm sure she's better,' she used to say.—'Don't you feel a bit stronger, Alice? You're not near so tired to-night.—She really seemed to relish that bit of chicken for her dinner.'

'It's only faintness!' she kept declaring to the very end, when the life was ebbing so gently away. 'She's asleep,' she whispered, with great, wide eyes of mixed entreaty and defiance at Mrs Tripp, as they laid the wasted form back on the pillows, with that look of ineffable peace on the face which there is no mistaking.

When she realised what had happened, she was prostrated; so entirely so, that kind, old Mrs Tripp took matters into her own hands and telegraphed to Felsby: 'The poor young lady died this morning. Come at once.' And George Mills, who knew nothing of Alice or of her illness, and only knew that Lucy was staying at Beston for her health, concluded that it was she who had died, and, before starting for Beston, sent the telegram to Mr Craddock. Of course, directly he reached Beston, he discovered the terrible mistake he had made, and did not lose a minute in despatching another telegram, which reached the hotel before Mr Craddock was out of sight of land, and this was followed by a letter containing all particulars; for, as I have said, his return to England was not expected for another two months.

But John Craddock thought that that fortnight's suffering was more than repaid by the clasp of his wife's living, yes, and loving arms round his neck. For Alice he always cherished a grateful and tender memory. 'She gave you back to me, my darling,' he used to say, 'three times. First when she came that evening when you lay dying. Yes, the doctor had just been breaking to me that I must be prepared for the

worst, but you came back for her. And then, do you know, I think she and Baby John together made you like me, gave me back a little of my wife's love, which seemed gone, even if I had ever had it. And third—I know it's my fancy, but I cannot get it out of my head, that you really died that day, only Alice took your place, and gave you back to me.'

'She'd have done it and welcome, Alice would,' Lucy always answered.

THE END.

### ST MICHAEL'S DAY AND BIRD.

THE festival of St Michael and all the Holy Angels is one of those days which both the Eastern and the Western branches of the Christian Church agree to observe as one of high holiday. Why the Archangel Michael should be selected thus to head the celestial hierarchy is obscure, for his theological attributes are not clearly defined; but it appears that the term 'saint' was first applied to him in the reign of Constantine the Great, who built a magnificent church at a short distance from Constantinople, and dedicated it to St Michael.

In the Roman calendar the rigid observance of the festival was first decreed, in the year 606, by Pope Boniface III., although the day appears to have been kept quite a century and a half earlier. In his exposition of the Book of Common Prayer, Wheatley says, referring to the subject: 'The feast of St Michael and all Angels is observed that men may know what benefits are derived from the ministry of angels.'

Michaelmas Day is known to most of us as one of the quarter days upon which rent is due, if not actually paid; and it has also been set apart from very early times, both in England and in other countries, as the day for the annual election of many civil and municipal officers; and the reason commonly given is that 'every man has his guardian angel, who attends him from the cradle to the grave, from the moment of his coming to the moment of his going out of life.'

The ecclesiastical origin of the day troubles the average Briton but little. If he observe the festival at all, it is rather as a matter of practice than of principle; and the custom which he regularly follows, with all a Briton's pertinacity, is that of eating his Michaelmas goose. Sundry and divers reasons have been assigned for the custom. The true one is probably the somewhat unromantic fact that the goose is in her prime at this season. She has gleaned amongst the harvest stubble for several weeks, and is fat and tender. There is a well-known tradition that Queen Elizabeth received the glad news of the defeat and destruction of the Invincible Armada while dining upon goose on the 29th of September 1588, and that, to commemorate the victory, Her Majesty was pleased to direct that, ever afterwards, a roasted goose should be served at her

table upon the anniversary of the day. The tale may be true; but history is made up of doubts, and, as the Armada was defeated in the last days of July and the beginning of August, it does seem strange—while making every allowance for defective postal communication, and for the difference between the old style and the new—that Good Queen Bess should have remained in ignorance of her great deliverance for so long a period. Unfortunately, too, for the legend, our feudal records contain references to the custom at a period long anterior to that of the Tudor sovereigns. Blount, in his *Ancient Tenures of Lands, and Customs of Manors*, gives one such instance. 'Among other services,' he says, 'John de la Hay was bound to render to William Barnaby, Lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, for a parcel of the demesne land, one goose fit for the lord's dinner on the feast of St Michael the Archangel, and this was as early as the tenth year of King Edward IV.'

Certain animals have characters ascribed to them, whether for good or for evil, which they very little deserve, and foremost among these unfortunate creatures stands the goose. Gross stupidity and overweening vanity are the qualities with which this much-decried biped is commonly credited. It is not a little remarkable, however, that the reputation of being the fool of the animal family has only been attached to the goose in comparatively modern times. Among the ancients, the goose was celebrated and even worshipped for her beauties and many prominent virtues. We have all read how the vigilant watch of the cackling sentinels once saved old Rome, and of the divine honours paid to the birds by the grateful citizens. Pliny praises the goose for her modesty, which, he states, is her most conspicuous characteristic; and, he remarks, 'one might almost be tempted to think that these creatures have an appreciation of wisdom, for it is said that one of them was the constant companion of the peripatetic philosopher Lycades, and would never leave him, either in public or when at the bath, by night or by day.' When this sagacious bird paid the debt of nature, her sorrowing master conferred upon her the highest honours in his power; her funeral was splendid and costly. Scaliger declares that the goose is the very emblem of carefulness. She physics herself as soon as she feels unwell, and never passes under an arch without bowing her head, thus preventing the possibility of an accident. Another writer, who evidently had no love for geese, thus expresses himself: 'She hath a great opinion of her own stature, especially if she be in the company of the rest of her neighbours and fellow-gossippes, the ducks and hennes, at a harvest feast; for then if she enter into the Hall there, as high and wide as the Doore is, she will stoop, for fear of breaking her head.' He continues: 'At a Wake, when they assemble themselves together at a town-greene, then they sing their Ballets, and lay out such throats as the country fiddlers cannot be heard.'

As an instance of the sagacity of the goose, one legend relates, that when a flock crosses Mount Taurus, where eagles abound, each individual



carries a stone in its beak, and so prevents its tongue from making its presence known to the enemy by any involuntary hissing, or thoughtless cackle to a fellow-traveller.

In former times, no higher compliment could be paid to a man than to compare him with this model bird. We read that St Quintin was so remarkable for his chastity, vigilance, and sobriety, that the Bishop of Vienne stated in his eulogy that the departed holy man was very similar to a goose.

It was long a belief that the physical, mental, and moral qualities of mankind were intimately connected with his food, and savage nations often eat the flesh and drink the blood of their slain enemies and of the fiercer beasts of prey, in order to obtain their strength and courage. The flesh of doves, hares, and deer was thought to cause gentleness, timidity, and equanimity of mind; while the Egyptians ate goose-flesh to stimulate the activity of their brains. An English poet writes, in reference to the goose:

Her brains, with salt and pepper if you blend  
And eat, they will the understanding mend,  
Her lungs and liver, into powder dried,  
And, fasting, in an ass's milk applied,  
Is an experienced cordial for the spleen.

A medieval physician prescribed, as a remedy for convulsions, a compound of goose-grease, spice, and roasted cat, the latter animal being associated with the former probably on account of its proverbial air of composure and its placid demeanour.

In some parts of England, geese are still kept with the cattle, the association being considered most beneficial to the mothers of the herd. In other parts they are supposed to cure hydrophobia, and to protect packs of hounds against the spread of rabies. We thus see that the bird was formerly esteemed rather for its moral virtues and medicinal properties than for its real gastronomic excellences.

The goose is perhaps the only animal in whom disease is deliberately induced to increase its value as an edible commodity. The well-known *pâté de foie gras* of Strasburg is made from goose livers in a state of morbid development, caused by excessive over-feeding, and a forced and inactive exposure to artificial heat.

In France, the goose is eaten upon St Martin's Day, and a curious legend is related to account for the custom. Martin was a native of Hungary, and after a series of marvellous adventures, finally settled down as a hermit, and resided in a cave near Tours, of which place he became bishop. In addition to the raging of the heathen, he was greatly persecuted by a number of evil-minded geese, who annoyed him in every possible way; and at last an irreverent gander actually preached in opposition to the saint, who was vexed, as he said, to an extent to which a saint ought not to be vexed. Disgusted beyond all endurance, he retreated to his cave. To his consternation, he found that during his absence it had been occupied by a goose, who was now making energetic arrangements for rearing a young family. This was too much. The enraged celibate made a hearty dinner of the sacrilegious bird, and being accustomed to hermit's fare only, speedily died from indigestion.

On each succeeding anniversary of the day, the

Frenchman dines on roast goose. He thus marks his disapproval of the perfidious conduct of the animal, and keeps green the memory of the saint.

### THE BLACK-LETTER BROADSHEET.

I HAVE always had a great horror of circumstantial evidence. Now and then it has fallen to my lot to serve on juries at assizes or petty sessions, and on these occasions I have sometimes had to deal with cases where the evidence against the accused persons was built up bit by bit until it seemed conclusive. My fellow-jurors usually made up their minds as readily in such cases as in those where testimony was direct; but they never succeeded in persuading me to agree to a verdict. I daresay I was often laughed at and ridiculed, but that mattered nothing. I had a very good reason for refusing to convict on circumstantial evidence only, and it was on that account that I steadily refused to assume the guilt of a man who seemed to be guilty, but who might nevertheless be innocent of the charge laid against him.

I have all my life been a student, devoted to books and to literary research, and when I was quite a young man my special form of pleasure was the unearthing of anything in the shape of black-letter folios, pamphlets, or tracts. In my own modest way I had quite a decent collection of this sort of literature by the time I came of age, and every separate volume or tract in it had been collected by myself. I had unearthed my treasures from all sorts of places: some from between the pages of dirty and dog-eared volumes picked up on old bookstalls; some from old houses in the country; others from sales at which neither bookseller nor antiquary was present to dispute the prize with me. I was very proud of my little collection, and would not have sold it for its weight in gold. My one aim in life at that time, in fact, was to add to it, and I was always on the outlook for any rare volume that promised to enrich my stores.

In the summer of the year 1861 I was staying at a little village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, whither I had gone for the sake of fresh air, solitude, and such other delights as the country can give. I had my black-letter collection with me in my lodgings, together with a small library of my favourite authors, and in this congenial company I was never at a loss for occupation and amusement. I suppose the villagers soon heard of my bookish pursuits, for they bestowed upon me the name of 't' owd-book man,' and looked at me with considerable wonder. They themselves had old books in their farm-houses and cottages, and let me overhaul them gladly; but though many of them were curious and rare, I found nothing in my own special line.

One evening, however, as I was sitting in my lodgings reading John Lilly's *Euphuus* for the fiftieth time, my landlady ushered in a young man whom I knew as John Burton, a stout farm-labourer. He stood inside the door twirling his cap and staring at the books around him.

'Good-evening, John,' said I. 'What can I do for you?'

'You're varry fond o' owd books, aren't you, mestur?' said John in reply.

'Certainly I am,' I replied, wondering what he meant. 'Yes, very fond indeed.'

'I thowt,' said John, 'at you'd happen hev no objection to buy two or three owd books 'at I hev to sell. You see, mestur, I'm emigratin' to America, and it's no use me carrying owd books wi' me, so I want to sell 'em if they're worth owt. I hev heerd 'at owd books is sometimes worth money.'

'Quite so, John. Well, I'm afraid you won't have anything that will suit me; but I'll look at them and tell you what to do with them.'

'Thank'ee, sir,' said John. 'They're varry owd, is some on 'em. They were my grand-feyther's at first. Then I'll fetch 'em for you to look at, sir?'

'Yes, fetch them, John, by all means. I'll do my best for you.'

He came back in twenty minutes, bringing an armful of books, which I spread out on the table and began to examine. There was nothing amongst them that seemed likely to be of use to me. An old work on farriery, another on agriculture, a quaintly illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress*, a collection of tracts bound together, an old Bible—these were the principal features of John's little library. There was nothing that I cared even to examine except the tracts, which I began to turn over on the chance of finding something curious amongst them.

'I'm afraid your books won't be of much use to me, John,' I began—and suddenly stopped short. In turning the book over I had caught a glimpse of black-letter! My heart gave an extra beat: I tried to assume a careless manner. Book collectors will know what I felt. I turned the leaves carelessly again, and saw that what had caught my eye was a black-letter broadsheet or tract which had evidently been slipped into the book ages before. I laid the volume down. 'However, I'll tell you what I'll do, John,' I continued, as calmly as possible. 'As long as you're going to America and don't want to carry your books with you I'll give you five pounds for the lot. Will that suit you?'

It suited John very well indeed; and he presently retired with five golden sovereigns knotted securely in the corner of his handkerchief.

'Look here, John,' said I, as I showed him out; 'don't tell any of your neighbours that I have been buying books from you. I really don't want to buy any more, and they might come to offer me some.'

'All right, sir,' said John. 'Good-night, sir, and thank'ee.'

When he had fairly retired, I slipped the latch of my door and sat down to examine my purchase. It might be worth something, or it might be worth nothing. I turned over the leaves and taking the broadsheet out laid it on the table. I think that was the most supreme moment of my life. Before me lay what I knew to be a perfect specimen of Caxton's own work—a little tract of four pages, printed by the master's own hands. It was in beautiful preservation, without a crease or a wrinkle, and the dead black of the ink seemed as fresh as if it had just come from the press. What a wonderful piece of good fortune!

Now, I knew a good deal about that particular broadsheet. A copy of it had been sold at Quaritch's only a few months previously which was supposed to be absolutely unique. It had fetched a tremendous price—four hundred and twenty pounds, I think. The purchaser was a famous collector, Dr Clarke, whose special love was for unique copies, over which he had spent a fortune. He had been very jubilant over his acquisition of the famous broadsheet, and I hugged myself with delight at the thought of his discomfiture when I showed my copy to the learned world.

Book-collecting, I think, leads men to the cultivation of very subtle and ingenious diplomacy. It develops cautiousness and control, and makes a man as Machiavellian as an ancient Italian statesman. No sooner had I secured my priceless broadsheet than I began to lay schemes for getting a peep at Dr Clarke's copy. I had never seen it, for I had not known of the sale at which it was disposed of until too late. Dr Clarke lived at Lichfield, and I immediately determined to beard him in his den and beg for an inspection of his Caxton tract. I would examine it narrowly, and then, when he was glorying in his possession of it, I would confound him by producing my own. I rubbed my hands gleefully at the mere thought.

I wrote to Dr Clarke the next day, asking him to allow me to inspect his chief treasure. I reminded him that I had once met him at the house of a mutual friend in London, where we had exchanged views on the questions interesting to both of us. I explained that I had never seen the broadsheet now in his possession, and should be very glad of his permission to examine it. By return of post came a letter from Dr Clarke giving me leave to inspect the treasure, and fixing the following Monday for an interview at his house. It was then Thursday, and I spent the intervening days in a fever of impatience. There was a hope strong in my heart that Dr Clarke's copy might prove to be faulty in some respect, or not so clean as my own. In that case my copy would hold pride of place.

I travelled to Lichfield very early on the Monday morning, and presented myself at Dr Clarke's house to the very minute. Alas! the doctor had been obliged to leave home an hour previously, and would not return until late that night.

'But if you are Mr Simpson, sir,' said the servant, 'my master left a note for you.'

I opened the note eagerly. Dr Clarke regretted that he was called away to see his dying sister. Rather than disappoint me, however, he had given instructions to his daughter to show me the Caxton, and he trusted I should make myself at home in his library during my stay there.

This was quite satisfactory to me, and I was presently ushered into the presence of Miss Clarke, a pretty, clever-looking girl of nineteen or twenty, with whom I was soon chatting at my ease. I found her quite as enthusiastic on the subject of book-collecting as her father. She took me into the doctor's library, a fine noble apartment; and after I had glanced round the shelves, she installed me in her father's chair and unlocked a drawer in his desk.

'Here is the pearl of great price, Mr Simpson.'

she said laughingly. 'You see how jealously we guard it—how carefully it is wrapped and protected. There—now examine it at your leisure. You will excuse me, I am sure. When you have finished your inspection, please replace the packet in this drawer. We lunch at one.'

She went away; and I opened the packet with trembling fingers and carefully laid aside the wrappings until the Caxton was revealed.

I was very much surprised by it. It was an exact counterpart of mine, just as clean, just as unwrinkled. It looked as though it had been preserved for centuries in very careful fashion. There was no doubt that between my copy and it no material difference existed. I began to go over it carefully with a magnifying glass.

While I was engaged on the second page, Miss Clarke again entered the room. After some slight chat about the Caxton, she asked if I had seen her latest purchase. I had not; and she unlocked another drawer and produced it. It was North's Plutarch, a beautiful specimen, which we duly examined and praised. Then she went away again, and I was alone until my examination of the Caxton was finished. I had been carefully through it and could find nothing different in it from my own copy.

I wrapped the treasure up again, and replacing it in the drawer, locked the latter, and took the keys to Miss Clarke in the adjacent drawing-room. I wondered whether or not to tell her of the existence of my own copy. Finally, I decided not to do so. I could not resist the temptation of making the announcement to Dr Clarke in person. I remained to luncheon, and immediately afterwards took my leave and returned to Yorkshire.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day I was sitting in my lodgings re-examining my copy of the Caxton tract when I heard a loud knock at the door. Before I could rise from my desk, the door opened, and two gentlemen, one of whom I recognised as Dr Clarke, strode into the room. I hastily laid some papers over the tract and rose to meet them.

'Mr Simpson,' said the doctor, who was obviously excited, 'what have you done with my tract, sir?'

I stared at him with wide open eyes and mouth. Done with his tract? Whatever did he mean? I glanced from him to the other man, who was cool and unconcerned, and was looking round the room with sharp, but apparently careless eyes.

'Done with your tract, Dr Clarke? I have done nothing with your tract. What should I have done with it?'

The doctor's excitement increased. His face grew red, then purple. 'Don't prevaricate, sir!' he thundered. 'You come to my house—almost a stranger, and examine my tract. When you are gone, I return, and find my tract gone too!'

'Gone! my dear sir!—I locked it up myself.'

'It is gone, sir, gone, I tell you. I went to the drawer this morning, and found it had disappeared.'

'Oh!' I said. 'This is sheer nonsense, Dr Clarke. I tell you I locked it up in the drawer, and returned the key to Miss Clarke.'

'Little fool that she is!' said the irate doctor. 'Why didn't she sit by you and keep her eyes

on it? I tell you, sir, it's gone—and I want to know what you've done with it—Now, then, straight out, where is my tract?'

I stared at him, helpless and amazed. While I struggled to find words in which to answer him, the quiet man stepped forward and lifted the sheet of blotting-paper which I had thrown over my own Caxton. There it lay! Dr Clarke nearly screamed: I felt as if I were going mad.

'This the article?' said the quiet-looking man.

'My tract!' said Dr Clarke, and seized it carefully. 'Oh, what depravity on your part, Mr Simpson! To steal my tract, and then tell lies over the matter.'

I lost my temper at that. 'Confound you, sir!' I cried. 'Mind what you are saying. That tract is mine, sir; mine, I tell you! Put it down this instant. I bought that tract a week ago, and came to see yours, so that I could compare the two. I tell you it's mine.'

The quiet-looking man smiled and shook his head. Dr Clarke grew apoplectic. Then he assumed a dignified air.

'Mr Simpson,' he said, 'if you had made confession and returned the tract willingly, I would have forgiven you. Your conduct, sir, is base in the extreme. Another copy of this priceless work! Sir, you know that my copy is absolutely unique. No, sir; I cannot look over this. You must be punished.—Officer, do your duty.'

It was all in vain that I protested, exclaimed, threatened, and beseeched. Dr Clarke was inexorable. I suppose I had made matters worse by doubting the uniqueness of his tract. He stood by, firm and resolute, while the detective formally arrested me, and warned me that whatever I might say would be used against me.

I was conveyed to the Town Hall at Radford, six miles away, and locked up for the night. What a terrible position to be placed in! How I wished again and again that I had shown my tract to some one before going to see Dr Clarke's. The evidence against me seemed terribly convincing. What could have become of the doctor's own copy? I knew I had locked it up again, and given the key back to the doctor's daughter. If it could not be found, whatever would happen to me? I should be sent to jail like a common thief, and I should lose my black-letter broadsheet into the bargain.

During the evening I sent for the leading solicitor in Radford and retained him for my defence. I made a clean breast to him of everything connected with the case. He listened attentively and closely, but his face grew graver every minute, and he shook his head when I had done.

'I am very sorry indeed, Mr Simpson,' said he, 'to have to tell you that matters look very dark from our side. You say that the man from whom you purchased the books is on his way to America, and that if he were here he could not prove your possession of the tract. You also say that there is a general opinion amongst experts that Dr Clarke's copy was unique. You had not mentioned your copy to any one, not even to Miss Clarke. You see how all this will tell against you.'

'For Heaven's sake!' said I, 'tell me what we must do.'

'I will go and see Dr Clarke at his hotel. You will be brought before the magistrates at



ten o'clock to-morrow. Between now and then I may be able to arrange something."

But he returned in an hour to say that Dr Clarke was as firm as adamant. He scouted the idea of a second copy, and flew into a rage when my solicitor pressed the matter. He seemed to think that I had made a deliberate plot to rob him of his chief treasure, and nothing that my advocate could say would stir his resolve to press the charge against me.

I had no sleep that night, and I daresay I looked haggard enough when I was put into the dock next morning. Rumours of the case had got out, and the court was crowded. I tried to shrink from observation, knowing all the time that every eye was on me. My frightened air no doubt told against me: at any rate it seemed to me that everybody in court looked at me as though I had committed every crime in the calendar.

I pleaded not guilty to the charge, and, on my solicitor's advice, elected to be tried summarily. I wanted to get the matter over, so that I might escape from the staring eyes around me. I stood in the dock and listened to the evidence. How very clear and direct it seemed! I could readily understand how guilty the magistrates must think me. And the worst of it was, I had absolutely no evidence to offer in defence.

Dr Clarke deposed that I wrote to him requesting permission to examine his Caxton tract, which was absolutely unique. I received that permission, and attended at his house on the day agreed upon. He was away that day; but when he returned home next morning his daughter told him of my visit. He went to the drawer where the tract was usually kept, and found it missing. He then came down to the village where I was living, and brought a detective with him. They found the tract—produced—on my desk. He absolutely and without doubt identified the tract so found as his own.

Miss Clarke, who gave me a very sorrowful look as she entered the witness-box, gave evidence as to my visit to her father's house, and my examination of the tract. She received the keys of the desk from me, and understood that I had restored the tract to its place. She did not consider it necessary to look at the tract after I had left, but was with her father when he discovered the loss next morning. The keys meanwhile had not been out of her possession.

The detective proved the finding of the tract on my table, and his evidence concluded the all too strong case against me. I felt a deadly sinking of heart as my solicitor, who had made out nothing in cross-examination, rose to address the court. He put my story before them as clearly and strongly as possible; but he had no witnesses to support his statements, and it was very easy to see that nobody believed him.

The magistrates were not long in coming to a decision, and their chairman addressing me, said that he was deeply grieved to find a person of my position and education occupying so shameful a place. Unfortunately, this was not the first time that collectors of curiosities had been so overcome by covetousness that they had stolen things which belonged to brother-collectors. They would make allowance for temptation, but they could not forget that I had added to my

guilt by gross deceit. All things considered, they must send me to prison for—

But before the chairman could finish, he was interrupted by the entrance of a messenger, who handed a telegram to Dr Clarke. The doctor tore it open and turned first white and then red. "It's found!" he shouted, regardless of legal etiquette. "It's found—and, by George, there are two copies after all!"

The explanation was very simple. I had put away Dr Clarke's tract in the drawer which contained his daughter's Plutarch, and it had never occurred to her to examine it. She had left the keys in it, and I had thought it the drawer from which the tract was originally taken. So I got my liberty and my black-letter broadsheet back again. I was inclined to be very angry with Dr Clarke, for I thought he had acted too hastily; but his daughter was so tenderly compassionate towards me, and so full of remorse for her carelessness, that I forgave him, and was shortly afterwards rewarded for my forbearance by the gift of herself in marriage.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHEN the giant planet Jupiter is examined with even a small telescope it is seen to possess four moons or satellites. These were discovered by Galileo in 1610 and for nearly three centuries the correctness of the observation has remained undisputed. Moreover, four appeared to be the proper number of moons for Jupiter to possess, for it seemed that there was a kind of law by which such satellites doubled in number as their primaries were more remote from the sun. Thus, the Earth has one moon, Mars two, Jupiter has been credited with four, and Saturn with eight; but a fifth moon belonging to Jupiter has now been discovered by Professor Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, California, where, as we all know, there has been erected the most powerful telescope yet made. The new satellite is no brighter than a thirteenth-magnitude star, which will perhaps account for its escaping the scrutiny of previous observers, and it has a period of revolution of a little more than seventeen and a half hours. We need hardly point out that this is one of the most important astronomical discoveries which have been recorded for some time.

It is said that the passage of boats containing naphtha on the Volga has had the effect of poisoning the waters of that river. The quantity of naphtha conveyed in this manner increased from thirty-two million kilograms in 1887 to nearly fifty millions two years later. A great deal of this volatile liquid is transported in badly built wooden barges, with the result that there is a loss by leakage of about three per cent. As a result of this the fish are decreasing rapidly, and in certain places where the boats stop they have become extinct. The naphtha has also had the effect of killing off the insect life upon which the fishes feed, for in flood time the water invades the adjacent meadows and destroys the larvae. It is said that those fish which are not actually killed are quite uneatable through being impregnated with the flavour of naphtha.

A very interesting experiment has lately been

made in the importation from the antipodes of flowers imbedded in ice. It seems that of late years the culture of the chrysanthemum has aroused much interest in New Zealand, where the season for the blooming of these flowers occurs in April instead of in November as at this side of the world. A gardener living at Wellington lately took some of his finest flowers to a meat-freezing establishment, where they were placed in tin canisters, filled with water, and afterwards frozen. These tins were lately opened in London, when the flowers, in perfect condition and preserving both shape and colour, were found imbedded in a cylinder of pure crystal ice. This is, we believe, the first attempt which has ever been made to transport flowers in a frozen state.

There are in all countries many would-be inventors who are frequently deterred from bringing the results of their ingenuity before the public because of the cost of taking out a patent specification. Most inventors know that it is very little good to patent an invention in one country only, because infringement in a foreign land is almost sure to follow; but we venture to think that few persons are aware of the great expense involved in protecting an invention all the world over. This expense has lately been incurred by the patentees of a hypodermic syringe. There are sixty-four countries where an invention can be patented, and the aggregate fees payable for official protection amount to no less than three thousand six hundred pounds.

We have more than once called attention to the fact that lighthouse lanterns form a great attraction to birds of all kinds, who dash themselves against the glass, and are often found dead in great numbers round about the building. The establishment of the electric light at a certain place in Kansas, which is the resort every season for wild geese, has had the effect of attracting a number of those birds to the spot. They fly towards the lamps and are killed in great quantities, so that an early riser may be quite sure, by patrolling the streets before daybreak, that he will provide himself with a good dinner.

According to a correspondent in *Nature*, the Cornish Pilchard fisheries have been infested this year with large numbers of blue sharks. These creatures measure from four to nine feet in length, and render the fortunes of the fishermen very uncertain by driving the shoals of pilchards in different directions. The fishermen also complain that their property suffers great destruction from the unwelcome visitors, whose sharp teeth bite through the nets in their efforts to get at the fish contained therein. One fishing-boat lately caught seven of these sharks, and the master declared that he could have caught a dozen or more had he so wished.

A curious instance of the effect produced upon animal life by the deprivation of light has lately been discovered in the reopening of an old mine in California. In a passage connecting two shafts, the explorers found a number of flies, which were perfectly white except the eyes, which were red. They also found in the same passage a white rattlesnake. The place where these creatures were found was perfectly dark but dry, and well supplied with air. The snake was at once killed, but the flies were taken into open

daylight, and put in a glass case, where they resumed the ordinary colour of house flies in the course of a few days. It is supposed that the flies were the descendants of some which had been imprisoned in the mine thirty years ago, and that the snake had, when young, been washed into its subterranean abode by heavy rain.

A horticultural paper raises the question, whether the ant is a friend or foe to the fruit-grower? It is certain that in this country every effort has been made to destroy the little insect, but it is not so in Southern Germany and Northern Italy, where the ant—the black ant more especially—is held in high esteem, and precautions are taken to promote its increase. It is said that the place in the orchard where apple and pear trees are freest from blight and insect ravages is always in the neighbourhood of an ant-hill.

Among the big things which are to be shown at the big fair at Chicago will be the biggest gun on earth—the latest child of the ordnance factory at Essen. This Krupp gun is to be about eighty-seven feet long; the largest American guns at present made being about half that length. A railway track will have to be constructed to carry it to the exhibition grounds, and a special foundation laid there to bear its enormous weight. It is calculated that if it were fired when placed in that position, the immediate result would be the breaking of every pane of glass in Chicago, while the projectile thrown would travel a distance of from fifteen to eighteen miles.

One of the most recent applications of steel is in the construction of a chimney three hundred and fifty feet in height, in the City of Chicago. For seventy-five feet from the ground the chimney is lined with firebrick, and above this it is lined with hollowed tile. The thickness of the metal varies from five thirty-seconds of an inch at the top to three-eighths of an inch at the bottom, and at intervals of twenty-five feet the lining receives support from angle irons riveted to the steel shell. The outside diameter of this unique chimney is nine feet five inches. If it had been constructed of brick in the ordinary way, its required measurement would have been sixteen feet six inches.

A curious observation was lately made by an American naturalist, Mr J. M. Wright. He noticed one morning a cat sitting on a window sill near a pine tree, upon a branch of which a bird presently alighted. Upon this bird the cat seemed to concentrate its attention, gazing at it with peculiar intensity of expression, while at the same time the fur on its head stood erect; otherwise the cat was perfectly motionless. The bird seemed to be fascinated by the animal's gaze: it trembled, and after a feeble motion of the wings, fell down towards the cat, which immediately pounced upon it. Mr Wright is inclined to regard this as a case of hypnotism, a theory which would also explain the powers of fascination with which snakes have always been credited.

Mr Flinders Petrie, whose Egyptian researches have already led to such valuable results, has after a two-years' study of the subject at Gizeh, come to the conclusion that the Egyptian stone-workers of four thousand years back must have had an intimate acquaintance with what we generally consider to be modern tools and methods

of working. Among the many appliances used by them was the lathe, both solid and tubular drills, and straight and circular saws. The drills, like those of the present day were set with jewels, and were capable of cutting to the depth of a tenth of an inch in the hardest granite at each revolution. It is evident too, from an examination of the stone, that the tools were of such fine quality that they preserved their sharpness for a very long period.

In the President's address to the British Pharmaceutical Conference which met lately at Edinburgh, interesting reference was made to the great Scotch industry which has grown up of recent years in the production of shale oil. The shale—which was formerly regarded as useless, is now converted into paraffin, lubricating and burning oils, and ammonia. There are two and a half millions of capital invested in the trade, the extent of which can be realised from the fact that fifty-five million gallons of crude oil were last year distilled from 2,311,592 tons of shale. This vast industry, curiously enough, led to the establishment of another totally different branch of commerce; for in devising refrigerating machinery for condensing the volatile products of the shale, Mr Coleman was led to the discovery of the celebrated Bell-Coleman Refrigerator, with which ships are now fitted, and by which the immense trade in frozen meat from abroad has been rendered possible.

It will be remembered that some months ago there was much talk of certain rain-making experiments in Texas, heavy showers having been said to be produced by the explosion of shells projected to high altitudes. In order to settle the question whether there was any truth in the reported successful results of these experiments, the United States Government appointed a rain-making expedition, and devoted nine thousand dollars to its equipment. Mr George Curtis, meteorologist to this expedition, discusses in one of the New York magazines the conclusions at which he arrived. He says that the experiments have utterly failed to demonstrate that explosions can develop a storm or can produce a measurable amount of rain; but he records one fact of scientific interest. In several instances, he reports, when a dense and threatening cloud was overhead, the explosion of the shell was followed, after an interval of twenty or thirty seconds, by a perceptible sprinkling of rain; but this of course was not what the experiments were designed to accomplish. Charlatans have not been slow to take advantage of the rain-making excitement, and artificial-rain companies have sprung up in many places, and have made money by pretending to sell rights for the use of much-vaunted appliances over which they have acquired control.

A balloon of novel design has recently been patented. Its shape is that of a hollow open ring, which is divided internally into a series of gas-tight compartments, so that if one compartment were ruptured or pierced by a bullet—in the case of the balloon being used for military purposes—the other compartments would remain intact and would keep the apparatus floating in the air. Another new feature in this balloon is a removable cover which envelops the ring, thereby causing it to assume the form of a parachute, and

thus to insure slow and steady descent. Should the balloon fall into the sea, it will act as a gigantic life-buoy, which in shape it so much resembles.

The rabbit pest is once more coming to the front as a question of the day in New South Wales. It is now proposed to build a brick wall around certain portions of the colony, so as to enclose the rabbits as in a huge ring-fence. It seems that these animals never burrow to a greater depth than thirty inches from the surface, and the proposed wall is to extend that depth into the ground. When once it is built, a general extermination of the rabbits within the enclosure will at once be carried forward.

Although we hear a great deal of the ravages caused by the rabbits both in New Zealand and Australia, we should not forget, as has been lately pointed out, that there is another side to the question. A very large number of persons owe their means of livelihood entirely to the presence of poor bunny. For instance, a killer gets two cents per head royalty from the Government for destroying the creature; he then sells the skin for about double that sum, and he can also sell the meat to the factory which tins it for export to Europe. The skins are mostly exported to London, and represent an important business. It is now acknowledged that Pasteur's attempt to exterminate the rabbits by inoculation with the virus of chicken cholera was interfered with by those interested. Finding that his efforts lacked support, the French savant stopped his agents from experimenting further.

A new method of giving ships' bottoms a coating of copper has, it is said, been lately tried at New York with success. The method employed is as follows: The vessel is put into dock, and the entire hull is surrounded at the water-line by a bag made of watertight canvas supported by a network of wire; in the bath so formed is placed a quantity of sulphate of copper solution; and metallic copper is deposited from this solution upon the ship's plates by means of the electric current generated by a dynamo-machine.

Opticians, surgical-instrument makers, needle manufacturers, and others who deal with goods of polished steel have often good cause to deplore the loss occasioned by rust. It is well known that the oxygen contained in perfectly dry air is harmless in this respect. If, therefore, we can deprive the air having access to steel of its moisture, the metal will remain bright. This can easily be done when the articles to be treated are kept, as they generally are, in a closed case, by associating with them a substance such as chloride of calcium, which is greedy of moisture. A simple way of doing this has recently been published. The lumps of chloride are put in a glass funnel standing in a small bottle, so that as the calcium attracts moisture from the air, the water generated drops into the bottle. The calcium will remain active for a long period.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* describes a curious effect which was produced on ordinary leaden bullets by firing them through a paper target backed by one thickness of cotton sheeting, the bullets having been picked up in the snow behind the target. These bullets were found to bear upon their faces a distinct impression of the surface of the cotton cloth, in which could be traced every thread of the fabric. The



range was two hundred yards, and the bullets were fired from breech-loading rifles with heavy charges of powder. 'It is possible,' writes the observer of this phenomenon, 'that the tremendous velocity of the bullet made the impact equivalent to the blow upon a stationary and immovable object, or that a small piece of the cloth may have been punched out, and going forward with the bullet, was impressed between the projectile and the snow.'

There is now good reason to hope that owing to the rigorous measures taken we shall in this country escape the threatened epidemic of cholera, but it may be that we shall have a recurrence of the threatened invasion during the spring and early summer of next year. Those who have made a study of epidemic diseases are of opinion that the unwelcome visitor may possibly make a more serious onslaught at that time, and they speak from experience of what has occurred before. There is no doubt that the germs can remain in the soil in a dormant condition for a long period, and are ready to break out when circumstances favourable to their development are brought about. It will therefore be well for heads of families not to abate any of the precautions which they have been taking. Let them remember that the great enemy of cholera is found in cleanliness and moderation in all things.

A curiosity has been submitted to the editor of the *Lancet* in the shape of a living creature which was found inside a tinned pine-apple. This creature is supposed to be the larva of some beetle the species of which has not been accurately ascertained. The fruit is supposed to have been boiled at Singapore before it was tinned; but it is more probable that the cooking operation was not carried on at a temperature high enough to kill the larva; indeed, we may assume that the temperature of boiling water would inevitably spoil the fruit.

A Swedish engineer has invented a new form of lucifer match. This match is described as being like the rolled-up tape measure enclosed in a metal cover which is used by tailors, surveyors, and others. The roll in this case is made of paraffined paper, and at regular intervals upon it are small projections, upon which the igniting chemical composition is placed. One end of this paper projects from the metal case, and on pulling it out quickly, the material upon it rubs against a small steel plate, and a lighted match is the result. When the material is exhausted, a fresh roll of paper can be inserted in the same case. The manufacture of the new article is said to be very much more simple than that of the old wooden match which it is designed to supersede.

It is well known that mosquitoes and many other insects deposit their larvæ in water. In Siam a very simple remedy is adopted to stop their operations. It is common there to collect water in open vessels during the rainy season in sufficient quantity to last until the next year, and the water is commonly kept in unglazed earthen jars of large capacity. To prevent the mosquitoes depositing eggs in the water, a couple of large wrought-iron nails are heated red-hot and dropped into each jar. This simple remedy, which is said to be quite effective, is described in one of the American technical papers by a resident at Bangkok, Siam.

During September some very interesting archaeological finds were made known. Rochester—where there are very early remains found from time to time—has yielded up three Anglo-Saxon graves in a good state of preservation. Besides the skeletons, there were found in the first grave a spear-head of iron and a knife; in the second, a knife; and in the third were stowed away a buckle, some glass beads, a small urn, and a knife. Mr Payne, F.S.A., thinks that, from the care with which the interments have taken place, these graves must have formed part of the necropolis of Anglo-Saxon Rochester.

Professor Gamurrini, writing from Novellara, near Pesaro, believes that he has discovered an ancient Etruscan burying-place of about the year 700 B.C. Eighty skeletons, all representing persons of unusual size, have been exhumed. Their height varies from five feet eleven inches to six feet six inches; the teeth are even now in a good state of preservation, and are white and strong. The bodies had evidently been buried in a crumpled attitude, and lying on their sides. With them were interred the usual accompaniments of lances and bronze ornaments, and in some of the graves were found ornaments of amber.

Near Simferopol, Professor Wesselowski has come upon an ancient Scythian tomb. The tenant was evidently a soldier; by his side were a sword and a coat of arms; at his feet lay an iron knife and two lances. On the head was a cap on which was a gold ornament. In the tomb there were also found some amphoræ and the bones of an ox. Near the head of the skeleton—which lay facing the east—was a leathern quiver, on which was a gold plate richly worked, representing an eagle with outspread wings carrying an animal in its talons. The arrow-heads were of copper.

#### FAIR AS A ROSE.

Wilt thou art like this pale pink rose,  
That in the verdant hedgerow grows?  
Its petals to my lips I press  
As I thy pink cheeks would caress;  
The yellow heart its leaves enfold  
Recalls thy heart of purest gold;  
The dewdrop that upon it lies  
The sparkle of thy tender eyes;  
The briar-sweet from which it springs,  
The perfume that around thee clings,  
And as its sweets allure the bee,  
Thy winsomeness doth capture me.

G. D. L.

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## THE ORIGIN OF THE OPERA.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of *The History of Music*.

THE first Opera ever heard in Europe was the opera of *Daphne*. It was performed in the year 1594, and was considered such an oddity by those who heard it, that there were not wanting people to exclaim loudly against the introduction of such a foreign and 'utterly unnatural drama,' as they were pleased to call it. The absurdity that the performers should sing their lines instead of speaking them, should fence and fight to the accompaniment of music, and even at the point of death should have a chorus standing round them, bemoaning in alto, tenor, and soprano their woe, seemed a little too much for the gravity of many people; and the first opera was the butt of jeers, criticism, and ridicule. It was, in fact, a bold experiment on the part of a few cultivated men to revive in modern Europe the drama of the Greeks. The Count di Vernio was one of the most cultured men of his time, in an age of great refinement, when, it may be added, even ladies could read and write Latin, and many of them understood Greek. He himself, an excellent scholar, and a man of princely hospitality, threw open his house to all the learned men and great artists of Florence. The Count's Palace was a very gallery of antique art. Sculptures belonging to the best days of Greek art lined the walls; rare and costly paintings were to be seen in profusion; and side by side with the marbles of Praxiteles and Polyclethus were to be found ancient manuscripts of untold value, obtained from the refugees of Constantinople, when that capital was sacked by the Turks, treating of the theoretical principles of Greek sculpture, painting, and music. There were weekly gatherings at the Palace of all that was learned and talented in Florence. It was the Count's custom to receive his guests in his hall; and then to take them round his galleries, hearing their criticisms of any new work he might have added recently to his treasures; or, in the case of those who now for the first time looked upon the wonders of the Palazzo Vernio, listening with

delight to the expressions of wonder and admiration which burst involuntarily from their lips. After the tour of the gallery was over, it was the usual practice for some one of the company to recite a poetical composition, while the others gathering round listened with attention, but at the same time with that attitude of mental reservation which a strongly developed faculty of criticism is likely to cause. After the poem was over, there was invariably a critical discussion of its merits.

Little by little it had become plain to these cultured *habitués* of the Palace that the best experiments and emulation of the poetic art of antiquity left something to be desired. There was still a deficiency felt, but not definitely understood, even when the odes of Pindar had been reproduced in Italian syllable for syllable; even when the poems of Sappho had received a complete and plastic transcription in the Tuscan dialect.

At last it was suggested, and suggested rightly, that ancient poetry was always accompanied by music. When Sappho would deliver one of her poems, she was not accustomed to recite her lines as an actor or an elocutionist at present, or as one of the poets who in Count Vernio's house repeated his latest effusion. She took a lyre in her hand, and striking the chords, sang her poetical lines in a sweet and impassioned voice, the effect of which, added to the charm of the poetry, produced that wonderful impression on her hearers which all antiquity testifies to. In the same way Pindar entrusted the delivery of his odes to a chorus of vocalists, who danced while they sang. Here, then, was the secret of the Greek poetical art at once laid bare, and it remained to be seen how far the poets and dilettanti at Count Vernio's gatherings could take advantage of it.

In the first place, the poets acknowledged a great and insuperable difficulty at the outset: none of them could sing. How, then, would it be to depute choruses of vocalists to sing the songs in the manner of Pindar and his chorus? And from this suggestion the way was not very

long to that other proposal, which seemed but the natural sequel to the former—why not attempt the revival of that organised form of chorus and solo which was known as Greek tragedy, and which would be sure to attract public interest by the charming union of not only poetry and music but also of scenic display? Accordingly, one of their number was deputed to prepare a dramatic poem written on a given classical subject in the style of Sophocles, and a musician was commissioned to set it to music.

The tragedy of the Greeks, which was now to undergo the experiment of a revival in Europe, had been the growth of centuries in the classical clime wherein it was a native. The theatre was so arranged that the actors should stand on a high stage, furnished with scenery and all other requisites, while a distinct body of performers, called the chorus, had their place in what we should call the pit, but which the Greeks called the orchestra—a large flat circular enclosure, larger than the arena of any modern circus, and reaching from the verge of the stage to the rim of the lowest tier of benches which surrounded the enclosure. Here the chorus, who supplied both music and action to the development of the drama, had their traditional place.

The flimsy contrivances of gauze and canvas which do duty for scenes in a modern theatre were very far from satisfying the artistic nature of the Greeks. If the exterior of a house was to be represented, the façade would be built up with huge blocks of wood, painted to resemble stone. If an interior were portrayed, solid walls and massive furniture would be seen on the stage. For open-air scenes, the scenic artists endeavoured as far as possible to bring in the resources of nature to their aid; and as there was a park at the back of most theatres, the eyes of the spectators were regaled with real trees, real emerald turf, and sometimes real waterfalls plashing down a rock. The theatre itself had no roof; the performances took place in broad day, with the sun shining overhead, and the blue sky beaming down on the spectators.

The tragedy commenced by the curtain rolling down—it sank on rollers into the stage, while ours rises up to the flies—and revealing the scene in all its beauty to the spectators. Then the sound of instruments was heard, and the chorus, four or six abreast, marched in military order into the orchestra. They played flutes and lyres as they walked, the tune generally being a military march, to the sound of which they performed various martial evolutions in the orchestra, and then grouped themselves round the altar which rose in the midst of the large arena. When they took their place at the altar, the tune of the march ceased, and some sitting, some standing, in an attitude of classical repose, they commenced the overture to the tragedy.

The overture concluded, the actors would appear

on the stage, and while the chorus assumed a statuesque tranquillity round the altar, would declaim their lines in a sort of sonorous recitative, accompanied with occasional notes or chords on the lyre. This method of singing their parts, instead of speaking them, was in a manner forced upon the performers by the immense size of the theatre. The great theatre of Bacchus in which the tragedies took place accommodated with ease from thirty to forty thousand spectators. No elocution, however distinct, could reach the ears of the tenants of the farthest benches, or even be audible half-way through the immense throng. The actors, therefore, were compelled to chant their parts in order to make their voices carry the requisite distance. They were aided in this endeavour by a sort of miniature speaking-trumpet, which was fixed inside the waxen mask which they invariably wore, and which multiplied the natural tones of their voice to such a degree that they could send their monotonous recitative rolling through the theatre. After their dialogue and action had lasted a certain time, they left the stage; and the chorus, striking up their flutes and lyres, commenced a highly musical and melodious song, to the accompaniment of which they danced in mazy rings through the orchestra. The beauty of their dances was universally acknowledged, and arose presumably from the exceeding care in the preparation of them. Sculptors and painters came to assist the chorus-master at the rehearsals, and to suggest artistic and striking poses for the dancers. The weavings and interweavings of the lines of dancers were the subject of the most careful consideration on the part of their trainers; and the whole orchestra was traced with intricate patterns in chalk, over which the dancers plied their feet according to a preconcerted plan.

The choral dance over, once more the actors entered the stage, and in such alternate appearances of actors and chorus the structure of the play consisted.

Such was the highly artistic and finished form of musical composition which Count Vernio and his friends designed to revive in Italy, and it remains for us to see how they succeeded in their task.

A performance on so gigantic a scale as the Greek tragedy was plainly out of the question, since there was neither the place nor the public to make such an innovation possible. The only places ever open to dramatic performances, or 'shows,' as we should more properly call them, were the halls of the nobility. There were no theatres except of the roughest kind, where the mysteries and moralities were performed; and there was no public able to appreciate aught of a refined nature except the nobles, and they preferred to confine all such representations to their own house. At banquets and at fêtes it was often the custom for a rich nobleman to offer to his friends a pageant. The awning at one end of the banquetting-hall would suddenly be lifted up, and would reveal an emblematic figure of Victory. A flourish of trumpets would announce the entry of another character—this would perhaps be a woman clothed in pure white, with a crown on her head, to represent Virtue. After sundry gestures had been gone through by these



two chief actors, Virtue would embrace Victory. Next, a figure hideous to behold, representing Crime, would be introduced, surrounded by a crowd of imps, symbolical of the Vices. Crime would endeavour to participate in the fraternity established between Virtue and Victory; but after many attempts and many useless seductions, he would be forced to retire, baffled, from the scene, amid the uproarious applause of the spectators, and to the complete satisfaction of everybody present, who saw in such a finale a very natural termination of the drama, and were so accustomed to simple entertainments, that they never desired anything stronger to stimulate their theatrical palates.

Count Vernio and his friends had such a public to cater for, and for such entertainments they proposed to substitute their revived Greek tragedy. How were they to proceed? In the first place, they found it impossible to arrange the theatre as the Greeks arranged it—that is, with a large open space between the stage and the spectators, wherein the chorus might perform their evolutions. This had reluctantly to be given up. Likewise had the elaborate scenery on the stage itself to be abandoned—the built-up houses, the verdant grass, the real trees. Most of the pomp and massive pageantry of the Greek drama fell away before the possibilities at the command of this handful of men, so zealous to revive, if not its divine dignity, at least its purity and all its beauty. The masks of the actors were an adventitious adjunct which the Count and his friends never thought of employing. With all this elimination, what, then, was left for the revived Greek tragedy to come and go on? There were the actors; the chorus—now removed from the orchestra, and most reluctantly placed on the stage; the scenery—marvellously robbed of its splendour; and last, not least, the divine dramas left by the Greek poets, whereon to model the structure of the play.

Now, whenever the actors spoke, or rather chanted, in Greek tragedy, the poet made use of a certain metre called iambics, which is very well represented to us by our own iambic measure, such as Shakespeare writes in, with the exception that the Greek iambics were two syllables longer. Its metre was supposed, and correctly supposed, by the Greeks to approximate very nearly to the flow of ordinary prose. This was its especial utility. The actor could chant his speeches in a verse which did not violate any ideas of dramatic probability. The music which went in company with this homely form of verse was itself likewise very free and unmelodious, approaching the cadences of ordinary speech, rather than that exalted form of utterance which we call singing. The actor in reciting his iambics neither sang nor did he speak, but he chanted in a sort of half-musical, half-oratorical tone, being accompanied by occasional chords or notes of the lyre by the chorus, who, stationed beneath the stage, could supply the music to the actor's recitations from the same post of vantage which a modern band now occupy. Count Vernio and his friends were well aware of these various points; but as this peculiar species of musical declamation had never been heard in Italy, they were at a loss to know precisely what it was, or how they could reconcile the ears of their countrymen to accept it.

None of the band of dilettanti was successful in his experiments to reconstruct this defunct style of music, except Giulio Caccini, who, appearing at their assembly one day with a lyre or a violin—we forget which—declaimed with much art many passages of poetry, reproducing in an inimitable way the cadences of the old Greek style, and combining them with the spirit of modern music so successfully as quite to reconcile them to the modern ear. He accompanied himself with the violin or the lyre; but as the lyre of his day was by no means a faithful reproduction of the ancient Greek instrument, being a treble instead of a bass instrument, and as the violin was still less an adequate copy, it was resolved to accompany this style of declamation by the violoncello, called in those days the *viol da gamba*, which gave the bass notes so essential to bring the method of accompaniment in harmony with that of the Greeks. The style of musical declamation invented by Caccini was called *Recitative*, and it was resolved by the assembled company that throughout their tragedy the actors should speak in nothing but the recitative of Caccini. And so far—that is to say, in at least half the framework of their tragedy—they had brought their intended revival into complete harmony with its Greek model.

By placing the chorus on the stage they had put an end to the possibility of the choral dance. The stage was but a few long boards, of only three or four feet deep, and there was barely room for the actors to stand on it. The Greek dramatic traditions were likewise infringed upon, by the necessity of placing a body of instrumentalists in front of the stage, where we have them now, who could be present during the whole continuance of the tragedy, and could at once accompany the chorus in their song and the actors in their recitative. This was an essentially modern innovation, but, as we see, rendered entirely necessary by the peculiar arrangements of the stage on which Count Vernio and his friends had undertaken to produce their tragedy.

Next was the question, How to arrange the music of the chorus? And since the choral odes were at once the sweetest, the most rhythmic, and the most melodious pieces of music ever composed by Greek pen, the revivalists determined to give their composer *carte blanche* to write the chorus in the sweetest music he could compose in the modern style—employing modern harmony and modern melody.

Just as they were about to mould the result of their labours into a solid and artistic form, Count Vernio was summoned from Florence to Rome to take office in the Pope's household as Groom of the Chamber. The friendly reunions which had taken place in his house, and which had been of such untold importance on the development of modern music, were therefore brought to an untimely termination; and the dilettanti might have been deprived of their grand object at the very moment of its fulfilment, had it not been for the enthusiasm of Jacopo Corsi, a wealthy Florentine citizen, who invited them to meet henceforth in his sumptuous dwelling, to continue at their ease their investigations and experiments in musical art. Hither, then, they congregated, and here the finishing touches were put to the great design of launching a new musical art into the

world. The poet Rinuccini, who had been commissioned to write the words, had now brought his labour of love to a conclusion with the approval of the entire coterie; and Jacopo Peri, to whom specially the composition of the music had been entrusted, was likewise far advanced with his task. We do not know why Caccini, the inventor of recitative, was not commissioned to perform the musical part of the task; perhaps he was deficient in the melodic genius necessary to write the chorus; perhaps there was a rivalry between him and Peri, and the latter had succeeded in ousting the original inventor of the recitative style—at anyrate, we hear that Peri had taken up Caccini's invention and had soon come to write it almost as well as its master.

Jacopo Corsi's house possessed large and sumptuous halls, and in one of these a platform was fitted up to serve for the stage, sufficient room was allowed at the wings for the chorus to enter, and doors for the entry of the actors were made at the back. A band of musicians was stationed in the orchestra below the stage, their instruments consisting of a spinet, an organ, three flutes, one violin, four trombones, a horn, and four cornets. A grand fête was given by Corsi on the occasion of the performance; the *élite* of Florence flocked to his mansion to hear this extraordinary musical work, about which everybody gave different reports, but which each person seemed to believe would be unique, novel, and interesting. The hall was filled with spectators; the curtain rose; the singers came on the stage; the solitary violin twittered, the cornets too-tooted, the spinet tinkled, the organ boomed, and the first opera ever heard in Europe was brought to a successful performance.

The piece was indeed successful among the chosen and select audience who had assembled to hear it. All people of cultivated tastes also were prepared by their knowledge of Greek culture to receive and sympathise with the efforts of Count Vernio's friends. But the general public were as yet quite uneducated in the style, and purely Philistine. The 'monotonous drawl of the recitative,' as they called it, they could not tolerate. They were firmly convinced that the whole opera from first to last should have been a collection and succession of purely melodious pieces. Antagonism, pasquinade, detraction, did their utmost to discredit the peculiar style of revived Greek music; but 'the Greeks,' as they were now called, still held their own. In a year or two's time, another opera, of more elaborate proportions, entitled *Eurydice*, was ready, Peri and Caccini being its joint composers. Owing to the unfortunate rivalry between these two men, they soon disagreed about the merits of their joint composition, and each resolved to write a *Eurydice* of his own. It was about this time that a great political marriage set all Florence alive with festivity and gaiety. King Henry IV. of France married Mary de' Medici, and the invention of all the caterers of amusement in Florence was taxed to do honour to the occasion. Among other entertainments, the new operas of 'the Greeks' were thought of as likely to add a zest of novelty to the spectacles, and they were duly performed before this enlightened Prince and his young bride. This opened a way for them into France, as the King expressed himself highly delighted

with the novelty of the music. And the other cities of Italy, seeing the good results which attended the Florentine operas, were not long in starting similar performances on their own account. In this way the Opera began to spread; and in fifty years it was established as the most refined and favourite form of music in all the countries of Europe.

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

BY GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *In All Shades, This Mortal Coil, &c.*

### CHAPTER XII.—TRAGEDY WINS.

MR PLANTAGENET had missed his son by walking through the archway of the Fellows' Quad, instead of through the Brew House. He emerged from the college by the big front gate. The High Street was lighted and crowded; so he preferred to turn down the dark lanes and alleys at the back of Christ Church, till he came out upon St Aldate's and the road to the river. Somewhat sobered as he still was by the unwonted excitement of that curious episode, he found the sherry once more beginning to gain the upper hand; it was hard for him to walk erect and straight along the pavement of St Aldate's, where a few small shops still stood open—for it was Saturday night—and a few people still loitered about in little knots at the corners. With an effort, however, he managed to maintain the perpendicular till he reached Folly Bridge; then he turned in at the wicket that leads down from the main road to the little tow-path along the dark and silent bank of the swollen Isis.

But if Edmund Plantagenet's legs were a trifle unsteady, his heart was all afire with wrath and remorse at this dramatic interlude. For the first time in so many years he began to think bitterly to himself of his wasted opportunities and ruined talents. Such as they were, he had really and truly wasted them; and though perhaps after all they were never much to boast of, time had been when Edmund Plantagenet thought highly indeed of them. Nay, in his heart of hearts, the broken old dancing-master thought highly of them still, in spite of everything, during all those long years: there were nights when he lay awake, sobering, on his hard bed at home, and repeated lovingly to himself the 'Stanzas to Evelina' which he had contributed ages ago to the *Book of Beauty*, or the 'Lines on the Death of Wordsworth' which he printed at the time in the *Yorkshire Magazine*, with a profound conviction that they contained, after all, some of the really most beautiful and least appreciated poetry in the English language. As a rule, Mr Plantagenet was fairly contented with himself and his relics of character: it was society, harsh, unfeeling, stupid society, that he blamed most of all for his misfortunes and failures. Still, to every one of us, there come now and then moments of genuine self-revelation, when the clouds of egotism and perverse misrepresentation, through which we usually behold our own personality in a glorified halo, fade away before the piercing light of truer introspective analysis, forced suddenly upon us by some disillusioning incident or accident of the

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moment: and then, for one brief flash, we have the misery and agony of really seeing ourselves as others see us. Such days may Heaven keep kindly away from all of us: such a day Edmund Plantagenet had now drearily fallen upon. He wandered wildly down the dark bank toward Ifley lasher, his whole soul within him stirred and upheaved with volcanic energy by the shame and disgrace of that evening's degradation. The less often a man suffers from these bouts of self-humiliation, the more terrible is their outburst when they finally do arrive to him. Edmund Plantagenet, loathing and despising his present self, by contrast with that younger and idealised image which had perhaps never really existed at all, stumbled in darkness and despair along that narrow path, between the flooded river on one side and the fence that enclosed the damp water-meadows on the other, still more than half drunk, and utterly careless where he went or what on earth might happen to him.

The river in parts had overflowed its banks, and the towing-path for some yards together was often under water. But Mr Plantagenet, never pausing, walked, slipped, and staggered through the slush and mud, very treacherous under foot—knowing nothing, heeding nothing, save that the coolness about his ankles seemed to revive him a little and to sober his head as he went floundering through it. By-and-by he reached the Long Bridges, a range of frail planks with wooden side-rails that lead the tow-path across two or three broad stretches of back-water from the Isis. He straggled across somehow, looking down every now and then into the swirling water, where the stars were just reflected in quick flashing eddies, while all the rest about looked black as night, but oh, so cool and inviting to his fevered forehead. So he wandered on, fiercely remorseful within, burning hot without, till he came abreast of a row of old pollard willows, close beside the edge of the little offshoot at Ifley lasher. The bank was damp, but he sat down upon it all the same, and grew half drowsy as he sat with the mingled effects of wine and indignation.

As he sat there, half reclining on the bank, and looking out with bloodshot eyes on the water in front of him, he murmured to himself some inarticulate words of terrible self-condemnation. 'That was a magnificent passage the fellow recited,' he cried—'a magnificent passage; and it was I who wrote it; I, Edmund Plantagenet. Did he know it, I wonder, or did he only lie to me? Was it to shame and disgrace me in my blighted old age? Well, well, he has succeeded; he has shamed me at last, whom he thought past shaming. I remember well when I wrote that passage, and many another as fine—ay, as fine and finer. But that's all gone now, and what am I to-day? A miserable, drunken, old, country dancing-master. It was different then—very different—very different. I was young in those days, and full of hope, and an author, and a gentleman. Yes, in those days, a gentleman. I knew all the best men and women of my time, and they prophesied fair things of me—Mrs Norton, Lady Postlethwaite, even Leigh Hunt and Thackeray. Ah, yes, they would have smiled if I'd told them so in there; but I remember now as if it were yesterday how Samuel Taylor Coleridge himself took me once by the hand and

laid his honoured palms like a father on my head and gave me his blessing. And finely it's been fulfilled,' he added with a bitter cry—'and finely it's been fulfilled, as they'll see to-morrow.'

He paused a moment; then he went on aloud once more. 'I've learned something to-night, though,' he continued in a thick voice to himself. 'Those graceless boys, though they never meant it, have taught me something. I thought Edmund Plantagenet's spirit was wholly dead and gone and broken. I know now it isn't, and I thank them for teaching me. I shall go on again now. I know where I'm going to.'

He rose and stumbled on, across a bend of the meadows, till he reached the river. Just there, the bank was very slippery and treacherous. Even a sober man could hardly have kept his footing on it in so dark a night. 'One false step,' Edmund Plantagenet thought to himself with wild despair—'and there would be an end of all this fooling. One false step—and splash! A man may slip any day. No suicide in tumbling into a swollen river, of a moonless night, when the bank's all flooded!'

Still, on and on he walked, having staggered now far, far below Ifley, and away towards the neighbourhood of Sandford lasher. Slippery bank all the distance; and head growing dizzier and dizzier each moment, with cold and wet, as well as wine and anger.

At last, of a sudden, a dull splash in the river! Bargemen, come up late in the evening from Abingdon, and laid by now for the night under shelter of the willows on the opposite side, two hundred yards down, heard the noise distinctly. Smoking their pipes on deck, very late, it being a fine evening, one says to the other: 'Sounds precious like a man, Bill!'

Bill, philosophically taking a long pull, answers calm at the end: 'More liker a cow, Tom. None of our business, anyhow. Get five bob, mayhap, for bringin' in the body. Hook it up easy enough to-morrow mornin'.'

Next morning, sure enough, a body might be seen entangled among the reeds under the steep mud-bank on the Berkshire shore. Bill, taking it in tow and bringing it up to Oxford, got five shillings from the county for his lucky discovery. At the inquest, thought it wise, however, to omit mentioning the splash heard on deck overnight, or that queer little episode of philosophical conversation.

The coroner's jury, for that end empanelled, attentively considering the circumstances which surrounded the last end of Edmund Plantagenet, late of Chiddingwick, Surrey, had more especially to inquire into the question whether or not deceased, at the time he met with his sudden death, was perfectly sober. Deceased, it seemed, was father of Mr Richard Plantagenet of Durham College, who identified the body. On the night of the accident, the unfortunate gentleman had dined at his own lodgings in Grove Street, and afterwards went round to take a glass of wine at Mr T. M. Faussett's rooms in Durham. Mr Faussett testified that deceased when he left those rooms was perfectly sober. Mr Trevor Gillingham, with the other undergraduates, and the college porter, unanimously bore witness to the same effect. Persons in St Aldate's, who had seen deceased on his way to Folly Bridge, corroborated



this evidence as to sobriety of demeanour. Deceased, though apparently preoccupied, walked as straight as an arrow. On the whole, the coroner considered, all the circumstances seemed to show that Mr Edmund Plantagenet, who was not a man given to early hours, had strolled off for an evening walk by the river bank, to cool himself after dinner, and had slipped and fallen—being a heavy man—owing to the flooded and dangerous state of the tow-path. Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence—Accidental death—with a rider suggesting that the Conservators should widen and extend the tow-path.

But Trevor Gillingham, meeting Faussett in quad after Hall that evening, observed to him confidentially in a very low voice: 'By Jove, old man, we've had a precious narrow squeak of it. I only hope the others will be discreetly silent. We might all have got sent down in a lump together for our parts in this curious little family drama. But all's well that ends well, as the Immortal One has it. Might make a capital scene, don't you know, some day—in one of my future tragedies.'

#### SOME NOTED AUSTRALIAN NUGGETS.

REFERRING to an interesting article entitled 'Gold in Nature,' appearing in this *Journal* April 19, 1890, and mentioning a nugget of one hundred and thirty-four pounds' weight found in 'South Australia' (Victoria?), perhaps a reference to some noted Australian nuggets and goldfields might be of interest. Chief amongst these nuggets comes the 'Welcome Stranger,' which contained over 2300 ounces of gold, worth about £9200, and was found on February 5, 1869, at Moliagul, near Dunolly, in Victoria. Next in rank comes the 'Welcome' Nugget, found at Bakery Hill, Ballarat, in the same colony, on June 11, 1878, at a depth of about one hundred and eighty feet. This nugget weighed nearly 2200 ounces in the gross, and its net value was £8780. It was sold for £10,000 to a party who wanted it for show purposes, and doubtless cleared thereby the difference in cost.

It would perhaps be a little too much to say that 'nuggets had family ties;' but though they usually 'lie low,' there are at times exceptions to the rule, and when found near the surface, as in the following instances, they are not infrequently in groups. The selections referred to (found in 1870, '71, and '72) are taken from the record of the 'Berlin' goldfield, in Victoria, and do not include the many minor nuggets found in that locality. 'Precious' Nugget, 1717 ounces, value £6868, Catto's Paddock, at a depth of twelve feet. 'Viscount Canterbury' Nugget, 1121 ounces, value £4420, John's Paddock, at a depth of fifteen feet. 'Viscountess Canterbury' Nugget, 896 ounces, value £3536. 'Kum Torr' Nugget, 795 ounces, value £2872, Catto's Paddock, at a depth of twelve feet. 'Needful' Nugget, 249 ounces, value £984, Catto's Paddock, at a depth of twelve feet. 'Crescent' Nugget, 179 ounces,

value £704, John's Paddock, at a depth of two feet. These members of the royal family of nuggets thus totalling nearly 5000 ounces of gold, worth £19,384.

As a rule, however, the richest goldfields are not those where the largest nuggets are found, as witness the well-known Gulgong Goldfield (New South Wales), referred to in Rolf Bolderwood's capital story of *The Miner's Right*. The largest piece of gold found on this field was only sixty-four ounces in weight, and was so thoroughly coated with ferric oxide, that the man who was forking the gravel, &c., out of the sluice-box in which it was found, was going to throw it out, but that its weight attracted him. This goldfield had for fourteen years maintained an average yield worth about £300,000 per annum, the total weight for that time being 1,072,752 ounces (nearly forty tons), valued at £4,162,550. As a great portion of the gold from this locality was found on private property and subject to a heavy royalty, large quantities were sent away through private hands, and thus were not included in the above return. In one part of this goldfield, known as the 'Canadian' lead, the gold—all alluvial deposits—was found in limestone caverns, often in company with the fossil remains of extinct mammoth kangaroos, &c. Some of these caves were over one hundred feet in length by a width of forty feet; but few of them were really bottomed, so as to test the depth, the inrush of water after reaching a certain level being too intense for the machinery on hand.

The auriferous district of which Gulgong is a part extends in a southerly direction for about one hundred miles, having a varying width of from thirty to ninety miles. It was in the Hargraves or Sofala branch of this great field that the famous nugget mentioned by Charles Reade in *Never too Late to Mend* was found; and subsequently other handsome nuggets were unearthed, including one at 'Maitland Bar,' weighing 344 ounces, and worth £1240. The former of these two nuggets was really found by a black-fellow, as described by Mr Reade, and contained about 1200 ounces of gold, worth £4500.

Between Hargraves and Bathurst lies the celebrated goldfield of Hill End, a reefing district adjoining the alluvial field of Tambaroora, which had previously been worked for many years. Hill End was chiefly noticeable for the richness of the narrow 'leaders'—quartz in slate and diorite—which were found in the sloping face of a very precipitous hill descending to the Turon River at its foot. Some of these claims were certainly wonderfully rich, especially considering their limited extent, few of them being over one hundred and twenty feet along the line of reef, if reef it could be called, it being so irregular in form. Notwithstanding their small size, these claims were eagerly bought up at one thousand pounds per foot along the supposed

or real line of reef; and yet, in spite of this and the enormous cost of sinking shafts—twelve pounds per foot—some of them paid extraordinary dividends. 'Krohmann's' claim, floated for £120,000, returned over £200,000 net to its shareholders; and 'Beyers and Holtermann's' claim did nearly as well as this. Carroll and Beard's, the next *en suite*, though yielding some rich crushings, came rather short of paying cent. per cent.

One enormous slab of slate, and quartz, and gold, all intermixed—from Beyers and Holtermann's claim—weighing about three hundred-weight in all—yielded fully 1200 ounces (one hundredweight) of gold, the whole of the crushing, which included this, being worth about £60,000, and averaging about five hundred ounces to the ton. A similar quantity of stone from Carroll and Beard's claim, crushed at the same time, returned about 12,000 ounces of gold, worth £48,000.

In the claims succeeding those just mentioned, the gold was not found at a depth but principally in 'pockets'—to use a Californian term—some of these pockets being very near the surface of the ground. The discovery of the treasures of the Hill were indeed brought about through the accidental finding of one of these pockets by a man who was returning from an unsuccessful search for some of his cows, who had wandered down the steep hillside towards the better pasturage contained in some of the gulleys at its foot. Of course, as soon as it was discovered that the lower claims did not contain gold at a depth, a terrible shrinkage in value soon ensued, and hundreds, even thousands, of unfortunate men and women who had invested their savings in these claims in the hope of their turning out as rich as Krohmann's had been, were irretrievably ruined.

The goldfields of Temora, Grenfell, Lambing Flat, Snowy River, Araluen, &c., yielded each in turn large quantities of gold; but none of them were noted for producing individual pieces of large size, though some respectable nuggets of from sixty to six hundred ounces in weight were found at 'Little River,' in the Braidwood district.

Queensland has some splendid goldfields, which for general productiveness have hardly been surpassed. These include Gympie, Croydon, Charters Towers, and the famed Mount Morgan mine, which latter property was once valued by the public at £15,000,000; its present market value is about £1,500,000. Prior to the introduction of the chlorination process, only about half the gold contained in the stone was saved, and the whole claim could have been purchased for a very much smaller sum.

The fields last mentioned, though maintaining handsome yields per ton upon the average, do not properly come within the range of an article dealing with rich specimens, which, as has been premised, are occasionally found on some of the poorest fields. As a rule, the yield from the

Queensland reefing fields above mentioned has been much more reliable than is the case in other colonies, though Victoria has some good reefs still in work.

### RALPH THORNLEIGH'S PICTURE.

By E. D. CUMING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SHE refused you!' exclaimed Miss Elizabeth Macallan, throwing up her hands in astonishment.

'She refused me,' assented Colonel Stardale with grave composure.

'Well, if the sky had fallen, it would not have surprised me more,' declared Miss Macallan. 'What does the girl mean?'

Colonel Stardale shook his head slightly, but made no verbal reply. If the truth must be told, the collapse of the firmament was to his mind an hour ago an event more possible than his rejection by Miss Beatrice Cairnswood.

Fortune had dealt so kindly with the Colonel that he might be pardoned for entertaining a high opinion of himself. The world in which he moved like a social constellation had taught him to believe that his will might ever be his way; that, above all, he might marry any woman he chose to honour with his preference; and Colonel Stardale had learned his lesson. But until to-day he had never himself initiated a movement in a matrimonial direction; and now, when for the first time he had offered his hand and heart, they had been declined. Gratefully, almost affectionately, but positively declined; and the Colonel was stunned.

'She must be mad,' said Miss Macallan with conviction—'mad!'

'She was very decided in her refusal,' sighed Colonel Stardale as he stirred his tea—'very decided. But I am unwilling to believe that I have received her final answer. Perhaps I—ah—took her by surprise.'

Miss Macallan could not trust herself to reply; she sat nervously fingering the sugar-tongs, now and again stealing a half-fearful glance at her companion, who remained silently gazing at his patent leather boots, while he wondered whether the events of the last half-hour had been a dream.

Colonel Stardale was a handsome, soldierly-looking man of two or three and forty; his youthful athletic figure was the admiration of Park and Clubland alike. His dress was as nearly perfect as human tailor could make it, and almost painfully neat; no one had ever seen the Colonel with an unbrushed hat or a speck of mud on his white gaiters; and he bore himself with a self-possessed grace which nothing had ever been known to ruffle. He had retired some years ago from the 50th Hussars to devote himself to the affairs of his estate in Wiltshire, and to shed the halo of his presence upon Society: and—he had eighteen thousand a year.

For some months past his attentions to Miss Macallan's niece, Beatrice Cairnswood, had furnished the afternoon tea-tables of his many friends with a favourite topic of conversation;

and latterly they had been sufficiently marked to justify ladies of an inquiring turn of mind in asking Miss Macallan whether there was really 'anything between her niece and the Colonel.' To which questions that excellent woman would protest absolute ignorance; but in accents which were intended to, and did, lead people to believe they might expect to hear something ere long. And now, when every one was worked up to a feverish pitch of expectancy, the Colonel had proposed; and Beatrice had rejected him!

While her aunt makes spasmodic and unheeded efforts to console the disappointed suitor, we may leave the drawing-room and go in search of Miss Cairnswood.

We find her lying back in a deep armchair in the library where Colonel Stardale left her. She is a little girl, whose face is framed with tangles of unruly brown hair. Now the face is in repose, it is almost insignificant; you might pass it a dozen times in the street and scarcely notice it; but when the eyes light up with animation the change is wonderful, and you marvel no longer that men should rave about Beatrice Cairnswood's beauty. She is only twenty, and Colonel Stardale is the fourth admirer who has 'come to the point;' but no one, not even a woman, has ever called her a flirt. She is an orphan, absolutely dependent upon her uncle, Mr Angus Macallan, who, with his sister Elizabeth and herself, comprise the household at No. 65 Warriston Square, South Kensington. She has no money beyond the 'dress allowance' given her by her uncle, and no expectations; for there is a young Mr Macallan out in China who is to inherit whatever his father may have to leave.

She looks very grave and preoccupied as she sits looking dreamily into the fire. Colonel Stardale was quite mistaken when he told Miss Macallan that he might have taken her by surprise when he proposed this afternoon. Beatrice had been prepared for his declaration, and had done her utmost to stave it off, hoping he would understand her; and twice she had succeeded in postponing the evil day. But the Colonel could not or would not believe she was indifferent to him, and insisted in rushing upon his fate. The interview had lasted but three minutes, for her refusal had so astounded the gentleman that he could only preserve his customary calm by beating a hasty retreat.

Could she bring herself to look upon him as—ah—something more than a friend? he had asked her. Beatrice, somewhat vehemently, would be glad if he would always allow her to regard him as a friend, but— The Colonel begged pardon, but perhaps he had not made his—meaning clear; he sought for the honour of her hand, to—ah—make her his wife, in fact. Beatrice, fidgeting nervously and turning red and white by turns, was sorry—very sorry—because she had always liked him so much; but she couldn't marry him.—Couldn't marry him? Oh no!—She really did not know what to say or how to thank him; but he must not ask her again, for she couldn't possibly marry him.—Might the Colonel presume so far as to ask—ah—why not?—Beatrice knew how ungrateful she must seem, but, but— Well, the truth was, she didn't like him well enough. This was the admission which took her suitor's breath away; and Miss Cairnswood had

scarcely realised what had passed by the time Colonel Stardale had reached the drawing-room and announced his rejection to Miss Macallan.

Half an hour later, the shutting of the hall door told her that the Colonel had taken his departure; and the rustle of her aunt's dress on the stairs warned her to make ready for an interview which would not be much pleasanter than the last. Colonel Stardale's excellences and income had been dangled before her eyes with untiring perseverance ever since she made that gentleman's acquaintance, and she had a very fair idea of what was before her. A moment more, and the elder lady sailed into the library and took a chair opposite her niece.

'Well, Beatrice?' she began questioningly, as though she had responded to a summons at grave personal inconvenience. 'Well?'

As her aunt did not seem inclined to open the ball, and Miss Cairnswood knew by bitter experience that the longer she was allowed to nurse her ire the more violent would be its ultimate explosion, she judiciously gave her an opening.

'I suppose Colonel Stardale has told you?' she said.

'Colonel Stardale has told me of your extraordinary conduct. I am utterly at a loss to comprehend it myself, and thought you might feel that some explanation was due,' said Miss Macallan, folding her hands in her lap and sitting very stiffly upright.

'I don't like him well enough,' said Beatrice, to whose mind this reason was quite conclusive.

'Don't like him well enough!' echoed her aunt. 'Have you forgotten what his position is? Have you forgotten that he has eighteen thousand pounds a year?'

It had been passing strange if the amount of the Colonel's income had escaped Beatrice's memory; the figures had been dinned into her ears almost hourly for the last six months.

'But I can't marry a man I don't care for,' argued Beatrice, plaintively. 'Could you, auntie?'

'No one wants you to do so,' retorted Miss Macallan, rather illogically. 'But when you go and refuse a man, for a chance of marrying whom half the girls in England would give their ears—when you actually throw away— Upon my word,' she broke off angrily, 'I don't know what you expect.'

Beatrice sighed deeply, and resigned herself to listen, for she saw her aunt had much to say yet.

'I can't understand you,' went on Miss Macallan. 'When Mr Cooper proposed and you declined him, I said little, because I knew there was Captain Geoffreys. When you refused Captain Geoffreys, I felt confident you would not have done so had Sir Barnaby Phipps not been paying you so much attention. I own I was disappointed when you gave Sir Barnaby his congé, because then the Colonel had only seen you two or three times, and of course I never anticipated that he would take a fancy to you.—What does it all mean?' almost wailed the old lady. 'Is there any one else coming on?'

'There's no one else coming on, as you express it,' replied Beatrice shortly. It gave her no pleasure to hear her conquests thus told off on her aunt's fingers. She looked upon Mr Cooper and



the others as so many friends lost, and had no ambition to add more to the list.

'Why don't you like Colonel Stardale?' cried Miss Macallan, gounded to desperation by her niece's calmness. 'He's a very handsome man; he's certain to get the seat for Chalksbury at the next election; and, as I've often, often told you, he's got eighteen'—

'Oh, don't tell me that again, Aunt Elizabeth.'

'Such folly; such—such'— But at this point Miss Macallan's voice failed; she dissolved in tears and left the room.

'I am glad that's over,' said Beatrice to herself as the door closed behind her aunt. 'I really think I'd better explain everything to Uncle Angus. I daresay he will be angry; but I think I can manage him. I wish he would be quick and come in.'

As though in answer to her wish, the hoarse cough she knew so well proclaimed that Mr Macallan had just come in from the City, and was taking off his coat in the hall. Beatrice went to the library door and called him.

'Uncle, come here for a minute; I want you.'

If Mr Angus Macallan was master of the house, Miss Cairnswood was mistress of the master. Her lightest word was law to the old gentleman, and she might have led him a terrible life had she pleased. He followed her into the room, rubbing his hands briskly before he took her head between them and bestowed his usual kiss.

'What is it, Bee?' he inquired, taking the chair she had just vacated.

'Colonel Stardale was here to-day, uncle.'

There was a long pause.

'I suppose you are going to tell me that he proposed to you?' said Mr Macallan at length.

'Yes, uncle.'

'Hum!' Miss Cairnswood had never discussed her last suitor with her uncle, and, influenced by his sister's views, that gentleman thought it quite probable that Beatrice had at last found some one to her mind. But previous occurrences of a like nature rose to his thoughts, and he had his doubts. He therefore tapped his finger-tips together and looked at his niece with an inviting smile.

'And I refused him,' said Beatrice, slowly.

Mr Macallan pursed up his lips, and his smile faded. Beatrice sat waiting for him to speak, and uncle and niece stared at each other for two minutes in silence.

'Does your aunt know?'

'Yes. I'm afraid she's dreadfully disappointed.'

'It is a pity you don't care for him,' remarked Mr Macallan; 'but I would not have you marry any man, however good his position, unless you really liked him.'

Beatrice slipped from her chair and came over to her uncle's side, blushing hotly.

'What's the matter, Bee?' asked the old man, putting his arm round her.

'I must tell you, uncle,' answered Beatrice in a quavering voice. 'I like somebody else. And he hasn't any money; so we can't marry. And I won't marry anybody else. There!'

It was a short but comprehensive story. Mr Macallan, however, had suspected the existence

of some secret of this kind, and his niece's confession was not altogether a surprise. He drew her on to his knee, and petted her hand for a few minutes until she recovered her composure.

'Tell me all about him, my dear. What is he? Could I help him at all?'

Beatrice shook her head.

'I'm afraid not, uncle. You see, he's an artist; he paints most beautifully, but somehow he can't sell his pictures. And he is so dreadfully hard up that he doesn't like to go out in the daytime in his shabby clothes.' And with this, Beatrice completely broke down.

Mr Macallan drew her head down upon his shoulder and soothed her, looking very grave the while. This was indeed an unlucky attachment; an artist who could not sell his pictures, and wore clothes which would not bear the light of day! It was about as bad a business as could be, and he felt that he must not encourage Beatrice by receiving further confidences. Had the 'somebody else' been a steady young man in the City, now, Messrs Macallan & Son might have been able to put something in his way; might have found him some appointment whose emoluments would enable him to marry. But an artist; and one who couldn't sell his pictures! Mr Macallan felt the spring of sympathy cooling in his breast, and he released Beatrice without asking any more questions. He could not let her go without a word of reassurance, however; though, as he spoke, he knew it was not particularly inspiring.

'Well, Bee, if you can't marry the man you do like, I'll never press you to marry one you don't like. Be sure of that.' He put her down, and went up-stairs to find his sister. He knew that Miss Macallan had set her heart upon this brilliant match for their niece, and as a matter of fact, was himself more disappointed than he cared to show. He was keenly anxious to see Beatrice happily settled, though the house would be sadly dull when she left it; but his motives for desiring it differed widely from those which actuated his sister.

Mr Macallan was by no means the wealthy man he was popularly supposed: the China trade was passing through an era of depression which had obliged many old City houses to close their doors during the last few years. Messrs Macallan had weathered the storm so far, but it had tried them sorely, and men behind the scenes said the banks were beginning to look shyly at the firm. It might pull through if things in the East soon took a turn for the better; but if they did not— The knowing ones shook their heads, and spoke in undertones of 'poor old Angus.'

Mr Macallan never mentioned business matters at home; but latterly his sister and niece had noticed the weary air he wore when he came in from the office in the evening. Last year, when the snug little dinners which had been a bi-weekly institution were given up, Miss Macallan thought it a pity her brother should lose his taste for society just when Beatrice had 'come out;' but she never imagined there was any reason for it beyond that he gave—he was not so young as he used to be, and preferred quiet evenings. Then the butler and two or three servants had been dismissed, and the stable

department reduced. It then became apparent to Miss Macallan that retrenchment was the order of the day; but neither she nor Beatrice was called upon to exercise any little economies, and they had no suspicion of the gaunt skeleton in the cupboard which was growing month by month more impatient to show himself. They lived more quietly, but gave up no comfort or luxury to which they had been accustomed, and there was nothing to suggest that money was growing scarcer day by day.

Mr Macallan found his sister in the drawing-room brooding over a novel in a state of moist depression. She, like Colonel Stardale, was asking herself, 'What will people say?' and was answering the large question with the words conviction forced upon her—namely, that Beatrice would never have such a chance again—never.

'Have you seen that wretched girl?' she asked gloomily, as her brother came in.

'Yes; I know all about it.'

'What *are* we to do with her?' asked Miss Macallan, rocking herself to and fro, while she felt for her pocket-handkerchief.

'She must go her own way in these matters,' replied Angus, poking up the fire; 'but it would have been a great weight off my mind had she accepted the Colonel.'

'She is a dreadful responsibility,' groaned Miss Macallan. 'An awful responsibility.'

'And is likely to become a much heavier one,' added Angus, 'when she is cut off from society.'

'What do you mean?' asked his sister, alarmed by the earnestness of his tone.

'I mean this,' said the old gentleman, turning in his seat to look her straight in the face—'I mean that we can't go on living in our present style. I can't afford it; and it is only fair to tell you that certain contingencies may arise within the next few months which will oblige me to make a radical change: I shall have to sell off the house, furniture, and all I have.'

'Angus!' exclaimed Miss Macallan, turning pale.

'It is best you should know the truth, Elizabeth. Things may pull round, but I haven't much hope of it. That is why I am anxious to see Beatrice safely housed in a home of her own.'

'What are the contingencies you spoke of?' inquired Miss Macallan.

'It would answer no purpose to explain them precisely. But I may tell you that we are hanging by our last rope: the sale or mortgage of certain property in the East.'

'You mean that the firm will fail if you can't realise the value of the property by a given date?'

'That's it, exactly,' replied Angus with deliberation. He had for so long been staring ruin in the face that he was becoming callous about himself; but he quailed before the thought of his sister, his numerous dependents, and, above all, of Beatrice reduced to penury. His failure would blight her life in all reasonable likelihood. What would she do in a remote London suburb or French country-town, whichever he might select as hiding-place for his fallen grandeur?

'Have you told Beatrice all you have told me?' asked Miss Macallan after a long silence.

'No. I couldn't bring myself to do it after I had heard her story.'

'What story?' asked the old lady, scenting revelations.

'She has fallen in love with a penniless artist. I don't know his name or anything about him, except that he is penniless. And Bee declares she will never marry any one else.'

'Ah!' said Miss Macallan. It is a very inexpressive word on paper; but Elizabeth Macallan's 'Ah!' conveyed whole volumes. Her brother moved uneasily as he heard it, and tried to repair the mischief the monosyllable told him he had done.

'She is very sensible about it,' he said—'acknowledges that she can't marry the man, and doesn't go in for romance or sentimentality about him.'

'I knew there must be something at the bottom of it all,' said Miss Macallan quite cheerfully. Some people derive their purest pleasure from being right at their own expense.

'Don't say anything about it to her,' said Angus; 'it would do no good, and only distress her.' (Miss Macallan emitted a snort of contempt.) 'He never goes anywhere, and they never meet. The affair will die a natural death if we ignore it.'

The lady made a gesture of acquiescence, but privately resolved to learn all Beatrice could tell her about the penniless artist before she went to bed that night. If Angus Macallan had known the sex a little better, he would have acknowledged the un wisdom of confiding so tempting a secret to his sister with instructions to keep silence.

Accordingly, when Beatrice had retired to her room, her affectionate relative pursued her thither, and without much difficulty cajoled her into telling everything relative to her lover.

His name, it appeared, was Ralph Thornleigh; he was the son of a country gentleman, and had come with a little money and some good introductions to seek his fortune in London. He had spent the former gaily, never doubting that his talents would soon be recognised and place him far above the reach of want. Beatrice met him for the first time at a ball; they danced together; went down to supper together; sat out together; danced together again, and sat out a little more. Thereafter, they met ten or a dozen times at parties of various kinds, and in due time discovered that they had been born for one another. He told Beatrice he was not in a position to ask her for any promise, but had every reason to believe he should be soon. She, being perfectly certain in her own mind that his success was merely a matter of months, if not weeks, told him she would wait.

Then there was no actual engagement?—No-o; it couldn't be called an engagement, because Ralph hadn't given her a ring; but there was an understanding. It was true that since he had run through his money, he had been going steadily down hill, and was never seen anywhere; but that didn't make any difference: she had promised to wait for him, and would wait.—How long?—Well, for Ralph's own sake Beatrice hoped it would not be long before people began to buy his pictures; but really she didn't know.—And did Beatrice mean to say that she had

refused Mr Cooper, Captain Geoffreys, Sir Barnaby Phipps, and of all men in the world, Colonel Stardale, all on account of this artist person?—Yes; that was what Beatrice meant; not that she would have accepted any one of them, even if Ralph had not existed, for she did not care for them. She couldn't love any one but Ralph Thornleigh; would marry him if she had to wait till she was forty.—Indeed! And where did she propose to wait?—With Uncle Angus, if he would keep her.—Oh! Then Beatrice had better review her determination very seriously for a day or two. If she was in the same mind about waiting, say by Sunday, Aunt Elizabeth would have something to tell her which might cause her to think differently.

### THE RECREATIONS OF EMINENT MEN.

RECREATION is as necessary in the economy of life as work. There is profound philosophy in the nursery lines about all work and no play. Health of body and vigour of mind are essential to the full enjoyment of life; and recreation, amusement, diversion, is a really important factor in the promotion of this desirable condition. It stimulates the imagination, and lifts us out of the ruts along which the routine of our ordinary life forces us to travel. Voltaire, indeed, went so far as to say that 'amusement is the first necessity of civilised man.' On the other hand, a great living French critic represents 'amusement as a comfortable deceit by which we avoid a permanent *tête-à-tête* with realities that are too heavy for us.' We agree with neither dictum. Why should we put amusement into competition with the realities of life? It is simply a relaxation from those realities, and in that respect is, as Voltaire says, a necessity, though not 'the first necessity of civilised man.' We can't afford to part with any advantage. We learn by laughter as well as by tears, we grow strong by rest as well as by work. The breeze playing round the temples is as necessary to the vigour of the mind as a dose of metaphysics or a chapter of Plato. Dean Swift's favourite maxim was, 'Vive la bagatelle!' He thought trifles a necessary part of life, and perhaps found them necessary to himself.

Mr Gladstone's recreations take the form of writing pamphlets on theological controversy, or felling trees; and no professed wood-cutter is more expert in laying prostrate a mighty oak than the right honourable gentleman. Chemistry engrosses the leisure moments of his political opponent, Lord Salisbury. Carteret, another English statesman, when driven from office, 'retired laughing,' says Macaulay, 'to his books and his bottle.' Fox found relief from political work in his loved Greek authors, as did the late Lord Derby, the Rupert of debate. Talleyrand in the intervals of ministerial work played whist. Peiresce, a French antiquary, found his amusement amongst his medals and intaglios; the Abbé de Maroles with his prints, of which he collected about one hundred thousand, which are now in the National Museum of Paris. Rohault,

a Cartesian philosopher of the seventeenth century, wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour. Goldsmith tells us of a famous painter whose whole delight, during his confinement in prison for debt, consisted in drawing the faces of his creditors in caricature. King Louis XIII. of France spent much of his time in catching small birds or making *jets-d'eau* with quills.

It is said of George Herbert that 'the one delight of his life in the way of recreation was music, setting and singing his own hymns and anthems to viol and lute.' Many learned men have found recreation in the same way. A byework of this kind always provides a delightful rest or change. Bishop Warburton confessed that music was always a necessity to him when engaged in intellectual labour. Addison says: 'A man that has a taste for music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of these arts.' Milton loved music, and used to play upon an organ. Carlyle tells us that 'the main recreations' of Frederick the Great 'were music and the converse of well-informed friendly men'—two things of which, we may remark, George Eliot was also passionately fond. Dr Johnson, it would seem, had no sympathy with those who thus amused themselves. A lady after performing with the most brilliant execution a sonata on the pianoforte in the presence of the great Doctor, turning to him, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music. 'No, madam,' replied the philosopher; 'but of all noises, I think music is the least disagreeable.' He would agree with the poet who says:

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are  
sweeter.

The favourite recreation of Pope's leisure hours was the society of painters. Nothing was more agreeable to the poet than to spend an occasional evening with his friend Kneller, who, to use the words of Thackeray, 'bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better, than any artist of his day.' Warburton tells an amusing anecdote of the two friends. Mr Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. 'Nephew,' said Sir Godfrey, 'you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world.' 'I don't know how great you may be,' said the Guinea man, 'but I don't like your looks. I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas.'

Another great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, used to amuse himself in his last days in his house in Leicester Square with a little tame bird, which, like the favourite spider of the prisoner in the Bastille, often served to while away a lonely hour. But this proved a fleeting pleasure, for one summer morning, the window of the chamber being by accident left open, the little favourite took flight, and was irrecoverably lost, although its master wandered for hours in the square and neighbourhood in the fruitless endeavour to regain it.

The favourite recreations of the late Field-marshal Count Von Moltke were chess and whist, which he rarely missed playing after dinner. The Count was an authority on the culture of



roses; and at Kreisan, where he spent most of his time after his retirement from active service, he possessed one of the finest and most unique collections of roses in Germany.

Sir William Temple relaxed his mind from the affairs of state by clipping his apricots or cultivating his tulips. Gardening was an exercise in which he much indulged. An epicurean himself, he says in his famous *Essay on Gardens*: 'Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden. There he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and indeed, he goes on to say, 'no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body which he made his chief ends.' Other great men, as well as Epicurus and his disciple, Sir William, have loved gardening without, however, finding it to contribute to that bodily indolence of which the philosopher speaks. What a sturdy specimen of manhood was Martin Luther, for example, and yet gardening was a favourite amusement with him. Writing to a friend to procure him some seeds, he says: 'While Satan rages, I will laugh at him, and enjoy my Creator in the garden.' An ingenious writer has observed that 'a garden just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.'

In Pope's letters there is a characteristic account of the mode in which men of learning take exercise. 'I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while.' Archbishop Whately was seen to most advantage at Redesdale, his country-seat near Dublin, gardening, tree-cutting, grafting, and romping with his children and dogs. With him, as with many eminent men, Bismarck, Sir Walter Scott, Hogarth, Rubens, Henry Irving, and others, dogs were great favourites. One especially, which he possessed at Oxford, was noted for his climbing performances; and it was the great delight of Dr Whately to exhibit his feats in Christ Church meadow. On the very morning on which he had received the letter of Lord Grey offering him the see of Dublin, a visitor who was a stranger to him was asked out to see the feats of his climbing dog. The animal performed as usual; and when he had reached his highest point of ascent, and was beginning his yell of wailing, Whately turned to the stranger and said: 'What do you think of that?' 'I think that some besides the dog, when they find themselves at the top of the tree, would give the world they could get down again.' A striking remark just then for one who was not aware of the offer Whately had just received.

Another great prelate, Bishop Thirlwall, amused himself in the same way. When the mind was jaded over one of his elaborate charges, or some abstruse philological problem, he used to take a stroll in his garden at Abergwili, book in hand, or surrounded with his domestic pets. We all know how the poet Cowper cheered his melancholy hours many a time with the gambols of his pet hares, 'Tiny, Puss, and Bess.'

While Kepler worked out the secret of the heavenly bodies, 'going over his calculations sixty

times,' he now and then turned aside to write almanacs for his daily bread. So the weary worker took his recreation. Addison in his later years used to retire to the picture-gallery of Holland House, called afterwards the Long Room. There he sought repose and the solace of strong waters. The tradition is that he placed a bottle and a glass at each end of it, and so alternately exercised his lips and his legs. Now and then, by way of a change, he would stroll down to a coffee-house at Kensington to drink his solitary glass, and thus endeavour to forget awhile public business and domestic troubles. It used to be a pet amusement with Molière, the French dramatist, to ensconce himself in the corner of a barber's shop and there silently watch the air, gestures, and grimaces of the village politicians, who in those days, before coffee-houses were introduced into France, used to congregate in this place of resort. The fruits of this study may be easily discerned in those original sketches of character, from the middle and lower classes, with which his pieces everywhere abound, and which made his plays so popular amongst his countrymen. 'Courage, Molière,' cried an old man from the pit; 'this is genuine comedy.' And the success of the poet vindicated the critical wisdom of the old man.

The only relaxation Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, allowed himself was a walk which he invariably took during his life at Königsberg at about the same hour every afternoon. His usual stroll was along the banks of the Pregel towards the Friedrich's Fort; and in these walks he was always a careful observer of the phenomena of Nature. He told his friends one day how, as he passed a certain building in his daily walk, he had noticed several young swallows lying dead upon the ground. On looking up, he discovered, as he fancied, that the old birds were actually throwing their young ones out of the nests. It was a season remarkable for the scarcity of insects, and the birds were apparently sacrificing some of their progeny to save the rest. 'At this,' added Kant, 'my intellect was hushed; the only thing to do here was to fall down and worship.' Another great philosopher, Bishop Butler, used to take his recreation, according to one of his chaplains, in a somewhat singular manner: he would walk for hours in the little garden behind his palace at Bristol 'in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford.'

It may be mentioned that some learned men have found amusement in composing works on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death; Pierius Valerianus wrote a eulogium on beards; and a French author has in modern times composed with due gravity and pleasantry a learned treatise, entitled *Éloge de Perruques* (A Eulogium on Wigs). Gaspar Talia-cotius, of whose feats of surgical skill Butler in his *Hudibras* gives an amusing account, wrote a treatise in Latin called *Chirurgia Nota*, in which he teaches the art of ingrafting noses, ears, lips, and other members of the human body with proper instruments and bandages—a book which has passed through two editions. Dr Johnson somewhere observes that it seems to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this

ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer, the bees of Virgil, the butterfly of Spenser, the quincunx of Sir Thomas Browne, and the 'little celandine' of Wordsworth.

### A GRIFFIN AND HIS SERVANTS.

THE ways of a Griffin are hard: his fellow-countrymen hoax him; whilst the dusky sons of the soil plunder him. The latter do this more or less during the whole of his sojourn in India, but not to the same extent as they do it while in his griffinage. For that period he is as a sheep in the hands of the shearers, and shearers too who are not particular as to what depth they cut in removing the fleece. But never yet was callow Englishman in the hands of the Philistines as early in his career in India as I was; for before the ship that bore me to that sultry clime hove to off Garden Reach, Calcutta, a Madrassé 'boy' of some thirty summers appeared on deck and appropriated me to his service. His name was Ramma Sawmy. Where he came from, to this day I cannot tell; but there he was before—it appeared to me—the steamer had stopped. He looked round, spotted me, a palpable griffin, and making a salaam, asked if 'Master' wanted coolies to take his baggage on shore. I certainly did; and before I had time to make terms for their services, my trunks were on the top of a gharry and I was inside. Ramma Sawmy got on the box, and away we drove to the *Auckland Hotel*. I had intended going to another (Spence's); but Ramma Sawmy thought differently, informing me 'many gentlemen go there, no much room.' On this point I have no cause to find fault with him, for I liked the *Auckland*, and could not have done better; but that was not the point—it simply showed what a master mind Ramma Sawmy had. He evidently was completely at home at the *Auckland*, and I was at his mercy there. He spoke to the manager about my room, saw my luggage safely deposited therein, paid the coolies, and then said he should like to enter my service.

Being at an hotel, I did not quite see what I should want with a servant; but Ramma Sawmy told me 'all gentlemen keep servant,' if only for the look of the thing. Besides, I was inexperienced in the ways of punkah coolies and other necessities of life in India; these it would be his business to look after for me, otherwise my life would be a burden in such an enervating climate. I succumbed; and Ramma Sawmy was engaged there and then at twenty rupees a month—twelve or fourteen would have been ample—to be my servitor as long as I remained in Calcutta; with a proviso, that if he suited, he would go up country with me when my destination was decided upon.

Once engaged, my domestic entered on his duties with great promptitude; he put my things in order; sorted out my dirty linen, the accumulations of the voyage, made a list of it, as he intended bringing a man for it in the morning, and then suggested I should take a drive on the Mall.

But by this time I was beginning to wonder if it would be judicious to leave Ramma Sawmy in possession of my property, and thought of the Latin proverb which asks, 'Who shall guard the

guards themselves?'—so suggested the propriety of Ramma Sawmy giving me references. This was too much for him. He felt hurt—I could see it by the twitching of his mouth as he said he would in the morning bring documentary evidence of his goodness so overwhelming, that I might consider myself lucky in having secured the services of such a paragon. He spoke with so much emotion, I believed him, and took my first drive in Calcutta, happy in my mind at the thought of being able to leave my belongings in the care of such a guardian.

Early the next morning he was by my bedside with coffee and a biscuit; these I demolished whilst he arranged my clothes, then he placed his testimonials in my hand. I read them once, I read them twice, and think I should have read them a third time, had I not looked up and seen Ramma Sawmy standing with bowed head, the picture of silent reproof. Tears came as I grasped his hand, for was he not a Mutiny hero; had he not saved the lives of a certain lady and her children; had he not been a good and faithful servant to sundry generals, colonels, and commissioners; and I had ventured to doubt, for one short moment, such a man! 'But never again, Ramma Sawmy! Only serve me as you have served your king—as a great cardinal once observed—and so long as my salary is duly paid, so long shall you receive a portion of it.'

Confidence being established between us, Sawmy suggested going to the bazaar to purchase blacking and sundry little articles of daily use. To do this he wanted rupees, which were to be accounted for in due course; but these, as well as many more rupees, were not altogether satisfactorily accounted for; though perhaps I was not a competent judge of the value of the things bought. He also assisted me in purchasing several articles of intricate workmanship in the China bazaar, presents for home. Besides this, he helped me greatly in beating down the numerous 'box wallahs' who came in swarms to my room with articles for sale.

It was wonderful what a number of things I found necessary, or was persuaded were so, whilst staying in Calcutta; I therefore welcomed the order I received one morning to go to Allahabad and report myself to an official there. It was now I found out the real value of my treasure; he packed my things, sent the heavy baggage off by steamer, told me what we should want on the journey, and laid in stores for it. He depicted the meagre fare we should obtain *en route*—the chances of a breakdown, and consequent privation if not amply supplied with tinned provisions. I therefore left him with a free hand, whilst I devoted my last few hours to home letters.

In the one to my mother I told her of the dusky treasure I had secured; begged her to increase her subscription to the S.P.V.—a Society profanely called by a friend one for the propagation of vice in foreign parts—and finally assured her that her parting advice to be kind and patient to the mild Hindu should be carefully carried out.

My letters posted, presents packed and made over to my agents for despatch, I had not a care as we crossed the Hooghly to get to the railway station at Howrah, where we commenced our journey to the North-western Provinces. I took

our tickets to Raneegunge, giving Ramma Sawmy his, whilst I chummed with a doctor and two young officers bound for Patna.

Arrived at Raneegunge, the extent of our railway journey, I looked for Ramma Sawmy amongst the native passengers, but could not see him, for, like the vulgar boy of Ingoldsby, 'he was not there;' and to quote Ingoldsby again, slightly altered—'never to this hour have I beheld that native boy.'

I should like to pause now and express my feelings in red ink, but dare not, so will describe Raneegunge instead. It will be more soothing, for it will give me no trouble. In fact, the railway station and an hotel comprised the place as far as I saw it. The first I had done with when Ramma Sawmy could not be found there; the latter I stayed at for an hour or two, simply to get my dinner. It was a barn-like edifice, cheerless and unhome-like, whilst the food was high, so was the price of it. Perhaps I took a jaundiced view of everything that night. But I was not dull during dinner, for amongst the people at the table was a young fellow suffering from sunstroke or D.T. He had a pistol, which he presented at the head of a servant whenever he called for anything. This kept things lively, especially when on some one saying, 'It is not loaded,' he replied, 'Oh! isn't it?' and shot at a lamp hanging on the wall, smashing it. This was too much for his neighbours, who seized him, took the pistol, and threw it out of the door. A general row now began, in which not seeing my way to join profitably, I got into the conveyance which was to take me to Allahabad, and drove off.

In due course I arrived at my destination, reported myself to the proper authority, who told me I had better get a staff of servants used to camp-life, as my next two years would most likely be spent under canvas. Easier said than done, especially as I was warned against English-speaking natives. That I quite agreed with, for could not Ramma Sawmy speak it perfectly. There was, however, one exception to this rule; this was a native clerk, whose chief qualification had to be a knowledge of English.

Whilst looking for this member of my staff, my baggage arrived from Calcutta. It was duly delivered, and I looked forward to gazing at my belongings with fond delight; so I did—on what there was; but how little! First I wept, then 'swear-words' came to my relief, and if they were as effective as they were potent, Ramma Sawmy departed before his time to a place where my appropriated clothing would be superfluous. Later on, I heard from home that the cases I delivered to my agents containing, as I believed, choice works of native art, simply covered odd specimens of coarse pottery. What I said when I heard this was of the same nature as the pottery; it will therefore be well if I refrain from repeating it. It will also be well if Ramma Sawmy and his wicked ways be left alone, whilst I relate my first experiences with young Bengal.

I have said my native clerk was expected to know English, and this is what the first applicant for that post sent me as a specimen of his idea of the language:

RESPECTED SIR—I beg to say that my mind is greatly confounded: will you kindly let me know

if I may enter your service or may I go back to my house; Mr — told me verbally that when you start I shall be joined to your staff at —: still I have no result on the subject but now (sir) if your honor give me order I will ascertain the fact what is with all possible means; and having learnt the meaning of the cause I shall act according to my own will; I now beseech your forgiveness in haste; when I would be duly favoured by your kind reply, by your doing so I will lose no time to offer up my Prayer to the almighty father for your long life and prosperity.—I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

WOMESH CHUNDER BANERJEE.

This literary production was of the sort Huckleberry Finn described as 'interesting but tough;' it was also so peculiar that I longed to see the writer, and hear English 'as she is spoke' on the plains of Hindustan. It also occurred to me that I might get this worthy to write my home letters; they would impress my relations with the idea that I was studying the language and getting befogged with it. I therefore sent for Mr Banerjee, who appeared in a spotless white surtout; side spring boots, with their tags standing out at right angles to his legs; close-cropped hair, and an umbrella.

The English language as spoken by young Bengal does not give one the idea of being a plain one—flowery rhetoric and metaphor take the place of our homely phrases, and Mr Banerjee kept these well to the front during our interview. But on the whole he seemed a satisfactory person, and I engaged him.

I have forgotten, I see, to say that, just before leaving Calcutta, Ramma Sawmy wanted an advance in cash, to enable his family to live whilst he was away. He got it, and that fact rankled in my bosom more than all his other delinquencies put together; so, when Mr Banerjee suggested having a month's pay in advance for his family's benefit, my cholera rose, and I 'went for' Mr Banerjee. Luckily for him, I tripped and missed my man, who, with a yell of terror, bolted, his white garments streaming in the wind, his umbrella sailing away like a parachute, whilst spasmodically he shouted: 'Do you want to kill, sir?' No, I didn't; I only wanted to impress on him my views on the subject of monetary advances. It was not to be, though, for Mr Banerjee got safely to a house in the bazaar, where I left him, and hoped the next griffin he came across would be able to run faster than I could.

The next servant whose peculiarities afforded me food for reflection was a jokist, the only native I ever heard of in that line of business. His name was Kurreem Bux, and the way he once 'played it on me' was something any man might be proud of, especially as it was the chance of a lifetime; he grasped the situation and got his reward. A lion had been killed in the Central Provinces, and a friend—a great 'shikari'—told me they always went in couples; if therefore, we could get leave and post down sharp, we might bag the mate of the one shot. Leave was obtained, and away we went. A small staging bungalow, built for some surveyors, was situated in the jungles not far from where we expected to get news of the lion, if it existed;



this we had permission to use, and to it we sent our luggage a day or two in advance. Never shall I forget the place or its inhabitants. They principally consisted of the insect tribe, known entomologically as *Cimex lectularia*. And weren't they hungry! Truly, I believe the fiend in human form who gave us leave to use the place was coming before long to it, and wished his tenants to have the edge taken off their appetites, and we were to do it. But it was not to be; they were too much *en evidence*. One look at them was enough; we left the bungalow, and took up our quarters beneath a banyan tree.

After dinner, we arranged our plan of campaign, and then curled ourselves up to sleep the sleep of the just, just as the moon began to rise. We must have slept long, for when I was disturbed by my man, Kurreeem Bux, pressing my foot gently, the moon was well up, and the place nearly as light as day.

'Sahib, sahib,' softly whispered Kurreeem, 'there is the lion.'

In a moment I was 'all there.' Yes; certainly I could see the tail half of some animal behind a bush, apparently eating.

'What is he doing there, Kurreeem?'

'That is where the cook killed some fowls, and I suppose the lion is eating the entrails.'

Quite satisfied with this explanation, I took my rifle, looked at my chum, who was fast asleep, and crept from bush to bush till I could get a fair shot at the beast. I fired; the bullet went thud, and I waited to see if the other barrel would be wanted.

What a row there was in a moment; the whole place seemed alive with people. My chum was shouting 'What is it?' the servants were bolting right and left; Kurreeem was shouting 'A lion, a lion!' and my quarry was kicking away in the bush where it fell.

Now, whilst I was deliberating about the wisdom of going up to a wounded lion, a native appeared from behind a bush close to where I had fired; he went to the animal, and after giving vent to a wail of woe that rent the skies, said—at least, according to the *Delhi Gazette*:

Oh! sir,  
Was no other animal ready?  
Why couldn't you shoot a jackal or cur,  
And spare me my hard-working Neddy!

I had shot a villager's donkey. Kurreeem Bux disappeared for several days, and on his return kept at a respectful distance. Eventually I forgave him; and no doubt, when peace was restored, he had many a chuckle as he thought of how he had sold a Sahib.

### SOME OLD POLITICAL TOASTS.

THE decline and fall of the old health-drinking customs have naturally rendered the art of political toasting of little account. Beyond the conventional sentiments usually given at party banquets and convivial gatherings—the cause, and the leader—Political Toasts have but little existence. It was much otherwise a century ago. Your toast and your song were not then a figure of speech. Health-proposing and health-drinking were serious matters, and no one could shirk his duty therein. Any member of a dinner-

party or other social gathering was expected, if called upon, to give a sentiment which the rest of the company could honour. Of course, many of these sentiments became stereotyped, and several collections were made containing many hundreds of these favourite accompaniments to good liquor.

As political passion then ran high, and party feeling was inflamed, it is not surprising to find the political toast figuring prominently in the social life of the period. In the course of his Welsh wanderings in 1794, Coleridge was at Bala, and at some public table gave the health of the then famous Dr Priestley of Birmingham; whereupon, the loyal parish apothecary, who was present, said: 'I gives a sentiment, gemmen! May all republicans be gulloteened!' A comprehensive proposal, and somewhat sanguinary withal, but very pithily expressed. The political toasts of the last century were often marked by great coarseness, and what one might almost call brutality. There are several collections devoted to sentiments of this type, and some of them display amazing ferocity.

Many framers of political toasts were fond of displaying their ingenuity by disguising their exact intentions under some allusive sentiment or phrase of double meaning. On the 24th of January 1798, the birthday of Charles James Fox, there was a great dinner at the famous *Crown and Anchor*. The Whigs assembled in force—two thousand are said to have been present—with the Duke of Norfolk in the chair. The first toast was the health of Fox, and then the Duke proposed successively, 'Rights of the People,' 'Constitutional Redress of the Wrongs of the People,' with other catch-words and phrases which the Whigs then inscribed on their banners. The health of the chairman was drunk, and then the irrepressible Duke gave 'Our Sovereign's Health—the Majesty of the People.' This was sailing rather too near the wind, and the king promptly dismissed the Duke from his various offices. On the 1st of May in the same year, the Whig Club had a dinner at the *Freemasons' Tavern*, and Fox repeated the offence by giving as a toast, 'The Sovereignty of the People of Great Britain.' As soon as the king heard of this performance, he ordered the great Whig's name to be erased from the list of Privy Councillors.

Toasts of this character were not confined to public gatherings. At private dinners the custom of proposing sentiments was universal, and when ardent politicians got their knees under the same table, the toasts given reflected the political views of those assembled. When Samuel Rogers was a young man of twenty-nine, he once dined at a friend's house with Thomas Paine, freethinker and republican. One of the toasts given was the 'Memory of Joshua,' with reference, no doubt, to the Hebrew leader's conquest of the kings of Canaan, and his disposal of them thereafter by hanging and otherwise. Paine observed that he would not treat kings like Joshua. 'I'm of the Scotch parson's opinion,' he said, 'when he prayed against Louis XIV.—"Lord, shake him over the mouth of hell, but don't let him drop!"' Paine then gave as his contribution to the toast-list, 'The Republic of the World,' which Rogers noted as

a sublime idea. It was a kind of anticipation of the Laureate's lines in *Locksley Hall*:

Till the war-drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

In Ireland in 1808, when aid from France was expected by those disaffected towards the English rule, a popular toast was 'The Feast of the Pass-over.' Early in the present century, Pitt Clubs were very numerous throughout the country. They were founded in support of that great minister's policy during the titanic struggle with Napoleon, and continued to flourish long after Waterloo had finally ended that contest. The favourite toasts were, 'The Duke of Wellington,' 'The Gallant Blücher,' and then, 'True Blue and Prussian Blue—the colours that beat Bonaparte black and blue!' It has been ingeniously surmised that this toast, and the popularity at that time of the Prussians, gave rise to Sam Weller's singular form of welcome to his father, whom he saluted with, 'Vell, my Prooshan Blue!'—a phrase which was unintelligible to the competitors for Mr C. S. Calverley's prizes, given in 1857, for proficiency in the 'Pickwick Papers,' and was even a stone of offence to the learned examiner himself.

The Jacobites were extremely ingenious in their methods of showing convivial disloyalty without too openly committing themselves. Every one knows the method of drinking the health of the king 'over the water;' but this was only one of many devices. In 1715 they were fond of toasting an individual called Job. This was not the much-tried man of infinite and proverbial patience, but simply a combination of the initials of James, Ormonde, and Bolingbroke. Other favourites were 'Kit'—which in the same way represented King James Third—and 'the three Bs,' which mystery meant Best Born Briton, and so the Chevalier. In earlier days, during the Commonwealth, the Cavaliers are said to have expressed their feelings towards the usurper by a tolerably transparent device. They put a crumb of bread into their glass, and then, before drinking it off, exclaimed, 'God send this *crumb well* down!' For a long time after King William III. met his death from his horse having stumbled over a molehill in the park of Hampton Court Palace, the Jacobites kept the memory of the humble earth-borer fresh by drinking to the health of the 'Little gentleman in black velvet.' Among the wilder spirits, the health-drinking was not complete unless it were performed on the bared knees. As Wildrake sings in *Woodstock*:

Then let the health go round;  
For though your stocking be of silk,  
Your knee shall kiss the ground, a-ground, a-ground,  
a-ground,  
Your knee shall kiss the ground.

On the other side, the supporters of the settlement of 1688, and all who detested the Stuarts, had plenty of sentiments whereby to testify, in bacchanalian moments, to their loyalty to the House of Hanover. The famous 'Calves-head Club' distinguished itself in this connection. Their favourite day of meeting and holding high festival was January 30, the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I., and their toasts smack of the brutality of the time. Among their

sentiments were, 'The Pious Memory of Oliver Cromwell,' 'The Glorious Year 1648,' 'The Man in the Mask'—referring to the king's executioner—and others of similar hue. We have travelled a long distance since such toasts as the last named could be tolerated in decent society. The most devoted admirer of the rule of Oliver Cromwell would hesitate nowadays to toast that 'Man in the Mask' whose personality is as little capable of satisfactory identification as is his of the Iron Mask. Political sentiments do not now go hand in hand with the flowing bowl—the overflowing bowl—as they used to do, and political toasts, except of the most conventional kind, are practically extinct.

#### IN AUTUMN DAYS.

Do you think of the long ago, sweet heart,  
As we stand by the old brook's side,  
And, russet and brown, the leaves float down  
To drift away with the tide?  
Do you think of the days gone by,  
When we sat by this dimpled stream  
Dreaming for hours 'mid its gay wild flowers,  
As only youth can dream?

The haws are ripe on the fading boughs  
Where the thrushes used to sing,  
When the sky was blue and the blossom new  
In the fresh and joyful Spring;  
And I dared to plead my love  
Till your lips sweet answer gave,  
While, rich and bright, the quivering light  
Lay on the silver wave.

You say we are older now—and wise;  
And the time of dreams is o'er,  
For our children play on the sunny way  
Where we kept our tryst before.  
So you pluck the crimson haws,  
Which are stirred by no brown wing,  
And give a sigh to the days gone by,  
And the vanished bloom of Spring.

But look up into my face, sweet heart!  
You have been my wife for years:  
We have had our share of toil and care,  
And wept together some tears.  
Yet our hearts have aye been bound  
In a bond so truly blest,  
That I cannot tell (I love so well)  
If Autumn or Spring is best.

E. MATHESON.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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## A RUSSIAN 'DAY OF RECOLLECTION.'

THE Russian people are perhaps, of all European nationalities, the most tenaciously conservative in the maintenance of their ancient national customs, holidays, and Church observances. Whilst many of their ceremonies are somewhat interesting, and even sensational in their character to the traveller, none can be possibly more so than the popular holiday known amongst the Russians as the 'Day of Recollection,' or 'Festival over the Dead.' On the morning of the 28th of July, Russian style, or 9th of August, English style, whilst on a visit to St Petersburg, we were informed that this annual holiday was to be observed in the churchyard of Smolensk, situated in Vasili Ostrof. Accompanied by an interesting and intelligent Scot, who has been located in Russia for nearly thirty years, and who, accordingly, knows the Russian language as well as his mother-tongue, we proceeded to the scene of action. We were not long of being made aware of the fact that something of an unusual character was going on in the city. At the tram-car starting-point we found quite a crowd of people collected, most of whom carried well-loaded bags, bundles, and baskets, and looked as if they were setting out on a somewhat lengthened journey. Car after car was loaded and despatched only to be succeeded by others. To escape the crowd, we secured a drosky. The farther we proceeded, the greater the throng became. It reminded us of the crowds we have seen hurrying along to the race-meetings or important fairs in our own country. When we got within half a mile of the church of Smolensk, the long avenues, broad streets, and lanes looked almost solid with people. As the police would not allow our drosky-man to proceed farther, owing to the block, we had to dismount, leave our driver to fall into his place behind a long line of vehicles of every description, and follow the crowd on foot. It was a crowd certainly as big as desirable, but perfectly manageable. Everybody was in holiday dress and in holiday humour. Many carried

large memorial wreaths beautifully decorated with flowers. There was nothing of a sombre hue in all that crowd. The memorial wreath was being borne along as gaily as if it had been a marriage bouquet. It was difficult for us to believe that these people were moving to a field of the dead. Besides those carrying flowers, there were others carrying provisions, bread (black and white), teapots, tea-urns, hot-water urns, and bottles of all shapes and sizes.

When at a crawling pace we reached the entrance to the church and churchyard, we found a detachment of police drawn up. As the people passed through the archway the police moved about in search of 'vodka' or spirit bottles, an order having been issued by the chief that all vodka bottles were to be seized. Having passed this entrance, we now reached the short avenue to the church of Smolensk. Here it was all excitement and a perfect babel of sounds, and in respect of noise and numbers not unlike a gigantic Scotch or English fair of the olden times. Here, however, the comparison ceases. On the right of the entrance to the church stood a large open booth constructed of canvas, supported by poles. It was literally packed with religious devotees. At one end was erected an altar with sacred relics and 'ikons' and everything quite in accordance with the high ritual of the Russian Church. It was a dazzling, gaudy show of tawdry gold and silver ornamentation in full blaze with tapers and candles. Outside, a good sale of tapers was going on. Within this booth many were on their knees, others were kissing the glass coverings of the pictures of the saints, or crossing themselves and displaying their religious fervour in many strange ways. One man quite as earnest as his fellow-devotees in bowing, kneeling, crossing himself, and kissing the pictures of the saints, carried a formidable bottle in his pocket. On one side of the entrance stood ten nuns of dark, swarthy complexions, dressed in black and wearing hats of various shapes, sugar-loaf and cylindrical, from which long heavy black veils were suspended. These nuns had come from the



remote interior, and were on a begging tour for the poorer country churches. There were men also eagerly clamouring for contributions for certain churches burned down in the interior. Not far off was a miscellaneous lot of lame, halt, and blind soliciting alms. This booth was well patronised; and the money drawn from the sale of tapers and candles, in addition to the voluntary contributions, must have brought a fair harvest to those who presided over it.

Leaving this extraordinary exhibition of devotion, superstition, and imposition, we crossed over to see what was doing within the church of Smolensk. Within the porch stood two rows of miserable creatures, old and middle-aged. The sight of this abject collection of humanity was positively sickening for its sadness. Round the porch were people engaged in the sale of charms, trinkets, curios, and flowers. The church of Smolensk, which is dedicated to the Virgin, looks a somewhat aged structure, notwithstanding the whitewash and paint which have not been spared upon it. Its altar is a fine one, and of course there is no lack of sacred pictures—gold, silver, and jewelled ornamentation—candelabra, paintings, frescoes, banners, rare old service-books, and other objects of religious veneration. As the worshippers entered, very many of them purchased candles and tapers, proceeded with them to the altar, and after lighting them there, they placed them in the candelabra reserved for such offerings. The church is now quite ablaze with light, and presents a spectacle—as the gold, silver, and jewelled treasures glisten so dazzlingly—which moves the worshippers. The pictures of the Saviour and the Virgin were special objects of veneration, and all eagerly pressed forward in succession to kiss those holy pictures. There were some people kissing the floor of the church, others were devoutly crossing themselves and kneeling. Very few could be charged with remissness. In the centre of the church stood pitchers full of holy-water, around which the people were congregating, eager to get the tin cups into their hands. The water was disposed of in cupfuls. Mothers were encouraging and pressing their children to partake of it, while some were even putting it into the mouths of tender infants. The floor of the church was thick with sand, caused by the traffic of so many feet. A miracle-working picture of the Virgin Lady of Smolensk attracted much attention, and many kisses were lavished on the glass which protected it. Whilst we were examining with some interest this highly venerated work of art, a woman dressed like a peasant approached us carrying a basket covered with a white cloth. From this basket she produced a small phial containing an oily-looking liquid, which she offered for sale. It had been specially blessed, she said, by coming in contact with the miracle-working Virgin, and was warranted to cure all manner of diseases. Strongly she pressed its

virtues upon us, saying, 'Although you are Germans and foreigners and dumb to what is going on, you ought to make some sacrifice for the mother of God.' As we still declined to make the purchase, she opened the cork, put some of the oil on the tip of her finger, and was about to proceed to anoint us; however, at this point we slipped through the crowd and escaped her further attentions.

The heat now growing stifling, the smell by no means the most fragrant—around us nothing but kissings, genuflections, prostrations, crossings, and drinking of the holy-water increasing rather than diminishing, we made our way out of the church to enjoy a little fresh air in the churchyard. The main avenues were crowded. There were priests, police, soldiers, sailors, artisans, boatmen in their red shirts outside their trousers, and picturesquely attired women and children promenading to and fro. There were vendors of fruit, flowers, sweets, and Seltzer water stationed here and there. There was, however, no jostling, no rudeness in all that crowd. The humblest 'moujik' was greeting the other by taking his cap off, shaking him by the hand, and from his heart wishing him all happiness. There was the utmost courtesy and kindness manifested by every one to young and old. Different classes moved freely together. There was no stiffness, no formality, no reserve.

The churchyard of Smolensk, we were informed by an officer of police, is one hundred and twenty acres in extent, and the number of grave-diggers employed is twenty-four. We have seen many lamentably neglected and insanitary churchyards in our own country; we have seen nothing, however, like this. It is simply a wild, neglected field of rank grass, neglected trees, and shrubs enclosed by a hideous wooden fence. There are avenues and roads broad and narrow intersecting it, but all neglected and unkept. The monumental stones are nearly as thick as they can be planted. There are obelisks, flat stones, pillars, miniature chapels, shrines, stones in every conceivable shape and form, picturesque and grotesque, and attached to every stone is the 'ikon,' or holy picture. On many of the monuments lamps were burning, and on numerous graves were lighted candles. The most common form of monumental design, however, was the Greek cross, in stone or wood, and in some cases in plain rough logs and posts. There were other tombs like caves, grottoes, rockeries, and mounds of turf of pyramid shape. Some resembled ordinary wooden packing-boxes, others again closely resembled large umbrellas and parasols. The decorations were in some cases lavish, and very beautiful indeed. Roses, everlastings, heather, dried flowers, and wreaths of brilliant colours were lovingly bestowed as offerings and memorials.

As we turn away from the main avenues to wander amongst the tombs, what a remarkable sight presented itself! In every direction there

were family parties holding picnics amongst the graves. Within many a little grave enclosure, a table stood, spread with eatables and drinkables, and the family party sat round as happy looking as if they were picnicking in the woods. Other family groups were seated in large aviary-like structures made of wood and wire-netting, with tables spread within and seats all round. Within these enclosures feasting with their relatives were many types of St Petersburg society, from the well-clad, highly respectable-looking men of business down to the humblest and poorest labourer, and not a sad face amongst them. This resting-place of the dead was transformed to-day into a scene of festivity. Some tables were covered with the usual tea-party provisions, others again with the more solid materials of the supper-table. Teapots and tea-urns were everywhere. The chief drink was 'vodka,' which, notwithstanding the police prohibition, was too conspicuously present. There is a group, and it is not the only one, seated round a table, well furnished with Russian sausages, buns, black bread, fish, and small cucumbers, and too intent over the vodka. The children are playing around, having disposed of their cloaks and hats on the family gravestone. There is an old man, bald-headed, in his red shirt over his trousers and long boots, seated on the family burying-ground with his aged wife beside him, and before them eggs, cucumbers, and black bread. It is a very strange, yet pathetic sight. It is impossible for them to look happier than they do now.

As we moved along, we heard the sounds of chanting. Here was a family party of men and women, most respectable looking and well clad, kneeling together on the family burial-ground. A priest in deep sonorous tones was reciting or singing the 'pancheda,' or the requiem for the dead. The others crossed themselves, waved their hands, kissed the ground, and seemed intensely agitated. The priest alone stood up, full bearded and moustached, and with long streaming hair. On his head he wore a cylindrical hat of purple velvet, over his shoulders a shawl-like garment of silver and gold braided work, with large gold crosses behind, and in his hand he carried a censer. The service only lasted a few minutes. The fee of twenty copecks (fivepence) was then handed to the priest, who withdrew for duty elsewhere. As soon as the service was over, there was mutual congratulation, and on every face there was an expression of delightful satisfaction. Down immediately they sat together around the well-furnished table, and there they feasted. As we wandered about, the voices of the multitude reminded us of the sound of the sea. Here is an enclosure with eleven persons seated within feasting gaily and drinking vodka.

Changing our route, we came to the finest monument in the churchyard, and, let it be said, one that is kept in a singularly tasteful and creditable condition. This is the monument erected in memory of those soldiers of the Finnish Regiment of Guards who perished in the explosion in the Winter Palace some years ago. The monument is a very handsome granite structure, planted on an artificial mound. It is of obelisk shape, and its top is surmounted by a

jewelled golden cross placed on a gilded globe. On the face of the obelisk are printed the names of the unfortunate soldiers. The decorations are of a purely military character, comprising Russian eagles, bayonets, cuirasses, helmets, swords, guns, and cannon tastefully arranged; whilst the graves are beautifully decorated with wreaths and flowers and strewn with rice. This monument was surrounded by numerous spectators, who showed their respect for the dead and their veneration for the holy pictures near it by uncovering and crossing themselves.

After leaving this interesting memorial, we continued our walk, and everywhere there was very much the same thing to be seen—religious fervour and devotion commingled with drinking, feasting, and merriment. Seated on a little enclosure with his wife and relatives we came upon a burly lieutenant of police well known to our friend. We halted to get some information from him. He informed us that he had some children buried within this enclosure, and that now he was having a glorious day. Turning to the writer, he said: 'Ah, our friend has never seen the like of this in his country. They have nothing like this in Schottland.' When we asked him about the vodka-drinking connected with this Recollection Day, he replied: 'Why, the police order is, there must be no vodka; however, all the same the more vodka comes.' He also informed us that this was the oldest cemetery in St Petersburg, and it was estimated that hundreds of thousands of bodies had been interred here, and that from time immemorial those strange rites which he was engaged in had been observed.

Leaving our friend to enjoy himself, we came upon some flat tombstones sprinkled with rice, and others strewn with black bread, white bread, and hard-boiled eggs crumbled down, as oblations to the dead. There were also several very curious circular and square wire-netted enclosures containing memorial crosses. There is a large enclosure closely resembling a cage in the Zoological Gardens in which three massive wooden Greek crosses stand covered with beautiful wreaths and flowers; whilst seated in true picnic-like style is a merry group of individuals feasting.

We have now reached another church. Beggars are standing round the doors, crying: 'Remember the poor churches in the interior!' 'Remember the church of Michael the Archangel!' Several nuns also, with fur round their long-veiled hats, were imploring for assistance. Near this church we were attracted by an old tombstone covered with written papers. We inspected some of them, and they proved to be the petitions for prayers for the dead given to the priests. Having been disposed of, they were apparently thrown out to make room for others. Many of those sheets of note-paper contained long lists of names of the departed.

Making our way out of the churchyard, we saw near the church of Smolensk a man beating an iron plate suspended from the branch of a tree, as a signal for the people to withdraw. Passing through the gates, we noticed the police keeping a sharp lookout for pickpockets, those plagues of Russian crowds. A 'tractir' or restaurant planted at the very church gate was doing a roaring trade. Outside, the scene was one of great animation.

Every upper window had its occupants. The streets were crowded, the drosky-men in long lines were drawn up, waiting for patrons, and the noise from the innumerable overflowing tractors or cafés was simply deafening.

So terminated this remarkable day spent in the churchyard of Smolensk. When such a holiday as this was instituted, who can tell? It belongs to the dim and distant past, and is a relic of semi-barbarous times. It carried our minds at once back over the long centuries to the days of old pagan rites and practices. We had read in classical authors how the Roman sepulchres were bespread with flowers and covered with crowns and fillets, how the little altar was erected, on which libations were made and incense burned, and how the ancient tombs were frequently illuminated with lamps. We had read of the feast the Silicernium, kept both for the living and the dead associated with it, and how certain things, such as beans, lettuce, bread, and eggs, were laid on the tombs as the *cena feralis*. It was remarkable indeed to find something not unlike this a recognised ceremony in the Russian church, and a living and popular institution in a civilised and cultured capital like St Petersburg.

### BLOOD ROYAL.\*

#### CHAPTER XIII.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

His father's death put Dick at once in a very different position from the one he had previously occupied. It was a family revolution. And on the very evening of the funeral, that poor shabby funeral, Dick began then and there to think the future over.

Poor people have to manage things very differently from rich ones; and when Edmund Plantagenet was laid to rest at last in the Oxford cemetery, no member of the family save Dick himself was there to assist at the final ceremony. Only Gillespie accompanied him to the side of the grave, out of all the College; but when they reached the chapel, they found Gillingham standing there hatless before them—urged, no doubt, by some late grain of remorse for his own prime part in this domestic drama; or was it only perhaps by a strong desire to see the last act of his tragedy played out to its bitter climax? After the ceremony, he left hurriedly at once in the opposite direction. The two friends walked home alone in profound silence. That evening, Gillespie came up to Dick's rooms to bear him company in his trouble. Dick was deeply depressed. After a while, he grew confidential, and explained to his friend the full gravity of the crisis. For Mr Plantagenet, after all, poor weak sot though he was, had been for many years the chief bread-winner of the family. Dick and Maud, to be sure, had done their best to eke out the housekeeping expenses, and to aid the younger children as far as possible; but still, it was the father on

whose earnings they all as a family had depended throughout for rent and food and clothing. Only Maud and Dick were independent in any way; Mrs Plantagenet and the little ones owed everything to the father. He had been a personage at Chiddingwick, a character in his way, and Chiddingwick for some strange reason had always been proud of him. Even 'carriage company' sent their children to learn of him at the *White Horse*, just because he was old Plantagenet, and a certain shadowy sentiment attached to his name and personality. Broken reprobate as he was, the halo of past greatness followed him down through life to the lowest depths of degradation and penury.

But now that his father was dead, Dick began to realise for the first time how far the whole family had been dependent for support upon the old man's profession. Little as he had earned, indeed, that little had been bread and butter to his wife and children. And now that Dick came to face the problem before him like a man, he saw only too plainly that he himself must fill the place Mr Plantagenet had vacated. It was a terrible fate, but he saw no way out of it. At one deadly blow all his hopes for the future were dashed utterly to the ground. Much as he hated to think it, he saw at once it was now his imperative duty to go down from Oxford. He must do something without delay to earn a livelihood somehow for his mother and sisters. He couldn't go on living there in comparative luxury while the rest of his family starved, or declined on the tender mercies of the Chiddingwick workhouse.

Gradually, bit by bit, he confided all this, broken-hearted, to Gillespie. There were no secrets between them now; for the facts as to poor Mr Plantagenet's pitiable profession had come out fully at the inquest, and all Oxford knew that night that Plantagenet of Durham, the clever and rising history man, who was considered safe for the Marquis of Lothian's Essay, was after all but the son of a country dancing-master. So Dick, with a crimson face, putting his pride in his pocket, announced to his friend the one plan for the future that now seemed to him feasible—to return at once to Chiddingwick and take up his father's place, so as to keep together the *clientèle*. Clearly he must do something to make money without delay; and that sad resolve was the only device he could think of on the spur of the moment.

'Wouldn't it be better to try for a school-mastership?' Gillespie suggested cautiously. He had the foresight of his countrymen. 'That wouldn't so much unclass you in the end as the other. You haven't a degree, of course, and the want of one would naturally tell against you. But you might get a vacant place in some preparatory school—though the pay, of course, would be something dreadfully trivial.'

'That's just it,' Dick answered, bursting with

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shame and misery, but facing it out like a man. 'Gillespie, you're kindness itself—such a dear good fellow—and I could say things to you I couldn't say to anybody else on earth that I know of, except my own family. But even to you I can't bear to say what must be said, sooner or later. You see, for my mother's sake, for my sisters', for my brothers', I must do whatever enables me to make most money. I must pocket my pride—and I've got a great deal—ever so much too much—but I must pocket it, all the same, and think only of what's best in the end for the family. Now, I should hate the dancing—oh, my dear, dear fellow, I can't tell you how I should hate it! But it's the one thing by which I could certainly earn most money. There's a good connection there at Chiddingwick, and it's all in the hands of the family. People would support me because I was my father's son. If I went home at once, before anybody else came to the town to fill the empty place, I could keep the connection together; and as I wouldn't spend any money—well, in the ways my poor father often spent it, I should easily earn enough to keep myself and the children. It'll break my heart to do it; oh, it'll break my heart; for I'm a very proud man; but I see no way out of it. And I, who hoped to build up again by legitimate means the ruined fortunes of the Plantagenets!'

Gillespie was endowed with a sound amount of good Scotch common-sense. He looked at things more soberly. 'If I were you,' he said in a tone that seemed to calm Dick's nerves, 'even at the risk of letting the golden opportunity slip, I'd do nothing rashly. A step down in the social scale is easy enough to take; but once taken, we all know it's very hard to recover. Have you mentioned this plan of yours to your mother or sister?'

'I wrote to Maud about it this evening,' Dick answered sadly, 'and I told her I might possibly have to make this sacrifice.'

Gillespie paused and reflected. After a minute's consideration, he drew his pipe from his mouth and shook out the ashes. 'If I were you,' he said again, in a very decided voice, 'I'd let the thing hang a bit. Why shouldn't you run down to Chiddingwick to-morrow and talk matters over with your people? It costs money, I know; and just at present, I can understand, every penny's a point to you. But I've a profound respect for the opinions of one's women in all these questions. They look more at the social side, I'll admit, than men; yet they often see things more clearly and intelligently, for all that, than we do. They've got such insight. If they demand this sacrifice of you, I suppose you must make it; but if, as I expect, they refuse to sanction it, why, then, you must try to find some other way out of it.'

Gillespie's advice fell in exactly with Dick's own ideas; for not only did he wish to see his mother and Maud, but also he was anxious to meet Mary Tudor again and explain to her with regret that the engagement, which had never existed at all between them must now be ended. So he decided to take his friend's advice at once, and start off by the first train in the morning to Chiddingwick.

He went next day. Gillespie breakfasted with him, and remained when he left in quiet possession of the armchair by the fireside. He took up a book—the third volume of Mommsen—and sat on and smoked, without thinking of the time, filling up the interval till his eleven o'clock lecture. For at eleven the senior tutor lectured on Plato's *Republic*. Just as the clock struck ten, a hurried knock at the door aroused Gillespie's attention. 'Come in!' he said quickly, taking his pipe from his mouth. The door opened with a timid movement, standing a quarter ajar, and a pale face peeped in with manifest indecision. 'A lady!' Gillespie said to himself, and instinctively knocked the unconsumed tobacco out of his short clay pipe as he rose to greet her.

'Oh, I beg your pardon,' a small voice said in very frightened accents. 'I think I must be mistaken. I wanted Mr Richard Plantagenet's rooms. Can you kindly direct me to them?'

'These are Mr Plantagenet's rooms,' Gillespie answered as gently as a woman himself, for he saw the girl was slight, and tired, and delicate, and dressed in deep mourning of the simplest description. 'He left me here in possession when he went out this morning, and I've been sitting ever since in them.'

The slight girl came in a step or two with evident hesitation. 'Will he be long gone?' she asked tremulously. 'Perhaps he's at lecture. I must sit down and wait for him.'

Gillespie motioned her into a chair and instinctively pulled a few things straight in the room to receive a lady. 'Well, to tell you the truth,' he said, 'Plantagenet's gone down this morning to Chiddingwick. I—I beg your pardon, but I suppose you're his sister.'

Maud let herself drop into the chair he set for her, with a despondent gesture. 'Gone to Chiddingwick! Oh, how unfortunate!' she cried, looking puzzled. 'What am I ever to do? This is really dreadful.' And indeed the situation was sufficiently embarrassing; for she had run up in haste, on the spur of the moment, when she received Dick's letter threatening instant return, without any more money than would pay her fare one way, trusting to Dick's purse to frank her back again. But she didn't mention these facts, of course, to the young man in Dick's rooms, with the blue-and-white boating jacket, who sat and looked hard at her with profound admiration and sympathy, reflecting to himself meanwhile how very odd it was of Plantagenet never to have given him to understand that his sister was beautiful! For Maud was always beautiful, in a certain delicate, slender, shrinking fashion, though she had lots of character; and her eyes, red with tears, and her simple little black dress, instead of spoiling her looks, somehow served to accentuate the peculiar charms of her beauty.

She sat there a minute or two, wondering what on earth to do, while Gillespie stood by in respectful silence. At last she spoke. 'Yes, I'm his sister,' she said simply, raising her face with a timid glance towards the strange young man. 'Did Dick tell you when he was coming back? I'm afraid I must wait for him.'

'I don't think he'll be back till rather late,' Gillespie answered with sympathy. 'He took his

name off Hall; that means to say,' he added in explanation, 'he won't be home to dinner.'

Maud considered for a moment in doubt. This was really serious. Then she spoke once more, rather terrified. 'He won't stop away all night, I suppose?' she asked, turning up her face appealingly to the kindly-featured stranger. For what she could do in that case, in a strange big town, without a penny in her pocket, she really couldn't imagine.

Gillespie's confident answer reassured her on that head. 'Oh no, he won't stop away,' he replied, 'for he hasn't got leave; and he wouldn't be allowed to sleep out without it. But he mayn't be back, all the same, till quite late at night—perhaps ten or eleven. It would be hardly safe for you, I think, to wait on till then for him. I mean,' he added apologetically, 'it might perhaps be too late to get a train back to Chiddingwick.'

Maud looked down and hesitated. She perused the hearth-rug. 'I think,' she said at last, after a very long pause, 'you must be Mr Gillespie.'

'That's my name,' the young man answered, with an inclination of the head, rather pleased she should have heard of him.

Maud hesitated once more. Then, after a moment, she seemed to make her mind up. 'I'm so glad it's you,' she said simply, with pretty womanly confidence; 'for I know you're Dick's friend, and I daresay you'll have guessed what's brought me up here to-day even in the midst of our great trouble. Oh, Mr Gillespie, did he tell you what he wrote last night to me?'

Gillespie gazed down at her. Tears stood in her eyes as she glanced up at him piteously. He thought he had never seen any face before so pathetically pretty. 'Ye-es, he told me,' the young man answered, hardly liking even to acknowledge it. 'He said he thought of going back at once to Chiddingwick, to take up—well, to keep together your poor father's connection.'

With a violent effort, Maud held back her tears. 'Yes, that's just what he wrote,' she went on, with downcast eyes, her lips trembling as she said it. Then she turned her face to him yet again. 'But, oh, Mr Gillespie,' she cried, clasping her hands in her earnestness, 'that's just what he must never, never, never think of!'

'But he tells me it's the only thing—the family has—to live upon,' Gillespie interposed, hesitating.

'Then the family can starve!' Maud cried, with a sudden flash of those tearful eyes. 'We're Plantagenets, and we can bear it. But for Dick to leave Oxford, and spoil all our best hopes for him—oh, Mr Gillespie, can't you feel, it would be too, too dreadful? We could never stand it.'

Gillespie surveyed her from head to foot in admiration of her spirit. Such absolute devotion to the family honour struck a kindred chord in his half-Celtic nature. 'You speak like a Plantagenet,' he answered very gravely, for he too had caught some faint infection of the great Plantagenet myth. 'You deserve to have him stop. You're worthy of such a brother. But don't you think yourself it would be right of him—as he does—to think first of your mother and his sisters and brothers?'

Maud rose and faced him. 'Mr Gillespie,' she cried, clasping her hands, and looking beautiful as she did so, 'I don't know why I can speak to

you so frankly: I suppose it's because you're Dick's friend, and because in this terrible loss which has come upon us so suddenly we stand so much in need of human sympathy. But, oh—it's wrong to say it, of course, yet say it I must; I don't care one penny whether it's right or whether it's wrong; let us starve or not, I do, do want Dick to stop on at Oxford!'

Gillespie regarded her respectfully. Such courage appealed to him. 'Well, I daresay I'm as wrong as you,' he answered frankly; 'but, to tell you the truth—so do I; and I honour you for saying it.'

'Thank you,' Maud cried, letting the tears roll now unchecked, for sympathy overcame her. She fell back again into her chair. 'Do you know,' she said unaffectedly, 'we don't care one bit what we do at Chiddingwick; we don't care, not one of us! We'd work our fingers to the bone, even Nellie, who's the youngest, to keep Dick at Oxford. We don't mind if we starve, for we're only the younger ones. But Richard's head of our house now, heir of our name and race: and we were all so proud when he got this Scholarship. We thought he'd be brought up as the chief of the Plantagenets ought to be.' She paused a moment and reflected; then she spoke again. 'To leave Oxford would be bad enough,' she went on, 'and would cost us all sore; it would be a terrible blow to us; though I suppose that's inevitable: but to come back to Chiddingwick, and take up my dear father's profession—oh, don't think me undutiful to his memory, Mr Gillespie, for our father was a man—if you'd known him long ago, before he grew careless—a man we had much to be proud of—but still, well, there! if Dick was to do it, it would break our very hearts for us.'

'I can see it would,' Gillespie answered, glancing away from her gently, for she was crying hard now. His heart warmed to the poor girl. How he wished it had been possible for him to help her effectually!

Maud leaned forward with clasped hands and spoke still more earnestly. 'Then you'll help me with it?' she said, drawing a sigh. 'You'll work with me to prevent him? I know Dick thinks a great deal of your advice and opinion. He's often told me so. You'll try to persuade him not to leave Oxford, won't you?—or if he leaves, at least not to come back to Chiddingwick? Oh, do say you will!—for Dick's so much influenced by what you think and say. You see, he'll want to do what's best for us—he's always so unselfish. But that's not what we want: you must try and make him neglect us, and think only of himself; for the more he thinks of us, the more unhappy and ashamed and desperate he'll make us; and the more he thinks of himself, why, the better we'll all love him.'

It was a topsy-turvy gospel: but one couldn't help respecting it. Gillespie rose and 'sporting the oak'—closed the big outer door, which stands as a sign in all Oxford rooms that the occupant is out, or doesn't wish to be disturbed, and so secures men when reading from casual interruption. He told Maud what he had done; and Maud, who had been brought up too simply to distrust her brother's friend, or to recognise the rules of polite etiquette on such subjects, was grateful to him for the courtesy. 'Now, we must talk this out

together,' he said, 'more plainly and practically. It's a business matter: we must discuss it as business. But anyhow, Miss Plantagenet, I'll do my very best to help you in keeping Dick on at Oxford.'

### A NEW WORLD FOR THE CAMEL.

THE Soudan Expedition gave Australians their first important lesson in the uses of the camel. Before that they regarded the beast as an interesting object in natural history, and of a certain commercial value in some little-known parts of the world; but it never seriously entered their heads to turn it to regular practical account on their own vast plains. Over fifty years ago a few enthusiasts endeavoured to excite attention to the benefits which would accrue from using the camel as a beast of burden; the early Governors pressed the matter with spirit at various junctures from the establishment of Botany Bay, and many of the explorers were distinctly favourable to the employment of the animals. But these influences were utterly powerless to effect the purpose contemplated. The population had brought with them a knowledge of the horse and ox, and these they used in their carrying-enterprises over a continent as little adapted in many respects to those particular animals as are the plains of Central Asia. The young men who answered the call to arms in the panic of a few years ago were, however, in great proportion natives of the soil, and although inheriting a fixed regard for horse and bullock, they were not blind to the special uses they saw made of the camel along the skirts of Arabian deserts. When they returned, they brought with them a wider view of things; and while, admitting that much of Australia suits the horse-team and bullock-team, they were equally emphatic in declaring that much more of the country seemed destined by nature to be the carrying-ground of the camel alone. The new idea is growing, and already five lines of camel traffic have been opened up and are in regular work. Altogether, over two thousand camels are in daily march.

Once the camel comes to be generally known, rivalry of horse and ox will in the interior of the country be out of the question. Except on the coast districts, the bullock has almost excluded the horse already. On the great inland plains, travelling day by day over barren spinifex country, the horse was found too valuable an animal for the work before him. The bushman's solid work was done by bullocks. But what sort of expeditions were those trips of his? He yoked ten or a dozen bullocks to his dray or wagon; he drove as many more along before; so that when accidents happened he would have substitutes; and he did his three or five hundred miles in a period, and amid privations and hardships, which almost invariably made a gap in his life. Ten miles a day is a fair average for a team of bullocks. They must be turned out before sundown to feed and water; and if food or water is scarce, they have to be looked after

carefully during the night. The teamster must keep on foot all day, accompanying them with comments complimentary or oburgatory, as occasion requires; or urging them with his long echo-raising whip to dash over a pinch in a hill or a rut in a creek. He is sometimes eight or ten months from home at a stretch, and there are cases recorded when his trip covered over two years. Occasionally he takes his wife and young children with him, and then his life is simply that of a gipsy, with the romance taken out, and the hardest of hard work put in.

The immediate consequence of substituting camels for bullocks will be the shortening of those long trips. A camel will do eighty-four miles in eighteen hours with three hundred pounds on his back. To go that distance would take the average bullock team ten or eleven days. From the stand-point of civilisation, this is of the highest moment. It is nothing for men to pierce the desert on a trip of exploration, returning in a year or two years or after a longer interval; but it is a serious matter for a man to undertake the making of a home and rearing of a family while his ordinary occupation is one which keeps him almost continually on the road. But the camel will be also cheaper. The wear and tear of bullock-flesh take away half the profits. Bullocks are stupid animals. Yoke them together when breaking them in, and if they can get a tree between them there will be at least one broken neck. They will walk down the steep bank of a waterhole and drown themselves. They starve in dry country and bog in wet. The camel is, on the other hand, a rational beast. He can find his own living wherever he may be. Forms of vegetation which other animals pass by, the camel thrives on. Thistles are one of his luxuries. Above all, his ability to do without water for a lengthened period marks him out as the true beast of burden for the Australian interior.

Points of objection are, it is true, still raised against him. He is said to frighten other animals. The ordinary stockhorse takes to the bush as soon as his eye lights on the ungainly-looking creature. Cattle flee from him in terror. But that is merely because he is as yet strange to them. Familiarity will remove that objection. When evening comes, the bullocks are merely unhitched from the wagon, and the goods remain as they are until the wagon is hitched on next day and the journey renewed. With camels, each has to be unloaded each night and loaded up again on the following morning, necessitating the periodic handling of bales and packages. This is certainly a disadvantage, and goods often reach their destination in a damaged state in consequence; but there are various ways of lessening the evil, if not of preventing it, and experience is rapidly supplying the requisite knowledge. There are other objections; but taking the good with the bad, the camel remains among the most desirable acquisitions the Australian inlands can cultivate. Over one million square miles of the country are still unknown desert. West Australia alone has six hundred and fifty thousand square miles, supposed to consist of arid plains, salt lakes, and mud-flats, but practically outside the sphere of our information. These wide deserts have work for a million camels; while the



highways running into them and connecting them with the oases of civilisation in one part and another should give constant occupation to at least three times as many.

## RALPH THORNLEIGH'S PICTURE.

### CHAPTER II.

It need hardly be said that when Miss Macallan again approached Beatrice on the subject of her artist-lover she found her as firm in her purpose to 'wait' as before; and she therefore proceeded to enlighten her niece regarding the condition of her uncle's pecuniary difficulties without further ado.

She prefaced her remarks by assuring Beatrice that she had not come to plead Colonel Stardale's cause; she did not want to marry him, and that was an end to it; moreover, it was exceedingly doubtful whether the Colonel would renew his offer now, even though Beatrice did change her mind. However, it was not upon this matter she had intended to speak, but on another infinitely more serious, and touching them all very closely. She and Beatrice had both noticed how silent Angus had lately become, and how worried he often appeared. Well, the truth had come out at last; things in the City were rapidly going from bad to worse, and they were on the verge of ruin. A few weeks might see them turned out of this comfortable house, and buried alive in third-class lodgings somewhere in the East End. Miss Macallan did not mind it so much upon her own account; she was growing old, and it did not matter what became of her; but her heart sank within her when she thought of poor Angus. But there! It would do no good harping on it; the change was inevitable, and must be met with stout hearts. They must show Angus that poverty had no terrors for them, and relieve him of the thought that his misfortunes would destroy their happiness; for that was what preyed upon him more than anything. She would say no more about the matter.

But Beatrice preserved so stubborn a silence that Miss Macallan began to fear she had not spoken with sufficient plainness, and resuming the thread of her discourse, said a great deal more; and by dint of judiciously-worded insinuations and assurances, made Beatrice understand that two courses were open to her, and two only.

What they were, required no great cleverness to comprehend; Beatrice had realised that she stood where two roads met, as soon as her aunt began to paint the trials in store for her uncle.

'I—I will think over it,' she said to her aunt, who showed unmistakable signs of beginning again; and without waiting for any rejoinder, she fled to seek refuge in her room. Once there, she locked herself in, and sank down on the hearth-rug to decide along which path duty lay, and try to muster up courage to follow it.

While Beatrice wrestled with her troubles upstairs, Mr Macallan and his sister were closeted together in the library below: they had been discussing the prospective change in their circumstances, and had come round again to the effect it would have upon their niece.

'I am afraid she thinks we blame her for refusing Colonel Stardale,' remarked Mr Macallan, 'she has been so very silent for the last day or two. I hope you have not been bothering her about it, Elizabeth?'

Miss Macallan drew herself up, and seemed about to reply angrily; but somewhat to her brother's surprise, she answered in tones of confidential reassurance.

'Do you know, Angus,' she said, 'it has more than once crossed my mind since Thursday that Beatrice is already regretting her hasty refusal of the Colonel?'

'I wish I could think you were right,' said the old gentleman earnestly. 'If we could only stave off the crash till she is in safety, I could meet it with a lighter heart.'

'I am certain my idea is correct,' affirmed Miss Macallan; 'but I hardly know what to do. Whether to ask the Colonel to call again, or—'

'Do nothing,' interrupted her brother. 'Bee is as honest as the day; and if she changes her mind, we shall very soon hear of it.'

'One never knows,' murmured Miss Macallan fretfully; 'girls are so strange about these things nowadays.'

'By the way, Elizabeth,' said Angus after a few minutes' pause, 'I almost forgot to tell you. Don't say a word to Beatrice about my monetary embarrassments: she might think we wanted to coerce her into retracting her refusal of Colonel Stardale.'

'Perhaps she might,' mumbled Miss Macallan, feeling rather uncomfortable.

'After all, our aim is to secure her happiness, and a brilliant match is not the way to obtain that for a girl like Bee unless her heart be in it.'

'No,' whispered Miss Macallan, who was growing decidedly nervous.

'So just let her remain in ignorance for the present. If she should wish to recall Colonel Stardale, I won't have it on my conscience that any pressure has brought about her change of mind.'

Miss Macallan could not find words to answer her brother; she stood in great awe of him, and dared not risk revealing that she had just done what he now forbade. She could not undo it, but she could at least conceal it from him; and she went at once in search of Beatrice.

'I have been talking matters over with your uncle,' she began, taking a seat near Beatrice. 'And I have just come up to warn you not to mention his difficulties before him. He is so dreadfully cut up and miserable, particularly on your account, that I want you to be very careful to hide from him the fact that you know anything of the business. It would only add to his distress if he thought you had heard of it sooner than is absolutely necessary.'

Beatrice was too much absorbed with her own trouble to think of weighing the motives which prompted this speech. She promised to bear her aunt's instructions in mind, and avoid saying a word which might betray her knowledge; and relapsed again into the question which absorbed her mind. Should she throw over Ralph Thornleigh and marry Colonel Stardale?

Two days passed, and neither Mr Macallan nor his sister had received any indication of the

state of their niece's feelings. Miss Macallan had not again mentioned Colonel Stardale nor her brother's affairs; but she was waiting with no little impatience for the seed she had so carefully sown to bear fruit. Twenty times a day she was tempted to ask Beatrice what she meant to do, but forbore, reflecting that it might be unwise to display too much anxiety. Had she only known it, her niece had already made up her mind, and was bracing herself to take the step which would commit her past redemption. She found it impossible to condemn her uncle to poverty and disgrace, when it lay in her power to save him; but she put off declaring her resolve from hour to hour, in the desperate hope that something might transpire to save her; whence or in what shape she did not attempt to conjecture. But Miss Macallan's patience was rewarded at last. Beatrice sought a private interview with her uncle, and told him she had been thinking over Colonel Stardale's offer, and had come to the conclusion she had done wrong in refusing him. She liked him very much—a great deal better than any of the others, and it seemed hopeless to go on waiting until Mr Thornleigh could afford to marry. She thought she had better try and forget him and accept the Colonel. What did Uncle Angus think?

Uncle Angus was a good deal surprised at her change of mind, but did not say so. He only told her that such a matter as this was one she must decide entirely for herself. She must not allow anything other people said to influence her for a moment; for he would never countenance her marriage with a man for whom she did not entertain the feeling due a husband from his wife. He would, however, admit quite frankly that if she had brought herself to see Colonel Stardale in a warmer light, he should welcome him as her husband, and sincerely rejoice to see her so well provided for. She had better tell her aunt that she wanted to retract her refusal, and leave her to put the matter straight; he had no shadow of doubt but that the Colonel would be only too glad to learn what Beatrice had just told him.

So Beatrice went up to see Aunt Elizabeth, and Aunt Elizabeth kindly undertook to do what she could. She was going to Lady Bankfield's that afternoon, and was sure to see the Colonel there. She was, beyond expression, delighted that Beatrice had taken a proper and sensible view of the business, and was quite certain she would never regret it. Of course, it was by no means a foregone conclusion that Colonel Stardale would come tamely back at her summons; men had pride, and it would be a very delicate subject to touch on; indeed, she did not see how she could bring it up at all unless he referred to it first. However, Beatrice might rest assured she would do her best.

Of this Beatrice was only too certain: nevertheless, she clung obstinately to the hope that her aunt's mission might fail, and passed the afternoon in awful suspense. When evening drew near she took her station at the drawing-room window to watch for Miss Macallan's return; her heart stopped beating as she saw the old lady coming across the square, for there was unmistakable triumph in her bearing. Aunt Elizabeth had seen the Colonel, and was em-

powered to inform her niece that he would do himself the pleasure of calling at No. 65 next day. He had been most kind; and while Miss Macallan launched forth in paeans of praise, extolling the Colonel's tact and courtesy, which had made a pleasure of her painful task, Beatrice crept away to her own room. She felt that the sun had gone out.

From that hour she entered upon a new and strange existence: she moved and spoke like one in a dream, without interest or feeling. Colonel Stardale came to renew his offer next afternoon, and she was dimly conscious that his manner spared her all sense of awkwardness, and was grateful to him accordingly. She submitted to his stately caresses without revulsion; she was simply acting a part, and he appeared to be doing the same. In truth there was something slightly artificial in the Colonel's style of wooing. There was about it a studied calm; a majestic deliberation; a total absence of unseemly ardour, which had roused Beatrice's keen sense of the ridiculous before, but now made his unwelcome addresses supportable. Colonel Stardale was too sincere an admirer of Colonel Stardale to have much love to spare for any one else. If the principals were undemonstrative, however, their remissness was more than atoned for by Miss Macallan. Colonel Stardale remembered that lady's congratulations with a shudder, to the very last day of his life. When the Colonel led Miss Cairnswood into the drawing-room and said: 'Permit me, Miss Macallan, to beg your felicitations,' she seized both his hands and shook them until the camelia in his button-hole fell on to the floor, emitting alternate sobs and blessings. There could be no doubt of her sincerity; but the Colonel was glad when the ordeal was over.

Mr Macallan's mode of congratulation was much more to his taste, though there was a shade of genuine sadness in it. 'You don't know yet what you have won, sir,' he said simply; 'but I know what I am about to lose.'

The Colonel could not remain to dinner that evening, and Beatrice bade him good-night with something like relief. As soon as he had gone, she went to her room to write to Ralph Thornleigh; and while she wrote, her apathy fell from her; she lived again; she realised her position fully for the first time; but the recovered power to think and feel left her as she sealed her letter, and seemed to depart with it.

The weeks rolled by, and Beatrice heard nothing more of the disaster she had been told hung over the house; her uncle was going about his work in the City as usual, and she was fain to admit to herself that there had been a marked change for the better in his spirits since the date of her engagement; and this was the one gleam of comfort her sacrifice brought her.

Already she was tasting the sweets which would fall to the lot of Mrs Stardale: houses whose doors had been closed to Miss Cairnswood opened wide to the prospective bride of the Colonel, and Miss Macallan, who shared her niece's social progress, was wafted into a realm of mundane bliss which was no preparation for the poverty-stricken trials she professed to anticipate.

Ralph Thornleigh's answer to the letter Beatrice had written him on the day she accepted

Colonel Stardale had only served to strengthen her affection for him. The hardest blow brought out the truest ring. He told her she had done right; that, under the circumstances, she could not have acted otherwise; he knew her too well to believe for a moment that she had thrown him over for the sake of wealth, and his love for her remained unchanged. But this being so, justice to Colonel Stardale required that they should cease to correspond—for the present, at all events. If there had been any wrong, he was to blame for having asked her to wait for him when he saw no reliable prospect of attaining a position which would allow them to marry.

Beatrice had never mentioned Ralph Thornleigh's name to Colonel Stardale, though she told herself daily that she ought in honesty to tell him the truth regarding her sudden change of mind. But she hesitated to make a confession which she thought might reflect upon her uncle's probity. It was impossible to dissociate him from his sister, who had been the real promoter of the business; so she kept her own counsel, and the secret did nothing to enhance the small enjoyment she found in her new life. Matters in the City were at a stand-still in so far as the impending crash was concerned, though, if her aunt had spoken truly, it might be expected to occur any day now.

Colonel Stardale was certainly everything she could have desired, always considerate and attentive, without displaying overmuch affection or appearing to look for it from her. He never allowed a day to pass without coming to Warriston Square; and when Beatrice pled an excuse for declining to drive with him, as she often did, he accepted it unquestioningly with icy calm.

No date had yet been suggested for the wedding, though Miss Macallan exhibited daily increasing eagerness to begin preparations for the great event.

'If you ask my advice,' she was wont to say to her niece, 'I would say, order the trousseau at once, and name the day.'

But Beatrice steadfastly declined to ask for this advice; she refused to order so much as a pocket-handkerchief; and the bare mention of 'the day' roused her from her torpor, and goaded her to the energy of wordy combat, whence Miss Macallan perforce retired beaten.

Then the old lady sounded the Colonel on the subject, and met with no better success. Undignified haste was foreign to Colonel Stardale's temperament, and he baffled Miss Macallan's most persistent representations with his high-minded indifference to detail. His desire, he said, was to study the wishes of his fiancée; any date she considered suitable would be agreeable to himself, provided due notice were given to the world. They might begin to think about it towards the end of the season, perhaps; that was—ah—usually the time when these things took place.

'But the season hasn't even begun!' exclaimed Miss Macallan, now thoroughly alarmed at the bridegroom's bland content with the policy of procrastination, 'and won't begin for a month or more.'

'I am—aware of it,' replied Colonel Stardale with unmoved calm; 'but—ah—Beatrice is not in a hurry; and I am—ah—not in a hurry. At the same time, you, Miss Macallan, have right

to claim some word in the matter. I will gladly leave it to you ladies to decide.'

Thus thrown back on Beatrice, Miss Macallan attacked her again with ominous hints that unless the marriage took place within a month or two, it might never come off at all. Angus would be in the Bankruptcy Court, and'—

'And then?' inquired Beatrice, as her relative paused.

'You know what I mean,' stammered Miss Macallan. 'The Colonel would never allow his wife's relations to be disgraced.'

'I understand you,' replied Beatrice, fixing her clear steady gaze upon her aunt. 'I will ask Uncle Angus whether an early marriage would relieve him from his embarrassments.'

Whereat Miss Macallan gasped in alarm, and subsided into frightened silence. She dared not let her brother know what she had done, and could not acquaint Colonel Stardale with their position until he had actually made Beatrice his wife; but if Messrs Macallan & Son could not keep their heads above water until after the marriage, her plans might prove futile, and poverty be her lot after all. She could not venture to press Beatrice further, and found with dismay that she must resign herself to wait until such time as her niece elected to put an end to her suspense.

A few weeks after the engagement had been made known to the world through the medium of the Society journals, Colonel Stardale took a step which was destined to have an important bearing upon the future. It was nothing in itself; he merely asked Beatrice to accompany him to his own particular man, Mr Gustav Schenks, to be photographed; she did so, and the result was a master-piece of portraiture. Had the Colonel remained satisfied with that, this chronicle had never been written; but some imp of mischief suggested that he should have it copied life-size in oils, and the Colonel adopted the idea on the spot. Such a picture, he thought, would form a graceful addition to the wedding gifts he had already ordered; and by having it painted from the photograph, the matter could be kept secret from Beatrice, who would doubtless appreciate it the more if it came as a surprise.

The first thing to be done was to find an artist. The Colonel numbered among his friends some of the greatest painters of the day; but he knew well that it was all an ordinary mortal's life was worth to ask one of them to paint from a photograph: he might as well ask their services to paint a signboard for a tavern. Moreover, painters of repute are prone to take their own time over commissions, however exalted the rank of their patrons; and this picture must be ready before the wedding day.

Could Mr Schenks help him? The great photographer shook his head; he was much grieved to deny anything to so valued a customer as the Colonel, but such business was quite beyond his sphere. Colonel Stardale was disappointed, thinking, with reason, that inasmuch as he was photographed in Mr Schenks' studio in about nine different attitudes at every change of the moon, that artist ought to stretch a point to oblige him.

Mr Schenks did reconsider the matter when it was laid before him in this light, and undertook



to make inquiries about a painter to whom the commission might be entrusted. His diligence was crowned with success: a couple of days later he wrote to say that he had obtained the name and address of a young artist who did work of this description, and who would gladly undertake the Colonel's order on moderate terms. His address was No. 210 Wenside Street, Holborn, and his name was Ralph Thornleigh.

### THE CALENDARS.

FROM the most casual glance at a planisphere or celestial globe one is led to associate the noble and sublime science of astronomy with shepherd life. In the pastures of the newly-created world the first human beings had very little society, and all they saw from day to day was their flocks grazing and frisking about them. There were several signs, however, by means of which, if they were only observant, they could have roughly calculated the flight of time. Thus the departure of the birds in the autumn and the fall of the leaves warned them of the approach of winter, and fixed an epoch recurring with periodic regularity. But in their wanderings in search of new pastures, the necessity of an unerring guide became of paramount importance, and naturally the heavenly bodies came to be adopted as a great compass or wondrous directing and date-marking machine, fixing the regular periodic flow of time. Thus the heliacal rising of one certain star heralded the advent of the shearing season, while the appearance of the Pleiades in the east preluded the seedtime; and thus two dates of the utmost importance to a primitive and pastoral people came to be fixed. And as in this simple astronomy the shepherds traced the annals of the stars among their flocks and herds, so in like manner they traced the history of their flocks among the stars.

Thus the course of the sun came to lie amid sheepfolds and their surroundings. At one time of the year the zodiacal constellation Taurus, the bull, the lord of the herd, marked where 'the father of day' was located. At another time the Ram, the master of the fold, served to designate his position.

The lion, the terror of herdsmen, was also placed in the sky, together with the dreaded scorpion; and besides these concomitants of the life of a shepherd, he placed likewise above him still dearer associations, such as the children of his household, Gemini; the virgin, Virgo; the ear of corn, Spica Virginis; and his instruments of husbandry, the Plough and the Sickle.

The best possible proof of how far the stars had entered into the life of man may be found in the worship of the Sabæans of antiquity, who adored the starry hosts as Infinite God. But this epoch of mystery evidently preceded the dawn of observation, and the most important period in connection with the subject of time-measuring commenced when men began to turn the celestial

sphere into a mighty rustic habitation, modelled on the basis of their own immediate surroundings.

Even the dog, the type of watchfulness, was translated to the heavens; the bright star Sirius, whose heliacal rising in the days of ancient Egypt presaged the overflowing of the Nile, a periodic event of the greatest national importance.

Thus, from the earliest times the heavenly bodies in their seasons have been regarded as grand time-measurers; but long before the stars had been observed for astrological or other purposes, the sun and moon more intimately connected with man's existence came to be regarded as time-marking machines; and it is on the motions of these two celestial bodies that all Calendars have been based.

It would be reasonably expected that the sun, which is the great source and supporter of life upon the earth, and the regulator of the seasons, would be generally adopted as a measurer of time; but men were also struck by the constant and regular return of the phases of the moon, and from this fact they were led to use the moon as the basis for their calendar.

The Mussulman year is purely lunar, and consists of the period embraced by twelve revolutions of the moon around the earth, or three hundred and fifty-four and one-third days. The Israelites never adopted the solar year, not even when they lived so long in the land of Egypt, for we find them, so soon as they were settled in the Promised Land, using the lunar month and the lunar year. The ancient Jewish year had only three hundred and fifty-four days; twelve days were added sometimes at the end of the year, and sometimes a month of thirty days after the month Adar, in order to bring it into agreement with the solar year. But the Jewish calendar received a reform in the fourth century after the Christian era, and it is this improved calendar which is used by the Jews of our day for fixing their festivals and religious ceremonies. It is extremely ingenious, and is based on the course of the moon. The year is composed of twelve lunar months when common, and of thirteen lunar months when embolismic; and these years succeed each other in such a way that after a period of nineteen years the commencement of the Jewish year arrives at the same epoch as the solar year. The Jewish year is therefore a lunar-solar year; and the civil year of this remarkable people, in common with all Oriental nations, commences with the new moon of September, and the ecclesiastical year at the new moon in March.

The Egyptians, who reached a high state of civilisation in the dim twilight of remote antiquity, calculated the year as consisting of three hundred and sixty days, or twelve months of thirty days. In the pursuit of astrology—that vain attempt to evolve the secret of the supposed mystic connection between the celestial bodies and the destiny of man—the Egyptians were unconsciously laying the groundwork of the sublime science of astronomy; and in a period of continued observation they found that the year of three hundred and sixty days fell short of a true solar year by five days. This new year came into force and commenced on the 26th of February 747 B.C., and this day was the

beginning of the era of Nabonassar. The year of three hundred and sixty-five days was followed for a period of seven hundred and twenty-three years; but in the year 25 B.C. a supplementary day was added every four years, and this year of three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days became a fixed year, and was adopted by the Romans when they conquered Egypt. This year was also adopted by the Copts, and the first year of the era of the martyrs commenced on the 29th of August 284 A.D.

The Greeks, the most cultured of the nations of antiquity, were rather slow to turn their powers of observation to the sky. They employed at first—borrowing from the Egyptians and the Babylonians—the year of three hundred and sixty days, divided into twelve months of thirty days. Each month consisted of three decades; and this is the sole example in ancient history of a week of ten days. Meton of Athens in 432 B.C., having observed the summer solstice, found that a period of nineteen solar years contained two hundred and thirty-five lunations exactly; and that at the end of this period the sun and the moon returned to the same point in the heavens. This discovery was considered so important, that an account of it was carved in letters of gold upon the temple of Minerva, and hence the origin of what is generally known as the Golden Number. For the purposes of chronology, the Greeks counted the years by means of Olympiads; the first Olympiad occurred 776 B.C., and the last in the year 440 of the Christian era.

The Roman year, as instituted by Numa and regulated by the moon, consisted of three hundred and fifty-five days, divided into twelve months of unequal length. But this year of three hundred and fifty-five days did not correspond to the periodic return of the seasons, and in the time of Julius Cæsar the Roman calendar had fallen into great disorder. To correct this confusion, Cæsar sought the assistance of Sosigenes, a distinguished astronomer of Alexandria; and it was decided that the civil year should consist of three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours—in other words, that there should be three consecutive years of three hundred and sixty-five days, and that the fourth should contain three hundred and sixty-six days, the extra day being intercalated between the 23d and the 24th of February; and as the 24th was the *sextus calendæ*—six days prior to the 1st of March inclusive—the additional day was called *bis-sextus-calendæ*; hence the origin of our word *bissextile*. This change took place in the year 44 B.C.; and to correct the disorders in the calendar, it was necessary that the previous year should consist of four hundred and forty-five days. The Julian year is still actually followed by the Russians, Greeks, and some Oriental Christians.

The year as fixed by Julius Cæsar being fully eleven minutes longer than the true solar year, another change was made in the year 1582, when Pope Gregory XIII. ordered that Thursday the 4th of October 1582 should be followed by Friday the 15th of October. This, as it has been called, the New Style, was not adopted in England till the year 1752. The quarter days are Christmas, Lady Day, Midsummer, and Michaelmas; so, when the New Style came into operation, these

days were advanced, so to speak, eleven days, and thus became the 5th of January, April, and July, and the 10th of October—most important days in connection with Stock and Annuity business.

### RUBE THE RATCATCHER.

It is milking-time at Hayling's Farm. In the warm, quiet, sunny atmosphere you can hear distinctly the tinkling of the milk as it falls into the pails, and the clink of the buckets as the milkers every now and then get up and go to a fresh cow. The warm afternoon sun is shining in at the cowhouse door, and the cows are standing peacefully flicking their tails, to keep off the intrusive flies that come in and settle on them. Every now and then the cart-horses move in the stable, rattling their head-pieces as they pull the hay out of the racks above their heads. Up by the farmhouse the two sheepdogs that are chained across the path to keep away tramps are lying flat out on its sun-warmed stones. On the roof of the granary, pigeons of every colour are bowing and strutting—blue rocks the colour of the bloom on a plum; white fantails arching their necks and spreading their tails; red ones with the shifting colours on their necks turning from green to purple, from purple to blue, with every turn of their heads in the sun. They fill the air with their low monotonous cooing—a peaceful sound on a hot summer's afternoon. As they all fly down past the kitchen window, presently the sun on the fantails' white feathers is so dazzling that they flash a bright reflection into the room; they settle on the path, and begin to peck about.

By-and-by a cart drawn by a bony old white horse comes rattling down the lane and stops at the farm-gate, and a man gets out and enters the farmyard. The old horse immediately goes off to the hedge and begins to munch the long grass in it. Inside the cart is a disreputable-looking terrier, with one eye closed up from a swelling over it where a rat has caught him. He sits up in the cart with his head rather on one side, and one ragged ear cocked, listening to the barking of the two sheepdogs, that had woke up from their slumbers directly the cart stopped, and are now dancing round on the ends of their chains, barking furiously at the man as he comes through the farmyard and up the little path. He pauses when he reaches them; then, seeing that they cannot get quite across the path, slips past them, and goes up to the door. The pigeons fly up with a brilliant flash of colours as he does so. He is a thin, middle-sized man, with pale red hair, and light eyelashes, under which his eyes, that are much the darkest thing about him, have a curious, shifty, humorous expression. He is clad in ragged whity-brown clothes, that give him the appearance of a very untidily-tied-up brown-paper parcel. He taps gently with his knuckles on the door—a tap that is as furtive as his face—then turns round and looks down the path and at the two long narrow borders on either side of it, in which lilies, cabbage-roses, bachelor's buttonholes, lavender, lad's love, and white pinks, are mingling their gay colours and filling the air with fragrance. Then he shuffles with his feet, and makes faces at the two dogs, that are still

straining at their chains and barking, making them more furious than ever. No notice being taken of his tap, he knocks again, this time a little louder; then, as still no one comes, he goes and looks under the flapping butter-cloth that hangs over the dairy window to keep out the sun and dust.

The dairy looks deliciously cool this hot afternoon with its fresh whitewashed walls and damp stone floor, over which buckets of icy-cold water from the deep well outside are thrown constantly, to keep the air cool. In one corner stands a quantity of cream jars of all shapes and sizes, some of pale rough red pottery, others of rich shiny red brown with pale yellow linings. On the shelf, of deal, white with constant scrubbing, that runs round the dairy, stand great primrose-coloured milkpans, filled with milk; and one shelf is covered with pots of fresh deep yellow butter ready for to-morrow's market. The very sight of such a dairy carries one's thoughts away to the low-lying meadows, where the cows are standing knee-deep in the long grasses, on which the white clouds throw swift shadows as they pass, and every breeze that blows by takes away with it a warm milky fragrance; where the swallows are flying low, and the only sounds are the cows' deep sighs of contentment and quick cropping of the sweet dewy pasture. The sight of the yellow butter in conjunction with a smell of hot cake that is issuing from the kitchen apparently, from the expression of his face, suggests to Rube the ratcatcher that he is very hungry, and he drops the corner of the butter-cloth and turns away again. Then he goes and looks through the lattice window into the kitchen. The stone floor has evidently just been freshly whitened and the hearth swept; the kettle is boiling away briskly; but the room is quite unoccupied, save for a great black cat that is sitting blinking dreamily at the red coals.

Going back to the door, Rube begins to knock on it in good earnest; when it is pulled open from the inside and the mistress of the farm confronts him. 'Gracious! Rube, have you never been kept waiting before a moment, that you put yourself into such a flying stare. I declare you made noise enough to wake the dead!'

Rube looks at her with a sly twinkle under his flickering eyelashes. 'I knocked and I knocked,' he says, touching his hat and bobbing at every other word, 'and I got quite anxious. I did zay I thought zummat must hae bin the matter with you, and I was just agwine to call out'—

'None of your nonsense, Rube; you knocked three times, for I heard you.'

Rube only grins imperturbably.

'Well, what do you want?'

'I yeard as you've a ter'ble lot o' ratses about, and I come to zee if you'd like var me to come over with my dogs and fer'ts one day.'

'Well, they are a nuisance. They rōb my hens' nests and carry off my young chickens. I don't know but that 'twould be as well for you to come. I'll think about it, and let you know.'

'Better make up your mind at once, ma'am,' says Rube persuasively. 'I've a rare handy tarrier; I'll want he will polish 'em off. I've bin up along to Farmer Abel's all the afternoon, and he killed three dozen in a hour.'

'Now, don't you try to gammon me, Rube; I've known your yarns too long.'

Rube passes this by as though he does not hear. 'It be ter'ble dry work, rattin' be,' he says reflectively, looking past Mrs Hills, and fixing his eyes on the key of the beer, which hangs on a hook on the dresser.

'Ah!' says Mrs Hills pointedly, 'you finds it so, if all the tales one hears be true.'

'Don't you believe all the tales, you years, ma'am,' replies Rube, unabashed. 'Zome volks be that primed with spiteful tales about their neighbours, as they'd bust if they didn't let zome o' 'em out.'

At this moment, Joseph, the milkman, comes up the little path with a bucket of warm foaming milk in each hand. He is a tall old man, with a long shrewd weather-beaten face. He looks sharply at Rube as he passes into the dairy, where he begins pouring the milk into the pans, keeping his ears well open to the conversation outside. Mrs Hills is just fixing a day, when her attention is caught by a loud whisper behind her of 'Missus!' She looks round to see Joseph contorting his face into the most extraordinary grimaces. He beckons to her with a long forefinger, keeping well out of Rube's sight.

'Whatever's the matter, Joseph?' asks Mrs Hills, going up to him.

'Don't you hev that 'ere Rube, Mis' Hills,' he whispers, still grimacing and nodding his head; 'he puts down more ratses than ever he kill, I'll want he do.'

'What do you mean, Joseph?'

But Joseph only winks solemnly, wags his head, points at the door, and lays his finger on his lips.

Rube, outside, is vainly endeavouring to catch what is being said; there is something the same expression on his face as that of the cock-eared terrier in the cart.

'Rube! Now I think of it,' says Mrs Hills, coming out to the door again, 'I can't have you, after all; your dogs would make such a rout with the fowls; and I never could bear ferrets—nasty crawly things. You might let one of 'em go, and I should never be able to sleep abed again.'

Rube made a pretty shrewd guess as to Joseph's share in this sudden dislike to ferrets; but he took it very coolly; he touched his hat to Mrs Hills; gave Joseph, who had come out again with his clinking pails, a calm wink, and walked off.

'What did you mean, Joseph?' asked Mrs Hills, watching him.

'Why, it be like this yere. T'other day he went over to Farmer Hollis's rattin', and he zhuts hisself into the barn wi' all his doags and fer'ts. "Wait a bit," zays he, "and I'll zoon get 'em out," zays he; and he zhuts to the barn-doors. Wull, arter a minute or two, Muster Hollis yeers a gurt n'ise gwin' on inzide, him a hollerin' "Hilloo! Hilloo!" like mad; and he goes and look drough the air-hole into the barn, and then he zees the whole chap a-pullin' the ratses out o' his pockets and drowin' 'em down and shoutin' out "Hilloo! Hilloo! Hilloo!" like as though they was a-comin' out o' the walls, and he was a-zettin' the doags at 'em!'

In the meantime Rube had gone out through the farm-gate into the road again, where he found the old horse had eaten a great patch clear in the



hedge. After he had turned the horse round, he got into the cart and rattled up the lane again. As he drove along, the rickety old cart swaying from side to side, and the old horse stepping out with such high action that his knees were nearly as high as his long Roman nose, every one he met had a nod or word for him. 'Well, Rube, how be the world agwine with you?' called one man as he passed.

'Oh! shall soon hae enough to retire on the Continong!' replied Rube airily.

Rube the ratcatcher had begun life as a doctor's coachman; but his career in that capacity had been soon cut short through his incorrigible laziness. After that, he took to doing odd work; then he married a widow from the workhouse with six children—'to better hisself,' he said—on which occasion he had come out gorgeously attired in a blue coat with brass buttons, and light gray trousers, that he had borrowed from a young farmer for whom he worked, as he wished to 'look like a gennelman for once in 's life.' The marriage turned out a very happy one; and they managed to keep their heads above water somehow, she by taking in washing; and he by ratting, clipping horses, driving pigs, and hiring out the old horse, which he supported by begging a little hay or straw here and there at the farms round, cutting grass from the hedges, or tearing it out on pieces of waste ground, while he sat in the hedge, generally accompanied by half-a-dozen children, smoking his pipe, and keeping guard over it—an occupation that just suited him. Each season in turn gives something, for he knows the sunny copse, or sheltered bank of the silently stealing watercourse, where the first primroses come out; and later, when they are plentiful, where to search among the nettles and moist dead leaves of last year for the dewy white violets and their pale blue sisters. Again, when every country lad has a bunch of them in his cap, he leaves them to gather the slender-stemmed cowslips and the bluebells. He knows, too, the tangled copse where the first marsh marigolds blow, glowing like cups of purest gold above the peaty waters of the brook, as it glides slowly along under the brambles. And now his flower-harvest is nearly over, for everywhere there is a faint scent of flowers opening. The amber-cinctured bees are busy the livelong day; the milk-white cuckoo-flowers are pushing up to greet their namesake; the spotted-leaved orchis-flower stands tall amongst the grass; the buttercups are so thick that the meadows look shot with gold; and the dwellers in the little market-town where Rube sells his flowers can fill their hands as full as they list in the course of a country evening stroll.

By-and-by come the mushrooms, and Rube wanders for miles over the downs searching for them carefully, avoiding the 'fairy rings' as he does so, for he is deeply superstitious, and fancies that any one who steps into a fairy ring passes under the influence of the fairies. There is a spot in a particularly lonely and bleak part of these downs around which is some dark story. It is very far back, and nobody knows exactly what it is; but there are vague tales of sights seen there and sounds heard. The Deadman's Ridge it is always called; for it is a mound rising suddenly, covered at the top with a great patch of weeds. The country-folks associate these weeds with the

story; for 'If you buries a pig or a hoss in a vield, doan't nettles and weeds come as thick as can be; and so 'twould be wi' a man,' they say.

The foot of man is hardly ever heard there, for the shepherds shun it, and not even a poacher will come, for it is lonely enough by day; and it must be dreadfully so by night, when the moon is silvering the downs, and the wind-blown trees and tall weeds are throwing wavering, mysterious shadows. Only the bat flits over it, or the owl glides by, showing dimly through the gloom; or, by day, the swallow skims past; or a sheep, straying from the flock, stops to nibble for a moment at the long rank herbage, then goes bleating off again. And in winter, when the wind is driving up icy from the snow-fields it has blown over, sweeping the desolate downlands, and sending a shower of snow-flakes in front of it, or whirling up a few dead leaves, its loneliness will remain unbroken for days at a time, save when sometimes a seagull will float by, coming inland from where the sea heaves dark and sullen.

About this spot Rube has one of his favourite stories. 'I was gwine athart the Deadman's Ridge, a-musherooming, one day, when I zeed a gurt white hoss come a-gallop' along the down wi' fire blowin' out vrom 's nose and 's hoofs like as though they 'd just a come off o' John Saunders' anvil, and scritch'ing like as though he 'd a got summut ter'ble the matter wi' um. And when I zeed um, I vell on my vace as vlat as a Chale Bay mackerel; and when I gets up again, there warn't nothin' to be zeen, only the grass looked zort of zinged like.'

On wintry nights, when Rube tells this tale, leaning out of the dark chimney corner of the *Golden Lion*, the firelight lighting up his curious white face, and the pupils of his eyes dilating like a cat's, there is always a scroop of chairs moving on the stone floor, as every one hitches his a little nearer, with an uncomfortable remembrance of the long lonely walk home he will have under the gloom of great elm-trees, past bleak waste grounds, or ghostly cross-roads. And when a move is begun, there are always a good many remarks, such as, 'Be you a-comin' wi' me, Bill?' or, 'I med just zo well come wi' you, Harry;' and no one has ever been known to accept Rube's challenge of, 'Wull, now, I'll be bothered if I wun't go up over now and zee if I can't zee nothin', if an one o' you wull come wi' me'—with which he always ends his story, whereby he has earned a cheap character for intrepidity. There are one or two sceptics, however, who profess not to believe a word of the whole story, averring that they believe that all Rube saw was Farmer Rook's old white horse, and that he got the whole thing up on purpose to scare people from going to get mushrooms there; which I think myself is quite within the bounds of probability.

When the blue haze of autumn lies over the distance, and the sun, that has lost its summer heat and brilliancy, steepes everything in a mellow light, he saunters along by the hedges, a big basket on his arm, blackberrying. Every now and then he will put one in his mouth, closing one eye as he does so with the air of a connoisseur tasting a glass of rare wine.

Amongst his many failings, Rube possesses the rare virtue of a contented spirit. Wherever you meet him, whether sauntering over the downs on

a balmy evening, or rattling in a bleak field, with a bitter wind driving a cold sheet of rain in his face; whether paddling with bare feet up the stream for cresses on a raw autumn day, or lying dozing in a hedge in the warm summer sun—his face always wears the same expression of humorous happy-go-lucky contentment. 'It bain't money nor good vittals as makes folks happy,' Rube often observes; 'vur I've a zeen amany as hae got all, they lookin' as zure' as a dead mouse in a sink-hole; it be the right way o' lookin' at things. Now, I don't believe as there be anythin' in the world as I wants myself, except'—very insinuatingly—'as you'd hae a bottle o' my embrocation!' For Rube is an inventor in his way. Besides the embrocation, he has invented a rat-trap that will never work, and a mole-trap that is equally unsuccessful, though he himself will volubly assure you that 'nothin' ever worked pertier than they does;' and not long ago he appeared at Hayling's Farm with an account of a wonderful rat poison he had invented. 'Tis the most wunnerful ever you zee, ma'am! I'll warnt it is! Only vive shillen the bottle! And wull kill every rat in the place; and no cat nor dog wun't touch it, nor no fowls; but the rats wull eat it up zo greedy; and it kills 'em off afore they can zay Hullo! You zay the word, ma'am, and I'll bring you up zome, only vive shillen the bottle!'

'Very well, Rube; you bring a bottle, and put it down; and as soon as I see the rats dead, I'll pay you.'

'Ah! But wun't zee 'em; they'll hae crawled away to their holeses.'

'But you say they die so quick; and if nothing else wun't eat it, you can put it down in the middle of the rickust, or anywhere else away from their holes.'

A slight change came over Rube's face. 'Vurry well, ma'am, I'll bring um,' he replied cheerfully; but though he has been to the farm on fifty different errands since, he has never yet brought that bottle of rat poison.

### UNSUSPECTED DANGERS.

As if there were not already sufficient ills that flesh is heir to, quite a rage for discovering new ones appears to have set in, despite Shakespeare's excellent advice that we should

Rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Were we to heed all that is written in these days of ultra-scientific research on what we have termed Unsuspected Dangers, we should live in a state of constant dread, and existence would become intolerable.

We have always considered walking to be one of the healthiest forms of exercise, but it appears, from a theory lately started by a French army doctor named Colin, that the shock caused by the heel of the boot striking the ground is extremely bad for the nervous system. Dr Colin, who has been making extensive experiments, declares that this constant jar, slight as it is, has in time a prejudicial effect on the spine and brain; and to this is due a great part of the feeling of fatigue after long walks. Especially is this the case

with soldiers, who have considerable weight in arms and accoutrements to carry. In a day's march of about twenty-one miles this shock is repeated about forty thousand times, and to this Dr Colin ascribes the frequent headaches suffered by the men after long marches. As a means of prevention the doctor proposes india-rubber heels.

This news is bad enough for man; but poor woman has an additional cause for uneasiness, arising from the very ground on which she treads—the dust, mud, and other accumulations on pavements having been proved from recent investigation to contain bacilli of the most dangerous character. As if this were not sufficiently terrifying, a Viennese doctor has lately been experimenting with some grapes which he bought. After rinsing the dust from the grapes in pure spring water, he found the water very dirty. As an experiment he injected some of this water into three guinea-pigs. One died in two days of peritonitis; the other two also died after a lapse of over a month. On examination, the bodies showed pronounced tuberculosis originating in the site of inoculation.

Man, however, comes in for his share, since an American chemist has discovered that there is death not only in the pot but in the pot-hat, and threatens us with lead-poisoning from the 'sweat-band,' as the glossy white leather lining which goes against the forehead is accurately if not euphoniously termed. This truth is endorsed by the statement of Dr James Startin of Harley Street, who promulgates the warning that eczema on men's foreheads is often caused by their wearing hats the linings of which have been whitened and glazed with arsenic and other irritating substances. He recommends that the lining should be of silk or some soft undyed material. The discovery by Dr J. F. Geisler, the American chemist above mentioned, according to the *British Medical Journal*, came about in this wise. He bought a tall hat in New York, which there is termed a 'stove-pipe,' and which caused him more than the average amount of discomfort. One day the hat was accidentally exposed to an atmosphere containing sulphuretted hydrogen, and a discoloration of the sweat-band was noticed, which on examination was found to be due to the formation of sulphide of lead. Careful analysis of the band showed it to contain no less than 0.8585 grain of lead per square inch, or 37.548 grains for the whole band.

Nor are the children free, since it has been remarked that the wearing by them of red stockings coincides with pustular eruptions on their legs and feet. The Board of Health in Paris employed M. Schutzenberger, a chemical expert, to ascertain whether the dyes colouring the stockings contained poisonous matter. In his Report he says that all the many specimens submitted to him derived their red colour from matters obtained from aniline and containing a large proportion of antimoniac oxide. As children perspire freely, this matter enters into solution, and is thus taken into the pores. The Professor had no doubt that it was the cause of the pustular rash which accompanies the use of red stockings. The Board of Health thereupon reported in favour of the interdiction for wearing apparel of dyes obtained from metallic prepara-

tions. That this, at all events, is no cry of 'Wolf' was proved by the sad case of Mr Cronin, chief of the town police in Pretoria, South Africa, who in June last year was laid up with fever and a swelling that commenced with the feet and ankles, extended over the whole body till his eyes were nearly closed, the result, according to local medical opinion, of poisoning from coloured socks.

Another note of warning is sounded from South Africa to ladies who are given over to an inordinate love of bangles. Last January a Kaffir girl presented herself at Grey's Hospital, King-williamstown, desiring that her arm should be amputated. It appeared that the bangles which she wore had so compressed the flesh as to produce extreme inflammation, and it became absolutely necessary that the arm should be amputated. The operation was successfully performed by Drs Blaine and Brownlee, and the patient will now no more wear ornaments on that arm at least. To such an extent will fashion, even amongst the dusky savages, enslave the fair sex.

The danger through arsenical poisoning in our homes is not confined to the wall-papers, having been found often present in cretonnes and imitation Indian muslin in poisonous quantities. A bad specimen of cretonne has yielded on analysis nineteen and a half grains of white arsenic, two and a half grains having been known to be a fatal dose. Some months back a London doctor experimented upon forty-four samples of cretonne supplied by a local tradesman, not one of which was absolutely free from the poison; eleven of them were grouped by the analyst as 'very bad,' and nine as 'distinctly dangerous.' It is quite a common occurrence to have pieces of these substances in a room containing sufficient arsenic to give one hundred people a fatal dose. A very popular impression has been that greens and blues are the dangerous colours, but the analyst declares that reds, browns, and blacks are more dangerous still. With relation to this matter, the following letter on arsenical poisoning through green candles was contributed to the *Times* in March 1889 by Major Leadbetter, Chief Constable of Denbighshire, and cannot be too widely published:

'A curious case came under my notice lately which, I think, is of public value. A children's party and Christmas tree resulted in most of the little people, and many of the older ones, being seized with symptoms of mineral poisoning. The fact of several who were present who had not partaken of food or liquid of any kind being in the number of those affected directed my attention to the coloured candles on the tree. These I had examined by the county analyst, Mr Lowe, of Chester, whose report is to the effect that the green candles were coloured with arsenical green, to the extent that every eight candles would contain one grain of arsenious anhydrite. He further reports that the red candles were coloured with vermilion. There is no doubt, therefore, that we had not farther to seek for an explanation of the symptoms—a crowded room, with the atmosphere charged with arsenical and mercurial fumes sufficiently accounting for it. It is only fair to state that I learn the candles were not of English manufacture, and were bought with the boys.'

A common cause of blood-poisoning was recently quoted by a doctor at one of the Berlin hospitals, to which institution a seamstress was admitted suffering from blood-poisoning, caused by using a common metal thimble, when she had a slight scratch on her finger. On examination, the thimble was found to have two or three small spots of verdigris inside. Commenting on this, the *Lancet* says: 'Steel thimbles are much safer, and cost very little. Another variety in common use is enamelled within, and is, if possible, freer from objection. Let us not forget to add a caution that cuts or scratches on the hand should never be neglected by sewing-women as long as dyes continue to be used in cloth manufacture.'

The foregoing are far from exhausting the stock of such recent disclosures: the drinking of tea is said to have an injurious effect upon the complexion, by darkening the skin and causing pimples; but what is perhaps the unkindest cut of all, a Berlin scientific gentleman informs us that danger lurks in a kiss. He has counted and classified the bacteria which lodge in the human mouth—some twenty-two distinct species. His conclusion is that persons who cannot abstain from so dangerous a habit as kissing should indulge in it through the medium of a respirator!

To know what we are ignorant of has always been deemed one of the chief pleasures arising from the study of the sciences, and if from time to time unpleasant truths be discovered, as they must be, it is a moot-question whether their publication is in every case beneficial or necessary; and though it is well to be forewarned, there are cases in which 'where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.'

#### AN EVENING MUSING.

The witching scents of thorn and orchard-blooms  
Come blended on the soft cool airs that pass;  
Around my ears the fitful beetle booms,  
And faintly lies the shadow on the grass.

The tree, transfigured by the parting rays,  
Throws out the colours of the radiant bow;  
And o'er the heath-clad hills a glowing blaze  
Doth added glory to the heights bestow.

Lo! in the west the golden-coloured isles  
Of fleecy cloudlets seem to lie and dream;  
The grazer looks with pleasure o'er the miles  
So tiring in the early fervent beam.

The night-moths wander from the snow-white sprays  
With aimless course; and joyous fly and flit  
Along the borders of the garden ways  
Through odours thick where crocus-lamps are lit.

Sweet scents, sweet sights of pensive eventide,  
We hail your reign, an earnest of that Shore  
Where Love shall welcome those with sorrow tried,  
And where the mourner shall not sorrow more.

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

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## SPILT MILK.

A GOOD deal of plain common-sense is to be found in some of the homeliest of our proverbs; while others, that are far more elegantly worded, often fall very far short of the truth. They may sound well; but strip off the tinsel of the well-turned expressions, and very little of the real ore will be discovered lurking underneath. 'There's no good crying over spilt milk;' and yet, though the futility of the proceeding is universally believed in theory, how very seldom does the practice coincide with the belief! We spill our pails of milk over and over again, and, what is worse, we waste precious time in shedding idle tears over our loss! How wise were these old Egyptians, if, as runs the legend, they magnified the indulgence of regret into one of the deadly sins, a feeling to be fought against and sternly repressed.

As this century rushes to its close, our lives are becoming more and more crowded; fresh interests, wider fields of knowledge, new questions have arisen in this our age to occupy our minds and thoughts. Life's little day is all too short for the multifarious daily toils, joys, sorrows, matters of business, affairs of our own, and others, and minor details which fill it to overflowing; and it is certainly too brief to allow us to sit with folded hands and tearful eyes brooding over the grave of bitter memories and a dead past. As a great writer has so truly said: 'Life is so far like the chase that it admits of but little leisure for hesitation, none whatever for regret. How should we ever get to the finish, if we must needs stop to pick up the fallen or to mourn for the dead?'

Our dear ones are taken from us; the King of Terrors lays his icy finger on their brow, and with them seems to vanish also the sunshine from our lives. Earth's beauty and the countless charms of Nature only mock our bitter suffering, the flowers lose their fragrance, the zest of living goes from us, and grief casts its gloomy shadow on our path. In spite of all this, however, it

will bring us no alleviation to encourage this state of things to continue; we must make an effort—a violent one, if needs be—to emerge from the darkness which at present threatens to obscure our whole horizon, for we cannot spend the rest of our lives in the gray twilight of a gentle sorrow. All the ardent, hopeless longing which fills our breasts, all the tears that were ever shed, will not bring back to us those we have loved and lost; and all that we *can* do is to shoulder manfully the burden laid upon us, rise up and face our trouble, and strive to win resignation, if not forgetfulness, by taking up and doing bravely our appointed work in the world.

It is not, however, only the loss of our nearest and dearest by death which brings into our lives the element of regret. There are the countless misunderstandings, the thoughts and words of bitterness and anger, which are always intensified in proportion to our love for the offender. We say or do something which no amount of after-*repentance* is capable of undoing, and it may be that a few words can have the power to change the whole current of our existence, and leave behind them a poisoned sting for which there is no antidote. Most disastrous and unforeseen effects sometimes result from thus yielding to the mistaken impulse of the moment, and then—in sackcloth and ashes we regret those hasty words or rash actions which may have ruined two lives, and destroyed not only our own chances of happiness but another's as well. It is in these cases that the practical advice of the friendly proverb should force itself into the midst of our useless self-reproaches and sad reflections.

The milk is spilt, true enough, and by reason of our own carelessness, if nothing worse, but what good will it do us to cry over it? On the contrary, let its remembrance prove as a beacon in our path to warn us against similar dangers, so that the next time we see the frail barque of our Happiness about to dash itself to pieces against the rocks, we may be able to bring it

to a place of safety by the aid of the anchor of past experience and common-sense. There was that investment you thought so promising and secure, but which your friends warned you was unreliable and risky. The people who listen to and act upon the advice they ask for are in a small minority; so you walked unheeding into the pitfall prepared for you, and—the result fully justified your counsellor's warnings. *That* pail was overturned, and your money gone beyond recall, but tears will not help you in this case either!

Perhaps some of the most useless hours ever spent by man or woman are those which are wasted in vain regrets for that which 'might have been.' These are words to conjure with, and imagination is too apt to invest that particular form of happiness which has evaded our eager grasp with a radiancy and a glory which probably it would not in reality have possessed. The deprivation of delights that have been tasted can by some natures be borne to a certain extent with equanimity; but man, or woman either, can seldom think with calm philosophical resignation of joys which might have been their portion had affairs turned out or been arranged differently. There is scope there for all the idealisation of which our minds are capable; the picture of what 'might have been' shines before our enraptured gaze, surrounded by a rose-coloured halo; and in proportion as we exaggerate to ourselves its charms and attractions, we are filled with disgust at our present mode of life.

There are times in the lives of almost every one when the beaten pathway diverges into two or more different turnings, and the question arises as to which shall be traversed. There is a pause in the daily routine of existence; a crisis of some kind has been arrived at, and for good or ill our decision must be made. Shall we turn down this shady lane, filled with the scent of violets, and wander by the side of the limpid brook, babbling sweet music between mossy banks? Or shall we choose by preference the dusty, sun-scorched road, dry and monotonous, which stretches its interminable length before us? Or, again, shall we cross those low-lying meadows to the right, and having climbed the numerous stiles and obstacles which bar our path, seek the inviting coolness of the green woods beyond? Whichever course we decide on, we must abide by our decision; and then, it usually follows that our errant fancy leads us into wild imaginings as to what would have been our lot had our steps led us in another direction. It is the unattainable, the flower which grows just beyond our reach, the happiness which is not ours, and never can be, which possesses such a charm for the majority of human beings. Our choice has been made, however, and it is too late now for idle regrets; so, if we are wise, we will try to console ourselves like the fox in the fable, and say that perhaps, after all, the other paths might not have proved so charming as we imagined them, and that 'all is for the best, in the best of all possible worlds!'

In some cases the pail of milk takes the form of failure, either in one particular undertaking upon whose success we have set our hearts, or in a series of petty disappointments which sap

our vital energy, and threaten eventually to overshadow our lives. What can be more bitter than the conviction of failure to a man whose ambition has soared high as the eagle, and descended with the rapidity of a rocket? The dreams of his boyhood, the hard work and never-tiring activity of his later years, his eager efforts to attain the object of his hopes, be it the laurel wreath, the golden crown, a scheme of scientific importance, or what you will—all is wasted, and he feels inclined to say with Balzac, when the world went so awry with him, and even his brilliant genius availed him nothing: '*Hélas, c'est une vie manquée!*'

It has sometimes happened, though, that failure has led to after-success, and perseverance and dogged persistency have reached the winning-post in triumph, while faint-heartedness and despondency have fallen out of the race.

Besides the causes for regret which we have already mentioned, there are the constantly recurring pin-pricks of daily life, which are sometimes harder to bear patiently than a great sorrow demanding an heroic effort. We are always upsetting our milk-pails, and then sitting down to cry, instead of making the best of it. We make mistakes—who is there that does not? We lose opportunities either for our own advancement or for doing good to our friends. We make a fiasco of our business affairs; we enter into arrangements against the advice of others, and which we afterwards repent; we form undesirable intimacies, from which we find it difficult to retire gracefully; we are extravagant, and run into debt—in fact, the number of ways in which we spill our milk is legion; but instead of mending matters, it is only adding to our folly to be for ever bemoaning it. If our regret makes us wiser for the future, well and good; but even then it must not be indulged in to a great extent; and we fear in most cases our tears have not even that excuse, for when they are dried, we usually set to work, repeating the spilling and crying process all over again!

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

### CHAPTER XIV.—BREAKING IT OFF.

At Chiddingwick meanwhile, Dick Plantagenet himself had been oddly enough engaged on rather opposite business. When he arrived at the house in the High Street, so long his father's, he found Maud flown, of course, and nobody at home but his mother and little Eleanor. Now, if Maud had been there, being a forcible young person, in spite of her frail frame, she would soon have stirred up Mrs Plantagenet to take her own view of the existing situation. But the widow, always weary with the cares of too large a family for her slender means, and now broken by the suddenness of her husband's death—thus left without Maud's aid, was disposed like Dick himself to take the practical side in this pressing emergency. To her, very naturally, the question of bread-and-cheese for the boys and girls came uppermost in consciousness. And though it was terrible they

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should have to face that sordid question at such a moment as this, yet that was a painful fate they shared after all with the vast majority of their fellow-creatures, who constantly have to consider practical difficulties of daily bread at the very time when their affections have just been most deeply lacerated. The more Dick talked with his mother, indeed, the more did he feel himself how imperative a duty it was for him to resign his dream, and return home at once, to do what he could for her and his brothers and sisters. He was a Plantagenet, he reflected, and *noblesse oblige*. That motto of his race stood him in good stead on all such occasions. If do it he must, then do it he would. A Plantagenet should not be ashamed of earning his livelihood and supporting his family in any honest way, however distasteful. For no matter what trade he might happen to take up, being a Plantagenet himself, *ipso facto* he ennobled it.

Fired with these sentiments, which, after all, were as proud in their way as Maud's equally strong ones, if not even prouder, Dick went out almost at once to inquire at the *White Horse* about the possibility of his keeping up the rent of the rooms as his father had paid it; for if the scheme was to be worked, no time must be lost over it, so that the lessons might be continuous. He was a capital dancer himself (worse luck!), and a tolerable violinist; and for the matter of that, Maud could help him with the music; though he shrank, to be sure, from the painful idea that the heiress of the Plantagenets, a born princess of the blood royal of England, should mix herself up any longer with that hateful profession. Oh, how his soul loathed it! Indeed, on second thoughts, he decided 'twould be best for Maud to be set free from the classes for her ordinary music lessons. While his father lived, he couldn't have done without Maud; but now the head of the house was gone, never more should she be subjected to that horrid slavery. Enough that one member of the family should give himself up to it for the common good. Maud, poor delicate high-strung Maud, should at least be exempt. If he needed any help, he would hire an assistant.

The interview at the *White Horse* was quite satisfactory—too satisfactory by far, Dick thought, for he longed for a decent obstacle; and as soon as it was finished, Dick felt the hardest part of his self-sacrifice was yet to come. For he had to give up not only Oxford, but also Mary Tudor. For her own sake he felt he must really do it. He had never asked her to think of him till he got his Scholarship; and it was on the strength of that small success he first ventured to speak to her. Now that Oxford must fade like a delicious dream behind him, he saw clearly his hopes of Mary must needs go with it.

They were never engaged; from first to last, Mary had always said so—and Dick had admitted it. But still, they had come most perilously near it. During the long vacation, when Dick had had some coaching to do for matriculation at a neighbouring town, he and Mary had almost arrived at an understanding with one another. Dick was a gentleman now—he had always been a gentleman, indeed, in everything except the artificial position; and since he went to Oxford he had that as well, and Mary felt there was no longer any barrier of any sort interposed between

them. But now, all, all must go, and he must say farewell for ever to Mary!

It was hard, very hard: but duty before everything! With a beating heart he mounted the rectory steps, and for the first time in his life ventured to ask boldly out if he could see Miss Tudor. It would be the last time, too, he thought bitterly to himself—and so it didn't matter.

Mrs Tradescant was kinder than usual. Mr Plantagenet's sudden death had softened her heart for the moment towards the family—perhaps even towards Maud herself, that horrid girl, who committed the unpardonable offence—to a mother—of being prettier and more lady-like than her own eldest daughter. The lady of the rectory was in the school-room with Mary when Ellen the housemaid came in with the unwonted message that Mr Richard Plantagenet—'him as has gone up to college at Oxford, ma'am, has called for to see Miss Tudor.' Mary blushed up to her eyes, and expected Mrs Tradescant would insist upon going down and seeing Dick with her. But Mrs Tradescant had a woman's inkling of what was afoot between the two young people; and now that that horrid old man was dead, and Richard his own master, she really didn't know that it very much mattered. Young Plantagenet was an Oxford man, after all, and might go into the Church, and turn out a very good match in the end for Mary Tudor. So she only looked up and said with a most unusual smile: 'You'd better run down to him, dear; I daresay you'd like best to see him alone for a while; after all that's happened.'

Taken aback at such generosity, Mary ran down at once, still blushing violently, to Dick in the drawing-room. She hardly paused for a second at the glass on her way, just to pull her front hair straight and rub her cheek with her hand—quite needlessly—to bring up some colour.

Dick was dressed in hasty black from head to foot, and looked even graver and more solemn than usual. He stretched out both his hands to hers as Mary entered, and took her fingers in his own with a regretful tenderness. Then he looked deep into her eyes for some seconds in silence. His heart was full to bursting. How could he ever break it to her? 'Twas so hard to give up all his dreams for ever. At last he found words. 'Oh, Mary,' he cried, trembling, 'you've heard of all that's happened?'

Mary pressed his hand hard and answered simply, with a great lump in her throat: 'Yes, Dick dear, I've heard—and all these days long, I've lived with you constantly.'

Dick sat down on the sofa and began to tell her all his story. He told her first about his father's death and the things that had followed it; and then he went on to the more immediately practical question of what he was to do for his mother and sisters. His voice trembled as he spoke, for he was very, very fond of her; but he told her all straight out, as a Plantagenet should, without one word of the disgrace he felt it would be; he dwelt only on the absolute necessity of his doing something at once to provide for the family. 'And under these circumstances, Mary,' he said at last, looking down at her with some moisture in his brimming eyes, 'I feel that my duty to you is perfectly plain and clear; I must release you unconditionally from the engagement



which, as we both know, has never existed between us.'

Mary looked at him for a moment as if she hardly took in the full meaning of his words; then, in a very low and decided voice, she answered clearly: 'But I don't release you, dear Dick—and I shall never release you.'

'But, Mary,' Dick cried, unable to conceal his pleasure at her words, in spite of himself, 'you mustn't think of it, you know. It's—it's quite, quite impossible. In the first place, I shall never be able to marry at all now, or if ever, why, only after years and years, oh, Heaven only knows how many.'

'(That's nothing!') Mary sobbed out parenthetically; 'if necessary, I could wait a thousand years for you.'

'And then again,' Dick continued, resolved not to spare himself one solitary drop in his cup of degradation, 'it would never do for you to be engaged—to the local dancing-master. If it comes to that, indeed, I'm sure Mrs Tradescant wouldn't allow it.'

With a sudden womanly impulse, Mary rose all at once and flung herself, sobbing, on her lover's bosom. 'Oh, Dick,' she cried, 'dear Dick, I'm proud of you, so proud of you, no matter what you do—prouder now than ever! I think it's just grand of you to be so ready to give up everything for your mother and sisters. You seem to me to think only of them—and of me—and not a word of yourself; and I say it's just beautiful of you. I *couldn't* be ashamed of you if you sold apples in the street. You'd always be yourself, and I couldn't help being proud of you. And as for Mrs Tradescant, if she won't let me be engaged to you, why, I'll throw up the place and take another one, if I can get it—or else go without one. But I'm yours now, Dick, and I shall be yours for ever.' She threw her arms round his neck and, for the first time in her life, she raised her lips and kissed him. 'Why, what a wretch I should be,' she cried through her tears, 'if I could dream of giving you up just at the very moment when you most want my help and sympathy! Dick, Dick, dear Dick, we never were engaged till now; but now we *are* engaged, and you won't argue me out of it!'

Dick led her to a seat. For the next few minutes the conversation was chiefly of an inarticulate character. The type-founder's art has no letters to represent it. Then Dick tried to speak again in the English language. (The rest had been common to the human family.) 'This is very good of you, dearest,' he said, holding her hand tight in his own; 'very, very good and sweet of you! It's just what I might have expected; though I confess, being engaged chiefly in thinking of the thing from the practical standpoint, I *didn't* expect it, which was awfully dull of me. But we must be practical, practical. I must devote myself in future to my mother and sisters; and *you* mustn't waste all the best of your life in waiting for me—in waiting for a man who will probably never, never be able to marry you.'

But women, thank God, are profoundly unpractical creatures! Mary looked up in his face through her tears, and made answer solemnly: 'Oh, Dick, you don't know how long I would wait for you! I want to tell you something,

dear; to-day, I feel I can tell you; I could never have told you before: I wouldn't tell you now if it weren't for all that has happened. Eighteen months ago, when you first spoke to me, I thought to myself: "He's a charming young man, and I like him very much, he's so kind and so clever; but how could I ever marry him? It wouldn't be right; he's the son of the dancing-master."—And now, to-day, dear Dick, you darling good fellow, if you turn dancing-master yourself, or anything else in the world—if you sweep a crossing, even—I shall be proud of you still; I shall feel prouder of you by far than if you stopped there selfishly in your rooms at Oxford and never gave a thought to your mother and sisters.'

She paused for a second and looked at him. Then once more she flung her arms round his neck and cried aloud almost hysterically: 'Oh, Dick, dear Dick, whatever on earth you do, I shall always love you; I shall always be proud of you!'

And when they parted that morning, Richard Plantagenet and Mary Tudor were for the first time in their lives engaged to one another.

That's what always happens when you go to see a girl, conscientiously determined, for her sake, much against the grain, to break things off with her for ever. I have been there myself, and I know all about it.

#### THE SENSE OF SMELL IN ANIMALS.

TASTE and Smell are closely allied, even in man; while in the lower forms of life, especially the aquatic, the organs cannot be differentiated, though there is no doubt of the existence of the sense of smell, for the presence of odoriferous bodies is recognised. What we speak of as the *taste* of certain things—garlic, for example—is really the *smell*, for garlic is tasteless; a blindfolded man can hardly distinguish between the taste of an onion and an apple or between various kinds of wine; nor can a man, when in a dark tunnel, tell whether his pipe is alight or not. Smell, indeed, has been called 'taste at a distance.'

The sense of smell in the higher animals protects the respiratory tract; for the membrane lining the nose forms part of the organ in man and other mammalia; hence, the current of air needed for respiration also conveys odoriferous particles to the nose—thus unwholesome air may be quickly recognised and avoided. Further, the organ of smell being near the mouth, food may be easily examined by its smell before being actually tasted. This nasal membrane contains the olfactory cells, from which a delicate filament passes to the surface, ending in birds, reptiles, and other lower vertebrates, in a fine hair or group of hairs. A second filament runs deeper into the tissue, and is almost certainly there connected with the terminations of the olfactory nerve.

Insects, however, breathe differently, and therefore their organ of smell is probably differently situated, though it is true that some naturalists have endowed even insects with a nose having an organ of smell at the tip; while others have decided that this organ must be near the spiracles

or breathing apertures in the insect's body. It is now, however, almost certain that their organ of smell is in the feelers or antennæ, and partly perhaps in the palpe also. These latter are small jointed appendages attached to the lower lip. Possibly some smells may be recognised by the former, and others by the latter. When food was hidden from some cockroaches by a wall, it was found, evidently by its smell; but the cockroaches could not find it when similarly hidden, after their antennæ were removed. Carrion flies deprived of their antennæ cannot find putrid flesh. The emperor moths, and many other insects, discover their mates by means of their antennæ.

These slender, hair-like antennæ are of the greatest importance in insect life, though the complete and exact purpose (or purposes) they serve is still somewhat a matter of conjecture. They contain thousands of minute hollows, or pits and cones—often filled with liquid—each of which forms a termination to a different nerve, with its special sensory rod or hair. A wasp has some twenty thousand of these pits and cones; a drone-bee still more, the queen and working bees nearly as many; while cockchafer have from thirty-five to thirty-nine thousand; so that it is possible for the antennæ, small as they are, to contain the nerve-terminations, not only of the organ of smell, but also those of hearing and of touch. The small tubes or cones on the antennæ of some creatures, the hairs on others, and the tufts of hairs scattered over the body of yet others, are also connected in some way with the sense of smell.

But whatever may be the means, there can be no doubt that smells are not only perceived, but preferences shown that often seem strange to us. In that charming book, *Recollections of a Happy Life*, Miss North gives an example of some flies choosing a horrible-smelling food. One year when fungi were her particular hobby, she collected as many varieties as possible. Of these, Miss North says: 'One had a most horrible smell; it came up first like a large turkey's egg, and in that state was inoffensive; and as I was very anxious to see the change, I put it under a tumbler in my bedroom window one night, and the next morning was awakened by a great crash. Behold, the tumbler was broken into bits, and the fungus standing up about five inches high with a honey-combed cap, having hatched itself free of its restraining shell, and smelling most vilely. Good and bad smells are merely a matter of taste, for it soon attracted crowds of a particular kind of fly, which seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves on it.'

Some stapelias have also a bad smell that attracts flies; in trying to get at the nectar, they are caught, cannot escape, and probably have their lives sucked out. The smell is so offensive that flies have even laid their eggs in the flower, mistaking it for carrion!

Bees are very fastidious in the matter of smells; they appear to object to the human breath, especially that of persons recovering from illness; therefore, to approach a hive with safety, be cautious how you breathe. It is probably chiefly by the sense of smell that bees and ants recognise their friends—that is, the members of the same hive or colony—for bees sprinkled with scented

syrup and then introduced into a strange hive will not be molested, as other intruders invariably are. Has each hive or colony, then, its own special smell? Even if this be the case, yet there is probably some other means of recognition as well, for some ants were purposely immersed for three hours, and were yet recognised after their bath—Mr McCook, however, disputes this—and friends have been recognised after a separation of six months, and in one case of nearly two years. Although there may be four hundred thousand or more ants in one nest, yet a stranger is at once known and attacked. Even when the pupæ and, in one case, the eggs were removed and restored to the nest later on as ants, they were treated as friends; for ants never appear to get ill-tempered or to quarrel with members of the same colony.

Sir John Lubbock mentions that when he put a few drops of Eau de Cologne or rose-water near the entrance of a hive, a number of bees at once came out to see what was the matter. This they did for several days, but finally lost their curiosity, and took no further notice. Ants are less excitable, and showed but slight surprise when various scents were placed in their path, though they evidently noticed them. A few drops of scent, however, instantaneously stopped some ant-flights, the foes becoming quite friendly, the scent appearing to overpower the smell of the enemy. It is by this sense of smell that ants chiefly find their food.

Animals sometimes show a curious fondness for scents that must be quite foreign to them in their natural state. For example, the late Rev. J. G. Wood describes a pet of his, a *coati-mondi*, a creature like a raccoon, that loved scent, always finding out any scented handkerchief, even if hidden. It would roll the handkerchief up into a ball, then sniff at it for some time in ecstasy, finally turning round and slowly rubbing it up and down its tail! Leopards, too, oddly enough, are extremely fond of scent; this susceptibility was the sole means used by a lady to completely tame a young leopard which eventually became a great pet. Whenever this leopard was obedient and gentle, she would give it a cardboard tray filled with lavender water; but no such treat was allowed if it scratched or put out its claws. The leopard used to sniff at the scent in the tray for some time and then roll over and over it till all was gone.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on instances of the keenness of this sense in animals; it is one of their chief means of protection from danger; for with many, such as the deer, it is this sense which gives timely warning of the approach of enemies; while some, such as the skunk and gambat, emit a most offensive smell when attacked, as a means of self-defence. With others it helps in the search for food and perhaps water; and with many it acts as a guide in the search for mates.

Smell also forms one of the chief means by which wild animals recognise their friends; some even have special glands like little pockets, which secrete odorous substances. The olfactory region is large in horses, sheep, and swine, but still larger in carnivorous creatures. In seals it is so large and protuberant that it almost blocks up the entry of the respiratory passages, probably

also serving somewhat to warm the air as well as to arrest every passing smell.

The sense of smell is by no means so developed in man as in dogs, cats, and other animals; but it is often abnormally keen in individuals deprived of other senses; blind deaf-mutes, for example, can recognise their friends, and form an opinion about strangers, solely by means of this sense. Possibly, however, animals are only sensitive to certain smells, while unconscious of others that affect us. If this be the case, they would naturally be able to follow up one particular scent more easily than a man—this scent, to which they are sensitive, being to them less confused with others. Dogs are able to track their masters through crowded streets, where recognition by sight is quite impossible; and can find a hidden biscuit even when its faint smell is still further disguised by Eau de Cologne. In some experiments Mr Romanes lately made with a dog he found that it could easily track him when he was far out of sight, though no fewer than eleven people had followed him, stepping exactly in his footprints, in order to confuse the scent. The dog seemed to track him chiefly by the smell of his boots; for when without them, or with new boots on, it failed; but followed, though slowly and hesitatingly, when his master was without either boots or stockings. Dogs and cats certainly get more information by means of this sense than a man can; they often get greatly excited over certain smells, and remember them for very long periods.

Many birds, as is well known, are guided to their food by the sense of smell; but it is doubtful whether this sense is actually as keen in birds and reptiles as has been usually supposed. Mr A. R. Wallace tested the acuteness of smell in vultures, when he was in South America, by throwing food into long grass or wrapping it up in paper. The vultures, which were extremely persistent and annoying in following him, would hop close up to the paper, but without discovering it contained anything eatable, however putrid, and therefore palatable, the contents might be. Nor could they find food when hidden by the long grass. If sticks were thrown down, they would eagerly fly after them, evidently under the impression that they were eatable; yet the vulture's olfactory nerve is five times as large as a turkey's! The sense is, however, very highly developed in the apteryx—the ostrich of New Zealand. This bird has, in proportion to its size, the largest olfactory nerve of any bird, probably even finding the worms beneath the ground, which form its food, by means of smell. Birds, in common with cold-blooded reptiles and amphibians, cannot dilate or contract their nostrils; in fact, these are merely apertures, often so small—as with the heron—that the point of a pin can hardly enter. In crows, these apertures are protected by a stiff bunch of feathers, and in scratching birds by scales. Pelicans have no external nostrils, scents reaching their organ of smell by the palate.

The nostrils of cetaceans are high up, on the top of the head; these form their 'blowholes,' and can be completely closed. With the exception of the baleen or whalebone whales, they have, however, no olfactory organ, and therefore no sense of smell. The external orifices in water-

snakes, seals, crocodiles, and alligators can also be closed by means of a valve.

Many fish habitually seek their food by means of smell, slightly aided by touch, but very little by sight. Many 'scent' or search for olfactory impressions. The nostrils are usually double and pocket-like, closed with a valve, and do not communicate with the mouth. Prawns can certainly smell, for, when blind, they can still find food and also find their way home. Crayfish have, besides their long antennae, smaller antennules, each of which has an inner and an outer filament. On the under surface of the outer filament are two bunches of minute flattened organs; these are probably olfactory.

Oysters are very deficient in the matter of senses; they do not even appear to possess a sense of taste, which seems somewhat unfair. They have no eyes—though slightly sensitive to light—no sense of hearing, and very little, if any, of smell; in fact, a very slight sense of touch seems to be all that is left them. Owing to their sedentary habits, they have lost, or nearly so, the foot, which in molluscs often contains the nerves of various organs, such as that of hearing. The foot of a snail is a very superior organ, and contains numerous sensory nerves. Probably some are olfactory, for, though the sense chiefly resides in the horns, the snail still possesses this sense in some degree, even after the horns are removed. The anterior pair of horns or tentacles in a snail have a nerve-knot or ganglion at the end, from which fibres pass to the surface. These may also be olfactory nerves.

The actual cause of smell is still a matter of some dispute and uncertainty. One theory is, that scent is due to particles given off by the smelling substance; if so, they must be infinitesimally small particles; for a single grain of musk is said to scent a room for years; and scent in air that has been filtered through cotton-wool is still recognisable, though the cotton-wool would have removed substances as minute as the one hundred-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. It is more probable that the sense is excited only by the gas or vapour given off by substances, not by the solids or liquids themselves. For water-breathers, however, the substances may be in solution.

Professor Ramsay has lately propounded the very interesting theory that smells are caused by molecular vibrations, slower than those which give rise to heat or light, different smells being caused by vibrations of different rates. This explanation, however, still remains in a theoretical stage.

We know that when we have a cold, so that the mucous membrane becomes thickened, as well as when it is too dry, smells lose their intensity: the olfactory surface, to be sensitive, must be moist therefore. So, too, when the atmosphere is moist, as in the morning, the scents of flowers are more perceptible than when it is dry.

Different odours can be smelt and separately recognised at the same time. It has been suggested that it is because the olfactory nerve has a direct connection with the brain that smell is such a suggestive sense; that 'memory, imagination, old sentiments and associations, are more readily reached by the sense of smell than by almost any other channel.' Dr Oliver Wendell



Holmes says: 'There may be a physical reason for this strange connection between the sense of smell and the mind. The olfactory nerve is the only one directly connected with the hemispheres of the brain, the parts in which, as we have every reason to believe, the intellectual processes are performed.'

## RALPH THORNLEIGH'S PICTURE.

### CHAPTER III.

'MRS TOTWORTHY,' said Ralph Thornleigh to his landlady one morning, 'I've got an order for a picture.'

Mrs Totworthy paused in her work of clearing the breakfast table to stare at her lodger. He spoke with a gravity which would have befitted an announcement that he had been committed to prison for debt. It was puzzling; and she waited to hear more; but Mr Thornleigh evidently had nothing further to say, for he took a letter off the mantel-piece behind him and began to read it.

'And there bein' a matter of three weeks' rent a-owin', I'm glad to 'ear it, Mr Thornleigh,' said Mrs Totworthy. 'I 'ope as you'll arsk for a pound or two on account.'

'I'll pay you up to date if I can get a small advance,' replied her lodger. 'I'm sorry to have been so behindhand lately; but things have not been going well, you know.'

Mrs Totworthy nodded good-naturedly; poor folk understood poor folk, she said, and it should never be told as 'ow she was ever 'ard on them as worked for their bread like herself. And after stealing a furtive look at the letter Mr Thornleigh held in his hand, she took up the tray and left the room.

'There can't be two Colonel Stardales in London,' murmured the young man to himself as the door closed; 'and yet it would be strange if I were brought in contact with *him* in this way. Let's see; I am to be at his chambers some time this morning between eleven and twelve.' Here Ralph raised a hand towards his watch-pocket, and let it fall again with a little sigh. 'It went ten some time ago,' he continued half aloud; 'so I may as well start at once, as it's a long way.'

He put on the most presentable coat in his limited wardrobe, took his hat, and set out for St James's Street, wondering what might be in store for him. This Colonel Stardale wrote saying that Mr Gustav Schenk, the photographer, had recommended Mr Thornleigh as an artist capable of executing a small order, and requesting him to call and receive directions about the work. The note was written in the third person, and no Christian name or initial proved the writer's identity with the future husband of Beatrice Cairnswood.

Ralph Thornleigh had not been himself for the last few weeks; he had battled bravely with poverty, even with want, until the day he received that letter from Beatrice telling him of her engagement to Colonel Stardale. Then he lost heart: hope and ambition took wing together, and left him caring little whether he had work or not. He felt no jealousy of his unknown rival; only a helpless envy for the wealth which had gained him Beatrice. If the man whose letter lay

in his pocket were her intended husband, he could meet him and converse as composedly as though he were a total stranger.

He found the house without difficulty, and was ushered up-stairs into a luxuriously-furnished room, where he was requested to wait until 'the Colonel' was informed of his arrival. Many months had elapsed since Ralph had been inside a gentleman's house, and he stood looking round at the treasures which filled the room, awkwardly conscious that his shabbiness was out of place here. As he glanced from one picture to another, an envelope lying on the writing-table caught his eye, and half involuntarily he looked at the address, 'Colonel Melton Stardale;' and the handwriting was that of his lost love.

He had scarcely taken in the fact that he had indeed been summoned by Beatrice's future husband, when the door opened, and the Colonel entered. 'Mr Thornleigh, I believe. Sit down, Mr Thornleigh. I am indebted to you for your prompt attention to my note.'

Ralph bowed silently, and took the chair indicated. It was obvious that Colonel Stardale had no suspicion who he was, and he waited to hear what work the gentleman had for him to do.

'I am informed that you excel in copying portraits, Mr Thornleigh,' the Colonel went on, 'and shall be glad if you have time to undertake a commission of the kind for me.'

Ralph would be very happy. He was to enlarge a photograph of Colonel Stardale, no doubt.

'I have a copy of the portrait here,' said the Colonel, opening a drawer and handing a cabinet photograph he took therefrom to Ralph. 'I trust you will be able to do justice to it.'

With a superhuman effort, the young man controlled himself as he took the picture in his hand. His heart was beating as though it would burst; but he sat listening to his patron's directions with a face as unmoved as that on the card before him.

'I could have wished the lady to have given you a few sittings,' continued Colonel Stardale, 'but am anxious to keep the fact that the picture is being painted a secret from her. I—ah—intend it for a wedding gift,' he added with explanatory condescension.

Ralph, who had risen to receive the photograph, grasped at a chair to support himself, and prayed silently that the interview might come to a speedy end. He should betray himself if tried much further.

'Can you manage to paint the picture without sittings?' inquired the Colonel.

Could he portray the face which haunted him day and night! His voice sounded hoarse and distant to himself as he replied that he could; had often done so before.

'Will you be good enough to mention your terms?'

'Twenty-five guineas,' answered Ralph, scarcely knowing what he said.

Colonel Stardale signified his willingness to pay the sum named, and asked that he might be informed when the picture was ready. Ralph promised to write; and declining the glass of sherry his patron offered, reached out a trembling hand for the photograph. He forgot to ask for an instalment of the money; he never thought

of inquiring whether the picture was wanted by any special date; his brain was paralysed, and he groped his way down-stairs like a man walking in his sleep.

He did not remember his empty purse until he arrived in Wenside Street, when Mrs Totworthy reminded him of his promise in respect to that little matter of rent.

'Forgot!' ejaculated the good woman; 'well, I never!'

'I'll write at once,' said Ralph; 'don't bother me just now, there's a good soul.'

Mrs Totworthy studied his pale drawn face for a few seconds and accused him of being ill. When Ralph humbly denied the charge, she modified it to an assertion that he wanted some tea; that beverage, brewed the colour of London double stout, being Mrs Totworthy's panacea for all human ills.

Ralph wrote his letter to Colonel Stardale, and drank the tea his landlady pressed upon him. Then he went out to order a canvas for the picture. He had been telling himself ever since he returned to his rooms that he must harden his heart, and set to work on the portrait as he would upon that of a stranger; that he must forget what Beatrice was—had been—to him, and deal with Colonel Stardale's order as a pure business matter. It had come in the nick of time, for he had hardly a shilling in his pockets.

He ordered the canvas, and arranged to call for it on the following morning. Then he bought something to eat, and decided, as this was the last idle day he was likely to have for some weeks, he had better go for a walk. He had not ventured into the better parts of the town, where he might meet people he knew, for a long time. But this afternoon he was conscious of a hungry yearning to obtain a glimpse of the happier world whence he had so lately fallen; so he turned westward and went into the Park.

He wandered across the grass, past the Serpentine, and mingled with the crowd. His acquaintance in London had not been a very wide one, and he grew more confident as he strolled along without encountering any one he knew. There were plenty of men there in boots as patched, in hats as disreputable, and trousers as baggy at the knees as his own. No one noticed him; and as he leaned over the railings to watch the carriages as they rolled by in a continuous stream, he began to think that the strict seclusion to which he had condemned himself had been unnecessary; that this would have been a better place to lounge away his hours of enforced idleness than his gloomy rooms. Two or three conveyances passed whose occupants he knew; but though he met the gaze of some, they appeared not to recognise him; and he derived a melancholy satisfaction from their shortness of sight or memory.

It was a lovely afternoon in early March, and numbers of people were driving in the Park; the endless procession of carriages grew denser as Ralph stood watching, and now and then it paused to move on again at a foot-pace until the way became clearer. Ralph had been a great horseman in the days when his father lived, and the horses received more of his attention than their owners. Presently, a pair of thoroughbred bays were sharply pulled up right in front of

him; he looked the animals over with critical admiration as they chafed and fretted, then raised his eyes to glance at the people in the carriage. On one seat he saw Colonel Stardale, and a lady he recognised as Miss Macallan; and as the 'block' eased off and allowed the equipage to move on a few paces, he saw Beatrice Cairnwood right before him almost within arm's length. A half-suppressed exclamation escaped his lips; she turned, and their eyes met. The carriage drove on and Ralph hurried away towards the Corner, and lost himself in the street crowds. He had seen her again after a separation of many months, and with a look upon her face that had burnt into his inmost soul: he felt that unless he found food for his mind, he should lose his reason; that he must work or go mad.

Next morning's post brought him Colonel Stardale's cheque for ten pounds, and he lost no time in cashing it, and bearing home the canvas which was to receive the portrait of Beatrice. Noon found him at his easel, charcoal in hand; but no photograph stood on the ledge before him. He wanted no aid so paltry as that. Mr Schenk's production would only hamper memory, and from memory he intended to paint her.

Never before had Mrs Totworthy known her 'fourth-floor front and attic' so busy, or so silent at his meals; he rarely spoke to her, and though she strove to spur him into speech with stale bread and underdone chops, he ate without remark whatever she placed on his table. It puzzled Mrs Totworthy. Mr Thornleigh at one time had been the lightest-hearted of men; then all of a sudden he had grown miserable and dejected, passing day after day in listless idleness. Now he was all haste and energy, swallowing his breakfast in ten minutes, and rushing up-stairs to the attic 'studio' where he spent every hour of daylight. That the secret of the change lay in the little room under the skylight, Mrs Totworthy could not doubt; but as Ralph kept the door locked, and the keyhole loyally refused to disclose the mystery, the landlady gave up trying to solve it, and exhausted her ingenuity in the wildest conjectures. This state of affairs continued for some weeks; but at length the young artist ceased to work at high pressure, and, as Mrs Totworthy observed, 'took it easy' again. That glimpse of Beatrice in Colonel Stardale's carriage had inspired Ralph Thornleigh. As he hurried out of the Park that day he gave up all thought of copying the photograph with the cold exactness he was used to bestow on such work. He threw himself into the picture heart and soul; he lived in it, and for it only, wielding his colours with a deftness that surprised himself. Now it was finished, and he was lingering over the accessory details, bent on showing up the face to the best possible effect. He spent far more time than was at all necessary over this; but he had come to dread the day when he must part with the picture, and made a lengthy process of 'touching up' an excuse for postponing it. He had not brought the photograph into requisition at all; the pose was simplicity itself, and the dress was not an elaborate creation which required 'copying' in the accepted sense of the term.

Now his labour of love was completed, and for the first time Ralph took Mr Schenk's pro-

duction and placed it beside his own picture. He smiled sadly as he did so; they were so like and yet so different. The photograph showed a calm passionless Beatrice. The portrait showed the Beatrice Ralph had seen for a moment in the Park, and he had caught the expression she wore as their eyes met, with startling fidelity. It was a masterpiece; but it was not a copy of the photograph, and Ralph knew it. He did not care; a fierce recklessness possessed him, and he would not raise his brush again. Colonel Stardale should see his bride through her lover's eyes.

He had taken so long to execute his commission that he was not surprised to receive from the Colonel a note asking what progress had been made, and when he might expect to receive the portrait. Ralph wrote back that he had just put the final touches, and would bring the canvas to St James's Street next day. This offer the Colonel declined; he would take the liberty of inspecting the portrait at the studio, with Mr Thornleigh's permission, so that the artist might be spared the trouble of carrying it to and fro if any trifling alterations should be required.

Accordingly, No. 210 Wenside Street was honoured with a visit from that gentleman the following day; and Mrs Totworthy was thrown into a paroxysm of intoxicated pride by the spectacle of a brougham and pair with servants in livery standing for a full twenty minutes at her own door. The oldest inhabitant failed to recall a precedent for such an apparition in Wenside Street; and as Mrs Totworthy marked the rows of open windows thronged with gaping neighbours, she resolved that no irregularity in Mr Thornleigh's weekly payments should cause her to weigh the propriety of giving him notice, as she had sometimes done ere now. A lodger who received such a visitor as this raised the tone of the house, and deserved the utmost consideration.

While Mrs Totworthy and a select circle of female friends were thus innocently enjoying themselves on the ground-floor, Colonel Stardale, seated in Ralph Thornleigh's chair, was studying the portrait through his eyeglass with looks which denoted anything but gratification. After a short survey, he leaned back and beckoned majestically to the artist, who stood at a respectful distance awaiting his verdict.

'I am disappointed, Mr Thornleigh,' he said; 'I am sure the lack of resemblance between your copy and the original must be patent to you. It would be remarked by the merest tyro.'

Ralph could not defend himself, and made no reply.

'I have no doubt you have done your best, but you must pardon my telling you that this is simply a caricature.' He tapped the canvas with his glass as he spoke and paused, as though expecting an answer; but none was forthcoming, and the Colonel continued.

'By no stretch of imagination can it be called a copy, and I will not trouble you to make another attempt. I am surprised at this result of following Mr Schenk's recommendation. I shall take an early opportunity of expressing my views to him on this point.'

It was a matter of supreme indifference to Ralph whether the photographer paid with his life for his misdeeds, so he remained silent.

'You are prepared to hear that I cannot accept this—ah—picture, Mr Thornleigh?'

'Of course I do not expect you to take it if it does not give you satisfaction,' replied Ralph.

'I am very sorry to disappoint you,' said the Colonel, rising from his seat. 'We will say nothing about the—ah—small advance you received. The work has, I doubt not, cost you much time.'

'You are very good,' rejoined Ralph, 'but'—, recollecting he had just eight shillings and nine-pence in the world, he broke off abruptly.

The Colonel waved a patronising hand, and begged him to say no more on the subject.

'And oblige me, Mr Thornleigh, by destroying that—ah—picture. I will assume that I have purchased the right to request its destruction. Ah! the photograph,' he added, as Ralph handed it to him. 'Thank you, Mr Thornleigh. Good-morning to you, Mr Thornleigh.'

Ralph escorted the Colonel down-stairs, saw him into his brougham, and then came back to his studio, where he sat down and devoured Beatrice's portrait with all his eyes. 'A caricature.' Was it?

'I may be wrong,' he said half aloud, 'but I think not. Anyway, I won't destroy it. I think I'll ask Brandon to come and take a look at it; there's something in it if I'm not mistaken.'

Mr Brandon was a brother-artist who had commenced life in London at the same time as himself, but who had advanced many steps farther than he had on the road to success. He lived in a quiet street off Cavendish Square, and thither Ralph repaired, soon after Colonel Stardale had gone.

He found Mr Brandon at home, and obtained his promise to come to Wenside Street on the following day to criticise the 'Portrait of a Lady,' which he jealously declared to be a creation of his own fancy. His friend knew nothing of Miss Cairnswood, and Ralph had no intention of disclosing the true story.

In due time Mr Brandon appeared at his lodgings, accompanied by another artist whom he had encountered on the way; and the committee of inspection went to the studio.

'Well, what do you think of it?' asked the young painter, after the two had placed his picture in a few different lights, and scrutinised it from as many distances as the room permitted.

'I'll tell you what my opinion is, Thornleigh,' replied Mr Brandon. 'I think that's a work for the Academy, and I shall be surprised if Danes doesn't think so too.'

Mr Danes, who was a man of few words, nodded emphatically. 'Talent there. No two words about it. Love in Despair. The Academy, of course.'

Ralph had fallen in love with his picture, which was scarcely to be wondered at, all things considered. But he had never anticipated that his friends would rate its artistic merits so highly, and slumbering ambition sprang up again.

'If you fellows really mean what you say, I'm sincerely grateful for your advice,' he said. 'But what about the frame? I tell you frankly I'm on my beam-ends, and don't know any maker who would trust me.'



'Know Bubblestock?' inquired Mr Danes, thoughtfully.

Ralph shook his head; he knew Mr Bubblestock's gallery in Bond Street, but had never met the proprietor.

'Sharp man,' said Mr Danes—'knows a picture when he sees one. Give you a letter of introduction.'

'You're very good; but I don't quite follow you.'

Mr Danes, who had seemingly exhausted his stock of language, looked appealingly at Mr Brandon, who promptly explained.

'Bubblestock has a great idea of Danes' opinion, Thornleigh,' he said. 'If Danes advises him to come and see your picture, he will be round here like a terrier after a rat. His approval is a certainty; and he will supply you with the frame if you promise him first refusal of the picture after the Academy closes. He is a very liberal man, and will give you a good price. You will have got your foot on the ladder, my boy, if Bubblestock takes you up.'

Ralph's eyes glistened, and he turned to Mr Danes with a torrent of thanks.

'Notepaper!' demanded that gentleman with brusque but practical economy of words.

He was speedily placed at the table with writing materials, and he scribbled off his note to the great picture-dealer, whose flat had been the making of more than one artist. 'Go at once,' he said, handing Ralph the missive. 'Don't waste time talking.'

'No one ever accused you of that, Danes,' laughed Mr Brandon as they prepared to leave.—'Good-bye, Thornleigh. I shall come and congratulate you when the critics have said their say about your work.'

When they had gone, Ralph threw himself into a chair to think over the situation. The picture, as a picture, was evidently destined to succeed. But how would Beatrice like to see herself in the Academy in this guise, supposing it were actually 'hung'?

His mind was quickly made up. He went to his desk and wrote to her. He said nothing of Colonel Stardale's commission; that did not affect the point at issue. He told her how, after seeing her in the Park, he had painted her portrait, and how friends whose opinion was trustworthy had strongly advised him to exhibit it. Would she allow him to do so, withholding her name? If she were in the least averse to the idea, he would not think of doing so.

Beatrice replied by return of post; she told him to act upon his friends' recommendation and exhibit the picture with or without her name, as he thought best. If she were thus the means of bringing him success at last, she should be happier than she thought it possible she ever could be again.

So Ralph went to see Mr Bubblestock, and that authority lost no time in coming to see the picture. Our friend was almost happy when he retired that night. The dealer had done more than Mr Brandon predicted. He undertook to send for the canvas, frame it at his own expense, and despatch it to Burlington House. He stipulated for 'first refusal' when the Academy closed, and paid Ralph thirty guineas down by way of earnest money. And, finally, he promised to bear

the young man's name in mind, when he had any work to be done.

That was a red-letter day in Ralph Thornleigh's calendar, and he celebrated it by dining sumptuously at the Criterion. He was very doubtful about his right to dispose thus of Beatrice's picture, when Colonel Stardale had waived the advance he made on condition that the canvas should be destroyed. But he overcame this difficulty; he put a ten-pound note in an envelope, wrote a few lines to the Colonel, saying he wished to keep the picture, and so felt bound to refund the money, and took the letter down to St James's Street himself. That done, he walked home with a clear conscience; Beatrice's picture was his own now to do what he pleased with.

### SEWAGE TREATMENT BY THE ALUMINOFERRIC PROCESS.

THE problem of Sewage Disposal is one that is constantly with us, and which appears, nevertheless, as difficult of solution as in the earliest days of sanitary science. Various methods of disposing of sewage are in vogue, each accompanied by its own drawbacks and disadvantages, and no system has yet so demonstrated its claim to superiority as to compel its universal adoption to the exclusion of all others. Indeed, so widely divergent are the local exigencies of each individual case, that every locality should be considered in regard to the special circumstances surrounding it; and a hard and fast system applicable to every case is, in our present state of knowledge, scarcely likely to be attained.

As our readers are aware, the methods of sewage disposal may be ranged into three great classes: (1) Direct discharge into a river, an estuary, or the sea; (2) Land irrigation, popularly known as sewage-farming; (3) Chemical precipitation or deodorisation. The first-named system in the case of rivers is obviously productive of much nuisance and danger to public health; and even in cases where discharge to sea is possible, much difficulty prevails in obviating all evil effects, and in completely safe-guarding against unpleasant consequences at all states of the tide and in every wind. Moreover, on strictly chemical grounds, and viewed as a matter of economic science, the loss to the country by such means of immense quantities of fertilising agents, which preferably should enrich and ameliorate the soil, is regarded by practical sanitarians and skilled statisticians as contrary to sound principles.

The second method—treatment by land irrigation—though sound enough in theory, presents many features of difficulty in practical application, the greatest of which is perhaps that of obtaining sufficient land of any kind, especially in densely populated districts, where, of course, sewage treatment is most urgently required. Thus Dr Letheby estimates that to irrigate with the sewage of London would require two hundred thousand acres, or an area nearly three times that of London itself. Another great difficulty is the unintermittent supply to be dealt with, whether the soil needs it or not, and whether the farmer's

operations require manure or not. Moreover, in all weathers the supply is maintained, with the practical result that it is not infrequently turned into the nearest river or the sea in times of necessity, when it cannot be dealt with on the land. Storm-water is, moreover, a constant source of difficulty, as it largely augments the volume of material to be dealt with, and increases to a considerable extent the area of land requisite for the sewage farm. When it is considered that rain is calculated to fall in this country on no fewer than an average of a hundred and fifty days in the year, the importance of considering the volume of rain-water passing into the sewers of a city will be realised.

We now pass to the third system of dealing with sewage—by chemical precipitation; and the problem resolves itself into the practical question of what is the best and cheapest material to yield an effluent clear, colourless, permanently non-putrescent, and capable of sustaining fish-life, whilst producing a 'sludge,' small in quantity, easily filter pressed, containing as much of the manurial constituents of the sewage as possible, and able to be kept without producing smell or nuisance. With a view to meet these requirements, the substance known as 'Aluminoferrie' has been invented and patented by the Messrs Spence of Manchester, and is at the present time already employed in over thirty towns and villages in this country for sewage purification. Aluminoferrie can be applied in two forms, either solid or in a liquid state: in the former case, slabs twenty-one inches long by ten inches wide by four inches thick are manufactured, and are simply placed in a cage fixed in the flow of the sewerage, such method being found very advantageous for dealing with small quantities of sewage up to about half a million of gallons in the twenty-four hours. In the case of larger quantities, it is found more economical to dissolve the aluminoferrie in a special vessel, admitting it when dissolved into the flow of sewage, the quantity admitted being automatically regulated as the volume of sewage fluctuated. The quantity of aluminoferrie required varied necessarily in every instance, and may be stated to range from seven to twenty hundredweight per million gallons of sewage, the latter quantity being requisite when much dye and other colouring refuse requires precipitation. The disposal of the 'sludge'—that is, the solid matter precipitated when the clear effluent has flowed away—is mainly of course one of cost: in some instances it is conveyed to sea; in others, either pressed or uncompressed, it is used for manurial purposes, the advantages of compressing the cake being the great reduction in volume obtained, with increased facility in handling, storing, and transporting.

The advantages of the aluminoferrie process may be briefly stated to be the perfect simplicity of the system, together with the purity of the effluent produced. Being in solid slabs, aluminoferrie is easily handled, and the cost of the substance is only from £2, 15s. to £3, 5s. per ton, varying necessarily with the length of carriage incurred. The process requires little or no alteration of plant, where suitable settling tanks are already provided, and is readily under-

stood and carried out without special skilled supervision. As already stated, the process is being used with much success, and bids fair to obtain extended development as its advantages become known.

## THE HOARD OF THE VAZIR KHANJI.

By HEADON HILL.

It was high noon, and traffic through the city gate of Dilnagar had died away. One by one, creaking bullock-carts and footsore travellers, toiling across the dusty plain towards the ancient Kattiawar stronghold, had come to a halt under what shade they could find by the wayside, to wait for the cool of the evening for the fulfilment of their journey. And there were none in the city whose business was so pressing that they were compelled to leave its shelter in the blistering glare of the mid-day sun. In a few days the south-west monsoon—the much-needed *barsāt*—would break, gladdening the thirsty land with plashing showers, and cooling the sultry air with breezes fresh from the Indian Ocean. Then, for a month or two, crowds would jostle through the narrow archway in two unceasing streams from dawn to sunset again. But at the hottest hour of this broiling day the main artery of Dilnagar was pulseless.

Not quite deserted, however, and not quite silent, was the gateway. A wild-looking matchlock-man, one of His Highness the Thakore's bodyguard, slumbered peacefully in his niche, waking the echoes of the archway with a series of blood-curdling snores. The sounds proceeding from the sleeping guard drowned all others, even the lazy hum of the distant bazaar; but a pair of sharp ears listening intently might have discerned a fainter sound, which ever and anon struggled to assert itself in plaintive contrast to the harsh discord that quelled it—the sound of a feeble voice crying in the Guzerati tongue: 'Water! For the love of God, bring me water, or I die!'

The wailing cry came from the foot of the city wall just outside the archway, and at first sight it would have been difficult to identify its origin with anything human; so bent and huddled was the shapeless filth-encrusted form from which the voice proceeded. But on nearer inspection the wizened features and glittering beady eyes, half hidden with masses of tangled and dirty hair, would have proclaimed their owner a man, and a man in sore extremity. He was only sustained from falling prone to the ground by an iron ring round his neck, the other end of which was built or thrust into the city wall in the form of a staple, and which thus kept him in a sitting posture. His clawlike hands were furnished with nails half a foot in length, and these were dug in agony deep into the burning sand. The fragments of a broken *lotah*, or water-vessel, at his side told plainly of the accident that was doing the Fakir Indrajī to death.

For nigh on seventy years the Fakir had borne his self-inflicted torture outside the ancient gateway. There were old men in Dilnagar, but none so old that they could remember the time when that spot had been tenantless. Day and night through the long years the holy man had sat there, bound by his iron ring, begging and

praying by turns till he became one of the institutions of the place, and pilgrims came to touch his hoary locks and go away comforted. His wants and absolute necessities, such as they were, were attended to by the priests of a neighbouring temple, one of whom came twice a day to bring him food and bear off any alms he might have taken. Indrajai retained nothing for himself. None can say for how many years longer he would have kept his post, had it not been for the chapter of accidents which broke his water-vessel and brought the sleepest soldier of the Thakore's bodyguard on duty at the same burning noontide; but as it was, the aged Fakir's time was come.

Fainter and fainter grew the old man's cries for help, till they were little more than a wordless moan. His head fell back against the encircling collar, and his tongue began to loll from his parched lips; but still no one came, and the pitiless sun went on baking the wall behind him to the temperature of an oven. The fierce black eyes were becoming glazed, and the familiar objects on the plain were assuming fantastic shapes in the disordered vision of the dying man, when suddenly a distant footstep brought a ray of hope—a firm, swinging footstep, too, that told of honest boot-leather—not of the shuffling approach of some sandal-shod or bare-footed native. Nearer and nearer up the road from the open country came the welcome sound, and just as Indrajai put all his remaining strength into one last feeble cry of 'Water!' a tall young Englishman sprang to his side, and, unslinging a leathern bottle, held a cup of the cooling liquid to the Fakir's lips.

'Thanks, Sahib, thanks,' the old man murmured in Hindustani as he finished the last drop of the precious draught. 'You come too late to save my life, though in time to make death easier. Thy servant is grateful.'

'Tell me where I can find help or how I can move you from here,' answered the young man, whose dusty, travel-stained appearance and inquiring glances bespoke him a stranger to Dilnagar.

'You have given me all the help I need,' replied the Fakir, 'and I move not from this spot till the Angel of Death releases me from my vow. Indrajai is weary, and thanks God that that time is at hand.—But tell me of yourself, young Sahib. Feringhis are scarce in Dilnagar. 'Tis close on a year since a white face passed through the city gate.'

'It is because white faces, as you call them, are scarce in Dilnagar that I am here,' laughed the young Englishman a little bitterly. 'There are times, as you must know, good Fakir, or you would not have adopted this mode of life, when the society of one's fellows is best avoided. It is so with me.'

'So young, so brave, so merciful, and yet with the sound of despair in his voice!' the old man half whispered to himself, eyeing his visitor intently. For a few moments he seemed to fall into unconsciousness, and gazed out over the plain with a far-away expression on his face that was eloquent of the coming end. But just as the Englishman had decided to go for assistance, the Fakir spoke once more.

'Feringhi,' he said, 'I have not many hours

to live. To-day's parching thirst has conquered a body worn out with the batterings of close on a hundred years, seventy of which I have spent as you see me now. You have relieved me in my sore necessity, and I would fain do you a service. Perchance you will not believe in the old Fakir's charms and amulets, but I beg of you to put it to the test, and see if Indrajai has not spoken truly. Take this, and open it only when you know that I am dead. It will bring you your heart's desire.' As the Fakir spoke, he fumbled in the ragged cloth that girt his loins and drew forth a quill, three inches long and sealed up at both ends. This he thrust into the young Englishman's hand. 'All that that charm may bring you,' he proceeded, 'is yours, bestowed by Indrajai the Fakir for reasons which will hereafter be revealed to you. All that I ask in return is, that you mention that quill and its contents to no one—no matter whether he be Sahib, Hindu, or Mohammedan—till you have read and understood what the quill contains.—Have I your promise to preserve absolute silence? You will not have long to wait before you may break the seals.'

The young man slipped the Fakir's charm into his pocket and gave a careless assent. Naturally, he had no faith in the old mendicant's wizardry; but his good nature prompted him to humour the quaint request. Satisfied that the gift had been graciously received, Indrajai made a sign towards the gateway.

'Now go on your way, Sahib,' he said; 'and as you pass the temple with the red walls, before you reach the great bazaar, stop, of your goodness, and ask one of the holy men to come to me. My blessing go with you.'

The traveller, seeing that he could be of no further use, took the Fakir at his word. Passing through the gloomy archway, where the match-lock-man still slept on, he struck into the main street that led through the heart of the city, and, after giving information of the Fakir's condition at the temple which had been indicated, made his way to the semi-barbaric palace of the Thakore. While he is parleying with the door-keepers and doing his best, by persuasion and a little 'backsheesh,' to obtain an audience of the great man, let us see what it is that brings Basil Heygate on foot and alone to a purely native city in a non-British State, where Europeans are seldom found.

Only a month before, and Heygate had been one of the gayest and smartest subalterns in the 30th Hussars, which regiment was then quartered at the up-country station of Mhow. He was a favourite with his brother-officers and with the men; his father was wealthy, and made him a liberal allowance from home; and his professional duties were carried out in a manner which ensured him a successful military career. Suddenly, one fatal mail-day all his bright prospects were dashed to the ground by the receipt of a letter from England which told him that his father had been ruined by unfortunate speculations, and had died under the shock. It was quite impossible for Heygate to remain in the service under the altered conditions. Without the handsome additions to his pay which he had received from home, he would barely be able to defray the mess expenses of a crack cavalry



regiment; and he took the only course open to him. He laid the circumstances of the case before his Colonel, obtained six months' leave of absence to England, pending retirement, and went down to Bombay with a view to returning home by the next steamer. But here a sudden impulse changed all Basil Heygate's plans. While waiting at the hotel, he chanced on a paragraph in one of the Bombay papers announcing in a jocular vein that Gholam Singh, the Thakore of Dihnagar, was about to purchase the cast-off uniforms of a native infantry regiment, in order to give the half-wild levies who formed his body-guard the semblance of civilised troops. The writer of the paragraph drew a humorous picture of the figure these hitherto half-clad warriors would cut when dressed as regular soldiers, but without any knowledge of drill; and he ended by advising the Thakore to buy up 'a second-hand sergeant-major' to supply the deficiency.

The hint was enough for Heygate. If the Kattiawar chieftain was bent on Europeanising his forces, he, Basil Heygate, was the man to do it for him. It would be a terrible drop for the once gay officer of hussars to swell the retinue of a native rajah, even though he were appointed generalissimo to begin with; but it would be better than the idleness and uncertainty which would be his lot on reaching England; and at anyrate, if he found the new life unbearable, he was not compelled to stay. Again, Dihnagar being a 'protected' State only, and not immediately under British control, there would be none of his fellow-countrymen there to remind him by their presence of his own altered position. As for his retirement from the English army, it would be just as easy to send in his papers from Dihnagar as from London; and having six months' leave, there was no need for haste. After a risky week's voyage in a native craft to Veraval, the Kattiawar port, where he left his baggage, an eighty-mile tramp brought him to the scene of his adventure with the Fakir.

Thus it was that Basil Heygate found himself ushered into the presence of Gholam Singh, Thakore of Dihnagar, and vassal of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Empress of India. Gholam Singh was a fifth-rate potentate, not even deemed worthy by the supreme Government of entertaining a British 'Resident' at his court, the result being that Dihnagar was about the worst administered State in the peninsula. The Thakore taxed his unfortunate people to the last possible *pie*, spending the hardly-wrung revenue, firstly, on the price of immunity from annexation which he paid in the form of tribute to the Government; and secondly, on the selfish and indolent pleasures so dear to the Oriental mind. The history of the State of Dihnagar to some extent accounted for the grasping character of its rulers. Gholam Singh and his family were not indigenons to the soil. He was third in succession to Feroz Singh, a warrior chieftain from the north, who had conquered the country some time about the commencement of the century, only to find that the prize was not up to expectation. The then ruler of Dihnagar was captured and slain by Feroz Singh; but the vast treasure with which the palace was accredited was never discovered, having been concealed just before the entry of

the enemy, in some inaccessible hiding-place, by the Vazir Khanji, prime-minister and chief officer of the household. The Vazir himself was supposed to have fallen in the conflict which resulted in the taking of the city, and with him had apparently perished all chance of ever discovering the whereabouts of the treasure. Those who know the ways of Eastern conquerors will understand that the absence of spoil which was known to exist did not improve the lot of the conquered. Feroz Singh did his best to make up the deficiency by oppressing the people; and his descendants were faithful followers of his example.

His Highness the Thakore received Heygate in semi-state; that is to say, the audience was given in what he called his 'presence chamber,' an apartment furnished with a mixture of real Oriental magnificence and second-hand European goods, bought cheap at some sale in Bombay. He emphasised the unofficial nature of the reception by lying at full length during the interview on a common iron bedstead, which was covered with silken cushions of rare workmanship; and while Heygate was preferring his request for military employment, he played cup and ball diligently. But before he had said a dozen words, Heygate knew that his petition was to be granted. The air of insolent indifference which Gholam Singh chose to wear towards an Englishman not in Government service failed to hide a triumphant sparkle in his lazy eyes at the idea of possessing this well-knit young officer for his own. As Heygate painted in his best Hindustani a glowing picture of what the Dihnagar troops would become under his tuition, successful efforts at cupping the ball became less frequent, and finally the Thakore flung the toy aside and listened unaffectedly. Basil Heygate was a new plaything worthy of attention, after all.

'Your Highness would thus acquire an army, small perhaps in numbers, but one which in discipline and drill would put to shame the forces of Scindiah, Holkar, and the Nizam,' concluded the applicant, who was nothing if not thorough.

'My friend, say no more. I appoint you from this hour to the post of Chief Sirdar of my army. No man who serves Gholam Singh has cause to complain of his master's generosity, and you shall have free quarters in the palace with a salary of two hundred rupees a month,' said the Thakore with the air of a man who was doing a noble deed. The sum he offered to his new 'general' was less than the pay of a lieutenant in the English service; but it would be enough, Heygate thought, in a native city, where there were no social duties and no style to keep up.

'Rajab,' proceeded the Thakore, addressing one of his ministers, 'assemble such of the body-guard as are on duty in the courtyard, so that the Sirdar may see his new command.'

The Thakore proceeded to a window, followed by Heygate and by the other more or less disreputable-looking members of his suite. In a few minutes some fifty men entered the courtyard below, and 'fell in' in a manner which suggested that they had heard of such a thing as drill, if they had never seen it. The attempted imitation of civilised troops was further accentuated by the use of English words of command, which the native havildar in charge shouted

parrot-like without knowing a word of the language he borrowed from. The men were well-built sturdy fellows enough, but uniform was unknown among them. Some few wore the ancient chain-mail in which the Saracens fought; others were dressed in scraps of old European regimentals; those who had tunics not wearing trousers, and *vice versa*; but the majority were in native costume, ragged, and none too clean. They were all armed with matchlocks about seven feet long. The effect of the operation which their officer called 'Shudder humps' with these pieces was so ludicrous that Heygate smiled.

'I understand that Your Highness has purchased European uniform for the men,' he said. 'That will greatly improve their appearance.'

'Yes,' replied Gholam; 'I have well nigh depleted my treasury to do so.'

'If I am to do justice to your patronage,' continued Heygate, 'the men should be furnished with modern rifles, or at anyrate with percussion muskets. A soldier-like appearance while they are armed with those matchlocks is out of the question.'

To the young officer's surprise, his suggestion threw the Thakore into a state of hysterical rage and excitement. He took off his turban and tore his hair; he spat upon the floor and flung his arms over his head; and all the while he bewailed his unhappy lot in having been cheated of what he considered his patrimony by the failure of his ancestor to unearth the plunder of Dilnagar. Here, he moaned, he had set his heart on having a smart body of troops round him; he had ordered a bargain in second-hand uniforms, and a brilliant Sirdar had been engaged; but the whole project was to be spoiled because he had not money enough to buy rifles. His Highness, in fact, comported himself after the manner of a thwarted Oriental potentate, which is very much the manner of a thwarted child. When he became calmer, he dilated to Heygate upon the circumstances of his enforced poverty, and finally dismissed him to quarters which he ordered to be prepared for the new Sirdar. The Thakore closed the interview with an intimation that Heygate's duties would commence on the morrow, when there would probably be entrusted to his care a scheme for providing the bodyguard with muskets or rifles.

For the first time in his life the young Englishman salaamed to what a month before he would have called a 'dirty nigger,' and retired. He had already conceived a wholesome contempt for his master, but, on the whole, he was satisfied with his day's work. At anyrate he had obtained what he came for, and though that was not much, it was the means of earning his livelihood in a profession he understood. Far better that than walking about the streets of London penniless in search of employment which was sure to be uncongenial. Thus he ruminated as he discussed his first meal under Gholam Singh's roof in one of two large but barely-furnished apartments that had been assigned to him. The bedroom contained nothing but a common native 'charpoy,' not nearly so good a one as that on which his own kitmutghar had slept; and the sitting-room boasted only a rickety table and two chairs; but the curried fowl was well cooked and

decently served—a fact which prevented the tired traveller from indulging in too gloomy comparisons between his present quarters and his luxurious bungalow at Mhow.

Heygate's reflections were interrupted by the entry of Rajab, Gholam's prime-minister and general factotum. Rajab was short and stout, with a cunning twinkle in his eye that suggested an entire want of principle, relieved by a dash of droll humour. If he set himself to cheat any one, as in truth he did very often, he would do it with an air of facetious relish, as though he cheated not for gain but for the sake of having his little joke. He saluted Heygate politely, and seated himself in the other chair.

'I bring your orders, Sirdar, for to-morrow,' he began. 'His Highness desires you to take two hundred men and to march to Dhoonghar, thirty miles north of this city. The Begum Luxmeebhai of that place is in arrear with her taxes—luckily for our little project—and you will therefore drive off all her flocks and herds, and also bear off anything of value in the Begum's house. She is reputed rich, and you should return well laden. This plan will save both her and ourselves trouble in computing the exact amount of her arrears, and it will moreover give His Highness the means of purchasing the rifles which his soul desires.'

Heygate listened horror-struck. To head a band of marauding cattle-lifters and to plunder a helpless woman was as impossible to him as to hang the Begum Luxmeebhai on the nearest tree. In his ignorance of the manners and customs of native States, he had supposed that the only function of the 'troops' was to minister to the sense of ostentatious pride to which the protected rulers cling so closely, and his mistake was a revelation to him. He had forgotten that here in his own dominions the Thakore was paramount, and that the wail of the oppressed could easily be stifled ere it could reach the Supreme Government from the wilds of Kattiawar.

Of course he recognised that there was an end of his project at once. His reply was an indignant refusal. 'Tell the Thakore,' he said, 'that he must get some one else to do his dirty work. I did not come here to act as chief cattle-stealer to His Highness. I shall return to Bombay at once; and I will take care that the Government is notified of the way in which the State of Dilnagar is administered.'

Rajab smiled lazily. 'My young friend,' he said, 'do not be rash. His Highness has taken a fancy to you, and most assuredly you would find departure in your present frame of mind a difficult matter.'

'Pshaw!' said Heygate; 'Gholam Singh knows better than to molest an Englishman. I am quite willing to take all risk on that head.'

'Pardon me, my young friend; you are impetuous,' answered Rajab. 'I did not say that you would be molested. I merely intended to convey the hint that here in Dilnagar those who offend His Highness have a bad time of it. Nothing brutal, you know; the days of the bowstring are past. But a pinch of powdered glass or of something stronger in one's food; a quiet prod from a knife on that lonely road between here and Verawal—why, there are a hundred ways of doing it! You understand me, I see.'

Heygate did understand. The price of refusing the post he had so eagerly sought would in all probability be secret assassination, carried out so skilfully that the cause of his death would never be known. But he wavered not for an instant.

'Go and tell your master,' he repeated, 'that I leave for Bombay to-night. Let him touch me at his peril.'

'I will go; but I will give you an hour to think of it before I report to the Thakore. This is unfortunate, and might have been prevented had the Fakir Indrajī not taken it into his silly old head to die this afternoon. We had hoped to get some hint from him, by force if necessary, as to the whereabouts of the secret treasure. He was the only man in Dilnagar old enough to remember the sack of the city.—Think better of your resolve, my brave friend!' and with a courtly bow the plausible Rajab departed.

The news of the Fakir's death did not surprise Heygate, and he had other matters to think of. His best plan would be to start at once before the hour's grace was up, and get as far as he could on the road to Veraval before Gholam had heard of his defection. Thank goodness, he had his revolver, and he would sell his life dearly if any hired ruffians attacked him by the way. Putting his hand in his pocket to see if the pistol was safe, his fingers came in contact with the quill which the Fakir had given him earlier in the day. Now that the old man was dead, he remembered that he was at liberty to open it, and, idly curious as to what he should find inside, he broke the seals. A tiny scrap of discoloured paper covered with Guzerati characters rewarded his search. It was lucky for Heygate that his studies with a view to securing a Staff appointment had included a smattering of the language. With amazement gradually dawning into appreciation of the vast importance of the paper, this is what he read:

'I, the Vazir Khanji, in future to be known as Indrajī the Fakir, write this. The hosts of the conquering Feroz are at hand. I have builded up the treasure in the city wall in order to save it from his despoiling hands. The stone in which my shackle is fixed is the key of the hiding-place. Remove the stone, and the wealth of Dilnagar will be found. While I have life, I guard it from the extortioner. When I die, it shall belong to whomsoever I shall give this paper.'

So the aged Fakir stood revealed as none other than the Vazir Khanji, who nearly seventy years before had sat him down in this mean guise to guard his slaughtered master's wealth from the invader. What a record that brief paper held of fidelity to his self-imposed trust! And to think that he, Basil Heygate, had chanced upon the old man in his need, and had thus become possessed of information which would mean the difference between life and death to him. Well he knew he could never disinter the hidden hoard from the city wall unaided, but at least it would enable him to make terms with the Thakore, which would get him safely out of the country, and at the same time benefit the unhappy inhabitants by relieving their ruler's exchequer.

Heygate's action was prompt. He sent his attendant for Rajab, and astonished that official

with the news that the secret of the treasure was known to him, of course suppressing any allusion to Indrajī. The terms he offered to Gholam were these: in order to insure his own safety against any treachery, he would communicate with the authorities in Bombay as to his whereabouts, asking that Gholam Singh might be held accountable if he did not return in a given time. On receipt of a reply, he would divulge the hiding-place of the treasure on condition of receiving one-tenth part of the value. This arrangement he insisted on having under Gholam's own signature; and he enclosed it with his letter to Bombay—only to be opened in case of his non-return. He had no fear as to the safety of his letter, as the Thakore was in much too great a hurry to finger the spoil to put any obstacle in its way, and as long as Heygate alone knew the secret he was safe.

In ten days an acknowledgment of the letter arrived. Within an hour Heygate conducted the Thakore and his ministers to the spot where the man they had known as Indrajī had sat so long. The ring which had encircled the Fakir's neck had been cut through in order to remove the body, but the stump of the staple still projected from the wall.

'There!' said Heygate. 'Remove that stone, and your quest will be at an end.'

The masons whom they had brought set to work with a will; and as the crowbars chinked and the great stone began to show signs of moving, the young man's excitement was almost painful. What if Indrajī's story was a fiction, after all? Even the fear of the Government would hardly save him from the Thakore's first burst of disappointed rage. But relief came at last; the great stone moved, and toppling forward revealed a sight which struck the bystanders dumb with astonishment. There, in a vast hollow, of which the stone had been merely the doorway, were piled vessels of gold and silver, heaps of precious stones and glittering gems, which had broken loose from the rotting bags that had contained them, an avalanche of gold mohurs that had been apparently shovelled in like chaff, and several chests which spoke of still richer treasures to be explored. Heygate had hardly given a thought to his stipulated tenth share hitherto, expecting at the most a few thousand rupees, welcome but not omnipotent. Now he knew that a tithe of all that shining wealth would save his career, and send him back to the regiment he loved so well with more than enough for his needs.

Three days later, when the hoard had been valued, Heygate was escorted to the city gate with much pomp by the Thakore in person. In his knapsack he had a draft on His Highness's Bombay agents for seven lacs of rupees—the equivalent of fifty thousand pounds. Arrived at the memorable archway, the final parting took place. 'I hope,' said the retiring Sirdar, 'that Your Highness will not now find it necessary to harry the Begum Luxmeebhai or any of your subjects. The Government would be sorry to hear of it.'

To this diplomatic hint Gholam Singh replied suavely enough: 'I am a beneficent ruler, my friend; my people will participate in the wealth



you have brought us. Thanks to you, Dilmaghar will be a paradise of content.'

But a subterranean scowl struggled bravely with the smile on His Highness's face; and as Heygate turned his horse's head for the road along which he had tramped footsore and sick at heart three weeks before, he thought with satisfaction of the letter and agreement lying at Boubay. They stood between him and—well, His Highness the Thakore's pleasure.

#### BLACK LABOUR IN QUEENSLAND.

THE Bill which has lately been passed by the Legislature in Queensland permitting a renewal of the importation of South Sea Islanders, or Kanakas, for employment on the sugar plantations, has caused a good deal of discussion in England both in the Press and in Parliament. Not unnaturally, the fear has been expressed that a repetition might occur of the abuses which took place prior to the Commission of 1885, in connection with the recruiting of coloured labourers, and that, if the measure passed unchallenged by England, it might be thought her approval was being given to a scheme which has in some quarters been denounced as little better than slavery. The facts of the case, however, show not only that black labour is absolutely necessary in Queensland, unless the sugar industry is allowed to die out, but that the hiring of Kanakas has for years past been conducted under stringent regulations, laid down by the Queensland Government, requiring that ships carrying immigrants shall be licensed, and providing that agents shall be on board to see that 'all islanders have voluntarily engaged themselves, and have entered into their agreements with a full knowledge and understanding of their nature and conditions.' There is evidence, however, that the rules laid down have not in some cases been sufficiently observed. Under the new Act, therefore, they have been made still more severe; and as the Queensland Government seem determined to see them carried out, and to punish any infringement of them, there is no reason to apprehend that the reintroduction of black labour will not be properly conducted. As regards the treatment of the Kanakas when on the plantations, recent testimony, which I can confirm from my own observation in the colony, shows that they are well housed and fed, receive a fair wage, and when their time is up, return to their homes with some money in their pockets, unless, indeed, they have spent it in bright-coloured clothes and handkerchiefs, for which they have a weakness.

The causes which have led to the reintroduction of black labour into Queensland are not far to seek. The tropical heat, although necessary for the growth of the sugar-cane, renders field-labour by the white man so unpleasant, that he will not submit to it, at all events at such wages as the planters can afford to pay. So far, well enough; but the white man in attempting to exclude the necessary Kanaka, and thus adhere to the political cry of 'Australia for the white man'—under which the present Premier, Sir Samuel Griffith, came into power—has almost destroyed one of the most important industries in Queensland. Fortunately, however, the folly

of this policy has now been perceived; the edict against the black man has been withdrawn, and, according to recent accounts from the colony, the sugar-planters, whose estates were going out of cultivation, are again putting forth their energies, and a new era of prosperity may fairly be anticipated.

The exclusion of the Kanaka, so far from being in the interest of white labour, has proved exactly the contrary, for statistics show that the decrease in the numbers of coloured labourers has been followed by a decrease in the same ratio in the employment of white men. According to Mr W. A. Ackers of Townsville, there were seven thousand coloured men employed in 1886 in the Mackay district of Queensland, and eight thousand white people; while in 1888, when the number of coloured men had been reduced to two thousand, the white men employed numbered only four thousand, being a decrease of fifty per cent. in two years. According to the same authority, the wages paid to the Kanakas throughout the colony in 1888 amounted to between fifty and sixty thousand pounds; whereas during the same period the white men employed either directly or indirectly in connection with the sugar industry received as much as one hundred and seventy-four thousand pounds.

The interests involved are of some magnitude. In 1887 the capital invested in this industry was five million pounds, and the value of the machinery for the production of sugar was one million pounds. One quarter of the total area under cultivation in Queensland was under sugar-cane. The value of sugar exported in 1888 was eight hundred thousand pounds; and of the sugar consumed in the colony, two hundred thousand pounds, giving a total of one million pounds. In 1890 the value of sugar exported had diminished by one hundred thousand pounds—the result of the policy above described. As the reintroduction of suitable labour, now resolved upon, means the continuance of an industry of these proportions, the subject is of considerable importance as regards the future prosperity of Queensland.

#### MARGUERITE.

SHE lingered 'midst the lilies white and fair,  
Marguerite,  
Herself the fairest flower that blossomed there,  
Pure and sweet.  
The music of her voice came unto me  
Soft and low;  
She sang of happy days that were to be  
Long ago.

It was a golden dream of Hope and Love,  
Born but to die.  
The lilies drooped their heads; the storm-clouds came  
Across the sky.  
And I have wandered on through weary years,  
Life's music fled,  
Since my fair Love, my little gentle flower,  
Lay dead.

JAMES J. STEVENSON.

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## THREE AUSTRALIAN BOOMS.

IN all countries accustomed to the ups and downs of mining ventures, the news of a large find of either gold or silver causes the most intense excitement. The mere rumour of a rich discovery at any place is sufficient to send hundreds of the Bedouin population of the mining districts flocking to the spot. These seem always ready to flit on the shortest notice to other fields, always ready once more to try their luck in a fresh gamble with Nature. So they wander about from field to field, sometimes making money, more often losing it; seldom, very seldom keeping it when made. In no part of the globe is this more constantly seen than in the Australian colonies. The Australians are indeed a gambling community, always ready for a 'plunge,' whether it be on the almost daily horserace or the last-discovered Eldorado. Wages are high, so the working-man has usually a few pounds to spare. The generality of them cannot resist the temptation to try their luck at the game which has made so many of their employers rich. The successful speculator is always 'en évidence,' an object of envy to some, and a lure to others. The ruined gambler sinks out of sight, and the lesson he might teach is never learned.

When the Broken Hill silver mines were first discovered, and it had been satisfactorily proved that silver really existed in payable quantities, half the population of Australia went 'silver mad.' The land round Broken Hill was pegged out into claims to the extent of thousands of acres. Companies were started by the score, many of them with barely sufficient capital to pay the expenses of sinking a hundred-foot shaft or driving a moderate adit. Every one bought scrip; shares rose at the rate of pounds daily. The clever ones realised fortunes and sold out; the majority held on for that little bit more which all men want, and in many cases lost all. A few of the lodes when properly opened up turned out enormous quantities of silver, and, until the present strikes, paid large dividends. The ma-

jority of the companies have now collapsed, others barely pay working expenses.

Some curious stories are told of fortunes made or missed at this time. One prospector was sinking along the line of a lode which ran through his claim. As he went down, he found the lode kept constantly widening and then 'pinching' again, an almost certain sign that it would soon die out. He therefore sunk till the lode widened again, and then sold his claim for a few hundred pounds, very pleased at having, as he considered, got a very good price for a very bad article. It is only natural to suppose that his guileless joy was not so keen when he heard that the claim had turned out one of the best on the field, worth in the market fully a million sterling.

The 'mining boom' was quickly followed by a 'boom' in property. Mushroom land and building societies started in numbers. Town properties changed hands again and again at enormous prices. Very often no cash passed between buyer and seller, bills being taken in payment—in many cases never met. One block of buildings and the land on which they stood were sold to a speculator, who paid a small deposit, with permission to pull down the building and erect better ones, more suitable for the good time coming. The old material was hardly off the ground before the 'boom' collapsed; the purchaser could not meet his engagements, vanished; and the unfortunate seller found himself with his property once more on his hands, but minus the buildings.

In the meantime prospectors from Broken Hill had gone to the west coast of Tasmania, where silver had, it was believed, been found in the early days of the convict occupation. These men went through almost incredible hardships. The country was covered either with dense bush or button-grass swamp. Riding was impossible. All their provisions had to be carried on their backs; their blankets, wet through by day, were often their sole covering at night. However, their efforts were rewarded, outcrops of ore

being found in all directions. The first lode worked in the neighbourhood of Mount Zeehan gave very good results. A company (the Silver Queen Company) was formed with fifteen thousand pounds capital, which was all called up and expended in sinking and machinery. Within a few months this mine had yielded such a large amount of both argentiferous galena and kaolin ore, that the directors found themselves able to declare two dividends.

A gigantic rush now set in for the field from all the surrounding colonies. Within the next two years, over fifteen hundred eighty-acre claims had been pegged out. Manganese and other outcrops, indications of silver beneath, were discovered in large numbers. Nearly two hundred companies were formed in Hobart alone, others in Zeehan and Melbourne. Roads were made by the Government; also a railway commenced by them from the port of Strahan to the town of Zeehan, which had commenced to spring up as fast as building materials could be put on to the ground. A number of large hotels were built, and no sooner built than crowded—three people often sleeping in a tiny room, others in the bar, on the tables, anywhere. Zeehan, from a small collection of huts, burst into a town of some thousands of inhabitants, boasting of gas and water companies, two Stock Exchanges, a perfect posse of hotels, shops with large plate-glass windows, churches, banks, a town hall and a corporation. Three private railway companies were formed, and very soon commenced work. In the vicinity of Mount Dundas, seven miles from Zeehan, rich discoveries of ore were made; and the market value of some of the mines, judged by the price of the shares, exceeded two hundred thousand pounds sterling, with a keen demand. All the road frontage between Zeehan and Dundas was pegged out into building allotments; had these been built on as intended, the houses would have formed a street as long as from Battersea Bridge to Liverpool Street.

Everything looked prosperous, and the gambling in mining scrip in all parts of the colonies raged more furiously than ever. The country surrounding the lodes (generally dark slaty rocks), the quality of the ore, the general direction of the lodes, all seemed to point to a successful issue. In one of the Dundas mines (the Central Dundas) the writer himself saw a lode which had been cut through ninety feet wide, of black gossan, thickly covered with chlorides, which sparkled like diamonds in the light of our candles. The streets of Zeehan at this time presented a curious, busy appearance, swarming with people of every trade and nationality: miners in their muddy garments, stockbrokers, speculators, visitors, and mining experts (these last quite ready to give excellent Reports about anything provided payment was in proportion), telegraph boys, drays laden with timber, horses with silver ore—all splashing through the mud, and continually passing and repassing up and down the narrow, dirty street. Ore was now being raised in tons and stacked, ready to send away to be smelted when the railways were opened. Men who had made fortunes at Broken Hill came to Tasmania, gave it as their belief that the lodes were 'true fissure,' and backed up their opinion by investing largely in shares. But one doubt was expressed, and this

only by the most cautious—that the enormous output of silver would lower the price of the article so much as to leave no margin for profit.

Suddenly, when things were looking almost at their best, and people were prophesying that the 'boom' had hardly begun, the Bank of Van Diemen's Land closed its doors, forced to do so by the united jealousy of other commercial institutions. Then followed other banks and building societies in Melbourne. These suspensions soon brought the mining shares down to their proper value, which was in many cases nothing at all, dear at the price of the paper they were printed on. The bank being closed, no money was forthcoming to pay calls, so numbers of the mines had to shut down for want of capital. In others, work had never been started, and all the funds were found expended in salaries to men with nothing to do. Other lodes pinched out, or were 'driven' for and missed, owing to 'faults' and other eccentricities of Nature. Gradually mine after mine closed down; the swarm of adventurers who had flocked to the field drifted away to other finds, those only remaining who could not get away through want of funds, or who were connected in some way with the few mines which still were kept working, generally by English capital. Twelve months since, Zeehan and Dundas were rapidly-growing towns, with every prospect of having between them in the future over one hundred thousand inhabitants. Now, most of the hotels are empty, the houses in many cases abandoned by their owners, only a few mines working with hope long deferred, and the furor has died out. All the 'bitten ones' have for consolation is probably a bundle of valueless mining scrip, which they may perhaps occasionally turn over, regretting sorrowfully that they did not sell out during the boom, which they still fondly hope may come again.

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

### CHAPTER XV.—A WILLING PRISONER.

At Oxford all that day, Mr Archibald Gillespie of Durham College found himself in a very singular position indeed for an undergraduate of such unquestioned and respectable manners. For he was keeping Maud Plantagenet shut up behind a sported oak in her brother's rooms, and clandestinely supplying her with lunch, tea, and dinner!

This somewhat compromising condition of affairs in the third pair left of Back Quad New Buildings had been brought about by a pure concatenation of accidents. When Maud left Chiddingwick that morning, with nothing in her purse, she had trusted to Dick to supply her with the wherewithal for paying her way back again. But as Dick was not at home when she reached his rooms, she had been compelled to wait in for him till he returned from Chiddingwick. For the same reason, she was obviously unable to supply herself with food at an hotel or restaurant. Being a Plantagenet, indeed, she

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would have been far too proud to let Gillespie suspect these facts by overt act or word of hers; but somehow, he guessed them for himself, and soon found his suspicions confirmed by her very silence. Now, the scouts or college servants have a key of the 'oak,' and can enter men's rooms at any moment without warning beforehand. There was nothing for it, therefore, but for Gillespie to take Dick's scout frankly into his confidence; which he did accordingly. Already, he had forgotten his eleven o'clock lecture; Plato's *Republic* had gone to the wall before a pretty face: and now, he went outside the door to plot still further treason, and shouted, after the primitive Oxford fashion, for the servant.

'Look here, Robert,' he said, as the scout came up, 'there's a young lady in deep mourning in Mr Plantagenet's rooms. She's Mr Plantagenet's sister, and she's come up to see him about this dreadful affair the other day, you understand. But he's gone down home for the morning to Chiddingwick—they've crossed on the road—and he mayn't perhaps be back again till late in the evening. Now, I can see the young lady's got no money about her—she came away hurriedly—and I don't like to offer her any. So I'm going to telegraph to Mr Plantagenet to come back as soon as he can; but he can't be here for some time yet, anyhow. Of course, the young lady *must* have something to eat; and I want you to help me with it. Tell the porter who she is, and that she'll probably have to stop here till Mr Plantagenet comes back. Under the circumstances, nobody will say anything about it. At lunch-time, you must take out something quiet and nice in my name from the kitchen—chicken cutlets, and so forth—and serve it to the young lady in Mr Plantagenet's rooms. When Mr Plantagenet returns he'll see her out of college.'

As for Robert, standing by obsequious, he grinned from ear to ear at the obvious prospect of a good round tip, and undertook for his part with a very fair grace that the young lady's needs should be properly provided for. Your scout is a person of infinite resource, the most servile of his kind; he scents tips from afar, and would sell his soul to earn one. Even in this age of enlightenment, however, an Oxford college still retains many traits of the medieval monastery from which it sprang; women are banned in it; and 'twould have been as much as Mr Robert's place was worth to serve the unknown young lady in Dick Plantagenet's rooms without leave from headquarters. So he made a clean breast of it. Application to the Dean, however, resulted in his obtaining the necessary acquiescence; and Gillespie devoted himself through the rest of that day to making Maud as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances in her brother's rooms till Dick's return from Chiddingwick. So charitably was he minded, indeed, that he hardly left her at all except at meal-times. Now, in the course of a long day's *tête-à-tête*, two people get to know a wonderful deal of one another, especially if they have mutually sympathetic natures; and before Dick returned that evening to set Maud at liberty, she and Gillespie felt already like old friends together.

Dick didn't get back, as it happened, till long after Hall; and then it was too late for Maud to catch a train back that evening. The reason

for the delay was simple: Dick hadn't received Archie Gillespie's telegram till his return from the rectory. He had stopped there to lunch, at Mrs Tradescant's request, after his interview with Mary; and for Mary's sake he thought it best to accept the invitation. So the end of it all was that Dick had to find his sister a bed under the friendly roof of a married Fellow of his college; and that before he took her round there, he, she, and Gillespie had a long chat together about the prospects of the situation.

'Mr Gillespie and I have been talking it over all day, Dick,' Maud said very decidedly, 'and we're both of us of opinion—most distinctly of opinion, that you oughtn't, as a duty to mother and to us, to do anything that'll compel you to take back again the one great forward step you took in coming to Oxford. Mr Gillespie says rightly, it's easy enough to go down, but not by any means so easy, once you're there, to climb up again.'

'I ought to do whatever makes me earn an immediate income soonest, though, for all your sakes, Maud,' Dick objected stoutly.

'Not at all!' Maud answered with Plantagenet decision, and with wisdom above her years, dictated no doubt by her love and pride in her brother. 'You oughtn't to sacrifice the future to the present.' Then she turned to him quite sharply. 'Did you see Mary Tudor to-day?' she asked, regardless of Gillespie's presence, for she considered him already as an old friend of the family.

The tell-tale colour rushed up fast into Dick's cheek. 'Yes, I did,' he answered, half faltering. 'And she behaved most nobly. She behaved as you'd expect such a girl to behave, Maud. She spoke of it quite beautifully.'

Maud drew back, triumphant. If Mary had been there, she could have thrown her thin arms round her neck and kissed her. 'Well, and *she* didn't advise you to go and settle at Chiddingwick!' Maud cried with proud confidence.

'She didn't exactly *advise* me,' Dick answered with some little hesitation; 'but she acquiesced in my doing it; and she said whatever I did, she'd always love me equally. In point of fact,' Dick added, somewhat sheepishly, 'we never were engaged at all before to-day; but this morning we settled it.'

Maud showed her profound disappointment, nay, almost her contempt, in her speaking face. To say the truth, it's seldom we can any of us see anything both from our own point of view and some one else's as well. Maud could see nothing in all this but profound degradation for Dick, and indirectly for the family, if Dick went back to Chiddingwick; while Mary had only thought how noble and devoted it was of her unselfish lover to give up everything so readily for his mother and sisters.

'I think,' Dick ventured to put in, since Mary's reputation was at stake in Maud's mind, 'she was most—well, pleased that I should be willing to—to make this sacrifice—if I may call it so—because I thought it my duty.'

Maud flung herself on the floor at his side, and held his hand in hers passionately. 'Oh, Dick,' she cried, clinging to him, 'dear Dick! she oughtn't to have thought like that! She oughtn't to have thought of *us*! She ought to

have thought, as I do, of you and your future! If I, who am your sister, am so jealous for your honour, surely she, who's the girl you mean to marry, ought to be ten times more so!

'So she is,' Dick answered, manfully. 'Only, don't you see, Maud, there are different ways of looking at it. She thinks, as I do, that it's best and most imperative to do one's duty first; she would give me up for herself, almost, and wait for me indefinitely, if she thought I could do better so for you and dear mother.'

Maud clung to him passionately still. For it was not to him only she clung, but also to the incarnate honour of the family. 'Oh, Dick,' she cried once more, 'you mustn't do it; you mustn't do it; you'll kill me if you do it! We don't mind starving; that's as easy as anything; but not a second time shall we draggle in the dust of the street the honour of the Plantagenets.'

They sat up late that night, and talked it all over from every side alternately. And the more they talked it over, the more did Gillespie come round to Maud's opinion on the matter. It might be necessary for Dick to leave Oxford, indeed; though even that would be a wrench; but if he left Oxford, it would certainly be well he should take some other work—whatever work turned up—even if less well paid, that would not unclass him.

And before they separated for the night, Maud had wrung this concession at least out of her wavering brother, that he would do nothing decisive before the end of term; and that, meanwhile, he would try to find some more dignified employment in London or elsewhere. Only in the last resort, he promised her, would he return to Chiddingwick—and his father's calling. That should be treated as the final refuge against absolute want. And indeed his soul loathed it; he had only contemplated it at first, not for himself but for his kin, from a stern sense of duty.

Gillespie saw Maud off at the station next morning with Dick. He was carefully dressed, and wore, what was unusual with him, a flower in his button-hole. Maud's last words to him were: 'Now, Mr Gillespie, remember; I rely upon you to keep Dick from backsliding.'

And Gillespie answered, with a courteous bow to the slim pale little creature who sat in deep mourning on the bare wooden seat of the third-class carriage (South-eastern pattern): 'You may count upon me, Miss Plantagenet, to carry out your programme.'

As they walked back together silently up the High towards Durham, Gillespie turned with a sudden dart to his friend and broke their joint reverie. 'Is your sister engaged, Dick?' he asked with a somewhat nervous jerk.

'Why, no,' Dick answered, taken aback—at least, not that I ever heard of.'

'I should think she would be soon,' Gillespie retorted meaningly.

'Why so?' Dick inquired in an unsuspecting voice.

'Well, she's very pretty,' Gillespie answered; 'and very clever; and very distinguished-looking.'

'She is pretty,' Dick admitted, unsuspecting as before. 'No man ever really remembers his own sisters are women. But, you see, she never

meets any young men at Chiddingwick. There's nobody to make love to her.'

'So much the better!' Gillespie replied, and then relapsed into silence.

(To be continued.)

## LONG-DISTANCE RIDES.

THE recent performances of German, Austrian, and Hungarian horsemen perforce invite comparison with former feats of a similar kind; and of these, as far as authentic records allow comparison, Britain has almost the monopoly. The accomplishment, between Berlin and Vienna, of journeys which varied, according to the route chosen, from three hundred and sixty-one English miles to over four hundred, in any time less than eighty-five hours, exhibits the men who took part in the tremendous race as active and untiring riders, if not as horsemen. It is hardly necessary to observe that between a 'good rider' and a 'good horseman' there is a wide and important difference; the former term implying strong seat and light hands only, while the latter indicates in addition the rider's intimate knowledge of his mount, and ability to get out of him the last ounce without inflicting injury. In the majority of cases, the Austrian and German officers proved themselves bad horsemen; the horse ridden by Count Starhemberg, the winner, died of exhaustion the day after its arrival at Berlin; the Irish mare upon which Baron Reitzenstein won the second place, fell from sheer fatigue as soon as her rider dismounted, and could not be induced to rise for several hours; while at least five other competitors literally rode their horses to death. These disasters, repugnant to feelings of humanity, indicate the inability of the riders to measure the endurance of their mounts. Any man who can keep in the saddle can ride a horse to death. His sole requirements for the feat are a hard heart and a strong whip; but it requires a horseman in the highest sense of the word to get out of his animal in a given time the maximum quantity of work it can safely perform. The peculiar temperament and nervous system of the horse—the pluck which gives the thoroughbred his value—require careful study and attention. Other beasts of burden—the elephant, camel, mule, and bullock—are so constituted that no punishment will persuade them to go on when tired out; a well-bred horse, as every one knows, if pressed will gallop till he drops dead.

Foremost among English feats of horsemanship we have one which for generations has been represented in the circus ring. Dick Turpin's famous ride from London to York has taken its place among nursery legends; nevertheless, it was actually performed, and stands as a record of its kind. The highwayman, riding with the very best reason in the world—the safety of his neck—covered the distance of over two hundred miles in a little under twelve hours. This performance stands alone as the longest and fastest journey ever made on the same horse. Most of the long rides of which record exists have been made for wagers; such records are therefore

reliable. Squire Osbaldestone's undertaking to ride two hundred miles in ten hours, which he accomplished so successfully on the 5th of November 1831, is one of the most remarkable feats of endurance in the saddle, and has the merit of freedom from cruelty. The Squire rode his race on the Newmarket racecourse, changing his horse every fourth mile. Four miles is a safe limit for such a purpose, as that splendid horseman knew. Three-mile laps could have been covered in time relatively a little better; but a sound horse in fair training could do his four miles without distress in such time as to make that distance, with the consequent reduction in the number of changes, the most suitable for the purpose. Mr Osbaldestone used sixteen horses for his task, and rode standing in his stirrups like a jockey, while he kept his mount at best speed from start to finish of its four-mile heat, having quite a 'set-to' with his pacemaker at the end of each. The Squire was a hard man, and in good training, so suffered no bad effects from his exertions.

A most creditable performance by Australian Mounted Infantry, in April 1889, also deserves mention, as having been conceived and carried out in a truly sportsman-like spirit. The members of the Gympie Mounted Infantry having been out in camp for manœuvres at a place called Lytton, near Brisbane, arranged to race home, a distance of one hundred and sixteen miles. With a discretion the German and Austrian executive had done well to copy, over-riding was provided against by the stipulation that no horse should win a prize if he arrived at the winning-post distressed, or in such condition that he could not do a further distance of ten miles. Eleven men, fully equipped in marching order, started from Brisbane at 2.40 p.m. on Wednesday the 23d April. The winner, Private Edwards, riding twelve stone ten pounds, arrived at Gympie at 2 p.m. next day, thus travelling the one hundred and sixteen miles in twenty-three hours and twenty minutes. The route lay over roads heavy from continuous rain, and included the crossing of a range of hills which threw out several of the competitors. The second man, Sergeant O'Neill, actually rode a better race than the winner, as his horse carried fourteen stone three pounds, and came in only a few yards behind Edwards'. The third and fourth men also arrived home within fifty yards of the winner. The horses ridden in this remarkable race were all thoroughbreds, and were in perfect training. It is hardly necessary to observe that a long course of preparation is essential to fit any horse for such a journey.

This Australian race has value as furnishing trustworthy data on which to estimate the travelling power of men and horses, for which purpose the Austro-German competition is absolutely useless. Every man who got home in the latter—and of the one hundred and nine Germans only seventy-two appear to have reached Vienna—brought in his horse in such a condition that if it did not succumb altogether, its career of utility was at an end: each unfortunate animal bore testimony that it had been taxed cruelly beyond its powers, and proved in its state not how far it could travel, but that it could not travel the distance asked of it and survive.

Our ancestors perforce made most of their

journeys on horseback until public conveyances became general, and, as might be supposed, long-distance rides against time were not uncommon. One conspicuous case has lately been unearthed by a descendant of the rider. Mr Thomas Cole, in 1614, rode from London to Shrewsbury, a distance of one hundred and fifty-four miles, in fourteen hours. He started from London at three o'clock on the morning of 4th August, and reached his destination before five o'clock the same afternoon. We are not told how often he changed horses; but the then condition of the roads, if they deserved the name at all, makes it certain that he did so with considerable frequency. As an example of sturdy endurance, this performance deserves a more prominent place in our records of horsemanship. We recall other feats of the same kind in the last century, but none quite equal to it.

Finally may be mentioned the brightest example of pluck and endurance in the saddle known to us—Captain Charles Townley's extraordinary journey on horseback from Belgrade to Constantinople in October 1849. This ride of eight hundred and twenty miles was not inspired by sporting motives; it was a race for life, not the rider's; a splendid response to the call of duty, and no more. How it came to be made is briefly told. It will be remembered that in the year mentioned the Hungarian War of Independence came to its bloody close, and the patriot Kossuth and many of his friends were compelled to seek in flight safety from the fate which threatened them as rebels against Austria. They made their way to Vidin, and there remained, trusting to the hospitality of the Turks. Austria and the Porte's hereditary enemy Russia demanded the surrender of the fugitives, threatening war if their demand were refused. The Sultan was disinclined to give up men he regarded, in a manner, as guests; but fear of Russia might have overcome his scruples, had the British ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, not appealed to his sense of honour and dignity to stand firm. Sir Stratford Canning was a power at Pera, and the Turks had grown accustomed to look to him for guidance at critical times; hence, when the Czar pressed for a plain answer to his demand for the extradition of Kossuth and his compatriots, the answer dictated by Canning was 'No.' Russia and Austria forthwith recalled their representatives from the Turkish capital, and war seemed inevitable. Turkey, quaking with fear, turned to Canning; his advice had led her into the scrape; he should see her through it. Sir Stratford was not a man who did things by halves; the responsibility was tremendous, but he did not shrink. He took upon himself to promise that England would stand by Turkey in the struggle, and appealed to Lord Palmerston to ratify the promise without an hour's unnecessary delay.

In those pre-telegraphic days the 'Queen's Messenger' held a more responsible position in his country's service than he does now. As in this instance, the question 'Peace or War?' might be decided by his speed; and where railways did not exist, his speed often depended on his horsemanship. Thus, when Lord Palmerston looked about him for a man to convey his message of approval to Canning, he sought not



only one on whose energy and trustworthiness he could rely, but one who could turn to the very best account the means of travel available. He saw the right man in Captain Townley, a famous rider to hounds, and an intrepid soldier. Him, 'Old Pam' despatched with orders to 'spare neither yourself nor others.' On the 20th October the messenger left Belgrade, carrying the assurance of England's support. Despatches had already been sent by the Austrian Government to the Porte, and if these arrived before Captain Townley brought his, all might be undone. Everything was in favour of Austria's winning the race: three special relays of messengers were waiting at various points on the road to carry on the despatches, and if Townley meant to arrive first, his work was cut out. He proved himself equal to it in the teeth of difficulties which might well have pardoned failure. He had eight hundred and twenty miles to go, changing horses wherever and whenever he could; the roads, never of the best, were deep with mud, and he had to cross the Balkans at night in utter darkness. Twice, the horse he rode fell with him; and not half the journey had been covered when an old gunshot wound worked open and drenched him with blood. Save when he stopped to change horses, and once for six hours to sleep, he spent five days and eleven hours in the saddle, latterly almost fainting with fatigue and loss of blood. But he won his race: at half-past five on the morning of the 28th October, he reached the British Embassy at Pera, and learned that his magnificent performance had not been in vain. Sir Stratford Canning was enabled to announce that the British fleet had been ordered to the Dardanelles; and Austria and Russia, baffled, sullenly withdrew the demand they dared not attempt to enforce.

Without doubt, the horses used in this ride suffered severely. But how would it have fared with Captain Townley's mission had he been merely a bold and enduring rider, and not a horseman who knew exactly how far he might tax the powers of his mounts? He must have failed. Making 'the more haste, the less speed,' he would have ridden his first horse to death half-way through its stage, and would have found himself hopelessly 'thrown out.'

Long-distance rides in these days of universal railways are more in the nature of idle experiments than tests of equine endurance from which deductions of practical value can be drawn. Of late years, forced marches have been a somewhat prominent feature in the programme of work annually carried out by our own cavalry regiments, and these, by reason of the manner in which they are performed, are of genuine utility. To move a body of cavalry at such speed that on arrival at the point where its offensive services were required, the horses were exhausted, obviously would be the purest folly. And how far the average, not the best, horse can travel in a given time and arrive fit for further work after reasonable rest is a matter in which we cannot be too well informed. Such knowledge is gained only by experiment, and only experiments made by fairly large bodies of cavalry judiciously regulated command serious attention.

It does not come fairly under the heading of

this paper, but while dealing with the subject of horses' staying power, it may be of interest to mention that some Eastern nations who give endurance its full value, encourage its development far more practically than do we. General Sir Harry Prendergast told the writer that he was on one occasion present at a race-meeting held at Teheran at which the shortest race was eight miles and the longest twenty-four; the races he witnessed being quite the usual thing, and in no way exceptional in Persia. The bare suggestion of an eight-mile race would create a sensation at Newmarket; nevertheless, to ride it well would demand jockeyship of a higher order than our shorter races develop and to which we are accustomed in this country.

## RALPH THORNLEIGH'S PICTURE.

### CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

'ALTHOUGH the present Exhibition at Burlington House contains an exceptionally large number of works of unusual merit, we have no difficulty in selecting the picture of the year. Our choice falls without hesitation upon Mr Ralph Thornleigh's "Despair" (No. 357). This powerful work cannot fail to attract universal attention, and it is not easy to describe it without employing language which savours of exaggeration. It is long since such faultless technique, such mastery of colour, such ability to express emotion, have been discovered by an unknown artist. We do not recall having heard Mr Thornleigh's name before; but the painter of "Despair" will, we are confident, take his place ere long among the foremost portrait painters of the day. We shall watch Mr Thornleigh's career with interest.'

Colonel Stardale read it once; rose from the breakfast-table and read it again; then dropped the *Times* and his eyeglass together, and gave the bell a pull which brought his valet up-stairs four steps at a time.

'Hansom!' he gasped, almost before the door was opened, 'immediately!'

The man vanished; and Colonel Stardale picked up the newspaper to read 'The Royal Academy' column a third time. He had been to Burlington House once, just to say he had been there, and had read the press notices to be able to 'talk Academy' at dinner: but the season being now fairly under weigh, he had been too busy to spend more than a perfunctory half-hour at the Exhibition; and having no artistic proclivities, had spent the time talking to friends instead of studying pictures. He had not even entered the room where No. 357 hung, and had heard no mention of it until last night, when young Tripstone of the Guards asked him with a peculiar grin whether he had 'seen No. 357 at the Academy.' Mr Tripstone's remark recurred to him as he read the *Times* critique, and at the same moment it flashed upon him that Thornleigh was the name of the artist who made that fiasco of Miss Cairnswood's portrait. A horrible suspicion seized him, and he stepped into the hansom which awaited him, and drove the few hundred yards up to Piccadilly, looking very much disturbed.

He was soon standing, catalogue in hand, before

Ralph's masterpiece, which had caught his eye the moment he came into the room. The last shred of hopeful doubt was dispelled: No. 357 was the 'caricature' he had only a month since condemned to destruction in that garret off Holborn. Colonel Stardale honestly believed the picture a daub when he saw it on the easel; but now a strange feeling of awe came over him as he looked up at it. Beatrice stood, her head turned slightly to the left, wearing an expression he had never seen upon her face; her hands were clenched tightly before her, and the whole pose betrayed an agony of hopeless despair. Colonel Stardale was unable to remove his eyes from the face; he was anything but an impressionable man, but there was a something in the portrait which held him spellbound.

The voices of a party of early visitors brought him to himself, and he turned hastily away. 'What does it mean?' he wondered as he walked out through the turnstiles and down the stairs. 'This is terrible. Every one will recognise her, and she will be the talk of the town. I wish I had seen the picture destroyed at the time; but who ever would have dreamt of seeing in the Academy such a daub as it looked? Hung on the line, too! And held up to special notice by the critics! "Despair." What does it all mean? The chatter will be something awful.'

Colonel Stardale's prognostications proved correct. People who knew Beatrice—and the number of her friends had quadrupled since her engagement—saw No. 357, and exclaimed at once: 'Miss Cairnswood, by all that's mysterious; engaged to Colonel Stardale, you know; she can't have much to despair about!' There were a few who had known Ralph Thornleigh in his more prosperous days, and had observed the attention he was wont to pay Miss Macallan's pretty niece; and these were able to construct a neat and pathetic little story out of the materials at their command. It bore no resemblance to the true one, but that mattered nothing; it received general credence, and a fortnight after the Academy opened, the picture was the best-discussed subject in London. The striking talent of the artist was quite enough to make a sensation; and this, in conjunction with the engagement of the young lady to so well known a man as Colonel Stardale, made a dish which was served up daily in club and drawing-room and never palled.

The talk began, as usual, in whispers, increased to a murmur, and rapidly grew into a roar. People gave up pretending they did not know there was a story attached to No. 357, when the topic was broached before Colonel Stardale. He could go nowhere but before long some lady cornered him and begged him to 'explain.' In vain he would plead ignorance; in vain he declared Miss Cairnswood knew no Mr Thornleigh, and never in her life had given any artist 'sittings'; and equally in vain he tried to escape or turn the subject. Never a day passed but some new legend was brought to his unwilling ears to receive the stamp of his contradiction; he could go nowhere in comfort; he could find peace only in his chambers and at Warriston Square. Beatrice, who had been harassed even more unsparingly than himself, had given up going out altogether; and the Colonel saw ample

reason for her seclusion in the changed looks which indicated her indifferent health. The truth was Mr Macallan's difficulties were fast coming to a crisis, and his sister, resolutely closing her eyes to the physical injury she was doing her niece, worried her unceasingly to take the step which her calculations convinced her would rescue Messrs Macallan & Son from disaster. But no entreaties to name a day, a week, or even a month for the wedding, moved Beatrice; she ceased urging reasons and excuses for postponing the ceremony; and argue as she would, her aunt could wring no reply from her but that she did not wish to marry yet. The sensation her portrait caused had taken her utterly aback. She had known when she gave Ralph permission to exhibit the picture that she must be recognised; but she had lost sight of the fact that her engagement to Colonel Stardale gave her a far more prominent social place than she used to fill, and it had soon been borne in upon her that 'No. 357' had made her almost a public character: her daily walks had brought this home in a particularly distasteful form.

Nevertheless, there was a bright silver lining to the cloud. In her inmost heart Beatrice revelled in the thought that she had been the means of bringing her lover success. Hope sprang again into vigorous life, and hearkening daily as she did to numberless prophecies of name and fortune for Ralph Thornleigh, it was not wonderful that she refused to name the day for her marriage.

Her intended husband had never inquired if she could account for the curious character in which the artist had portrayed her; he shrank from alluding to the topic which had given him so much annoyance, but none the less he suspected in his fiancée's life the existence of a chapter he had not been permitted to read. He had privately questioned Miss Macallan; but that discreet woman knew nothing; she had never heard of Mr Thornleigh, and was quite sure Beatrice was equally ignorant. How could she? A poor artist who lived in an attic! The Colonel might depend that Miss Macallan's theory was right—namely, that this painter, who undoubtedly was a very clever one, had seen in the photograph the infinite possibilities offered by Beatrice's beauty, and had deliberately made a convenience of the Colonel's order to paint a sensational picture which should attract attention.

'Can you not take legal steps to force him to suppress the picture?' concluded Miss Macallan. 'I am sure you would be justified in punishing such scandalous audacity.'

But the Colonel shook his head; now the mischief was done, it would only aggravate matters to prosecute, even if the man had overstepped the law, which he thought exceedingly doubtful.

'I don't know what to say, I'm sure,' said Miss Macallan fretfully. 'I'm getting quite anxious about Beatrice, she is looking so pale and seedy. It's all worry, you know, Colonel; it's entirely owing to the scandal caused by this wretched picture.'

Colonel Stardale winced perceptibly at the word 'scandal,' but it seemed to convince him of the necessity for taking definite steps.

'We cannot allow it to go on,' he said decisively.

'You must take her away from town, beyond the reach of prating tongues, as soon as possible. Say to Brighton.'

Miss Macallan rose to the occasion instantly. 'I will tell Beatrice what you say, Colonel Stardale, and I'm sure when she learns it is your wish, she will go to-morrow.'

Beatrice, as her aunt well knew, would be the last to urge objections to such an arrangement; but her motives for desiring to leave town differed widely from those ascribed on her behalf. Temporary residence at Brighton, or at any spot distant from town, meant a definite reprieve for so long as that absence might last; and she embraced the proposal eagerly.

The Colonel breathed more freely when she had gone, for he had not enjoyed being seen with her latterly; to be mixed up in a scandal of this description with an obscure artist was intensely odious to him, and Miss Cairnwood's absence gave him a sense of greater independence and freedom. But he soon realised that her departure had done nothing to save him from the incessant questioning, whatever it had accomplished for her, and ere long that came to pass which he dreaded above all things. The Society papers took the matter up, and vied with one another in the publication of stories mendaciously sensational. The Colonel chafed miserably under it, but realising that he could do nothing to stem the flood, waited with what patience he might for it to subside.

But meantime the 'picture scandal,' as it had come to be called, flourished with a vitality that seemed indestructible, and at length the *Mayfair Gazette* brought forward a new story which roused the Colonel to action, unaware though he was that it trod heavily upon the heels of truth.

'We learn upon the best authority,' said the *Mayfair*, 'that Mr Thornleigh's now famous picture was painted under most romantic circumstances. The original of the portrait—who, as all the world knows, is Miss Cairnwood—was at one time engaged to be married to the artist. Misfortune threatening the relative upon whom Miss Cairnwood is dependent, the match was broken off; and it is more than whispered that the marriage since arranged for her with a gentleman well known in society is not wholly unconnected with that misfortune.'

This suggestive paragraph was scarcely in print before some considerate but anonymous friend brought it under Ralph Thornleigh's notice: theretofore he had ignored the various inventions with which the weekly papers regaled their readers, but now he also felt that the time had come to try to put a stop to them. Accordingly he called at the office of the *Mayfair* and requested an interview with the editor. He had some trouble in gaining admission to the sacred precincts of the editor's room; but once within its portals he lost no time in coming to the point.

'I have called,' he said, 'to ask you to favour me with the name of the person who furnished that story about my picture, published in your last number.'

The editor smiled pityingly. 'Quite impossible, Mr Thornleigh; absolutely against our rule to disclose the name of a correspondent.'

'But surely you acknowledge my right to demand the name,' returned Ralph warmly.

Again the editor smiled an aggravating smile. 'Absolutely impossible, sir,' he repeated blandly. 'But,' he continued, scenting useful 'copy,' 'no one is better qualified to deny the story—if it be untrue—than yourself, Mr Thornleigh. If you will deny it, I shall be most happy to publish anything you may wish to say.'

'I didn't come here to confirm or deny anything,' answered Ralph, with no little irritation; 'I want the name of the busybody who sent you the story.'

The editor's smile gave place to a look of lofty indignation. 'I must bid you good-day, Mr Thornleigh,' he said, rising from his chair and ringing the bell.

Ralph swept out of the office in a rage, and when he reached the street, pulled out the paper to read that paragraph again. 'I would have burned the thing ten times over rather than have brought this upon her,' he muttered. 'I only trust she may never see it.' Success whose fruits she would never share was scarcely worth achieving at any price, but purchased at the cost of annoyance to her it was worse than ignominious failure.

The editor of the *Mayfair* had another visitor that morning in the person of Colonel Stardale. The Colonel, more deliberate in his movements, but not less firm in his purpose, felt that justice to himself demanded inquiry. He had no difficulty in obtaining access to the editorial sanctum. The editorial doors flew open at the mention of his name; but the editorial breast refused to impart its secrets even to Colonel Stardale, for the simple truth was the editorial imagination had inspired the 'par.' in question. Colonel Stardale would not stoop to press for the information; but the editor was kind enough to volunteer a statement for which he was scarcely prepared—namely, that Mr Ralph Thornleigh had called a few hours ago on the same errand, and when the editor offered to publish a denial of the story, Mr Thornleigh had refused to deny it. On learning this, Colonel Stardale took up his hat and bowed himself out, leaving the editor to spend an unhappy afternoon in the pages of 'Barkin's Law of Libel.'

The Colonel left the office and walked back to St James's Street at once. He had a distinct purpose in mind, and acted upon it as soon as he reached his chambers. He sat down and wrote Beatrice a carefully-worded account of the *Mayfair's* story and his visit to that journal's office; he asked her to tell him frankly whether or no there were any truth in it. If she did indeed love another man, he would at once release her from her promise to marry himself, and never ask what had incited her to give that promise. He concluded by requesting her to regard his letter as confidential, and to deal openly with him; she would do him grave wrong to give him her hand without her heart.

It must be admitted that it cost the Colonel no great effort to write this letter. His nice sense of propriety had been cruelly lacerated; and his pride had been severely wounded by the *Mayfair's* thinly-veiled imputation that he owed his seeming conquest of Beatrice to the machinations of needy relatives with designs upon his wealth. His love was sincere so far as it went; but it was by no



means so deeply rooted that he could not tear it up if necessity arose; and as he closed and addressed the missive, he told himself that he was already a free man.

Nevertheless, the prompt reply he received from Beatrice was not altogether palatable to him. She said that since he had asked a straightforward question she would give an honest answer. She did love another man, and that man was no other than Ralph Thornleigh. She explained that her permission had been asked and given to exhibit the picture, though at the time she had no suspicion of the attention it would command. She sincerely regretted having thus been the innocent means of causing pain to so kind a friend, and was sure Mr Thornleigh would share the feeling. Finally—and this was the pill the Colonel found so nauseous—she thanked him for his offer to release her from her promise to marry him, and most gratefully accepted it.

'Most gratefully accepts it!' The Colonel did not care about the phrase at all. He could not blame her, however; so he crushed down his resentment, and wrote her a kindly letter of farewell.

Then he countermanded certain articles of jewellery he had ordered; directed his man to pack up immediately; placed two or three friends under vows of eternal secrecy, and confided to them that his engagement was at an end; and left for Switzerland, serenely confident that all London would hear of it within the week. He was not mistaken. During the first fortnight of his stay in the Engadine he received no fewer than ninety letters condoling with him on the shameful treatment accorded him at Miss Cairns-wood's hands. The Colonel answered all with his customary punctuality, and told himself that he might show in town next season with a perfectly 'clean slate.'

We may pass over the scene enacted at the hotel at Brighton when Miss Macallan learned of her niece's dismissal of Colonel Stardale; it was not edifying. We will turn rather to Mr Thornleigh, who received from Beatrice on the day the Colonel's farewell reached her, an urgent summons, which he obeyed in the promptest fashion. He called upon Mr Macallan, told him he was now in a position to offer Beatrice a comfortable home, and requested leave to 'speak to her.' Uncle Angus, who at the moment his visitor arrived was poring over a long letter from his niece, had very little to say. If Mr Thornleigh felt that his future was quite assured, and that he was prepared to take care of Beatrice, Mr Macallan had no objections to urge: quite the contrary; he would wish him God speed and bid him hasten to her at once. Ralph gave the required assurance, and went off to Brighton by the next train. Beatrice met him at the station; and has not lost sight of him since.

The long-delayed crash came soon after Colonel Stardale's departure, and the news, gleaned from the *Times*, drew from him a frank and generous offer of help, which, however, much to his sister's chagrin, Angus Macallan declined. Eventually, however, some friends combined to start him again in business, and he is getting on very well. He now lives at Hackney, which suits him, but which Miss Macallan calls 'an impossible place.' Ralph

and Beatrice are settled at Twickenham. He is fast making a reputation, and says Beatrice helps him; this may or may not be true, but they are very happy. So is Colonel Stardale, who is still a bachelor.

### JEWISH DOCTORS.

THROUGHOUT the middle ages in both Europe and the East the science of the physician was in the hands of the Jews. We find at Bagdad and at Paris, at Vienna, and even in the Vatican, beside Prince and Pope, a Jew installed to be the court physician. Not only so, but the faculties of Medicine in the universities sprang out of Jewish schools. Many of the Jewish Doctors were held in the highest esteem, were the authors of works still extant, and contributed by no means a little to the emancipation of the science from superstitious methods.

At a very early age medicine was practised among the Jews, and the words of the author of the book *Ecclesiasticus*, 'Honour a physician with the honour due unto him for the uses which ye may have of him: for the Lord hath created him,' show in what esteem he was held. Moreover, the words that follow let us see that even in the days of the son of Sirach—the second century before Christ—the Jewish doctor had assumed a recognised position in the Oriental courts. The author goes on to say: 'He shall receive honour of the king. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head: and in the sight of great men he shall be in admiration.'

It is remarkable that the son of Sirach in the account of the physician confines his commendation to legitimate practice, as we should now term it, and gives no countenance to the astrological quackery which was so largely imported into the art of healing. He says: 'The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth; and he that is wise will not abhor them'—by these medicines herbs as well as minerals are to be understood. 'Of such doth the apothecary make a confection.'

That wrong-doing and sickness were intimately connected seems to have been a notion from an early age. When the blind man was healed by Christ, the question was asked whether he had sinned or his parents, that he had been born blind; and in the book of *Ecclesiasticus* the instruction given to the sick is, first to 'leave off sin, and order thine hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all wickedness; and after that, 'Give place to the physician, for the Lord hath created him: let him not go from thee, for thou hast need of him. There is a time when in their hands there is good success.'

In later times, a sect among the Jews made the practice of medicine one of its main objects; this was the sect of the Essenes and Therapeutæ, of whom Josephus and Philo give such curious accounts. Josephus relates how he saw a possessed man healed in the presence of Vespasian by one of this sect, named Eleazar. The practice seems to have been superstitious. He introduced a certain root into the nose of the afflicted man, and pronounced the name of Solomon, together with some magical formulæ.

Akiba was a physician of repute, after the fall of Jerusalem, as was also his friend Ishmael. The

two doctors were walking together in Jerusalem one day, when they were consulted by a sick man, and gave him a prescription. A gardener standing by at once questioned them. 'Who,' asked he, 'afflicted this man?'

'God,' was their reply.

The gardener at once posed them with, 'Then how dare you men interfere with the work of God?'

After a moment's pause, Akiba said: 'You are a gardener?'

'Yes—that is my trade.'

'Who produces fruits out of the earth?'

'God,' answered the gardener.

'Then,' said Akiba, 'how dare you meddle with His work?'

As the man was confounded, Akiba explained that as in a field grew weeds with the good seed, so were the elements of disease in the body of man along with the principle of health, and that as God gave the tiller of the soil the work of clearing the ground of weeds, and nourishing the good seeds, so did He send the physician to eradicate the evil from man's body, and encourage the growth in him of vigour and vital force.

The Talmud gives us an insight into the medical practices of the Jewish physicians, and we see that although there was much that was absurd and superstitious, there was nevertheless some sound principle, and real research into the origin of disease. What is very remarkable is that the physician Samuel, who died 243 A.D., devoted himself to dissection, and at his death left a sum of money to be spent in the purchase of corpses for anatomical research. Such studies could not be prosecuted without great danger, as the vulgar were certain to be alarmed, and were likely to fall upon a Jew who explored the construction of a dead body.

Abba Oumna was an illustrious physician of the fourth century, and a man of great nobility of character. He would not receive a fee in his hands, because he feared discouraging poor sick people from visiting him, as they might think he would not care to attend to them if unable to richly reward him. He had, accordingly, a box put in his anteroom with a slit in it, and every patient put in just what he liked, whether he were rich or poor. But perhaps the most striking story told of him is this. One day two students of medicine visited him from a distance and asked to be lodged with him overnight. He gave them up a room in which was a handsome carpet. Next morning they ran off with the carpet, went to the bazaar, and there offered it for sale. Oumna came by, and seeing the carpet, but not recognising the men, asked its price. They bade him offer a sum. He named what he would give for the carpet, but they replied it was too little. 'Not at all,' said he; 'that is what I paid for a carpet precisely similar to this one.' Then the two students told him it was his carpet which they had carried off, and asked him whether he had not formed an opinion that they were great rascals, when he found how his hospitality had been abused.

'Not at all,' answered the physician. 'A child of Israel never judges any from a first offence. Come—I will buy back my carpet, and do you give the money to the poor.'

When Oumna was consulted by very poor

persons, after he had recovered them from their disease, he was wont to give them money and say: 'Now go—get you bread and meat; those be the best doctors to attend on you henceforth.' The remedies scattered here and there in the Talmud have been collected in a curious work by Günzburger, published at Göttingen in 1743. As already intimated, many of them are of no real value. We will pass from the Talmudic period of medicine with one quotation which does not breathe the spirit of gallantry: 'There is a cure for all sicknesses if the stomach be clear; for all aches and pains if the heart be not affected; for all troubles if the head be not attacked; but there is no relief from a bad woman.'

An immense destruction of medical books as well as of others took place when the Saracens conquered Persia. Saad, son of Abu-Wakkas, wrote to Omar to know what was to be done with all the books that had come into his possession. 'Throw them into the river,' answered Omar. 'If they are good for anything, Allah can and will direct us without them; if good for naught, the sooner got rid of the better.'

Bassorah became a great school of medicine among the Jews, and Omar himself thought it advisable to call to his aid the famous Jewish physician Abu-Hafsa. The Calif Moawiyah I. encouraged the translation into Arabic of Hebrew tracts on the science of healing. The Bassorah school was moved to Bagdad, and from this school issued Isaac-ben-Amram, a native of Damascus. He was called in to attend the Emir of Cairoan, and found that a Christian physician was also in attendance, who opposed all that he prescribed. Then Isaac withdrew, saying: 'Disagreement among doctors is worse than tertian fever.'

Isaac-ben-Solomon, or Abu Jakub as he was called, was a disciple of the former Isaac, and was born about 832 A.D. He died at the age of a hundred, unmarried. Some one said to him in his old age: 'Are you not sorry that you leave behind you no children?' 'Not at all,' answered the physician. 'I leave what is better than children—my treatise on Fevers.' Another version of the story is that he valued his eighteen volumes—one a treatise on Philosophy, others on Religion—higher than a family of children.

At Salerno was a famous school of medicine, and many eminent Jewish physicians issued from it. The school was founded by the Greeks and Saracens, and at one time in it Pontus taught in Greek, Abd-allah in Arabic, and Eliseus in Hebrew. It was through the Jews that the knowledge of medicine penetrated among the Arabs; and it was from the Saracens in Spain that the knowledge of medicine came to the Christians in Europe, where Montpellier became the rival medical school to Salerno. But unhappily the physicians of the ninth and tenth centuries had departed from the wise teaching of Samuel, who encouraged dissection. They came to regard the examination of the human body with the knife as a sort of sacrilege, and despised surgery as an ignoble profession. However, in the eleventh century medicine made great strides. 'The Oriental tongues,' says Cabanis, who has written on the *Revolutions of Medicine*, 'were familiar to the Jews, and from the time when Galenus and Hippocrates and the other masters of medicine were known only through Arabic and

Syriac translations, the Jews alone knew how to treat the sick with some sort of method, and to make a practical use of the labours of antiquity.' In fact, the profession of medicine became a specialty of the Jews. Every prince and every prelate had his Hebrew physician, who was thus at times drawn into controversy involuntarily. Anselm of Treves, who wrote in 1050, says that the Emperor Henry III. had a Jewish physician, and that this man and Wazo, Bishop of Liège, had often arguments with one another about certain passages in the Bible. One day the Jew bet his finger that he could defeat the bishop in argument. According to Anselm, he lost his bet, and then held out his finger to the bishop to have it amputated. Bishop Wazo laughingly bade him keep it in trust for him till he claimed it.

Ibn-Zohar was born at Penafior, in Spain, about 1070 A.D. and began to study medicine when he was ten years old. His father made him solemnly swear never to allow himself to be persuaded to employ poisons, for at that time Jewish physicians were in repute not solely for healing purposes, but also as being able to remove persons who were obnoxious. He was named house-physician to Ali, king of Seville; and had the bad fortune to recover the brother of the king, whom Ali had caused to be poisoned. In revenge for this, he was thrown into prison, and languished there till Jusuf, Prince of Morocco, drove Ali from his throne. Then he recovered his liberty, and entered into the service of his deliverer.

The most illustrious Jewish physician of the twelfth century was Moses-ben-Maimon, or Maimonides, as he is usually called. He was born in 1135, and became a magistrate of Cordova. He was forced in 1160 to embrace Islam, but fled at the first opportunity, and took refuge in Egypt, where he became physician to several of the Sultans. In one of his letters he complains how hard were his duties, for if one of the children, wives, or servants of the Sultan was ill, he was detained in the palace till this member of the household was recovered. He had to visit the palace every day, and as he lived at three-quarters of a league from Cairo, his time was by this means greatly taken up. On his way, crowds of Jews and Mohammedans lined the road, and he had to attend to and prescribe for all. His consultations continued till late at night, and till sometimes he had lost the power of speech and fell asleep standing. Among the numerous works left by Maimonides is one on Bronchitis.

In Bagdad there lived in the same century a famous Arabic physician who lectured to Arabs. No Jew and no Christian was permitted to attend his lectures. However, a young Jew, Ebat-Allah, was most desirous of instruction; he persuaded a servant to conceal him in the lecture-room, and thus he attended the course for a whole year. One day the Professor was asked a question on medicine by a pupil, which he could not answer off hand, whereupon Ebat-Allah shouted forth the reply from his hiding-place. He recollected having heard it in one of the former lectures. He was brought forth from his place of concealment, and the physician on questioning him was astounded to find that he had learned more than

all the rest of his pupils. He afterwards became famous, became physician to the Calif, and acquired the title of 'The Unique.' He deserted the faith of his fathers for Mohammedanism, and was bitterly reproached for becoming a renegade by a fellow-physician at court who was a Christian. He died in 1164, blind, deaf, and in abject poverty.

Abu Bekr Mohammed Ibn-Zohar was a Jewish doctor at the court of Jusuf, Prince of Morocco. One day, the Prince, hastily entering his physician's cabinet, did not find him there, but on the table were some Arabic verses from his hand, blotted with his tears, in which he bewailed his loneliness, separated from wife and children, who were at Seville. The Prince went away, and without a word to Ibn-Zohar, wrote to the Governor of Seville to send over to Morocco the family of the Jewish doctor. When they had arrived, Jusuf lodged them in a handsome house, and then sent his physician there, saying that he would find in that house certain persons who had long suffered from heartache, whom he desired him to cure.

In 1246 the Council of Béziers forbade Christians having recourse to Israelite physicians; and the Council of Alby in 1254 condemned the employment of medicines made after Jewish prescriptions.

The faculty of Paris was unquestionably jealous of the favour in which Jewish doctors were held, for in 1301 it issued a decree forbidding men and women of the religion of Moses from exercising the medical profession towards any person of the Catholic religion. In Spain, also, several decrees of Councils were launched against the Jewish doctors, and against Christians employing them. The same was done by Councils at Avignon in 1326 and 1337; but these canons seem to have been ignored. The sick insisted on calling to their aid the men who were esteemed best able to treat their several maladies, regardless of their nationality and the faith they professed. At Montpellier, several fanatical priests excommunicated their parishioners who turned a deaf ear to their injunctions to abstain from recourse to Hebrew doctors, who, they said, were unqualified to act, not having received degrees at the university. James, king of Majorca and Count of Roussillon, by letters-patent forbade the Israelites practising medicine without having been examined and been granted faculties; and these letters were confirmed by Philip VI. in 1331.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century a furious controversy raged among the Jewish physicians relative to the advantage of an annulet with a figure of a lion on it which was in use and had been prescribed by Isaac de Latte. It was interrupted by the expulsion of the Jews from France in 1306, when all the Jewish doctors of the school of Montpellier went into exile. Many were received into favour by Charles II., king of Naples, but great numbers were dispersed and died of want. In 1368 the Council of Lavaur, in Languedoc, renewed the canons against the practice of medicine by the Jews; but King John took them under his protection, and, by a decree in 1362, empowered them to exercise surgery and medicine if they had passed a qualifying examination. Under this decree the Jews held their own to the end of the century.



We have not space to mention the names of the most famous even of the numerous Israelite medical men of the succeeding centuries, but we must not omit to notice the successful operation for cataract on Don John II. of Aragon by Abiabar, Jewish surgeon of Lerida, in 1468. In 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella banished all Jews from Spain. The popes Eugenius IV. and Nicolas V. his successor forbade Christians from calling to their aid Hebrew doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries. Their successors, however, did not share their intolerance. Paul II. tolerated Jewish physicians, and exempted them from wearing the red gabardine which marked those of their race and religion. Julius II. had a private physician who was a Hebrew; so had Leo X. the famous Bonnet de Lattes; so had Paul III. and Julius III. Some of the Italian Jew physicians, Balmez, Manteno, and Alatino translated Arabic treatises into Latin, and materially assisted in the diffusion of medical knowledge. In 1555 the imperious Paul IV. forbade the practice of medicine by Jews; and as this papal bull was disregarded generally, it was renewed by Pius IV., then by Gregory XIII., in 1562 and 1581. However, Sixtus V. reversed these decisions by a bull in 1586, in which he accorded full permission to Israelite doctors to minister to Christian patients.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE *New Bulletin* publishes the results of inquiries which have been made with reference to a plant yielding 'Meing,' a preparation which is much used for chewing by the Laos, a people inhabiting a district of Siam. The plant used in the preparation of this delicacy is the Assam tea-plant of commerce, which is not employed for making an infused beverage, as in other lands, but is made up into Meing. This is prepared by steaming the leaves, tying them up in bundles, and burying them in the ground for a period of about fifteen days, after which the compound will keep for two years or more. The chewing of Meing is almost universal among the Laos, and is especially esteemed by those who are engaged in severe bodily labour.

It is generally believed that in Britain and in other European countries tea is used only in the form of the 'cup that cheers;' but it would seem that this is not the case. It is reported on good authority that tea eaten dry is supposed, among certain classes, especially domestic servants, to be good for the complexion, and that when the taste is once acquired, the desire for the leaf assumes all the importance of a craze like opium-smoking or dram-drinking, and is as pernicious as either. It is supposed that the erroneous notion that tea can have any influence in beautifying the complexion arises from the circumstance that the Chinese used to treat the tea-leaves with arsenic, a drug which is known to have a peculiar clearing influence upon the skin of those who take it habitually.

Legislation for the protection of the eggs of

wild-birds has long been urgently called for, and the question is discussed anew by Mr E. P. Knubley in a recent number of the *Annals of Scottish Natural History*. It is there suggested that County Councils should acquire powers from Parliament from time to time and as necessity arises to protect mountains, commons, and waste places, lakes, portions of cliff and foreshore, for certain months of the year. In the meantime, landlords and occupiers having control over such places would do good by protecting as far as possible birds breeding on their lands.

In view of the danger of explosion if a naked light be used on board a tank oil-steamer, Custom-house officers are directed in future to use in 'rummaging' such vessels electric lights of special pattern. Another recent Customs' order directs that packages said to contain photographic preparations sensitive to white light shall be examined only by ruby-coloured lanterns. Both these regulations were much needed, and the latter will be particularly appreciated by tourist photographers, who have often had to deplore the loss of valuable plates, negatives in embryo, through the conscientious persistence of a Custom-house officer.

A curious light is thrown on the perfection to which natural wine is imitated by modern chemical methods in a story that is related by our consul at Cadiz. This gentleman relates that he and a friend, visiting one of the native sherry cellars there, partook of two samples of wine which seemed to them to be almost identical in flavour and quality. To their surprise, they were told that one of these wines was a natural product, the market price of which was fifty pounds a butt, while the other sample was a manufactured article, which costs fourpence-halfpenny per bottle, and is probably retailed at four shillings per bottle. This imitation of the natural juice of the grape can hardly come under the head of adulteration or sophistication, but must rather be looked upon as a triumph of modern chemistry. The natural product is first analysed, and the chemist, ascertaining the exact nature of its constituent parts, is able to combine those constituents, and thus reproduce as nearly as possible the original compound.

The *North-eastern Daily Gazette* announces the discovery of a new and simple process of producing caustic soda, chlorine, and other chemical products, direct from the brine, by electricity. The most careful tests show an economy of over fifty per cent. in favour of the new process, as compared with former methods. It is described as the simplest of all the known processes of soda-making, the caustic soda being produced direct from the brine in one operation instead of two. At present carbonate of soda is first produced, and from that the caustic soda is made. 'The valuable chlorine is also saved and utilised for the production of bleaching powder and other bye-products.' Eminent chemists and electricians have already pronounced the new method a complete success from a chemical point of view; and it is said that there is every prospect of its being worked as a commercial success.

Mr Van der Weyde, the well-known London photographer, has invented a method of causing or curing distortion in photographic pictures by an appliance which he names the Photo-corrector.

For instance, if in a photograph the head of the subject be rendered too large—as it must be if the face be thrown at all forward—its size can be reduced by this new agent; hands and feet of large proportions, whether their size be due to the fault of the photograph or to Nature herself, can be reduced in either width or length, or both, at the will of the operator. These changes are brought about, not by any stretching or shrinkage of the photographic film, but by purely optical means. As the method adopted forms the subject of a patent, its details are not yet made public.

The art of ballooning for military purposes continues to excite the attention of the authorities, and experiments are becoming common in all countries. In Russia, this subject forms an important part of military training, and a balloon floating at an altitude of two thousand feet, and carrying a powerful electric search-light, has been used there experimentally as a means of throwing a powerful beam of light upon the earth beneath. In Germany, such experiments have been encouraged by the Emperor William, who has promised an annual donation of twenty thousand marks to the Association founded in that country to promote the art of aërostation.

It is not generally known that no one has a right to use even the simple glass still commonly employed for chemical work unless he holds a license from the Board of Inland Revenue. The subject has recently assumed prominence from the fact of an analytical chemist being called upon to pay license duty for using such a still. It is satisfactory to note that on the receipt of a protest against payment of this duty it has been officially declared that the Board have no desire to extend the obligation to take out a license for stills used solely for distilling water, and that if any analytical chemist will submit his case to the Board, it will receive careful consideration.

The cheap production of the beautiful metal, aluminium, continues to lead to various new applications of the material, which, on account of its extreme lightness as well as its fine appearance, causes it to find favour in many employments. It is presently to be used in a totally new service in the city of Chicago, where a house of sixteen storeys, at the corner of State and Madison Streets, is to be erected, which will be entirely fronted on both sides with aluminium, in lieu of brick or terra-cotta. This new departure in house-building will be regarded with great interest. Opticians are also using aluminium largely for all kinds of fittings for instruments, such as mounts of lenses, tubes for telescopes, cases for opera glasses, and even tripod legs for cameras. It is also coming into use for such ornamental things as were formerly made of silver or ormolu; and many shops where such things are sold are now displaying a variety of articles made of the pretty white metal.

While aluminium was daily becoming cheaper, the price of platinum recently rose nearly to that of gold, a result brought about, it is said, by a combination between English merchants and brokers in St Petersburg, who controlled the output from the Uralian mines. The increase in price had, however, one good effect in causing new sources of supply to be discovered, and the price of the metal quickly went down to its old level. There are now in the Urals forty mines

along the course of a single river, the grains of ore being obtained from the sand by the very primitive process of washing in cradles. Were it not for the extraordinary weight of the metallic grains, much of the metal would under this treatment be washed away. The metal as found requires careful purification, for with it are commonly associated gold, iron, osmium, iridium, and other rare metals.

It will be remembered that last session a resolution of the House of Commons was passed, at the instance of Sir E. Birkbeck, relative to the establishment of a complete system of electrical communication on our coasts. Many of our coastguard stations, lifeboat houses, and post-offices are now in electrical communication, and in more than one instance the new departure has already led to the saving of lives. It is stated that the Royal Commission which has been dealing with telegraphic communication between lightships and the shore will recommend that the four lightships which guard the terrible Goodwin Sands shall forthwith be placed in electrical communication with the coast. Those who dwell in the neighbourhood of the Downs know how often lives might have been saved if communication with these lightships had been more prompt.

The Excise authorities in London have lately been doing their best to stop the sale of cigar stumps. In cases which they have brought before the courts it has been distinctly proved that stewards of clubs, and those having the charge of public resorts where large numbers of cigars are consumed, make a practice of selling the stubs, or ends, at the rate of about one shilling per pound to certain factories at the east end of London, where they are chopped up and rolled in fresh tobacco leaves, and ultimately sold once more as 'cigars.' The authorities have stopped this traffic on the ground of fraud against the revenue, but at the same time they are doing good work in making difficult the manufacture of so-called cigars which, saturated with nicotine, must be most pernicious to the consumer.

A German paper asserts that the camels which were introduced into German South-west Africa last year have proved most valuable as a means of keeping up communication between distant places as well as for long journeys into the interior of the country; the power of these remarkable animals of being able to travel for an entire week without food or water has been put to the test again and again. They are said to stand the climate well, and are not subject to many fatal diseases which attack both horses and cattle in this part of South Africa.

Mr F. E. Ives of Philadelphia, whose method of combining three photographic pictures taken under special conditions with three coloured glasses of selected tints, and combining their images on a screen by optical means so as to form a veritable picture in colours, was brought by him before our Royal Society some months back, has now produced commercially a modified form of the instrument, which he calls the Heliochrome. This is a table appliance in which is placed a special triple photograph, and which is said to reproduce the lights and shades and colours of Nature as readily as the phonograph

reproduces sounds. Mr Ives' instrument has certainly the advantage over Edison's phonograph in the fact that it has not only achieved success but is a marketable article. The phonograph, on the other hand, about which so many wonders have been recorded, seems, for some reason or other, to hang fire; so far as we can learn it is neither advertised nor sold.

Saccharin, that wonderful product of coal-tar, which is said to be three hundred times sweeter than sugar, and is now known as a valuable therapeutic agent, has recently found a new application as a substitute for sugar in the preservation of fruits. This industry has hitherto found an obstacle to its operations in the circumstance that certain fruits have associated with their skins micro-organisms which in the presence of cane-sugar set up fermentation. This action can be stayed by the employment of excess of sugar, or by heating the fruit to a high temperature in order to kill the germs which cause the mischief; but both expedients are prejudicial to the flavour of the fruit. By the employment of saccharin in the proportion of one and a quarter ounces to four gallons of water the difficulty vanishes, and the bottled fruit need not be exposed to a temperature higher than one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit.

The San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway has a novel device for overcoming the difficulties connected with a steep incline. The road has a double track, the up-track as it reaches the difficult place—a grade of fourteen in one hundred—making a detour, so as to climb the hill by a longer route having an easier ascent. The down-track comes direct down the hill; but to avoid a too swift descent, a counter-weight is drawn up as the train descends. The track has beneath it a conduit, in which runs a carriage carrying this weight; and by means of a half-inch wire-rope the weighted carriage is attached to the car before it begins its descent. The rope passes several times round a drum on the car, so that the rate of speed can be controlled by the man in charge of the train.

At a recent meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, a paper by Mr Hadfield on 'Alloys of Iron and Chromium' met with much attention. In America, chrome-steel has been produced for some years; but there are difficulties in making the alloys, especially when large masses have to be dealt with, which have not been yet overcome. That chrome steel is a valuable metal for many purposes was vouched for by Mr Webb of Crewe, who asserted that springs made from it were so superior to those made of any other material that the springs on the North-western Railway had been replaced by those made of the new material. He stated also that a better-wearing tire was producible from chrome steel than from ordinary metal, and that it was valuable in the making of various tools.

Some time ago, Mr John Aitken pointed out that dust particles in the air would, under certain conditions, attract moisture, and thus form cloud or fog. Based upon this observation, he has now invented an instrument for ascertaining the degree of impurity which may exist in the air of a room or other enclosed space. The air to be tested is held in a tube while a jet of steam is passed through it, when coloured fog is pro-

duced varying in tint from delicate green to deep blue. The colour indicates in a very accurate manner the degree to which the air is impregnated with dust particles.

A correspondent of the *Spectator* has been making some curious experiments at the London Zoological Gardens with reference to the effect of musical instruments upon the animals confined there. At the sound of the violin, the six-months-old chimpanzee 'Jack,' which may be regarded as the most highly organised animal in the Gardens, evinced at first every symptom of fear, its hair standing erect, and the creature hiding itself in its blanket. But fear soon gave way to a more pleasurable feeling, and the little creature listened intently, and with evident satisfaction, to the music. His joy seemed to know no bounds when the violin reproduced the sounds of the bagpipes, for he turned head over heels, and threw his straw about in handfuls in the excess of his delight.

From the Berlin Royal Observatory comes a request, or perhaps we should say invitation, to observers all over the world to make records concerning a very remarkable meteorological phenomenon which since the year 1885 has been more or less prevalent. This phenomenon takes the form of luminous clouds which appear bright on the twilight sky, and differ in this respect from ordinary cirrus clouds, which appear dark under the same conditions. These luminous clouds have been repeatedly and simultaneously photographed from various points in the neighbourhood of Berlin, and their altitude has thus been ascertained to be exceedingly great—over five miles.

In a recent speech at Colchester, the new President of the Board of Agriculture encouraged farmers to take a less cheerless view of things, and ventured to assert that when accurate and official opinions could be formed, agricultural matters might not be so bad as they seemed. He pointed out that there were branches of industry which did not receive due attention at the hands of our farmers, and as a proof stated that in 1890 we paid to foreigners £10,398,843 for butter; £3,428,806 for eggs; £4,975,134 for cheese; £497,857 for poultry and game; and £4,804,750 for vegetables and fruit—in all nearly twenty-five millions of money for produce, a good deal of which could be raised at home.

### CURIOUS AND AMUSING CORRESPONDENCE.

PEOPLE are generally very particular when writing to royalty, and take special care to make their correspondence as acceptable as possible. Dr Schmidt, however, of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote a letter to the king of Prussia of a very formal character, and one which showed that he thought more of business than of flattery. The letter was couched in these terms:

SIRE—I acquaint Your Majesty, first, that there are wanting Books of Psalms for the royal family. I acquaint Your Majesty, second, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint Your Majesty, third, that the balus-



trade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT,  
Sacrist of the Cathedral.

The king was very much amused by this epistle, and, adopting Dr Schmidt's style, replied as follows:

I acquaint you, M. Sacrist Schmidt, first, that those who want to sing may buy books. Second, I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. Third, I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt that I shall not trust any longer to the balustrade next the river. And I acquaint M. Sacrist Schmidt, fourth, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

Like the newspapers, the king thought it advisable to inform his correspondent, in his own way, that 'the correspondence must now cease.'

The placing of letters in wrong envelopes has been responsible for much curious correspondence, and brought about many awkward situations. A French Bishop once made a ludicrous mistake in this way, and his experience would probably induce him to exercise more care on future occasions. He was writing to his Cardinal and a certain Duchess at the same time, and when the letters were delivered, the Cardinal read: 'I have just now wrote to his old Eminence, my charming queen, to entreat his leave to return to Paris. I make no doubt but he will grant it. As for the rest, the air is so pure here that I have acquired a good state of health, as you will perceive when I come to have the happiness of seeing you.'

Of course the Bishop was in blissful ignorance of what he had done; so we can easily understand his feelings at the answer evoked by his love-letter. This is what was sent him: 'His old Eminence advises you to extinguish your passion. His Majesty orders you to remain in your diocese till further orders; and requires that your life and conversation may be as pure as the air you breathe; and that you make no other use of your good state of health but to discharge the duties of your function.'

In view of these orders, his 'charming queen' would stand a very poor chance of seeing how the pure air had improved the health of her ardent admirer.

Ignorance of the rules of orthography is also a common cause of curious letters. Here is a case in point, the epistle being one received by a gentleman from his gardener: 'HONRED SIR—My wif an I have taken the Ian from Windsor. Jenny Cedar has lost her head, the rest of the scrubs are all well. The Oxen are come down to prase the Goods.' One would hardly imagine, from reading the above, that the intelligence he sought to convey was as follows: 'HONOURER SIR—My wife and I have taken the influenza. The Virginia cedar has lost its head; the rest of the shrubs are all well. The auctioneer came down to appraise the goods.'

The doctor, too, who received the annexed note from one of his patients must have been somewhat puzzled as to the nature of the complaint, and if he consulted his pharmacopœia he would not find it mentioned there, at anyrate not as

described by the sufferer: 'SUR—I weesh yew wood koom an see me—I av got a bad kould-eel in my Bowhills—an av lost my Happy tide.—Sur Yer umbel Sarvent.'

Some curious letters passed between Garrick and a man named Stone. The latter was employed to get recruits for the low parts of the drama, and one night he wrote to Garrick: 'SIR—The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the *Bear*, and swears he will not play to-night.' At first sight, this seems peculiar conduct for a Bishop; but it should be explained that the communication only refers to the man engaged to take that character in the play of *Henry VIII.*

On another occasion, Garrick wrote to Stone: 'If you can get me two good *murderers*, I will pay you handsomely, particularly the spouting fellow who keeps the apple stall on Tower Hill; the cut in his face is just the thing. Pick me up an *alderman* or two for *Richard*, if you can; and I have no objection to treat with you for a comely *mayor*.'

Things do not seem to have gone on smoothly, however, for in one letter Stone complains: 'Mr Lacy turned me out of the lobby yesterday. I only *as'd* for my two guineas for the last Bishop, and he said I should not have a farthing. I cannot live upon air. I have a few *Cupids* you may have cheap, as they belong to a poor journeyman shoemaker I drink with now and then.' This seems to have pleased Garrick, for he replied: 'Stone, you are the best fellow in the world; bring the *Cupids* to the theatre to-morrow: if they are under six, and well made, you shall have a guinea apiece for them.'

Some people say that self-praise is no recommendation. Liston, the comic actor, does not appear to have entertained this opinion, judging from a letter which he sent to the newspapers in June 1817. It is an admirable 'puff,' and no doubt would prove a splendid advertisement. It was couched in the following terms:

Mr Liston to the Editor.—Sir—My benefit takes place this evening, at Covent Garden Theatre, and I doubt not will be splendidly attended. Several parties in the first circle of fashion were made the moment it was announced. I shall perform Fogrum in *The Slave* and Leperello in *The Libertine*; and in the delineations of those *arduous* characters I shall display much feeling and discrimination, together with great taste in my dresses and elegance in my manner. The audience will be delighted with my exertions, and testify by rapturous applause their most decided approbation. When we consider, in addition to my professional merits, the loveliness of my person and fascinations of my face, which are only equalled by the amiability of my private character, having never pinched my children nor kicked my wife out of bed, there is no doubt but this PUFF will not be inserted in vain.

J. LISTON.

While dealing with theatrical items, it may not be out of place to give a copy of a letter which Goldsmith sent to George Colman the Elder with reference to the subsequently successful comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*:

DEAR SIR—I entreat you'll relieve me from

that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made, or shall make, to my play I will endeavour to remove, and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges either of its merits or faults I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion, when my other play was before Mr Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr Whitehead's tribunal, but I refused the proposal with indignation. I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at anyrate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God sake, take the play, and let us make the best of it; and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

'Love's young dream' is responsible for a number of amusing letters, but these are generally very loving and very long. After the knot has been tied, shorter ones may do; but it will be difficult to find a letter more concise and to the point than that sent by Dr Donne to his wife's parents. He had married a lady belonging to a rich family without the consent of her parents, and in consequence was treated with great asperity, in fact he was told by his father-in-law that he was not to expect any money from him. The Doctor went home and penned the pithy note: 'John Donne, Anne Donne, *undone*,' which he sent to the gentleman in question, and this had the effect of restoring them to favour.

An advertiser for a wife received the following reply, but it is scarcely probable that it would lead to business. Would-be advertisers should take warning. 'SIR—Seeing Advertisement In the *Independent* that you are in want of a partner for life so I offer myself as a Candidate. But Before there is much more correspondence, I should like an intewrew with you. Notes the adres.'

Some correspondents are very brief, and do not waste words when they can possibly avoid it. The schoolmaster who received the note consisting of the home-made word 'Cepatomtogoataturing' as an excuse for the non-attendance of one of his scholars, would think that his correspondent had a desire to economise as much as possible. It was meant to convey the intelligence that the boy was 'kept at home to go a-taturing.' It is said that a gentleman who suddenly decided to go to America informed his wife to that effect in the following manner: 'DEAR WIFE—I am going to America.—Yours truly.' The lady's reply was equally laconic: 'DEAR HUSBAND—A pleasant voyage.—Yours, &c.' These letters are certainly brief enough, and there does not seem to be much love lost between the parties.

Official letters are also sometimes rather quaint. For instance, the letter sent by Lord North to Charles James Fox informing him that he had been turned out of the Government is rather curious: 'His Gracious Majesty [George III.] has been pleased to issue a new Commission, in which your name does not appear.'

The majority of people would prefer the style of writing adopted on one occasion by Lord Dorset, when several gentlemen submitted their

writings to Dryden for his decision as to whose was the best. Dryden, in giving the award to Lord Dorset, stated that he was charmed with the style and subject, and that that kind of writing exceeded any other, whether ancient or modern. We venture to think that most people would agree with him, for this is what he read: 'I promise to pay John Dryden, Esq., or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.—DORSET.'

#### TENNYSON.

Ye winds that sweep round Britain's shore,  
Ye waves that through her channels roar,  
Together chant a solemn dirge  
For the great Seer who breathes no more.

The preacher of a noble creed,  
The sower of a noble seed,  
He sought his Country's heart to purge,  
And wrote that he who runs might read.

A man of God-inspired mind,  
He saw where other eyes were blind,  
And taught the world with wise command  
In all God's works His Love to find:

He sang of Faith and Chivalry,  
Of Truth and old-world Courtesy,  
And touched with tender, loving hand  
The failings of Humanity:

He ever sought to stem the tide  
Of sin and sorrow, stern to chide  
The oppressor's misbegotten scorn,  
And prune the barren tree of Pride:

He knew the Spirit of his Age,  
And guided it with counsel sage  
To choose the golden ears of corn,  
But spurn the chaff with righteous rage.

Then chant, ye winds, a song of praise,  
And you, ye waves, a Pean raise,  
Though he, who oft your shores has trod,  
Sleeps in the Autumn of his days.

For our great Prophet is not dead,  
But, risen to higher realms instead,  
Learns the deep mysteries of God,  
Where beams of perfect Light are shed.

GERALD CAMPBELL.

#### \* \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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## DESTRUCTION OF THE IRON GATES OF THE DANUBE.

On the 15th of September 1890 a work was inaugurated calculated to be of the greatest importance to Austro-Hungary—the opening up of the Iron Gates of the Danube. In presence of the Hungarian Minister, the Austrian Minister of Commerce, and the official representatives of Servia, a portion of the rock Greben, which towers out midway into the river, was blasted, and thus the long-wished-for work of clearing formally begun; and the Iron Gate, freed from its hitherto dangerous obstructions, is to be made navigable to ships of every size at all seasons of the year.

The district of the Lower Danube is but little known to the modern tourist; yet the Iron Gate is not only the most important, but the most magnificent portion of the grand and picturesque Danube, as also the most stupendous gorge in all Europe, unequalled in that quarter of the globe. Under the appellation of Iron Gate is broadly comprised the fifty-five miles' stretch from Alibeg, somewhat below the Hungarian Baziás, to the Servian town Sip, below Orsova, where the powerful stream, penned in between lofty mountain banks, rushes through and over the enormous masses of rock lying in its bed, dashing headlong over reefs, breaking against sunken rocks, and forcing its way down stream in a wild series of rapids and whirlpools, which finally separate into (1) The Lesser Iron Gate with its six fathomless pools; (2) The deep water near Jutz; (3) The mountain gorge Kazan; and (4) The Great Iron Gate.

In its course, the river often changes its direction, flowing first eastwards, then south-east, north-east, and after a short distance, due east again, and back to south-east. The V-shaped centre pointing south is known as the Klissura. At this part of the Iron Gate a series of striking pictures glide before our eyes. Decked with a wealth of flora, the lofty passes, with their caver-

nous precipices, tower upwards, enclosing the river flowing at their feet, now glistening smooth as a silver mirror, now with its surface ruffled by curling ripples, again tossed, as if in anger, into huge waves, casting showers of spray around them. In truth, it is a very picture of loveliness.

It is generally thought that the Iron Gate proper is the breach between the Upper and Lower Danube; this is erroneous; the gorge rather lies above the Iron Gate between Alibeg and Orsova. At the last-named place the Danube has accomplished its course over the high-lying ground stretching north to south, which forms the junction of the Transylvanian Alps and Banater Mountains, and the point of union between the Carpathians and Balkans.

The first obstacle to navigation is presented by the reef Sztenka, near Golubacz, below Moldavia, eight hundred and thirty-one yards in length, which, when the river is low, renders it impassable for large vessels. The stream is here ten hundred and thirty-nine yards broad, with a moderate fall. At Drenkowa, some distance lower down, are the quartz-mica-schist banks, Kozla and Dojke. The river-bed, sometimes narrowing to three hundred and seventy yards, is quite filled with this schist. Here, too, we have the Gospodjin Vir (Maiden's Whirlpool), where, affixed to the rocks, we still find votive tablets recording that in the year 34 A.D. the fourth and fifth Legions excavated the Roman road on the right bank, of which there are many traces still visible. Where the rock was so precipitous that it was impossible to continue the road, the Romans constructed a kind of gallery, resting on beams let into the rock.

Opposite, on the left bank, there now runs the whole length of the gorge the new road made by Count Stephen Széchenyi in 1834-39, and named after him. Some few miles past the bank Dojke, we come upon two rocks, Izlás and Tachalia. Navigation is here extremely difficult, at places only possible by means of a canal about four yards wide. A short distance farther on the right bank we come to the projecting rock



Greben, which narrows the river to two hundred and thirty yards, and marking the site of the blasting operations of September 1890.

Here ends the so-called Lesser Iron Gate. The Danube, hitherto flowing from south-east to south, now enters the lake-like basin of Milanovacz, through which it pursues an even course. Upon the first rocky defile of the Lesser Iron Gate, below the basin of Milanovacz, follows the second defile, extending a length of four miles to Old Orsova, and generically known as Kazan. Running north-east, it forms the east side of the Klissura. Here the dangerous rapid of Jutz forms the first obstacle to shipping; upon that follows the entrance to the Kazan Pass, a romantically picturesque gorge, which at its narrowest is but one hundred and sixty-four yards wide, and some forty-five to eighty-two yards deep. In flood, the current is so strong that steamers are only able to surmount it by working at full pressure. Here, again, we find on the right bank a tablet of Trajan, partly destroyed, and blackened by the fire of Servian fishermen, bearing witness to Roman skill in road-making. Its inscription tells that it was begun by Tiberius and finished by Trajan.

Below the Kazan Pass we come to the smaller basin of Old Orsova, formed by the slight recession of the mountains on the right bank. We pass the Cserna estuary, and the island fortress of New Orsova, or Ada Kaleh, surrendered to Austro-Hungary by the Porte in 1878.

Just where the Danube passes out of Austrian dominions, it enters upon the last but greatest and most dangerous rock defile, the Great Iron Gate. The current representation of this is incorrect. Here we have no narrow rocky gorge to do with. On the contrary, the shores, though precipitous, lie far asunder, and the river has assumed an imposing width; its whole bed studded with enormous masses of rock, rising more or less above the surface of the waters, according to the state of the river. In autumn these predominate to such a degree that it is matter of wonder what has become of the immense body of water one has seen rushing through the Klissura gorge. It seems almost probable that a portion of the water burrows underground to reappear in the defile. The masses of rock divide into two distinct cataracts. In the first division they form a comparatively long even ridge, so little under water that, when the river is low, navigation is utterly impossible. The other division, in the left half of the river, exhibits numerous small reefs above the level of the water, which rise higher towards the middle of the stream, until they present one broad connected mass of rock running obliquely across it, almost reaching to the opposite shore. The river is thus converted into a series of whirlpools and cross-currents, which, on account of its great fall, are so violent that sailing and rowing boats are barely able to force a passage; it is even dangerous for steamers. The whole gorge comes to an end with the Great Iron Gate. Below it, the Danube enters its wide lower basin, through which it flows without further hindrance.

The cataracts of the Danube having been held as impassable by the ancients, it is easy to understand how the Danubius—the upper and middle portions of the river—and the Ister, its lower

portion, came to be regarded by them as two distinct rivers. The Romans first discovered them to be one and the same in the year 287 B.C. It is known how they succeeded in making the Danube gorge passable by means of their skilfully-constructed road; while the remains of great stone dams on the Servian shore prove that they also attempted the actual navigation of the cataracts. That work, however, remained incomplete. Since the Roman era to the later part of the last century there had been no attempt to facilitate the passage of the Iron Gate. In 1778, Captain Lanterer, an Austrian, first raised the question; but it was some fifty years later that Count Stephen Széchenyi, 'the great Hungarian,' took the matter practically in hand; and from his letters and diaries we find that he prosecuted the work unremittingly. Széchenyi found a beneficent patron in Palatine Joseph; gained Milos Obrenovic, Prince of Servia, over to the cause, and endeavoured to rouse the interest of the Porte in it by making known his plan to Omar Pasha, Commandant of Orsova. The technical working of it he entrusted to Paul Vásárhelyi, already known as an eminent hydraulic engineer. Vásárhelyi made a thorough investigation of the nature and extent of the falls on the Lower Danube, and established precise data, upon which he drew up a plan for the regulation of the cataracts, so carefully elaborated and thought out, that it has formed the basis of all subsequent undertakings and projects, and is even the groundwork of that now in progress. Under Vásárhelyi's direction, in the winter of 1834-35, a ship canal one hundred and twenty-four yards long by thirty-two and four-fifths broad was blasted in the rock-reef Dojke, thus inseparably connecting his name, as well as that of Széchenyi, with forcing a passage through the Iron Gate.

In 1847 to 1849 some lesser blasting operations, on the same lines, were effected by the Danube Steam-ship Company; but political events at that time hindered the further execution of Széchenyi's project. No sooner did the political horizon clear, than the question came again to the fore; the Government as well as technical men taking up a matter fraught with considerations of national interest. When, on the breaking out of the Crimean War, Austrian troops marched into Wallachia, public interest once more turned upon the Iron Gate. In 1854, the Austrian Government despatched two engineers, Mensburger and Wex, to the Lower Danube, to study the cataracts and work out various plans. Some minor blasting-work begun by the Government in 1854 was continued until 1866. Energetic measures could not, however, be adopted on account of the steady opposition maintained by the Porte. At the close of the Crimean War, the Paris Congress, in an Act bearing date March 30, 1856, Article 15, declared the navigation of the Danube free. The London Congress, assembled to settle the Pontus question, also took into consideration the navigation of the Danube. The London Convention of March 13, 1871, ensured to those States on its banks the right to levy toll on ships' freights, to cover the cost of making the cataracts navigable. In that same year the Danube Steam-ship Company commissioned the American engineer, MacAlpin,

to report upon the cataracts and draw up schemes; which, however, came to nothing. It was not until 1874 that an understanding was arrived at between Austro-Hungary and Turkey, by which both States agreed to send a mixed Commission to the Lower Danube to work out a scheme for the whole extent. This plan it is which is now for the most part being carried out.

Even then, some years were suffered to elapse without any active steps having been taken: until, fresh international complications arising, attention was once more attracted to the obstructions to navigation in the Danube, that important highway of commerce. The Congress of Berlin, which followed upon the Russo-Turkish War, also took up the advisability of making the Danube navigable. Serbia having bound herself in the form of a Convention, July 8, 1878, to offer all possible facilities to the furtherance of the work, the Berlin Congress, in Article 57 of July 13, 1878, states: 'The carrying out of the work intended to remove the obstacles to navigation caused by the Iron Gate and the cataracts is entrusted to Austro-Hungary. The States on the banks of this portion of the river offer every facility in the interests of the work. The decision arrived at in Article 6 of the London Convention of March 13, 1871, anent the right to levy a temporary toll for the purpose of covering the expenses of the said work, remains in force.' An agreement was subsequently arrived at between the two Governments, by which the Austro-Hungarian monarchy yielded up her rights and handed over her obligations to Hungary. The Hungarian Government, which had called in a number of foreign experts to examine into and report upon the improvement of their home waterways, entrusted them in 1879 also to study and make Reports upon the cataracts of the Danube. This done, no further move was made until at length, in 1883, the Minister of Traffic, Kemény, charged Ernst Wallandt, the then Commissioner of Works, to make a series of investigations and experiments on the spot, taking as his basis the Reports of the foreign experts and of the International Commission of 1874. Thus ensued the plan now in course of execution, the fruit of long and searching study.

However, the financial position of Hungary being at that time anything but good, a fresh hindrance arose. This was eventually overcome by the strenuous exertions of Gabriel von Baross, made Minister of Commerce in 1887, who did not rest until he had got things into working order. The Hungarian Government and Legislative Assemblies granted the necessary funds, in accordance with Code 27, which states that the carrying out of the work is to be defrayed by the Hungarian State Treasury; and of Code 12, 1889, authorising that these costs be drawn from the State Exchequer. Thereupon, Herr Baross at once organised a Committee of Management, at the head of which was placed the Councillor of Department, Herr Wallandt. Official authority was conceded on June 16, 1890; and the work was begun in September 1890, to be completed, according to contract, by 1895. The need is great. Traffic is rapidly increasing on the Lower Danube. The Danube Steamship Company has started some shallow boats for passenger and

express goods-traffic, and iron lighters for freight; and when the water is low, passengers are sent on by road. But the cargo service is interrupted for months at a time, often from July to the following March; thus at the very time that the harvest in the Banater, Roumanian, and Bulgarian lowlands might be turned to account.

It has been resolved, according to the project of the International Commission of 1874, to do away with the whole of the obstructions to water-traffic by the construction of an open canal along the right bank of the Danube, which shall have a ground width of some eighty-eight yards, and be some two thousand five hundred yards long. For this purpose it will be necessary to remove 8734 cubic feet of rock; and to erect the intermediate dams which are to separate this canal from the river, a deposition of 20,411 cubic feet of material is necessary. The whole volume of rockwork, roughly estimated, amounts to four million cubic feet.

The contractor binds himself to accomplish at least ten per cent. of the work in 1890; from 1890 to 1894, twenty per cent. per annum; and to complete all the outstanding work in 1895. The entire cost is estimated at nine million guildens (about seven hundred thousand pounds), to be covered during that period by the shipping dues to be levied by Hungary. Commercially, the free navigation of the Danube is of the utmost importance to Austro-Hungary, which thus obtains a market for its natural industrial products in the south-east.

One further benefit from this great work must not be overlooked. Once control the rapids through the whole length of the gorge, the floods will find a speedier egress, and dangers of inundation, not alone on the Lower Theiss, but also for Budapest, will be lessened. The surplus waters of the Theiss, now unable to flow quickly enough through the gorge, causes the Danube to rise so high that it overflows its banks at Budapest.

Who, moreover, can fail to see the political significance of the work? The influence of Austro-Hungary in the Balkan Peninsula is only to be maintained by the Danube. It can only fulfil its mission of peace and protection in that quarter by utilising it to the utmost on behalf of economical, industrial, and agricultural interests.

At the opening ceremony, the official representative of Serbia referred in his speech to the hopes connected with the undertaking—how that Serbia awaits from it an increase of commerce on the Danube and the development of Belgrade into an important commercial centre. By the destruction of the Iron Gate, sailing-vessels of large draught will be enabled to reach Belgrade; as now many ocean steamers call at the Serbian port of Badujevat, below the Iron Gate, to ship Negotin wine, and convey it thence by sea to France. And thus the neighbourly relations between Serbia and Austro-Hungary will go on increasing.

Brave Bulgaria is also brought considerably nearer to that empire by the opening up of the Iron Gate, and will, presumably, be desirous to bind the friendly monarchy yet closer to it. Roumania, too, still at variance with Austro-Hungary on the subject of customs, will, it is to be hoped, even if reluctantly, become disposed to

pursue a more amicable policy towards it. Thus we have every reason to greet the work now going on as a work of peace, and to wish it an uninterrupted and speedy completion.

### BLOOD ROYAL.\*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *In All Shades, This Mortal Coil, &c.*

#### CHAPTER XVI.—LOOKING ABOUT HIM.

DURING the rest of that broken term, Dick did little work at history: he had lost heart for Oxford, and was occupied mainly in looking out for employment, scholastic or otherwise. Employment, however, wasn't so easy to get. It never is nowadays. And Dick's case was peculiar. A certain vague suspicion always attaches to a man who has left the university, or proposes to leave it, without taking his degree. Dick found this disqualification told heavily against him. Everybody at Durham, to be sure, quite understood that Plantagenet was only going down from stress of private circumstances, the father having left his family wholly unprovided for; but elsewhere people looked askance at an applicant for work who could but give his possession of a college Scholarship as his sole credential. The dons, of course, were more anxious that Plantagenet should stop up to do credit to the college—he was a safe First in History, and hot favourite for the Lothian—than that he should go away and get paying work elsewhere; and in the end poor Dick began almost to despair of finding any other employment to bring in prompt cash than the hateful one at Chiddingwick which Maud had so determinedly set her face against.

Nor was it Maud only with whom he had now to contend in that matter of the Assembly Rooms. Mary, too, was against him. As soon as Maud returned to Chiddingwick, she had made it a duty to go straight to Mary and tell her how she felt about Dick's horrid proposal. Now, Mary at the first blush of it had been so full of admiration for Dick's heroic resolve—'for it *was* heroic, you know, Maud,' she said simply, calling her future sister-in-law for the first time by her Christian name—that she forgot at the moment the bare possibility of trying to advise Dick otherwise. But now that Maud suggested the opposite point of view to her, she saw quite clearly that Maud was right; while she herself, less accustomed to facing the facts of life, had been carried away at first sight by a specious piece of unnecessary self-sacrifice. She admired Dick all the same for it, but she recognised none the less that the heroic course was not necessarily the wisest one.

So she wrote to Dick, urging him strongly, not only for his own sake, but for hers and his family's, to keep away from Chiddingwick save in the last extremity. She was quite ready, she declared, if he did come, to stand by every word she had said on the point when he first came to see her; but still, Maud had convinced her that it was neither to his own interest nor his mother's and sisters' that he should turn

back again now upon the upward step he had taken in going up to Oxford. She showed the letter to Maud before sending it off; and as soon as Maud had read it, the two girls, united in their love and devotion for Dick, fell on one another's necks, and kissed, and cried, and sobbed with all their hearts till they were perfectly happy.

All this, however, though very wise in its way, didn't make poor Dick's path any the smoother to travel. He was at his wits' end what to do: no door seemed to open for him. But fortunately Maud had commended her cause to Archie Gillespie at parting. Now, Gillespie was a practical man, with more knowledge of the world than Dick or his sweetheart; being, indeed, the son of a well-to-do Glasgow lawyer, whose business he was to join on leaving Oxford. He had discovered, therefore, the importance in this world of the eternal backstairs, as contrasted with the difficulty of effecting an entrance anywhere by the big front door or other recognised channels. So, when Sir Bernard Gillingham, that mighty man at the Foreign Office, came up on his promised visit to his son at Durham, Gillespie took good care to make the best of the occasion by getting an introduction to him from the Born Poet; and being a person of pleasant manners and graceful address, he soon succeeded in producing a most favourable impression on the mind of the diplomatist. Diplomats are always immensely struck by a man who can speak the truth and yet be courteous. The last they exact as a *sine quâ non* in life; but the first is a novelty to them. After a while, Gillespie mentioned to his new friend the painful case of an undergraduate of this college, Plantagenet by name, whose father had lately died under peculiar circumstances, leaving a large family totally unprovided for, and who was consequently obliged to go down without a degree and take what paying work he could find elsewhere immediately.

'Plantagenet! Let me see. That's the fellow that beat Trev. for the History Scholarship, isn't it?' Sir Bernard said, musing. 'Can't be one of the Sheffield Plantagenets? No, no, for they left a round sum of money, which has never been claimed, and is still in Chancery. Extinct, I believe; extinct. Yet the name's uncommon.'

'This Plantagenet of ours claims to be something much more exalted than that,' the Born Poet answered, trying to seem unconcerned; for ever since that little affair of the recitation from Barry Neville's Collected Works, his conscience or its substitute had sorely smitten him. 'I believe he wouldn't take the other Plantagenets' money if it came to him by right; he's so firmly convinced he's a son and heir of the genuine blood royal. He never says so, of course; he's much too 'cute for such folly; but he lets it be seen through a veil of profound reserve he's the real Simon Pure of Plantagenets, for all that; and I fancy he considers the Queen herself a mere new-fangled Stuart, whom he probably regards as Queen of Scots only.'

'Plantagenet!' Sir Bernard went on, still in the same musing voice, hardly heeding his son. 'And a specialist in history! One would say the man was cut out for the Pipe-roll or the Record Office.'



'He knows more about the history of the Plantagenet period than any man I ever met,' Gillespie put in, striking while the iron was hot. 'If you should happen to hear of any chance at the Record Office, now, or any department like that, a recommendation from you'—

Sir Bernard snapped his fingers. 'Too late by fifty years!' he cried, with a pout of discontent—'too late by fifty years, at the very least, Mr Gillespie! The competitive examination system has been the ruin of the country! Why, look at the sort of young men that scrape in somehow nowadays, even into the diplomatic service—some of them, I assure you, with acquired *Hs*, which to my mind are almost worse than no *Hs* at all, they're so painfully obtrusive. I mean Trev. for the diplomatic service; and in the good old days, before this nonsense cropped up, I should have said to the fellow at the head of the F. O. for the time being: "Look here, I say, Smith or Jones, can't you find my eldest boy a good thing off the reel in our line somewhere?" And, by Jove, sir, before the week was out, as safe as houses, I'd have seen that boy gazetted outright to a paid attachéship at Rio or Copenhagen. But what's the case nowadays? Why, ever since this wretched examination fad has come up to spoil all, my boy'll have to go in and try his luck, helter-skelter, against all the tinkers and tailors, and soldiers and sailors, and butchers and bakers, and candlestick-makers, in the United Kingdom. That's what examinations have done for us! It's simply atrocious.'

Gillespie, with native tact, poured oil on the troubled waters. 'There are departments of the public service,' he said with politic vagueness, 'where birth and position no doubt enable a man to serve the State better than most of us others can serve it; and diplomacy is one of them. But even judged by that standard, the name of Plantagenet is surely one which has done solid work in its time for the country; for the monarch, as Joseph the Second so profoundly said, is the chief of the civil service. As to examinations'—and he looked at Sir Bernard with a quiet smile—'men of the world like yourself know perfectly well there are still many posts of a reserved character which the head of a department holds, and must hold, in his own gift personally.'

Sir Bernard gazed hard at him and smiled a mollified smile. 'Oh, you've found that out already, have you?' he murmured dryly. 'Well, you're a very intelligent and well-informed young man; I wouldn't object to you at all for a Secretary of Legation. A Secretary, as a rule, is another name for a born fool; they're put there by the F. O. on purpose to annoy one.' And he smiled a bland smile and nodded sagely at Gillespie. But no more was said for the moment about a post for Dick Plantagenet.

As father and son sat together at lunch, however, that morning in Edward Street, the Born Poet recurred somewhat tentatively to the intermitted subject. 'I wish, pater,' he said with assumed carelessness, 'you could manage to do something or other for that fellow Plantagenet. He's not a bad sort, though he's eccentric; and he's a real dab at history. He's been a *protégé* of mine in a way since he came to Durham; and though he gives himself mysterious airs on the

strength of his name, and is a bit of a smug at times, still, there are really points about him. He's wonderful, simply, on Henry the Second!'

Sir Bernard hummed and hawed—and helped himself reflectively to another deviled anchovy. 'This cook does savouries remarkably well,' he replied, with oblique regard. 'I never tasted anything better than these and his stuffed Greek olives.—Such places exist, of course, but they're precious hard to get. Special aptitude for the work—and very close relationship to a cabinet minister—are indispensable qualifications.—However, I'll bear it in mind—I'll bear it in mind for you, Trevor. I shall be dining with Sir Everard on Tuesday week, and I'll mention the matter to him.'

Whether Sir Bernard mentioned the matter to the famous minister or not, history fails to record for us. That sort of history goes always unwritten. But it happened at anyrate that by the end of the next week the Dean called up Gillespie after lecture one morning and informed him privately that a letter had arrived that day from a Distinguished Person inquiring particularly after Mr Richard Plantagenet's qualifications for the post of Assistant Decipherer to the Pipe-roll and Tally Office, with special reference to his acquaintance with legal Norman-French and medieval Latin. 'And I was able,' the Dean added, 'to enclose in my reply a most satisfactory testimonial to your friend's knowledge of both, from our two chief history lecturers.'

Gillespie thanked him warmly, but said nothing to Dick about it.

Three days later, a big official envelope, inscribed in large print, 'On Her Majesty's Service,' arrived at the door of Third Pair left, Back Quad, addressed to Richard Plantagenet, Esq., Durham College, Oxford. Dick opened it with great trepidation; this was surely a bad moment to come down upon his poor purse with a demand for income tax. But he read the contents with breathless astonishment. It was to the effect that the Right Honourable the Director of Pipe-rolls having heard of Mr Plantagenet as possessing a unique acquaintance with Norman-French documents, and an efficient knowledge of medieval Latin, desired to offer him the post of Assistant Registrar and Chief Clerk in his office, an appointment directly in the Right Honourable's own gift, and carrying with it a salary commencing at two hundred and fifty pounds a year, and rising by annual increments of ten pounds at a time to a maximum of four hundred.

To the family at Chiddingwick such an income as that was unimagined wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. Dick rushed off with the letter in hot haste to Gillespie, who received him with the quiet smile of a consummate confederate. 'The only thing about it that makes me hesitate,' Dick cried, with a strange moisture in his clear blue eyes, 'is just this, Gillespie—oughtn't the post by rights to have been put up to public competition? Mayn't I perhaps be keeping some better man out of it?'

Gillespie smiled again; he had been fully prepared beforehand for that qualm of the sensitive Plantagenet conscience. 'My dear fellow,' he said, pressing Dick's arm, 'that's not a question for you, don't you see, at all, but for the Government and the legislature. If they choose to

decide that this particular post is best filled up by private nomination, I don't think it's for the nominee to raise the first objection—especially when he's a man who must feel himself capable of doing the particular work in question at least as well as any other fellow in England is likely to do it. I'm no great believer myself in the immaculate wisdom of kings or governments, which seem to me to consist, like any other committee, of human beings; but there *are* some posts, I really think and believe, that can best be filled up by careful individual choice, and not by competition; and this post you're now offered seems to me just one of them. If governments always blundered on as good a man to do the work that then and there wants doing—why, I for one would be a deal better satisfied with them.'

So, that very afternoon, Dick went down to Chiddingwick to bear news to Maud and his mother of this piece of good fortune that had dropped as it seemed from the clouds upon them. For he never knew, either then or afterwards, what part that wily diplomat, Sir Bernard Gillingham, had borne in procuring the offer of the post for him. If he *had* known, it is probable he would have declined to accept any favour at all from the father of the man who, as he firmly believed, had helped to kill his father. Maud's triumph and delight, however, were unclouded and unbounded; this event served to show the wisdom of her pet policy; but she seemed hardly so much astonished at the news, Dick thought, as he himself had expected. This was the less to be wondered at, because, in point of fact, it was not quite so novel to her as it had been to Dick; for at that very moment Maud carried in her bosom a small square note, beginning, 'Dear Miss Plantagenet,' and signed, 'Ever yours most sincerely, Archibald Gillespie,' in which the probability of just such an offer being made before long was not obscurely hinted at. However, Maud kept that letter entirely to herself; it was not the first—or the last—she received from the same quarter.

This change of front affected all their movements. As soon as term was ended, Dick went up to London to take up the duties and emoluments of his office. But that was not all. By Gillespie's advice—Gillespie seemed to take an almost fraternal interest now in the affairs of the family—Mrs Plantagenet and the children moved to London, too, to be with Dick in his lodgings. Gillespie thought Miss Plantagenet's musical taste so remarkable, he said, that she ought to be in town, where sound instruction could be got in singing; and he was so full of this point, that Maud consented to give up her own work at Chiddingwick and take a place as daily governess in London instead, going out in the afternoon to a famous vocalist. Gillespie believed they ought all to be removed as far as possible from the blighting memory of their father's degradation; and he attached so much importance to this matter that he came down once or twice to Chiddingwick himself during the Christmas vacation, in order to see them all safely removed to Pinlipo. It was wonderful, Dick thought, what a brotherly interest that good fellow always took in all that concerned them; yet when he said so to Maud, that unconscionable young woman only blushed

and looked down with a self-conscious air that was very unusual to her. But there!—girls are so queer: though Gillespie had been so kind, Maud never once said a word, as one might naturally have expected, about how nice he had been to them. For his part, Dick thought her almost positively ungrateful.

### THE SALT MANUFACTURE IN THE WEAVER.

THERE is a district of Cheshire, the Weaver Valley, that lies above a great basin of salt rock some twelve square miles in extent. The salt was deposited in the Tertiary period, and resulted from the evaporation of some salt lakes which communicated with the sea somewhere about where now stands the town of Liverpool. There are two main strata of rock-salt: the upper one lies one hundred and twenty feet below the surface, and is sixty-three feet thick; below that is a bed of impermeable marl, of an average thickness of thirty feet; and below that, again, another bed of rock of superior purity to that above, and measuring in depth about eighty-eight feet. The lowest rock-salt is alone mined; it is dry; but the peculiarity of the upper deposit is that on its surface are 'brine-runs'—that is to say, the rain and river-water soak through the gravel and gypsum deposits that lie above it, and reaching the salt, take up from it as much as they can hold in solution—that is to say, about twenty-five per cent. of salt.

These brine-runs are not all in connection; they lie as underground lakes above the salt rock. There are, however, places where the upper salt rock is dry, and where it was formerly mined. It is not so now. In the upper strata there are thin and inconsiderable salt beds, which were known to the Romans, and perhaps to the Britons; but the salt rock was not discovered till 1670, and the lower deposit not till 1770. In medieval times there were 'wyches' or salt-houses in the Weaver Valley, in which brine brought up in leather buckets on men's shoulders from brine-wells was evaporated over wood-fires in lead pans. Several noblemen had their salt-making houses at Northwich, Middlewich, and Sandbach; but salt does not seem to have been manufactured largely till the present century. At first, much rock-salt was mined where the upper rock was dry; and these old mines when the water got into them were deserted, and have become a source of great danger and mischief; for the water rapidly decomposes the salt rock, and as it is pumped out in the form of brine, fresh water enters and continues the decomposition. By this means the salt bed is being rapidly removed, and the natural consequence is that the country above it is subsiding.

At present, a million tons of salt are carried away down the Weaver Canal alone, and the amount that departs in salt trucks by rail cannot be much less than half that quantity. Consequently, the whole of one stratum that underlies the Weaver Valley and its towns Winsford, Middlewich, Northwich, and Sandbach, is being withdrawn, and the surface of the land is being let down below sea-level. It was given in evi-

dence, in May 1890, before a Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Widnes Brine Supply Bill, that in the Northwich district alone six locks on the river had been rendered useless through the subsidence of the land. A bridge was continually sinking, which had cost seven thousand pounds to build. In 1881 and 1882 it had gone down eighteen inches, and cost a further sum of two thousand one hundred and fifty-seven pounds to raise it. In 1887 it had again sunk.

But we will not consider the sinking of the land, but the method of manufacture of salt from brine.

The sole mines for rock-salt are now in the lowest and purest bed. The rock-salt is exported, much of it to the Netherlands and Australia, and its chief use is for mixing with food for cattle. The upper deposit is worked for table salt, and it is worked by water—that is to say, no mining in it is done by the hand of man; the agent for removing the salt rock is water. Fully-saturated brine contains twenty-seven pounds of salt in one hundred pounds of water. The best Cheshire brine is extraordinarily strong; it contains twenty-six pounds of salt in one hundred; whereas seawater contains only three and a half per cent. The Friedrichshall brine contains twenty per cent., and that of Château-Salines only fourteen per cent. Accordingly, the Cheshire manufacturers have a great advantage in the strength of their brine; and a second in the nearness of the great coal-fields of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Durham. They have the most strongly impregnated natural brine known where it is most inexpensive to evaporate the water.

If we visit a salt factory in the Weaver Valley, the first point to be noticed is the boring into the reservoir of brine. A shaft is driven down through the red marl and gravel, through beds of gypsum like masses of alum, till the reservoir is tapped; whereupon the brine rushes up the shaft. Then a pump is let down and hung in the boring. The iron pipe has nothing to rest upon below; it depends from its collar at the top. In the present autumn (1892), one such pump broke from its bearings and sank, never to be recovered. The brine pumped up is discharged into a large bricked tank, from which pipes of communication lead to the several pans in which the solution is to be boiled or scalded.

There are pans of two sorts, according to whether the salt is to be fine or coarse grained. In the former case, it is boiled; in the latter, scalded. Moreover, the size of the pans differs: those in which fine crystallised salt is to be made are not over thirty feet long by twenty-four feet wide; whereas the others are often double the length. The pans are eighteen inches deep. Under a pan for fine salt at one end is the furnace, and the fire and smoke from it are conveyed the whole length of the pan, and also under a chamber beyond in which the salt has to be 'stoved.' When the brine is in ebullition at the end immediately over the fire, it sends ripples to the farther end, and of course parts with its water by degrees in steam. As the steam forms above the pans, so do salt crystals form on the surface of the brine, as a sort of scum, at the end away from the fire. If this be not removed, in a short while it sinks; accordingly, men, locally termed 'wallers,' are engaged with

paddles raking the salt as it forms to the sides, where it is put into 'tubs'—that is to say, wooden forms of various sizes—80, 120, and 160 to the ton. The wallers are paid 2s. 1½d. to 2s. 3½d. per ton for making this salt. As soon as each tub is filled, it is left to drain; then, when drained, the salt block is turned out; with a wooden paddle it is shaped where bruised, and is then carried into the hot room to be 'stoved'—that is, thoroughly dried. Though in the pan-room it becomes sufficiently consistent to be handled, yet such is the amount of vapour in the air there that it still holds a considerable portion of water. Round the pans are hollow troughs eighteen inches deep, in which the men stand to fill the tubs. Each tub when filled is put on the 'hurdle'—the platform that acts as a terrace round the entire chamber and the pan.

It is in this part of the salt factory that accidents occur. The air is so full of steam that one cannot see where one is going. A small rib, two inches high, divides the hurdle from the 'stand inside,' and a trip on this rib may precipitate into the boiling brine. But sometimes a death may ensue through sudden giddiness, caused by the density of the vapour or the heat. Shortly before the visit of the writer of this article to one of the factories, a boy was sitting on the edge talking, when suddenly, from no explicable reason, he lost his balance, and fell over into the brine, and was scalded to death. Another case that had recently happened was that of a man. He had been a very bad character, going to night-work—the boiling is carried on night and day—and possibly with a drop too much in his head, he staggered and fell into the pan. He picked himself up, and, confused by pain or steam, he struggled forward into the middle of the pan instead of seeking the edge, and stood there in the boiling brine too stupefied to understand where he had got. He had to be drawn to the side with rakes. He lived for a couple of hours. When the surgeon told him to prepare for death—'Oh,' said he, 'while there is breath there is hope;' and these were his last words.

A question which has often arisen in the writer's mind has been relative to the agony of death by burning or scalding. Is it continuous to the last? He believes not. In one or two cases that have come under his notice, he has convinced himself that after the first spasm of anguish the pain is not felt in the same intensity. He asked this question of the foreman, who had witnessed several deaths by scalding, and he was of the same opinion.

Every ton of salt takes about thirteen hundred-weight of 'burgey' or good slack to make, and costs, all included, from 8s. 6d. to 9s. per ton. The tub salt formed as described is that which is seen in shapes in shops. When sufficiently dried in the stove, this is ascertained by a ringing sound they give out when struck.

Fine salt that is unstoved is called 'butter salt.' This is not put in moulds at all, but is tossed out to drain on the hurdles. The butter salt is sent away in vans or by boat, and shipped largely to the East Indies. The thoroughly dry salt would settle as hard as rock were that taken a long voyage. In the hot-houses for drying the squares, the spaces between the flues, that run



under the floor like a Roman hypocaust, are left uncovered, and are called 'ditches.' The men who throw the blocks out of these hot-houses and stack them in the rooms above are called 'ditchers.'

Owing to the intense heat of the works, the men go almost completely naked, wearing breeches or trousers only. They stream with perspiration, and will run out the barrows with butter salt to lade a van on the rails in this condition, and stand talking to each other in a freezing east wind. One would suppose that pulmonary complaints were frequent. This is not the case; the men enjoy excellent health, and almost entire exemption from influenza, cholera, and all fevers.

The next process is to make the fine table salt. For this purpose the conical blocks are run on barrows to the mill to be ground. A man with a pick tosses each moulded block on to a revolving band or elevator with catches on it to receive the blocks, which are carried up and thrown into the mill, where the salt is passed between smooth revolving plates of iron, crushed to the fineness required, then passed through sieves. Much of the table salt produced is as fine in the grain as the finest wheat flour. It is never touched by the hand. As soon as reduced to salt-dust, it is placed in jars, or waterproof bags, or parchment receptacles.

Ordinary common salt is not boiled at all, and is formed at a temperature of one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit. It remains about two days in the pan. It is the rule, the slower the evaporation the larger the crystals formed. This salt is never put into tubs, but is drained on the hurdles.

Fishing salt is made at a temperature of one hundred to one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, and remains about five days in the pans, sometimes as long as three weeks. It is a much coarser-grained salt, and is employed for pickling. Bay salt is coarser still, and is allowed some six weeks to form. It is made at a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit; owing to the time it takes making, it is the most expensive of all. After the crystals have been drained, they are washed again in hot brine and then stored.

Brine as it comes from the shafts is never pure; there is with the salt (chloride of sodium) as well some gypsum (chloride of lime), and this settles at the bottom of the pans. In order to purify the brine, there is always a little soft soap or gelatine introduced. A piece of soft soap the size of a walnut, or a piece of butter of the same size, will suffice to purify twenty tons of salt.

On account of the settling of the gypsum to the bottom of the pans, these pans have to be picked every three weeks; very generally, they are picked weekly. The scale is beautifully white, like snow, and hard as marble. It forms to the thickness of from two to three inches over the bottom, except immediately above the fires. Every salt-boiler has to pick his own pan without extra wages. A pan is spoken of as being 'fresh on pick' or 'old on pick,' according to the length of time since the scale was removed. The salt is conveyed from the factories by canal in 'flats' or in trucks by line, covered and uncovered. The trucks are costly articles, those covered being £102, 10s. each, and hold from six to seven tons. They are built at Chorley.

Table salt in bags is worth forty shillings a ton. There has been great fluctuation in the price of salt. Between 1845 and 1860, common salt fetched 7s. 6d. a ton. In 1865 it dropped to 6s.; but in 1872 went up to 20s. In 1873 it fluctuated between 15s. and 12s. During the American War it reached its lowest price, 3s. 9d. In 1881 it was 4s. 9d.; in 1891 it was 11s. 6d.; in March 1892 it had fallen to 9s.

The price of table salt is, of course, higher than that of common salt. In March 1891, 'handed squares,' eighty to the ton, were at 27s. 6d. and 23s. 6d. In March 1892 the price had fallen to 15s., and then to 13s.

In the reign of William III. a duty of five shillings a bushel, or about a penny a pound, was for the first time imposed on the salt in this country; in 1795 it was increased to 10s.; and in 1805 it was further increased to 15s., which gave rise to a good deal of smuggling. The mischievous effects of the high duty having been strongly represented to the House of Commons, the duty was in 1823 reduced to 2s.; and on the 5th January 1825 it was wholly repealed.

In 1852 in Cheshire there were 29 salt mines and 97 salt works, employing 8000 persons. And 200,000 tons were disposed of for manure, 300,000 tons for consumption in the United Kingdom, and 500,000 tons were exported. In 1858 the total produce had risen to 1,000,000 tons annually, of which about one-half was exported; and in 1881 the production was further increased to 1,854,000 tons. In 1890 the salt rock mined in Cheshire amounted to 159,000 tons, whilst the salt obtained from brine was as much as 1,958,000 tons.

The great bulk of brine-pumping stations of Cheshire, and indeed of the whole country, have been bought up, and are invested in the Salt Union Company, making enormous profits. Salt which in 1881 was selling at 5s. per ton ran up to 15s. The price has declined since, happily for the public. When the ring was formed, borings were made at Middlesborough, in Durham, and salt was found at 2000 feet below the surface. Two shafts were sunk; into one, sweet water was pumped, and it was drawn forth as brine from the other. This station has since been acquired by the company.

Brine is employed not only for the formation of salt as a condiment, but it is likewise largely employed in chemical works for the production of alkali by the ammonia-soda process. Messrs Brunner, Mond, & Co. have large works of this description at Northwich.

Brine is also employed in the manufacture of bleaching-powder, chloride of potash, and muriatic acid, of which there is a factory at Widnes. This company purchased a piece of land in the salt district, and endeavoured to carry a Bill to enable it to lay pipes from the shaft they bored on their estate to Widnes, so as to convey thence the brine to their works. The Bill was strongly opposed, and was defeated in 1890, as it was contended that the exhaustion of the salt rock would cause serious subsidences without benefit to the inhabitants of the district.

The main Cheshire salt district is in the neighbourhood of Northwich, Winsford, and Lawton. At Middlewich and Nantwich, although brine springs are present and salt has been manu-

factured for centuries, yet hitherto no salt rock has been reached in borings carried to the depth of four hundred feet.

As already said, the upper salt rock was discovered in 1670; but in Domesday Book there is mention of the wyches or salt-houses in Northwich. With the discovery of the rock, the importance of the district grew; and the Weaver, an insignificant river, within the basin of the salt district, was taken in hand, and in 1721 an Act of Parliament was obtained to deepen the river so as to make it navigable. Before the discovery of the rock, when the brine was got up out of wells, Michael Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, written well nigh three centuries ago, commemorated in verse the connection of salt with the Weaver. He says:

To Weaver let us go,  
His fountain and his fall, both Chester's rightly  
born,  
The county in his course, that clean through doth  
divide,  
Cut into equal shares upon his either side.  
And what the famous flood far more than that  
enriches,  
The brackly fountains are these two renowned  
Wyches,  
The Nantwich and the North, whose either briny  
well  
For store and sorts of salts made Weaver to excel.

### THE IRONY OF FATE.

By T. E. SOUTHER, Author of *A Haunted Memory*, &c.

#### CHAPTER I.—AFTER THE BALL.

THE ball was over, the guests had departed, and Arabella Alsworth was alone in her dressing-room. It was a handsome and luxuriously-furnished apartment, and the bright fire that burned in the grate made it look cosy and comfortable. She was standing with her elbow resting on the mantel-piece, looking in anything but a pleasant humour. She was surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries which wealth could purchase or the heart wish for; and these, and the floods of adulation and flattery which had been poured upon her that night, ought to have made her happy; but it did not, and there was a shade on her fair face which told a very different tale.

She was tall and graceful, with a splendid contour of both face and figure. She stood there with her masses of golden brown hair drawn back from her broad white forehead; her calm blue eyes, so deep and clear, fixed vacantly on the bright coals in the grate, while her tender mouth seemed to tremble with strong emotion.

The poor girl was looking back into the past, to another night and another ball, when she and Frank Wallis, a young naval Lieutenant, had left the heated room and strolled into the conservatory. How well she remembered the calm beauties of that never to be forgotten scene! The blue heaven above, with its myriads of stars; the hushed murmur of the soft west wind as it rustled among the leaves; the musical plash of the fountain, and the soft harmony of the music from the ballroom. It all came back to her like a dream.

Up to that time she had known nothing of the joys and miseries of love. She was happy.

The present was all in all. It was only when the time had come for Frank to join his ship that the light broke in upon their hearts, and the warm tide of passion swept the veil from their eyes. There, in the soft morning twilight, under those bright stars, which had so often listened to lovers' vows, they plighted their troth, and the hearts which Nature had linked together were bound the one to the other by the most solemn promises of love and loyalty.

Like an honest man, the young Lieutenant had immediately gone to Mr Alsworth and laid the case before him. But he only laughed and pool-pooled the idea. They were children, and, as he was only a penniless Lieutenant, if they got married how were they to live? This was a question the gallant young gentleman was not prepared to answer, and, as the old gentleman imagined, went away with a flea in his ear. But Arabella was of opinion that she ought to have a voice in the matter; and when she was told by her father, with a considerable amount of glee, how he had posed the Lieutenant with the financial question, she astonished him by exclaiming: 'Oh! you mean old pappy, how could you be so cruel? Just as if you had not got enough for all of us!'

It was while she was recalling all this, lost in a deep but not altogether unpleasant reverie, that the door opened, and Miss Mortimer, Arabella's aunt, a maiden lady who, since the death of the late Mrs Alsworth, had presided over the domestic arrangements of Netley Lodge, entered the room. 'What! not undressed, Bella!' she exclaimed.

'No,' was the reply; 'I was thinking and meditating.'

'And what was the subject of your meditations?'

'I was thinking what a nuisance it is to be rich!'

'Gracious, child! you must be mad!'

'No. If I were not supposed to be a rich heiress, I should not be pestered, as I am now, with offers of marriage by men I don't care a fig for. It would be more bearable if I could fancy it was I who am the attraction, and not papa's money.'

'My dear Bella!' exclaimed Miss Mortimer, 'you make a great mistake. How is it possible that any one should fail to love you for yourself? Are you not young, beautiful, and clever?'

'But how am I to know that? You see, papa is rich—that is the cause of all my trouble!'

'Foolish child! How can riches be productive of unhappiness?'

'In my case it is easily explained. Papa wants me to marry men without my loving them, and I want to marry the man I love. If papa were poor, I should be allowed to choose for myself.'

'Perhaps,' said Miss Mortimer, in a slightly sarcastic tone, 'if you were really the daughter of a poor man, you might not get married at all; people cannot live on love!'

'No, I suppose not,' replied Arabella; 'but in that case there could be no base motive to inspire love. If I were poor, I should not be less handsome or less clever; and yet, as you very well know, I should not have half the lovers I now have. Perhaps, like that poor Miss

Pilkington, the governess, who is certainly as good-looking and clever as I am, none at all!

'Well, my dear, I'm sure I don't know what is to be done for you, unless, indeed, your papa were to speculate in railways or something of that sort and lose all his money.'

'I'm not quite sure that I should like *that*,' said Arabella musingly; 'but it has given me an idea. What I should like would be to pretend that papa had lost all his money, then we should soon see who were our real friends, and who were the worshippers of mammon.'

'My dear Bella! I'm surprised at you—you who pretend to be such a lover of truth. Don't you see that would be deceiving people? It would be untrue.'

'Now, aunty,' cried Arabella, 'that's unkind! Why, when I remonstrated with you because you told James to tell the Miss Scudamores you were not at home, when you were, you said that it was only a white lie, and that white lies were permissible in polite society.'

'But I did not tell the lie myself; I only instructed James. It's a sort of polite fiction we all understand.'

'Just so. You don't like to tell lies yourself; but you compel your servant to do so. How funny you would look if the next time you instructed James to say you were not at home, he were to turn round and say, "Beg pardon, ma'am, but that's a lie, and I can't tell it."'

'Dear, dear child, what a fuss you are making about nothing!'

'Nay, nay, aunty; the boot is on the other foot. I merely suggested that it would be good fun to pretend I was afraid that papa had been speculating, and so forth. For instance, if I were to give the smallest hint to the Miss Scudamores, you would soon see how they'd set the ball rolling, and how, like the snowball, it would gain in size and force as it circulated.'

Miss Mortimer shook her head. 'Suppose it came to papa's ears, what would he say?'

'Oh! if it did, I could soon put that right.'

'Dear, dear child, I wish you had not told me. The very idea of such a thing!'

'Yes, the idea's a splendid one. I'll hint that we shall be obliged to retrench; and I'll persuade papa to take us to Paris, and then I can be ill, or something, and we'll go to the south of France. That's it; that will do beautifully!'

'Bless me! bless me!' cried Miss Mortimer, 'what a girl you are!'

'Yes, that's lovely!—And now, aunty, go to bed and sleep on it.'

Miss Mortimer did as Arabella bade her; most people did. The thought even of pretending to be poor was distasteful to her; but Paris and the south of France made a deep impression on her; and in the end, as far as she was concerned, there seemed a fair chance of Arabella's having her way, that is, provided she was in the same mind when she awoke the next morning.

With such a grand scheme in her head, it will not be any matter of surprise that she did not sleep well, and that when she did, she dreamed that she had sent all her lovers to the rightabout, and a number of other strange and wonderful things.

Of course it was very late when the two awoke, and consequently it was past twelve before they

had finished their breakfast. At this point the two Miss Scudamores were seen coming along the drive; and a few minutes afterwards the door-bell rang and they were ushered into the drawing-room.

'There now, aunty,' exclaimed Arabella, 'you see everything seems to favour us. Papa is gone off to London, and here are our advertising mediums ready to publish anything we may supply them with.' And with this she started off to the drawing-room.

'My dearest creature!' exclaimed the elder visitor, rushing forward and kissing Arabella, 'what has made you so late? It's nearly one o'clock. We called about eleven, but you were not up.'

'I'm really very sorry,' replied Arabella; 'but it was late when we got to bed, and I did not get a wink of sleep till after daylight.'

'Poor darling!' cried both ladies in a breath; and then Aunt Betsy made her appearance. 'Have you heard the news?' cried both sisters at once.

'No; what is it?' exclaimed Miss Mortimer, who was not at all averse to a bit of scandal.

'And you really have not heard of it? You who know the family so well!' replied Miss Scudamore, who delighted to play with her auditors. 'Can't you guess?'

'No; how can I!' exclaimed Arabella.

'Well, then, as I see you are wild to know, I'll tell you! There's a full account of it in the newspaper. Blankhorn's Bank has gone all to smash!'

'Dear, dear! I'm so sorry. Blankhorn's Bank failed! Surely the world must be coming to an end!' moaned Miss Mortimer.

'I hope you will not be a—be a loser?' queried Miss Scudamore.

'Not to a great extent. I'm exceedingly sorry, more for the family than for myself.'

'So am I,' answered Arabella gravely. 'I do hope papa is not compromised in their affairs!'

'Well, I hope things will not turn out so badly as you seem to think,' remarked Miss Mortimer. 'It does not do to make light of other people's misfortunes, for one never can make sure of not getting into a mess one's self. I remember once having some shares in a concern, only five twenties, producing about fourteen or fifteen pounds a year, clear of income tax; and do you know that for the sake of that paltry sum I was liable to have lost my whole fortune, every penny! Lucky for me, the shares got up to a big premium, and Mr Alsworth advised me to sell out. Three or four months afterwards, the concern burst up, and the directors were sent to prison.'

'It's really very serious,' said the younger Miss Scudamore. 'I read the leader in the *Times* yesterday, and it said the trade of the country was under a cloud.'

'Yes,' chimed in Arabella; 'and when it bursts, it will deal ruin and destruction on all sides.'

'Bless me!' cried the elder visitor, 'I did not see that! Do you think it can be true?'

'Certainly,' exclaimed Arabella, in surprise. 'Why, it's printed in the newspaper!'

'But all is not true that is printed in the newspaper,' observed Miss Scudamore.



'Not in the penny newspaper,' said Miss Mortimer; 'but in the *Times* it is different. I've often heard Mr Alsworth say that he would pin his faith on what the *Times* says.'

'I suppose,' put in Arabella, 'you would not believe it if you saw my father's name in the list of bankrupts?'

'Your papa! Certainly not! Impossible!' cried both ladies in a breath. 'But of course, dear Miss Alsworth, you are only joking?' concluded Miss Scudamore.

'No; I'm not,' returned Arabella. 'I assure you I am very uneasy about papa. I know he has been speculating a good deal lately, and in these days fortunes are soon lost!'

'But, my dear, your papa is so immensely rich!' said little Miss Prudence; 'it would take a lot to break him.'

'Ah!' sighed the young hostess, 'I see you do not believe me; but when you see a great black board erected on the lawn, announcing that this elegant mansion and grounds are to be let furnished for a term of years, you will understand that what I am now saying is no joke.'

By this time the two visitors were getting very uneasy. They were anxious to be off to propagate the astounding facts they had just been made acquainted with; so they said good-bye and hurried off.

'I think you've done it now,' said Miss Mortimer, when the two visitors had departed; 'but if it should get to papa's ears, what will he say?'

'I'm sure I don't care,' replied Arabella. 'I said nothing of a positive character. It's as good as a play.'

#### CHAPTER II.—BLACK FRIDAY.

The cloud which had hung over the commercial world had burst, and, as Arabella had unconsciously prophesied, had dealt ruin and destruction on all sides. The great firm of Overend, Gurney, and Company had collapsed, with liabilities amounting to more than ten millions. The day following 'Black Friday,' the crisis became more intense, and failures and stoppages of payment were announced on all sides.

Mr Alsworth, who had been reading the *Times*, suddenly put it down and rang the bell. 'Bring me my overcoat and hat, James,' he said to the footman who had entered the room. 'I want to catch the ten-twenty train.' When the man had brushed his hat and helped him on with his coat, he said: 'Tell Miss Mortimer I shall be back to dinner;' and he hurried off.

'Do you know where your master is going?' asked Arabella, who had seen her father hurrying down the drive.

'No, miss; but I suppose he's off to London,' the man replied.

'Aunt,' said she, when she had returned to the morning-room, 'papa's gone to London again. What can he want to be always going there for?'

'Impossible to say, dear; about this horrible money business. I wish he'd done as I did, and invested all his capital in consols; you get less interest, but then you have no worry as to its safety.'

'I'm sure I wish this dreadful crisis would

come to an end. Papa looks quite ill with all this excitement and anxiety.'

'Dear me! What can it be? Such a crowd!' cried Miss Prudence, who was standing at the window.

Miss Scudamore rushed to see what it was. 'It's an accident or something,' she suggested. 'And there! That's a body on the stretcher. Who can it be?' Then she rang the bell, and a smart little servant-maid made her appearance. 'What is the matter, Jane?' she asked.

'Nothing as I knows of, ma'am,' she answered.

'There's a body just been taken past. Go and ask some one who it is.'

Jane went to the door; and when she came back she was as white as a sheet. 'Oh! ma'am, it's dreadful! Why, I saw him go past this morning, and he looked as well as ever!'

'But who is it, girl? Can't you tell us?' cried Miss Prudence angrily.

'Mr Alsworth, ma'am!' replied Jane with a gasp.

'Mr Alsworth!' iterated Miss Scudamore in mingled tones of astonishment and incredulity.

'Yes, ma'am. They say he's had a fit.'

'Good gracious! how dreadful!' said Miss Prudence, as the two sisters stood staring at one another in blank astonishment.

'I can't believe it! It can't be true!' at length exclaimed Miss Scudamore. 'It seems impossible!'

If, in the midst of a bright summer day, a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of Arabella Alsworth and her aunt, or a volcano had suddenly sprung up in the middle of the lawn and belched forth fire and lava, they could not have been more startled and alarmed than when they saw the policemen open the gate and slowly approach the hall door, bearing a body on a stretcher. They stood at the window, apparently spellbound. The men put down their burden, and one of them ascended the steps and rang the bell. The hall door was opened, and the body on the stretcher was admitted.

'What can it mean, aunty?' asked Arabella.

'Death, my dear,' she replied.

'But who can it be? Not papa, surely?' she said in tones of horror.

'Who else can they be bringing here?' asked the aunt.

The girl's cheeks blanched with horror, and she threw herself into her aunt's arms and burst into a flood of tears.

At this moment, Mr Fitch, the family doctor, came bustling up the drive, and was about to be taken up-stairs, when Arabella darted into the hall and accosted him. 'Oh, doctor! what does it all mean? Is he dead?' she asked tremulously.

'Dead! Oh dear, no; I hope not,' he replied.

'How did it happen?'

'I don't know any more than you do. All I know is that your father was found in a railway carriage in a state of insensibility;' and so saying, he sprang up-stairs to attend to his patient. He found him much worse than he had anticipated. He bled him, and applied all the remedies usual in such cases; and for the

present they seemed to remove the more alarming symptoms; but he freely confessed that he thought the case a bad one, and suggested that a London physician should be sent for.

'I can give no positive opinion,' he went on to say; 'one can never tell what turn these disorders may take; but I think, or rather I hope, he will pull through.'

The London physician came the next morning, and the opinion he gave only confirmed that given by Mr Fitch. The delirium had considerably increased, and was of the worst and most alarming kind, which, the doctors said, too often, if it did not issue in death, left the brain so much disordered and weakened as to impair its functions for the rest of life. The most undivided attention was required to keep the patient quiet, and to apply the remedies necessary for cooling and tranquillising the brain.

It was at this point that the cause of Mr Alsworth's sudden attack was discovered. He had as usual been reading the *Times*, and had come across a paragraph headed 'ABSCONDING OF A WELL-KNOWN STOCKBROKER—ENORMOUS DEFALCATIONS.' It stated that 'much excitement and consternation had been experienced on change in consequence of its being reported that several large cheques drawn by Mr Archibald Sinclair, the well-known stockbroker, had been returned marked "No effects." It was at the same time ascertained that his offices were closed, and he himself had disappeared.'

This was the man who had sold Mr Alsworth's bank shares; and when he had read this, as we have already seen, he rang for his hat and coat and made his way at once to the railway station, caught the ten-twenty train, and proceeded at once to London. He went straight to his bankers, but only to find that Mr Sinclair's cheque for twenty-seven thousand pounds had been dishonoured, and that the drawer had decamped with the money.

The whole thing had been a great shock to Mr Alsworth; and this, and the excitement in consequence of his loss, brought on a fit of apoplexy, which it seemed would probably result in his death.

When Arabella discovered, from a letter written by her father's lawyer, the loss of this large sum, she was dismayed beyond measure. It seemed to her utter ruin. She had no idea of the amount of her father's fortune; but twenty-seven thousand pounds, besides other losses, which he had previously spoken of, must, she thought, reduce them to the verge of poverty. It was true there was no immediate want of money, for in her father's *escritoire* she found a matter of two hundred pounds or more in notes and gold. It was the future she thought most of.

There was one idea which would protrude itself into her mind—it was, that this was a judgment sent to punish her for her levity in setting on foot a false report of her father's losses. But, amid all her crosses and trials, there was one thought that was to her a consolation and a joy—it was that she had one, true and loving, on whom she could depend, and in whom she could trust. Come what might, she knew that her sailor-lover would not desert her; but he was away in a far-off African station, and could be

of no assistance to her in her present strait. Her aunt was no woman of business, and, except in the household arrangements, was quite useless.

She had no friend to whom she could apply for advice or assistance but her uncle, and he lived in Devonshire, just the opposite extreme of the kingdom; so that though she had written to him the day following her father's attack, she did not expect to see him for a couple of days at least.

It was the third day after her father's attack, and Mr Fitch's report that morning had been anything but favourable. She was sitting by the window indulging in a tender reverie, when the footman entered the room and said: 'Oh miss, Mrs Simson thinks master's worse.'

'I will come to him directly,' cried Arabella, much alarmed; 'and, James, you may as well go and see if you can find Mr Fitch and bring him here at once.' She hastened to her father's room, and went to his bedside, and sat down to await the arrival of the surgeon, who was not long in making his appearance.

Mr Alsworth was totally oblivious of all around him—talking wildly and incoherently, and insisting that he must start for London at once, as, without his aid, they would never catch that rascal Sinclair. All attempts to soothe and pacify him were vain. His delirium was such, that it was plain all real communication between his mind and that of any other person was at an end. Now and again he opened his eyes and stared about him in a vacant manner. It was a dreadful spectacle, for it was evident that he recognised no one, not even his daughter.

Mr Fitch shook his head. He directed that all that could possibly be done to tranquillise the pain should be done, but he gave no opinion. All that he said was: 'He has a very strong constitution, and he's under sixty, so that there is a chance for him yet.'

So the day passed, and night wore on. It was rough and stormy; the wind howled in the chimney, and the rain pattered against the window.

The delirious ravings had ceased, and the patient lay still and quiet; occasionally the eyes opened with a vacant stare, and then closed again. From this comatose state he never awakened; and so the spirit passed away.

#### THE SIGN-MANUAL.

To all legal documents the formula appended runs, 'As witness my hand,' a form of attestation which in the present day means that the document has been duly signed in the presence of witnesses, but which probably dates back to a time when writing was unknown, and when the real hand of the witness was stamped upon the document by means of paint, generally red ochre, to testify to all who looked upon it that such and such an act had been performed.

The documents of those days did not consist of paper and parchment, but generally of rocks and stones, although sometimes sheets of bark or buffalo hides were employed for the purpose. Hundreds of these attesting hands are found in

various parts of the world; sometimes placed high up on apparently inaccessible rocks, and surrounded by numerous hieroglyphic devices, which are doubtless historical records, now lost to the world for lack of a key to their interpretation. There are also hands in various positions, sculptured among the Egyptian, Hamath, and Mexican hieroglyphics, the meaning of which may perhaps be discovered through a knowledge of sign-language, for the language of the hand is as eloquent as that of the eye, and more easily transferred to pictographs.

Perhaps the most interesting notice of the use of the sign-manual among uncivilised peoples is that given by Catlin in his account of the burial of the Red Indian chief Blackbird. When this famous chieftain died, he was dressed in all his warlike paraphernalia, placed upon his favourite white steed, and, accompanied by all the chief men of his tribe, was led to the top of a hill, where, after various ceremonies, each headman present covered his hand with red paint and stamped it upon the white horse; then they brought earth and stones, and piled them round the living horse and his dead rider till both were buried deep in a great mound of earth; and so the chief was sent to the spirit world fully accoutred for war or hunting, with his good steed beneath him, and the red hands of his lieges to testify that they had been witnesses of his solemn obsequies, and had done their duty by him in thus providing for his wants in another world.

Sir Edwin Arnold in his *India Revisited* speaks of the use of the sign-manual both painted and engraved in India. He says: 'The tank at Amedabad covers seventy-two acres, and is one of the largest in India. On a temple near its farther extremity was stamped the impress of a hand in red ochre, which marks where a Suti had perished in the flames. The gates of cities and the walls of burning ghats often bear the same token.' And again he writes: 'Half-way up the ascent to the holy hill [Poona] is seen a stone memorial of a Suti with the usual hand, arm, and footmark engraved, which show that a Hindu widow here immolated herself.'

The hand in the instances given above signifies or is associated with death; but Squier, writing of painted rocks in Nicaragua, says: 'The red hand is frequently repeated, as in Yucatan, representing there Kab-ul, the author of Life, and god of the working hand.' But whether denoting life or death, it is undoubtedly always employed as a witness, whether of creation or destruction, denoting that the owners of these painted or engraved symbols were present at such an event, and leave to posterity their hands as a token thereof.

Strange it is that this ancient prehistoric use of the hand should have descended to this nineteenth century to be now used as a scientific register of identity; yet so it is. Mr Francis Galton has for a long time been engaged in studying the markings of the finger-tips when transferred to paper, and has given to many learned Societies the results of his investigations. He finds that the markings of the fingers are never

alike in two persons, that they retain from infancy to age the same markings, varied only by the growth of the individual; so that the impression of the two thumbs of man, woman, or child may be more confidently relied upon as a witness of identity than any handwriting or other testimony; and he declares that had Roger Tichborne left the impression of his thumbs behind him, the Tichborne trial would have been impossible. Mr Galton, however, is not the only worker in this scientific inquiry into finger-marks, for Dr D'Abundo has been studying the subject as of great importance in determining mental capacity. He finds that generally the finger-tips of idiots, instead of varying as those of sane people do, show almost the same markings on all the fingers, and are remarkably smooth, making it difficult to obtain a clear impression. He also found that the thumb-marks of one idiot reproduced almost exactly those of his mother. These researches, trivial as they may seem to the unscientific, will probably lead to great results in the detection and identification of criminals; and perhaps, also, as foreshadowed in Dr D'Abundo's memoir, in the determination of the doubtful sanity of suspected individuals.

This method of identification by thumb-marks is, however, far from being new, for it has been in use for many years in India, where native criminals before their discharge from prison are made to impress their thumbs on the prison register, and can thus be readily recognised if recommitted. In China, also, probably from time immemorial, a similar mode of identification has been and still is in use; and a writer in the *Illustrated London News* last year described the signature to a Chinese passport as consisting of the impression of the hand of the bearer covered with oil-paint, transferred to damp paper, or sometimes of two thumbs only. This is one proof among many of the superior observation of that singularly ingenious race.

There is also but a step between this new science and that very ancient gypsy form of divination known as Chiromancy, or in modern parlance Palmistry. It is evident that if the finger-tips can be relied upon as a witness of identity, the whole hand must be still more reliable as a register of individuality; and if the slight convolutions of the thumbs and fingers denote sanity or imbecility, the deeper markings of the palm of the hand may, and probably do, register the mental and moral calibre of their owner. Whether they can also be made to prophesy of future events, or record the past, must remain doubtful. That they should do so seems most improbable, for if the markings remain the same during life, a record of events thus born with the individual, and as regards marriage, for instance, intermingling intimately with the lives of others, would savour too much of predestination to be accepted by any one who regards man as in any way a free agent. The subject, however, is a curious one, and likely to become much more prominent in the near future, since it has been lifted out of the darkness of superstition into the light of scientific inquiry; and it seems within the bounds of probability that the prehistoric sign-manual may be reverted to, and that at least the impression of the two thumbs may be required to be attached to all



legal documents; instead of or in addition to the usual signature, a duplicate impression being kept as a family register, thus entirely doing away with the risk of forgery.

### THE VISION OF CHARLES XI.

'It is not probable,' said Dr Johnson, 'that two people will be wrong the same way.' But although we cannot accept the above as an axiom—for in that case we should have to accept a great many things beside ghosts and sea-serpents as not improbable—still the saying is not without weight. Wrong we may be—wrong we are, but not wrong in the same way exactly. 'Presentiments are strange things, and so are dreams,' says Currer Bell. 'I never laughed at one in my life.' It is chiefly other people's presentiments, perhaps, which we try to laugh away. Our own, we are usually more tender over. It is an old superstition that 'the arrow seen beforehand slacks its flight;' so we are willing to keep a sharp lookout for any that fortune may be aiming at us unawares. The shadow which a coming event casts on our path is commonly believed to be not so prophetic of immediate imminent danger, or death, as that unaccountable elevation of spirit which has been known, time out of mind, to fore-run a catastrophe. 'My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne' is now a warning rather than a gratulation; for Shakespeare himself tells us 'that against ill chances men are ever merry.'

But to return to Dr Johnson's saying, that it is not probable two people will be wrong the same way. In the instance of 'a coming event' which we are about to relate, it was not two people that were 'wrong the same way'—that is, if they were wrong at all—but four, and one of them was credited with having as little imagination as a Dutch alewife or an English beef-eater. The father of the heroic Charles XII. of Sweden is known in history as one of the most despotic monarchs that ever ruled that country. His temperament was cool and inflexible; his mind enlightened, brave, and essentially practical; and he was firmly attached to the Protestant religion.

On an autumn evening, shortly after the death of his wife Ulrica—a Princess, by the way, whose days were said to have been shortened by his harshness—Charles XI. was sitting before a large fire in the library of his palace at Stockholm. Day by day since his bereavement he had grown more gloomy and taciturn, devoting himself to affairs of State with an industry that bespoke a mind ill at ease. On the evening in question his companions, or attendants, were but two—his favourite Chamberlain, Count Brahé, and his Doctor, Baumgarten. The latter had the reputation of being a sceptic in everything except his own art. The evening wore on; yet the king, who usually retired early, made no sign to his attendants to leave him. With his head sunk deep on his chest and his eyes fixed on the glowing embers, he maintained a profound silence. The Chamberlain had hinted more than once that His Majesty needed repose. Charles signified dissent by a gesture only. Baumgarten ventured at last to speak of the harm vigils bring even to the robust.

'Stay where you are; I am not sleepy,'

muttered the monarch through his clenched teeth.

Several attempts to get up a conversation between the pair of attendants followed, each a more dismal failure than its predecessor. The king was evidently in one of his blackest moods, and the courtiers' task both delicate and difficult.

Brahé, thinking he had fathomed the cause of his sovereign's gloom, gazed fixedly at a portrait of Queen Ulrica that hung above the mantelpiece. Heaving a deep sigh, he said: 'What a splendid likeness!—the mingled dignity and sweetness'—

'Bah!' interrupted the king rudely; 'it is much too flattering. The queen was plain.' Then, as if vexed with himself, he rose and walked about the room, endeavouring to hide feelings of which he was ashamed.

The present palace of the kings of Sweden was not in existence in those days. Charles XI. lived in the old palace at the end of the Rittersholm, facing Lake Mælar. This huge edifice was built in the shape of a horse-shoe; the king's library—from the window of which Charles was now looking—was at one end of the curved wing; the Hall in which the Swedish Estates assembled to receive a message from the Crown was at the other. To the king's surprise, he perceived this Hall to be illuminated. The light might proceed from a servant's flambeau; but what could a servant be about at such an hour in such a place? The Hall had not been opened for months; moreover, the light was too brilliant to come from a single flambeau, and too steady and without smoke for a conflagration. The king gazed at the spectacle some moments in silence, then he summoned his companions by a word to his side. 'What—who is yonder?' he said, pointing to the illuminated windows opposite.

Each declared himself wholly unable to explain or understand the sight; and the Chamberlain would have rung for a page to go and learn its cause, had not the king stopped him.

'I prefer to learn it for myself,' he said; and though his cheek was pale and his face troubled, his step was firm as he left the library, preceded, at his command, by his two attendants, each bearing a light. The warder, an old man, had retired to rest some hours; and his surprise was great when Count Brahé roused him to desire that he would open for the king the door of the Council-chamber immediately.

With a bunch of keys he was soon in readiness, and, at the king's bidding, opened without delay the door of a long gallery leading to the Hall. As they entered it, all stood still: the walls from floor to ceiling were draped in black.

'Who ordered this?' demanded Charles in an angry voice.

'No one, sire,' stammered the warder in amazement. 'All was as usual a week ago, when I swept the gallery; and those hangings'—he turned from them to gaze on the king steadfastly—'they never were in Your Majesty's Store Chamber.'

Charles walked rapidly forward without speaking, closely followed by his three attendants. As they neared the Hall, a brilliant shaft of light shot beneath the double leaves of the great oaken door.

'In God's name, sire,' cried the warder, holding back, 'go no farther! Here is sorcery!'

'Stop, sire!' urged the Count at the same moment. 'Who knows what danger you are braving!'

'Permit me, at least,' added Baumgarten in tremulous tones, 'to fetch hither a company of Your Majesty's grenadiers!'

'Silence!' said Charles sternly.—'Open this door, warder, at once!'

The old man endeavoured to obey, but his fingers shook so that he could not—or perhaps would not—fit the key into the lock.

'An old soldier, and afraid!' said Charles with scorn.—'Come, Count, undo this door for me!'

'Sire, bid me march to the mouth of a German cannon, and I will not hesitate,' protested Brabé; 'but to defy the powers of hell!'

The king snatched the key from the warder's shaking fingers. 'I see,' he said, 'I must be my own seneschal.'

In a moment he had fitted the key, turned it, and thrown wide open both leaves of the ponderous oak portal.

The Hall was ablaze with countless lights; and here, as in the gallery, the old figured tapestry was replaced from roof to floor with hangings of the deepest black. Flags and ensigns hung round the Hall, the trophies of the victories of the great Gustavus—Danish, Russian, and German; but wherever a Swedish flag appeared it was draped in funeral crape. The Hall was filled by a vast assembly, the four Estates sitting in due order of precedence on their accustomed benches, as it appeared, and every person was in deepest mourning. Yet, brilliant as was the light, their pallid faces shone so bewilderingly against the sombre background, that neither of the four witnesses of the scene was able to distinguish a single countenance. Seated on the throne was a blood-stained corpse, arrayed in the robes and decked with the insignia of royalty. At its right hand stood a child, crowned, and bearing an orb and sceptre in his hand. At its left, and leaning for support against the throne, was the phantom of an aged man. Seated at a table beneath the throne were men like judges, robed in black; and between them and the first row of benches stood a block, covered with crape; an axe lay beside it. As the king and his attendants gazed in speechless amazement at the spectacle, the oldest of the judges rose and smote the volume on the table before him three times with his shadowy hand. A side-door opened, and youths richly apparelled and of noble carriage entered. All had their hands bound behind their backs. A thick-set man in a leathern jerkin followed, holding in his hands the ends of the ropes that bound them. As the youth who entered first halted in front of the block—which he seemed to regard with a proud disdain—the corpse on the throne was seen to tremble convulsively. The young man knelt and stretched out his head—the axe flashed—the head fell, rebounded and rolled to the feet of Charles. Hitherto he had stood motionless; but at this fearful sight, the king, gathering his energies, pronounced in a loud voice the formula: 'If ye are of heaven, speak! If of hell, depart, and leave us in peace!'

At the sound of his voice the figures before

him waned and faded, taking the appearance of coloured shadows ere they vanished altogether. Then a voice was heard crying: 'Woe! woe! woe to the House of Vasa!' As it ceased, the mysterious lights disappeared, and those still carried by the Doctor and the Chamberlain fell upon nothing but the empty Council-chamber, its ancient tapestry lightly shaken by the night-wind. A faint sound—resembling, according to one of the witnesses, the vibration of a harp-string broken in the tuning; according to another, the sighing of a breeze among pine-trees—still lingered a short time in the apartment. All agreed as to the length of time the apparition had lasted—that, from beginning to end, it could not have been sustained less than ten minutes.

When the king and his companions regained the library, Charles remained some time lost in thought; then he dictated a precise account of what had been presented to him; his attendants signed it, he also.

Although every precaution was taken to prevent the contents of this document getting abroad, yet even in the king's lifetime they became known. The document itself is said to be still in existence, nor, so far as we are aware, has its authenticity ever been doubted. It ends in the following solemn words: 'If what I have here set down is not the exact truth, I renounce all hopes of that better life which perhaps may be vouchsafed to me for some good actions, and above all for my zeal in working for the happiness of the people entrusted to my care, and in defence of the religion of my forefathers.'

If the circumstances of the death of Gustavus III. and the execution of his assassin, Ankerstroem, be compared with the prophetic vision, they will be seen to correspond closely. The child standing by the royal corpse would be his son and successor, Gustavus Adolphus IV.; while the old man supporting himself by the throne would be the Duke of Sudermania, Regent, and, after the deposition of his nephew, the king of Sweden.

#### FOOTBALL IN MAORILAND.

On the door of the Public Library of the little town of Ohinemutu, the capital of the Hot Lake District of New Zealand, were posted up two notices, one of a match that afternoon between the Rotorua Football Club and the Jubilee Team. I had often heard of the prowess of the Maori footballers since their visit to this country, and resolved to be present. The other notice was somewhat curious. It requested all to take note that the steam launch was forbidden to land passengers at any place on the Lake of Rotorua, 'because it ignores and tramples upon the chief and tribes and the Native Committee of Rotorua.' It was signed by a chairman with a long name, unpronounceable until slowly dissected, on behalf of the 'Great' Native Committee of Rotorua. To add to the formality, there was a small attempt at a seal. It was just the old story of fleecing the tourist, so common to the European districts where that class abounds. This little agitation, however, ended in smoke, the Maoris being brought to a proper comprehension of the fable of the fowl and its golden produce.

The first indication of something unusual was the riding through the town of some half-dozen Maoris, their jackets flying open, displaying their football jerseys, with bands of blue ribbon across like to what may be seen at footraces in this country. They were all well-dressed and handsome men, most of them with more than a touch of white in their colour. Leaving the *Lake Hotel*, I wended my way past the Maori Curiosity Shop and a few Maori huts, out on to the open plain on the road to Oxford. After passing the hotel, a large cloud of steam arises from a patch of tall manuka scrub, betokening the presence of the pools of boiling water for which the district is famous. Paths lead through the scrub and between the pools; but it is a veritable pilgrim's progress to go through it, so many are the traps for the unwary. It is singular how seldom the natives fall into the boiling water. They may be averse to speak of it; but I only heard of one instance, a poor woman, who fell in at Whakarewarewa, and was scalded to death. I was once in the Yellowstone Park, in Wyoming, when a similar accident occurred. A lady tourist slipped into a large pool of boiling water, and was rescued by one of the soldiers who are always hanging about the stations, and who jumped in after her. Both were severely scalded; and I was glad to hear subsequently that the gallant fellow had been very handsomely rewarded. A little stream of hot water flows along the side of the road for some distance, and in it a Maori boy is holding a horse for the cure of a sprained ankle—a pleasant kind of cure both for man and beast. In a little pool of boiling water there is a Maori kettle preparing for afternoon tea; and farther on, on the other side of the stream, a miniature geyser is spurting forth drops of the same fashionable fluid—the boiling water, not the tea. A wooden box or sink with open spars in the bottom, inserted in a pool or steam-hole, serves as a potato pot.

Out along the plain the road runs, passing here and there a cultivated field, but more often the original bracken or manuka scrub, until a little knot of people a short distance off the road, a few horses going loose, and the football posts, indicate the scene of the contest. The football ground, while slightly better than that surrounding, owing either to the treading or cutting down of the bracken, is still very rough, and rather resembles a level bit of moor than the trim football fields at home.

The Rugby game appears to have obtained a firm hold in New Zealand, and I think will always be preferred by the Maoris. They would have a difficulty in acquiring the restraint on the hands which is the peculiarity of the Association game, and which, of all the acquirements of civilisation, appears to be about the last to be learned by savage nations. On the game being started, I find that there are two white young men playing, and to them has been relegated the important post of full back on each side. The others are either pure Maoris or with a more or less Maori ancestry. I was somewhat surprised to see one or two of the natives playing without shoes or stockings; but a continual stripping went on throughout the game, and before the end many of them had nothing on but their knickerbockers, and, as may be imagined, were rather

difficult to hold. The game was perhaps a little rough, but fast and excellently played. It was truly wonderful to see a Maori scudding along with his bare feet on the rough ground, full of broken or cut bracken, and finishing up with a good drop at goal with his bare toes. The only ones who did not go in for stripping were the two whites, and two of the Maoris who had been in the team which had visited England.

The Jubilee Team was a scratch one, got up among old players in the district, and although their individual play was perhaps superior, the combination of the regular Club enabled them to score more points. One of the latter Club—a man conspicuous by a brilliant band of ribbon and a very black beard—in his excitement and in derision, danced about and yelled, 'Oh! the Jubilee, the Jubilee!'—if I mistake not, the burden of a song of the '87. The spectators were few, mostly natives, and all more or less dressed in European costume. A prominent exception, however, was an old Maori with hideously-tattooed face, who is known to strangers as the poet of the village. With the exception of his head-dress, his costume appeared to consist of two shawls or blankets, one worn round his loins and hanging down like a kilt; the other wrapped round his shoulders. His head-dress was a Balmoral bonnet, a relic probably of the war. Giving the usual salutation, 'Tenakoe,' he squatted down beside me, and favoured me with a running commentary in Maori on the game.

Far out on the lake, the island of Mokoia—to which the Maori girl Hinemoa, reversing the order of the old Greek legend, swam to meet her lover—is turning black in the silvery gray water, and conjures up the many romantic stories which cling to it. But football is a hungry thing, especially to the onlooker. The romantic gives way to the practical; and our next thoughts are of a special Maori supper of wild pig and kumara which our host has promised us.

#### FORBEARANCE.

NAY! let it pass!

'Twas but a hasty word,

Unthinking uttered as unwilling heard—

Although upon my ear it strangely jarred,

A lifelong friendship shall not thus be marred;

NAY! let it pass!

NAY! let it pass!

I will not answer so,

Least words on words to greater difference grow;

Unguarded moments come to all—to me

Oft needs the trust of loving charity;

Then let it pass!

Then let it pass,

And not a thought remain

To pain my heart or give another's pain;

Let hearts be true, and let the friendship end

That bears not with the failings of a friend.

Yes! let it pass!

JAMES ROCK.

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## MANNER AND MANNERS.

A MAN'S Manner—like the voice of Jacob—is his own; his Manners are often assumed—like Jacob's coat of skins—to deceive, or at least to pretend to some other character than his own. More insight may be gained into a man's character by observing his manner, even than by noting his actions. For he may do a kind action without being kind, a brave one without being courageous, a charitable one without being benevolent, since Pride, Prudence, Expediency, or Vanity may have dictated them all. But his manner—the manner that clings to him in his dressing-gown and slippers with a pipe between his lips; his manner of helping his family and himself when he carves the joint; his manner at cards, when, his hand being good, he is perceptibly triumphant—and bad, he is visibly cast down and irritable; his manner, when he alters it into 'company manners' on the advent of guests. His manner is the man himself; his manners are probably founded on those of some one he admires or has admired. For seldom do men take the trouble, or have minds original or self-confident enough, to form their own manners. Whatsoever a man's manner may be, then, is of prime importance to himself; while his manners are more important socially. With a kindly, polite, affectionate manner a man may half ruin his family and yet not forfeit their regard. It is the old story: this one, with frank, amiable, hearty manners, may not only enter the field, but remove the horse from it unchallenged; while that one with scowling face, rough voice, and ill-manners—why, his neighbours naturally object to his looking over their hedge.

Though a man have talent, virtue, and good-conduct, if they are coupled with disagreeable manners, he may be respected, feared, obeyed, and—hated. He shows a want of sympathy with the pursuits, the trials, the difficulties, the temptations of those about him, perhaps, and it is wonderful how nearly allied this want of sympathy is to a desire to quarrel, and how quickly

a quarrel spreads beyond the original disputants into factions. Much greater efforts are bestowed nowadays on making young men and women learned and accomplished than on cultivating in them either sympathy in the pursuits of others, or good-temper or geniality; yet neither learning be it ever so profound, nor accomplishments be they ever so brilliant, will bring them or those about them half the happiness that kindly, sympathetic, good-natured manners will diffuse. Nay, so unfitted are many persons for family life or social intercourse, that they will turn their very advantages into means of annoyance to those with whom they live. And this for the want of training in good-manners, the which, if they possessed, they would neither be sour, pedantic, disputatious, over-accurate on the one hand, nor fussy and overwhelmingly gushing on the other.

Wilkes knew the value of good-manners when he avowed that, ugly as he was, he was only half an hour behind the handsomest man in England. Within that space of time, experience had taught him that by his manners he could make up the leeway his appearance and reputation had together lost him. That he made no idle vaunt was proved on one memorable occasion, when his untiring courtesy and insinuating address procured him not only toleration, but answering politeness from one who not only differed from him politically, but, socially, sincerely despised him. This is the more surprising, since it is certain that not only do 'all manners take a tincture from our own,' but that we read the manners of others by our conception of their characters. Thus, the very same words and phrases may give us pleasure or offence according to our estimate of the speaker. That the manners which are admirable in one place appear ridiculous in another, all who know both town and country will easily admit; because, while courtesy is everywhere alike, ceremonies differ infinitely. It is just these surface ceremonies which a well-bred man will be quick to seize and adapt himself to. Swift tells us that it is a principal point of good-

breeding to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men—our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors; it may be added, that as the sword of best-tempered metal is the most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to inferiors.

The chief sources of ill-manners—beside the want of sympathy with other people's pursuits, referred to above, and the *gaucherie* arising from want of early training or from shyness—are pride, ignorance, and ill-nature. If a man arrogantly considers himself the superior of his company, or of some portion of it, he is pretty sure to show that he so considers himself. Or, say, he is ignorant—not of the customs and ceremonies of what a foolish few choose to call 'society,' but ignorant of the measure of deference due to age, sex, sickness, or any other infirmity, he is pretty certain to betray this ignorance by ill-manners. If he be ill-natured, and nourishes a grudge, be sure he will find an opportunity of making the object of his dislike uncomfortably aware of his displeasure. As clever, perhaps, as he is courageous, even the subject of his attack will sometimes yield him a reluctant admiration, while he roars down all opposition, affirming that he cannot furnish his opponents with brains as well as arguments. In fact, like some preachers who will not scruple to assert 'that all right-minded and thoughtful people must agree with them,' he will assure his opponent that, if unconvinced, it is entirely his own infirmity.

But if a man be free of these three defects—pride, ignorance, and ill-nature—let him be placed wherever fortune will, there is no fear but that he will comport himself with the courtesy which is the result at once of good-nature and good-sense; and without which he will be a clown, though he had been a master of ceremonies all his days. In the presence of these two—good-sense and good-nature combined—there is ease and security that not only will our opinions be respected, but even our prejudices and prepossessions will be gently dealt with. Yet, to attain to a generous courtesy, more even than good-sense and good-nature is necessary; some self-denial must be practised, not with a view of obtaining services in return, as some cynics would have us believe, but because a handsome courtesy surely is twice blessed, breeding in return that reciprocal kindness which we conceive of as governing the behaviour of the angels themselves.

Some manners there are, which, like some colours, are not offensive in and by themselves, in their own sphere, or at a distance, but which, placed in juxtaposition with others that neither agree with nor are complementary to them, become glaringly incongruous. Thus, a broad boisterous humour—not without merit in itself, perhaps—obliterates, overpowers, by its native strength and vividness, the tenderer hues of a gentler fancy, just as a brilliant French-blue drawing-room suite, harmless and even handsome in an upholsterer's warehouse, becomes obnoxiously obtrusive in the presence of living and moving figures and colours more subdued. Yet it must be confessed that to the ordinary eye good-breeding is often invisible: like the woman who is too well dressed to attract attention.

Good-manners, no more than wit, genius, learning, or sprightliness, are welcome everywhere. There are innumerable coterie where an affectation of superior refinement, an air of doing and saying, not so much what is right and kind, but the 'correct thing,' what is fancied to be said and done by their superiors in rank or fashion—is much more impressive to the meagre worshippers of the idol caste than the beauty of courtesy itself would be. Indeed, so little do they understand it, that the extra politeness assumed sometimes to keep presumptuous folks at a distance will be put down by them to their own exceeding merits, and a cool reserve is met with a ridiculous assumption of condescension, as though to set us at our ease.

While good-nature is like bread—the staff of everyday life—manners that are superficial and exaggerated are like the paint and powder on the face of a handsome woman, not merely needless, but impairing what they are supposed foolishly to improve. The idea of their own importance is strongest in the weakest frames: they will think themselves great because they think little of their associates, valuing themselves principally on little niceties, affectations, and fantastical mannerisms, laborious frivolities. For a man to be satisfied with the approval of his coterie, even though accompanied by his own secret dissatisfaction, is the mark of a small mind; while for him to be satisfied with his own behaviour, even though it be condemned by his little circle, argues a soul of no common stamp.

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

### CHAPTER XVII.—IN SEARCH OF AN ANCESTOR.

Dick's first year at the Pipe-roll was anything but a lazy one. Opulence in the shape of two hundred and fifty a year came to him with the encumbrance of plenty to do for it. He had the office routine to learn, and rolls and tallies to decipher, and endless household difficulties of his own to meet, and all the children's schooling and other arrangements to look after. It was still a struggle. But by dint of hard work and pinching, with Maud's able assistance, things came straight in the end somehow. Dick got a pupil or two in his spare time—happier men than himself, who were going up under luckier auspices to Oxford; for, though Dick put the best face upon it, still, it was a pull leaving that beloved university without a degree. However, the year wore on, as most years wear on, good, bad, or indifferent; and Mary Tudor, too, left her place at Chiddingwick rectory, and got another one, better paid, with nice people in Westminster. She was a constant Sunday visitor at the Plantagenets' rooms; and so, in vacation, was Archie Gillespie, whose unflinching devotion to his college friend struck Dick every day as something truly remarkable. Brothers are so dense. Maud smiled at him often. If he had paid a quarter the attention to any other girl that Archie paid her, how instantly she would have perceived it! But Dick, dear Dick, never seemed to suspect that Archie could come for

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anything else on earth except to talk over the affairs of the family with him. And yet, men consider women the inferior creatures!

Much of Dick's spare time, however—for, being a very busy man, of course he had often spare time on his hands, amounting frequently to as much as half an hour together—was spent in a curious yet congenial occupation—the laborious hunting-up of the Plantagenet pedigree. A certain insane desire to connect his family with the old royal House of England pursued Dick through life, and made him look upon this purely useless and ornamental object as though it were a matter of the gravest practical importance. Maud felt its gravity, too, quite as much as her brother; it was an almost inevitable result, indeed, of their peculiar up-bringing. Every man has necessarily what the French call, well, 'the defects of his qualities'—faults which are either the correlatives or the excess of his particular virtues. Now, the Plantagenets had preserved their strong sense of self-respect and many other valuable personal characteristics under trying circumstances, by dint of this self-same family pride; it was almost necessary, therefore, that when Dick found himself in a position to prove, as he thought, the goodness of his claim to represent in our day the old Plantagenet stock, he should prosecute the research after the missing links with all the innate energy of his active nature. Mary Tudor, indeed, whose practical common sense was of a different order, sometimes regretted that Dick should waste so much valuable time on so unimportant an object; to her, it seemed a pity that a man whose days were mainly spent in poring over dusty documents in the public service should devote a large part of his evenings as well to poring over other equally dusty documents for a personal and purely sentimental purpose. 'What good will it do you, Dick, even if you do find out you're the rightful heir to the throne of England?' she asked him more than once. 'Parliament won't repeal the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland, and get rid of the Settlement, to make you king, and Maud and Nellie princesses of the blood royal.' Dick admitted that was so; but still, her frivolity shocked him. 'It's a noble inheritance!' he said, with a touch of romance in his voice. 'Surely, Mary, you wouldn't wish me to remain insensible like a log to the proud distinction of so unique an ancestry! They were such *men*, those old Plantagenets! Look at Henry II., for example, who founded our House for most practical purposes; there was a wonderful organiser for you! And Edward I., what a statesman! so far before his age! and the Black Prince—and Edward III.—and Henry V., what strategists! It isn't merely that they were kings, mind you: I don't care about that; since I came to know what really makes a man great, I haven't attached so much importance to the mere fact of their position. But just see what workers the old Plantagenets were in themselves, and how much they did for the building-up of England—and, indeed, of all Britain, if it comes to that, for wasn't Scottish independence itself a direct result of the national opposition to Edward Plantagenet's premature policy of unification? When I think of all those things, I feel a glow of pride: I realise

to myself what a grand heritage it is to be the descendant and representative of such early giants; for there were giants in those days, and no man could then be king unless he had at least a strenuous personality—oftenest, too, unless he were also a real live statesman. Our ancestors themselves knew all that very well; and when one of our line fell short of his ancestral standard, like Edward II. and Richard II., he went soon to the wall, and made way for a stronger. It's not about them I care, nor about mere puling devotees like poor Henry III.: it's my descent from men like those great early organisers, and thinkers, and rulers, who built up the administrative and judicial system we all still live under.'

When he talked like that, Maud thought it was really beautiful! She wondered how Mary could ever be insensible to the romantic charms of such old descent! But there! Mary wasn't a Plantagenet, only a mere Welsh Tudor; and though she was a dear good girl, and as sweet as they're made, how could you expect her to enter fully into the feelings of the real old family? As for Archie Gillespie, he said to Mary more than once: 'Let Dick go his own way, Miss Tudor: it gives him pleasure. He thinks some mysterious good is going to come out of it all for him and his, if he can fill in the missing links in the Plantagenet pedigree. Of course, that's pure moonshine. Still, we must always remember it was the Plantagenet pedigree that gave our Dick his first interest in English history, and so made him what he is; and anything deserves respect which could keep Edmund Plantagenet's children from degenerating, as they would have degenerated, from their father's example, without this inspiring idea of *noblesse oblige*: an idea which has made Dick and Maud—I mean, Miss Plantagenet—hold their heads high through life in spite of their poverty. It can do Dick no harm now to pursue a little further this innocent hobby; it will give him a better insight into the byways and alleys of early English history; and if he can really establish the Plantagenet pedigree throughout, it may serve to call attention to him as a sound historical researcher. Fortunately, he knows what evidence is; and he won't go wrong, therefore, by making heedless assumptions and incredible skips and jumps, like half our genealogists.'

So Dick persevered for fully twelve months in his eager attempt, by hook and by crook, to trace his own family up to Lionel of Clarence, upon whom Mr Plantagenet himself had early fixed—at pure haphazard—as the special transmitter of the Plantagenet blood to the later branches of the House, himself included. The longer Dick worked at it, too, the more confident he became of ultimate success. Step by step turned out right. He had brought the thing down, he told Mary, to a moral certainty; only one link now remained to complete the entire pedigree. That's always the way, it may be mentioned parenthetically, with your doubtful genealogy; there's only one link missing—but unfortunately, that's the link on proof of which the whole chain is dependent. And very naturally, too: for this is how the thing works out. You track your own genealogy, let us say, back to a person named Plantagenet, who



lived some time in the sixteenth century, and with whom you are really and undoubtedly connected by an unbroken and traceable ancestral series. Then you track the family tree of Lionel of Clarence forward, in the opposite direction, to a real and historical Plantagenet who 'flourished,' as the books say, near the end of the fifteenth century. After that you say: 'If my ancestor, the sixteenth-century Plantagenet, turns out to be the son of Lionel's descendant in the fifteenth century—as is extremely probable—why, then, it's all made out—I'm descended direct from Lionel of Clarence; and in any case, don't you see, there's only one link missing!' Wise genealogists usually abstain on purpose from the attempt to hunt up that fatal missing link; they know right well that the safest plan is to assume identity, while efforts at proving it are frequently disastrous. But Dick was still young, and not perhaps otherwise; so once he had brought down the matter to a question of a solitary missing link, he couldn't rest night or day till he had finally settled it.

One evening, he returned home from the office to Maud, overflowing with a new and most important discovery. 'Well, the thing's all but proved, at last,' he cried in a triumphant voice, as he kissed her warmly: 'at least, that is to say, I've found a valuable clue that will decide the matter finally one way or the other. I've discovered a conveyance of the sixteenth century, dated 1533—here's a verbatim copy of it—which describes Thomas Plantagenet, our great-great-grandfather's grandfather, as being really the son of Giles Plantagenet, the missing-link man, who is said in it to have owned a house—and this, you will see, is the new and important point—at Framlingham, in Suffolk. He seems to have been some sort of a petty tradesman. Where Giles first came from, we had till now no means of knowing. But after this clue, all we've got to do next is just to hunt up the local records at Framlingham and find out that this Giles Plantagenet, already known to us, was the son of that Geoffrey Plantagenet of Richmond, in Yorkshire, whom I showed long ago to have been the last traceable descendant of Lionel of Clarence, and concerning whom Lysons says, without a shadow of authority, *decessit sine prole*, he died without issue.'

'It seems rather a leap, though, for those days, doesn't it,' Mary put in timidly, for she dreaded the effect of a disappointment upon Dick's nervous nature, 'from Richmond to Framlingham? I thought people rarely went then much beyond their own county.'

'That was true, no doubt, for the middle and lower classes,' Dick answered with a faint tinge of Plantagenet pride in his voice; 'but hardly even then, I should say, for people of such distinction as Geoffrey Plantagenet. Gentlemen of high rank, and members of the peerage and the royal family, had manors, you know, in many different counties, and moved on from one to another from time to time, or left them about by will to various sons and daughters. We mustn't judge such great folk by the common analogies of ordinary people.'

'Still, Dick,' Maud interposed, a little startled herself, 'even if Mary's objection doesn't hold good, it *does* seem a little odd, doesn't it, that Giles Plantagenet should be a petty tradesman

at Framlingham, if he was really the son of such a man as Geoffrey, whom we know to have been a county gentleman of distinction in Yorkshire?'

'I don't think so at all,' Dick answered with a little surprise. 'In those days, you see, Maud, when there was no middle class, people went up and down easily. Attainder was so common, and loss of estates such an every-day occurrence, that the vicissitudes of families must often have been much more rapid and startling than nowadays. However, it's no use arguing beforehand about a plain question of fact. It was so, or it wasn't. I shall soon find out which. The records are almost sure to be preserved at Framlingham, because it was the seat of the Howards; and I shall go down there next Bank Holiday and settle the question. After that, I'll publish the result of my search; and then nobody will ever be able to say in future we made a false pretence of being real royal Plantagenets.'

He spoke so confidently that he really frightened poor Mary. She couldn't help thinking what a terrible shock it would be to him if by any chance he should turn out after all to be mistaken, and if Giles Plantagenet should prove to be other than the son of Geoffrey.

So real did this danger appear to her, indeed, that as Bank Holiday approached, and Dick talked more and more certainly of his visit to Framlingham, she spoke quite seriously on the matter to Maud. 'Do you know, dear,' she said, taking her friend's hand, 'if I could have got away for the day, I'd go right down to Framlingham with him, though it seems to me a dreadful waste of money for so useless a purpose.'—At that, Maud's eyes flashed; poor dear Mary! she never *would* understand the feelings of a Plantagenet. 'What I feel is this,' Mary went on, all unheeding. 'I'm obliged to stop at home that day with the children; but I wish I could go: for if by any chance it should happen to turn out that Dick was mistaken after all, and Giles Plantagenet *wasn't* the son of Geoffrey, I'm afraid the shock would quite unman him for the moment, and I hardly know what he might be tempted to do in the first keen sense of intense disappointment.'

Maud's lip curled slightly. Nursery governess as she was, the old dancing-master's daughter had all the pride of a duchess—and why not, indeed, since she was a princess of the blood royal? 'Oh, that wouldn't make any difference, dear,' she answered confidently. 'We *are* Plantagenets, don't you see? and if we don't happen to be descended from that particular man Geoffrey, we must be descended through some other member of the Plantagenet family. My poor father was sure of it; and it's always been known in Yorkshire for many generations.'

However, Mary was so urgent, and so afraid of the consequences of a sudden disappointment—for she knew Dick's nature, and loved him dearly—that at last Maud consented to accompany her brother on his projected trip, and guard him against the results of an impossible failure.

Bank Holiday came, in due time—a lovely summer day; and Dick and Maud went down together by cheap train to Framlingham. The banks by the side of the rail were thick with flowers. They reached there early in the day,

and Dick called upon the rector at once, sending in his card with name and address at the Pipe-rolls. As he expected, that introduction amply sufficed him. Nor was he disappointed about the preservation of the Framlingham records. The church possessed a singularly perfect collection of baptismal and marriage entries from the beginning of the fifteenth century onward. In less than half an hour, Dick was thick in their midst, turning over the dusty leaves of those worn old books with all the eagerness and enthusiasm of a born genealogist.

Maud sat with him for a while in the gloom of that dimly-lighted chancel; but after half an hour or more of hunting page by page, her patience began to give out, and she proposed to stroll away towards the castle ruins, and return a little later to see how Dick progressed with his quest after ancestors. Dick acquiesced readily enough, and Maud went off by herself down the leafy lane that leads straight to the castle.

For some time she amused herself in the deep hollow of the moat, and walked round the great circuit of the frowning rampart. It was a splendid ruin, she thought, the finest she had seen. Then she mounted the broken wall, and looked out upon the wide plain, and admired the beautiful view of the church and village. A flag floated from the tower, as if in honour of Dick's presence. At last, as lunch-time approached, she lounged back lazily to Dick. They had brought their own bread and cheese and a few sandwiches with them, and she had picked out mentally a cool spot under the spreading chestnuts which seemed to her the very place in which to make their impromptu picnic. So she opened the church door in very good spirits, for the fresh country air had exhilarated her like champagne after so long a spell of that dusty London; and she went straight to the chancel where she had left poor Dick an hour before among his tattered registers.

As she drew near, a sudden terror rushed over her unexpectedly. What on earth could this mean? Dick was gazing at the books with an ashen-white face, and with eyes that fairly started out of their sockets for staring. He raised his head and looked at her. He couldn't speak for horror. With one hand he beckoned his sister mysteriously to his side; then he moistened his lips at last and pointed with one accusing finger to the entries. 'Look there, Maud,' he faltered with a painful effort; and Maud looked where he bid her.

It was a mongrel entry, half Latin, half English: 'Die 14 Junii, anno 1498, Giles, the son of Richard Plantagenet, cobbler, and of Joan, uxoris eius, huius parochie.'

Maud glanced at the words herself with a certain vague sense of terror. 'But perhaps,' she cried, 'after all, this Richard Plantagenet himself was of royal ancestry.'

Dick shook his head with a terrible, a despondent shake. He knew when he was beaten. 'Oh no,' he answered aloud, though he could hardly frame the words. 'I know what I say. I've found out all about this Richard Plantagenet, Maud. He was the ancestor of the other people—the false Plantagenets, don't you know, the Sheffield family who left the money. He never was a true Plantagenet in any way at all.

It was only a nickname. He acted the parts of the Plantagenet kings, one after the other, in a masque or pageant, and was known from that time by pure fun as Richard Plantagenet. But that was in London; and we didn't know till now he was ever settled at Framlingham.'

'And *must* we be descended from him, Dick?' She asked it piteously, pleadingly.

'Oh, Maud, yes, we must. There's no other way out of it. I've worked up the whole thing so thoroughly now—to my own destruction. I know all about him. His real name was Muggins; and that's *our* real name too; and this book—this horrid book gives all the facts necessary to prove our descent from him; and the Sheffield people's too, who are really our cousins.'

He said it with utter despondency. The truth was wrenched out of him. Maud clasped her white hands and looked hard at poor Dick. This disillusion was just as terrible for her as for him. 'You're quite, quite sure?' she murmured once more in a voice of pure agony.

'Yes, quite, quite sure,' Dick answered with a tremor, but with manful persistence. 'There can't be a doubt of it. I knew everything about this wretched creature before, except that he was a Framlingham man; and there are entries here in the book—you can see them for yourself—that leave no shadow of doubt anywhere about the fellow's identity.—Maud, Maud, it's been all a foolish, foolish dream. We are not—we never were—real royal Plantagenets!'

Maud looked down at the ground and burst into hot tears. 'Then I'll never marry Archie,' she cried. 'Never, never, never! I'll never ask him to take a mere nobody from Chiddingwick. My pride wouldn't allow it—my pride would stand in the way: for I'm as proud as before, Dick, though I'm *not* a Plantagenet!'

#### THE STAGE 'DRESSER' OF LAST CENTURY.

THE poverty of theatrical 'properties' and scenery in the early part of last century is ridiculed in the *Tatler* of 16th July 1709, which professes to give an inventory of the 'movables of Christopher Rich, Esq.,' who is described as 'breaking up housekeeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening'—the theatrical hours of the period. Among them we find—'spirits of right Nantz brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions; one shower of snow in the whitest French paper; a sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the tenth bigger than ordinary and a little damaged; a new moon something decayed; an imperial mantle made for Cyrus the Great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Harry the Eighth, and Signor Valentini; a serpent to sting Cleopatra; the complexion of a murderer in a bandbox, consisting of a large piece of burnt cork and a coal-black peruke; a suit of clothes for a ghost, viz., a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet holes upon the breast.'

To John Philip Kemble belongs the credit of being the first theatrical manager who laid the

foundation of that improvement in scenery and scenic effect which we have seen brought to such perfection in our own day. Boaden the dramatist, one of Kemble's biographers, tells us there were persons still living in his time who could remember the miserable 'pairs of flats which used to clap together on even the stage trodden by Mr Garrick; architecture without selection or propriety; a hall, a castle, or a chamber, or a cut wood of which all the verdure seemed to have been washed away.' This brings him to the improvements in costume, scenery, and scenic effect wrought by John Philip, on the subject of which Boaden, who is not always as clear as he might be, concludes his observations with a very strange remark: 'Unquestionably, all the youth, all the uniformity, all the splendour, and the costume of the stage came in, but did not die with Mr Kemble.' This was written in 1825. Boaden's meaning appears to be that, great as were the improvements introduced by Kemble, they were, after all, the mere commencement of a new era. We who live in 1892 and have seen the perfection to which stage costume, scenery, and machinery have been brought during the last quarter of a century, can unhesitatingly endorse the truth of that opinion.

It was not until Kemble's time that attention began to be given to the correct costume of theatrical characters. Our great-great-grandfathers did not trouble themselves to inquire whether David Garrick was dressed in accordance with the times in which the characters he represented were supposed to live, or in harmony with their probable surroundings: all they went to see and hear was David Garrick. This should be borne in mind when considering the ability of a man like Garrick; for the power which, in spite of the disadvantages of wretched scenery, 'properties,' and incorrect costume, could rivet the attention, must have been of necessity very great. The 'dressing' of Shakespearean characters in the eighteenth century would make us laugh in these days. Garrick in the character of Macbeth was accustomed to wear a court suit of scarlet and gold lace, with—in the later scenes of the tragedy—'a wig as large as any now worn'—I am here quoting Lee Lewis—'by the gravest of our Barons of the Exchequer.' This was the costume adopted and followed by other Macbeths of the time. A picture by Dawes represents Garrick in the fighting scenes of the play wearing a sort of Spanish dress, slashed trunks, a breast-plate, and—Heaven save the mark!—a high-crowned hat. To dress Macbeth after this fashion would be at least as absurd as if we were to put a pair of top-boots on the sturdy legs, and a 'stove-pipe' hat on the grizzled locks of Oliver the Protector.

It is not improbable that Garrick himself saw the absurdity of this method of 'dressing' a semi-barbaric warrior, and his reason for continuing to do so has been given by more than one authority. A friend is said to have remonstrated with him on the absurdity of the costume, and suggested the almost equally incongruous alternative of a Highland dress. 'It is only thirty years ago,' said David, 'that the Pretender was in England. Party spirit runs so high that if I were to put on tartan, I should be hissed off the stage, and perhaps the house would be pulled

down.' To those who know anything of the strong party feeling of the period and the rough-and-ready audiences of the last century, this reported answer seems to carry on the face of it the stamp of truth.

It is noteworthy, however, that when Kemble played Macbeth at Edinburgh, on the occasion of his farewell benefit, he wore a Highland dress. Sir Walter Scott tells us: 'We divested his bonnet of sundry huge bunches of black feathers which made it look like an undertaker's cushion;' in other words, the classical John Philip had 'dressed' the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy in the well-known habiliments of the Highlander of the snuff-shop. Sir Walter knew this perfectly well; and by his advice and by his hands the feathers were replaced 'with a single broad feather of an eagle sloping across' the actor's 'noble brow. He told us afterwards,' says the novelist, 'that the change to him was worth three distinct rounds of applause as he came forward in this improved and *more genuine headgear*.' The italics are ours. Even Sir Walter does not seem to have been struck with the absurdity of an 'improvement' which was merely a mistake in another direction. As a matter of fact, Macbeth was never dressed to the taste of antiquarian critics until the revival of the tragedy by Mr Phelps at Sadler's Wells in 1847, and by Mr Charles Kean at the Princess's some few years later. The date of Macbeth's death is fixed at the year 1057, and the costumes selected on these occasions were those of the eleventh century.

Grotesque as was his 'dressing' of Macbeth, the costume in which David Garrick and his successors were accustomed to array Othello was certainly not less remarkable. Before Kemble's time, Othello usually presented himself in 'a stiff skirted coat, white breeches, waistcoat, white full-bottomed wig, and three-cornered cocked-hat.' If to this remarkable costume, which the reader should perhaps be told was the uniform of a British general officer of the period, you add Othello's blackened face, you have a result which in these days could only be realised by a Moore and Burgess Minstrel. Occasionally, however, Othello was habited in a semi-eastern costume—a Moorish jacket and trousers—which, if not so absolutely preposterous as the other, must strike any one only slightly acquainted with European or Venetian history as ridiculous and absurd. 'The general of an Italian state,' says James Boaden, with something approaching to historical accuracy, 'would wear its uniform; he would never be indulged with the privilege of strutting about like "a malignant and a turban'd Turk" at the head of a Christian army.' Kemble was the first to knock over these ridiculous and absurd stage notions. 'He searched,' says Donaldson, 'the surroundings and paintings of former ages, and had the historical drama dressed in the proper costume of its period.' The statement is a little too wide and comprehensive to be strictly accurate, a fact which in no way detracts from the merit due to John Philip as an earnest and intelligent stage reformer.

The stage is made up of contrast—tragedy, comedy; melodrama and burlesque: to change to a lighter subject is strictly within the area of my theme, because it serves to illustrate in



another direction some of the changes which have taken place in theatrical costume. Joseph Grimaldi was the inventor of the present clown's dress. Before Joey's time, the clown—in costume, but in nothing else—was a sort of English Pierrot, an impossible combination, and a necessary failure. Joey seems to have recognised the fact that English low humour was unsuited to a Frenchman's dress, and that between the Pierrot—a 'personnage de carnaval'—and an English clown there was, and could be, very little in common. He broke up, therefore, the blank white of Pierrot's dress with the variegated spots, stars, and patches to which we are now accustomed. But Grimaldi in his own particular line, narrow as it was, was a man of inventive resource—to some extent a genius. Nearly all the so-called 'comic business' is of his invention. The Harlequin—probably without knowing it—continued to dress himself à la Watteau until the year one of the present century, when James Byrne, father of the late Oscar Byrne, introduced a change. In the pantomime of 'Harlequin Amulet, or the Magic of Mona,' produced at Drury Lane, he appeared as Harlequin, in a tightly-fitting white silk shape, into which the well-known coloured silk patches were woven, the whole being profusely covered with spangles, and presenting an unusually sparkling appearance. This is the costume worn by all the Harlequins of the present day.

## THE IRONY OF FATE.

### CHAPTER III.—MAJOR BOWYER.

It was the day following her father's death. Arabella and her aunt were sitting in the drawing-room, waiting the arrival of her uncle. Presently the hall bell rang; there was a bustle on the stairs, and then the door was flung open and the footman announced 'Major Bowyer.'

Most people thought the Major a genial, kind-hearted man. He was of commanding presence, tall, and remarkably handsome; had a fine figure, fine features, and a florid complexion. These, with his debonaire manner and a soft melodious voice, made him a general favourite in society, especially with the fair sex. He entered the room with a cheerful salutation to both his sister-in-law and niece, and though he put on a pleasant smile, he in reality was not in the best of humours. On his way down in the train the death of Mr Alsworth had been a topic of conversation; and his first impression was that, as he knew that the deceased had appointed him sole executor and trustee, his position would not be an unpleasant one. Arabella was a handsome girl, and to have such a fine young creature under his control for the next two years at least, and also to have the management of her property, was not at all disagreeable. But presently something was said about large losses and consequent embarrassment, and then things assumed an entirely different aspect. The idea of having his niece dependent on him, instead of his having the command of her thousands, was a state of things he had never contemplated; and consequently, when he arrived at Netley Lodge, his temper was somewhat ruffled. But he was too

politic a man to let either Arabella or Miss Mortimer know his thoughts; so he smiled graciously on the former, and kissed her affectionately; and then approaching the latter, he said: 'Well, Betsy, how do you do?' and stretching out his hand indifferently, he continued: 'Glad to see you looking so well.'

Miss Mortimer and the Major had never been on particularly friendly terms; but, in her present position, she was very glad that Arabella should have some one to help and advise her more competent than herself; so she replied: 'Thank you, Robert. Thank you very much for coming. In this melancholy business, you will be a great help to my poor Bella.'

'Certainly, certainly! I shall do all I can,' he replied airily. 'But what is this I heard in the train about losses and embarrassment?'

Arabella shook her head. 'We are almost as much in the dark as you are, my dear uncle,' she said. 'All we know for certain is that papa's stockbroker has absconded, taking with him twenty-seven thousand pounds of his money.'

'What! That rascal Sinclair?'

'Yes.'

'But surely the loss of twenty-seven thousand pounds would not mean ruin. Can't you tell me anything more?'

'No; I have written to Mr Ainsley—that's papa's lawyer—and informed him of the sad event; and he replied that, if I would let him know the day appointed for the funeral, he would come down and bring the will and the papers with him. I don't know much about it; but I thought from the tone of the letter that things might turn out better than we expected.'

'I hope and trust, for your sake, my dear, that they may.—But now, what about dinner?'

'We dine at six,' she replied; 'and'—looking at her watch—'it is now half-past five.'

'Well, then, I'll go and dress. I suppose they have taken my luggage up.' And, to Miss Mortimer's inexpressible relief, he rose and left the room, accompanied by Arabella, who volunteered to show him to his apartments.

'What a wretched, cold-hearted creature!' murmured the soft-hearted lady. 'Not a word of sympathy or comfort to the poor child, nothing but money.'

The dinner was over; the ladies had retired, and Major Bowyer was sitting by the fire sipping some of Mr Alsworth's choicest Burgundy; and he felt quite comfortable and quite at his ease. The ill-humour with which he had entered the house, the natural result of bad news and a journey on a winter's day, had yielded to the agreeable influence of the house. He was, too, greatly pleased with his niece. Even if the state of affairs turned out as everybody seemed to imagine they would, he was beginning to think that to have so fine and graceful a girl as a member of his establishment would be no such unpleasant thing, and certainly would, as an attraction, be worth the expense. So he sat on, smoking and thinking till the Burgundy was finished, and at an early hour went to bed.

The days passed slowly. From the time Major Bowyer entered the house, he, as it were, took command of everything, much to Arabella's satisfaction. Miss Mortimer, however, was not so

well pleased. She knew more of her brother-in-law's character than her niece, and had a vivid recollection of what her dead sister had suffered under his despotic rule.

At last the day of the funeral arrived. Arabella had taken a last look at the placid face of her dear dead father; the coffin had been screwed down; and now the sombre procession was slowly wending its way down the drive. The poor orphan was sitting bathed in tears. She had seen the last of him she had loved so dearly, and who had loved her with an equal if not a stronger passion, and she felt sad and desolate. Presently other thoughts crept into her mind and occupied her brain. She was looking back into the past and musing on the future. Was the happy life she had led to be a thing of the past? Had the sunshine of her life faded and passed away for ever? She sat for some time silent and discouraged, how long she never knew, and then she and Miss Mortimer were summoned to the library to hear the will read. Her uncle met her at the door and conducted her to a seat, and the reading commenced.

#### CHAPTER IV.—SPREADING THE NEWS.

In their own estimation, the Misses Scudamore were not, as some of the inhabitants of Nunsford imagined, selfish, stingy, and narrow-minded; on the contrary, taken at their own apprisement, they were just the reverse, being large-hearted, benevolent, and charitable. It was true that if they distributed tickets for bread and coals, these indispensable commodities were invariably paid for with other people's money. Again, when they had a piece of news, they did not keep it to themselves, but took the earliest opportunity of disseminating it as broadly as possible. There was no newspaper published in Nunsford, and consequently, if the Misses Scudamore had not taken upon themselves the office of 'news-vendor,' nobody would have known anything about anybody's business but their own. If, therefore, the Misses Scudamore looked upon themselves as benefactors to society generally, it is not much to be wondered at.

'There now, Prudence!' said Miss Scudamore; 'that's no idle delusion, that's an undoubted fact.'

'Of course it is,' replied Prudence; 'and I could take my oath to it before a whole bench of magistrates.'

'We'll call in at Mrs Montessor's as we go along and tell her the news. I should think we shall be the first, as the workmen had only just finished when we passed,' said the elder lady.

About ten minutes afterwards they were ushered into Mrs Montessor's morning-room, where they found Miss Puddicombe; and after the usual salutations, Miss Scudamore commenced: 'You've not seen it, of course—it's only just been put up.'

'Seen what?' asked Mrs Montessor.

'The board.'

'What board?'

'The one I told you about—don't you remember?'

'No,' she replied, rather techily.

'Well, then, I'll tell you. It's on the lawn

at Netley Lodge, and it informs the public that this eligible mansion is to be let.'

'Indeed! But I'm not surprised,' said Mrs Montessor. 'After what the poor old man said to me, that is what might have been expected.'

'What did he say?' asked Miss Prudence anxiously.

'He said the state of things was appalling, that men who yesterday thought themselves rich, see ruin and bankruptcy staring them in the face. Meaning, of course, that he was one of them.'

'Ruin and bankruptcy!' cried Miss Scudamore. 'I had no idea it was so bad as that. No wonder the funeral was such a shabby one—no mutes, no feathers, no anything!'

'Ah! I'm really sorry!' sighed Miss Puddicombe; 'they were such nice people, especially Arabella.'

'Do you really think so?' sneered Mrs Montessor; 'I don't. I always thought she was a horrid stuck-up thing, and that the talk about the number of her admirers was all bosh.'

'Talking about admirers,' put in Miss Puddicombe, 'have you heard that Mrs Wallis's son is coming home invalided? They say he went up a river in Africa to release some slaves. He led the party, and behaved most gallantly; and it is expected that he will get his promotion.'

At that moment there came a loud knock at the door, and a moment afterwards Miss Nugent entered, with a newspaper in her hand. 'It's abominable! I never was so deceived in my life!' she exclaimed, as soon as she had shaken hands with Mrs Montessor and Miss Puddicombe.

'What is the matter?' asked Miss Scudamore.

'It's that Bella Alsworth. It's a trick. Read this!' and placing her finger on a paragraph, she handed the paper to Miss Puddicombe.

The kind old lady drew her spectacles from her pocket and wiped them deliberately, adjusted them carefully, spread out the newspaper, and read as follows: 'THE WILL OF MR ALSWORTH OF NUNSFORD.—The will (dated May 9th, 1857) of GEORGE BEDDINGTON ALSWORTH, who died Dec. 17th, was proved at Doctors' Commons on Jan. 23d, by Robert Alexander Bowyer, the sole executor and trustee; and the value of the personal estate was sworn to be under £128,000, the bulk of which is left to his daughter, together with Netley Lodge and all his other house and landed property.'

'Why, then,' cried Miss Scudamore, 'she is, after all, an heiress!'

'Dear, dear,' sighed Miss Puddicombe, 'what a good job!'

'Good job!' blurted Mrs Montessor; 'I think it's scandalous!'

#### CHAPTER V.—A NEW PHASE OF LIFE.

Arabella was sitting alone; her cheeks were flushed, and a beam of inexpressible happiness, such as she had not felt for many a day, lighted her beautiful eyes. He was coming home, was already in England, and she should see him, should be clasped in his arms and pressed to his bosom. There could be no opposition to their marriage now; and her thoughts were full of

sweet visions, the chief figure in which was her sailor lover. So intensely was she engaged with her own thoughts, that she did not hear the footman announce 'Lieutenant Wallis.'

Frank advanced, unheard, through the double drawing-room, and was almost close to her before she saw him. Then, with a joyous cry, she sprang towards him, and was clasped in his arms, and her lips were smothered with kisses.

'Oh, Frank, where did you come from? I think you must have dropped through the ceiling.'

'No, dear; I came in by the door, in the usual orthodox way. But you were so lost in thought you did not hear James announce me.'

'I was thinking of you, dear,' she said shyly, as she nestled close to his side; 'but I did not imagine you had arrived. What train did you come by?'

'I arrived last night by the last train.'

'I'm so glad you are come. We are going away in about a fortnight.'

'Going away! What for?' he asked.

'Oh, it's a whim of my uncle's. He says there is no need to keep up both establishments, and so I am to live with him till I am married. So we are going to let this and go to his place in Devonshire.'

'Does he know of our engagement?'

'No; but now that you are here to help me, I shall tell him at once.'

'Will he make any objection?'

'I don't know. Why should he?'

'Trustees and guardians are sometimes awkward people to deal with. What sort of a man is he?'

'Oh, he seems a kind-hearted sort of man, and, with the exception of letting the house, allows me to do pretty much as I like.'

For a time they sat in silence, a silence both sweet and eloquent, interrupted at times by words of love and tenderness. The picture, as they thus sat, now and again conversing in low soft tones, was a pleasant one. Frank Wallis was a handsome, manly fellow, tall, and stout withal; and, if the calm, resolute eye meant anything, had the courage and daring of a lion. And Arabella, she had never looked more radiantly beautiful. The time they had been separated had developed, in a womanly way, the graces Frank had seen opening in the girl. The liquid softness of her dark-blue eyes, with their long silken lashes, was the same; but the figure, always graceful, had grown more so; the expression of the beautiful mouth had become more firm.

This happy meeting was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Mortimer, from whom Frank received a most cordial welcome.

'And what are they going to do with you, my dear lady?' he asked.

'Not anything. What I shall do with myself I've not decided, except that I shall not live with Major Bowyer,' she said rather curtly.

'He is no favourite of yours, I presume, then?' said Frank.

'No; he's a tyrant; and I shall never forgive his conduct to my poor sister.'

'Tyrant! Oh, aunt!' cried Arabella, 'surely that is rather a harsh judgment. I've seen nothing tyrannical about him.'

'Not yet, my dear; but if you attempt to thwart him, well, then, you'll see!'

'Do you think he will be kind to my dear Bella?' Frank added.

'Yes, certainly, all the while she does as he tells her.'

'Don't worry about me, dear,' she said; 'I'm not afraid of him; besides, he may have improved with age, like old port—grown mellow, you know.'

'Well, my child, we shall see,' she replied; and that ended the conversation, and Frank took his leave.

That same evening, the moment Major Bowyer entered the house, Arabella pounced upon him, crying exultantly: 'Frank has arrived, and he has been to see me!'

'And who is Frank, my dear?' he asked coldly.

'Why, Mr Wallis! Don't you know; don't you understand?'

'No; that I do not. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman.'

'How stupid you are! Don't you know he's my sweetheart—the man I am going to marry!'

The Major gave a start. 'The man you are going to marry!' he exclaimed. 'What nonsense is this?'

'It's not nonsense, uncle,' she replied in an offended tone. 'I've been engaged more than twelve months.'

'And pray, who and what is this Mr Wallis?'

'He's a Lieutenant in the navy.'

'A Lieutenant in the navy!' he exclaimed with a sneer. 'My dear child, I cannot think of allowing you to throw away yourself on a man in such a position.'

'But I'm engaged, and I love him!'

'Then the engagement must be broken off!'

'No, indeed; that it never shall!'

'Yes, it must! I shall do it myself, if you do not.'

'You can't!' she flashed. 'Nobody can put an end to it but myself; and as to your speaking to Frank, it's useless; he would not listen to you.'

'Well, well,' he said in a conciliatory tone; 'we will talk about this another time.'

'I'm afraid I shall have some trouble with this girl,' he mused, as he went up-stairs to his room. 'A Lieutenant in the navy!' he exclaimed mockingly; 'and she will have an income of more than ten thousand a year! No, no; it is Lady Cransford you will have to be, unless I am much mistaken, Miss Arabella. You will find me a very different person to deal with than your good-natured old father. Still, it's a most unexpected and unfortunate *contretemps*. I must get her away from this place as soon as I can.'

When the Major was gone, Arabella sat down to think. She felt there was some trouble in store for her. She did not like her uncle's tone and manner. It was quite evident that he was not favourable to such an alliance as she contemplated. He had spoken contemptuously of Frank as a Lieutenant in the navy. But then a Lieutenant might become a Captain, and a Captain might become an Admiral. She was quite sure that her Frank ought to be an Admiral now, if he had what he deserved. But why did Major Bowyer sneer at a Lieutenant in the navy? He



was a Major now; but he must have been a Lieutenant once, and the navy was as good as the army any day—at least in her estimation.

'Throw herself away on a man in such a position!' That was what he said. What did he expect her to do? Marry a lord? Well, she did not know much about lords; and as to being a Lady, she did not care a fig for it. No, no; Frank was a dear good fellow, and come what might, she would never marry any one but him.

### THE IRISH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION BOARD.

READERS of Irish newspapers for the past two or three months will have had their attention attracted by lists of exhibition-winners, prize-winners, classifications of successful schools, and articles generally, under the above heading. As the name does not address itself much to the intelligence of English and Scottish readers, a short article in explanation may be useful.

Some twelve or thirteen years ago the attention of Parliament was drawn by educationists to the defective condition of Irish middle-class education. Primary schools were scattered abundantly over the land, and of excellent quality, thanks to the highly-endowed Board of National Education; university education was amply provided for, too, in the Dublin University, the Catholic University, and the Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway. But the education of the middle classes, which should act as a feeder for the universities, was almost non-existent. True, there were some grammar-schools, known as the Erasmus Smith's foundations, scattered over the land, but they were very few and widely apart. Moreover, they were mainly Protestant, and youths who were Roman Catholic did not attend them. Such a state of things could not be permitted to continue; and able educationists, who were consulted by the Government, devised the system known as the Intermediate Education.

The Board consists of some six or seven gentlemen of high standing, representing the various denominations. A sum of one million pounds sterling, taken from the disendowed Church of Ireland, was handed over to them, the annual interest of which was to be used for the necessary disbursements. Each year an examination, commencing generally about the 14th of June, is held at one hundred and twenty 'centres' throughout the country. These centres are, in the main, the schools which have sprung into existence since the Intermediate Education Act was passed. At these the candidates for examination attend. These latter are divided into four classes—or 'grades,' as they are more generally called. They consist of Preparatory Grade, youths from twelve to fourteen years of age; Junior Grade, from fourteen to sixteen; Middle Grade, from sixteen to seventeen; and Senior Grade, from seventeen to eighteen. The subjects of examination comprise the full curriculum of a high-class school—Greek, Latin, English Grammar, Composition, English literature, German, French, Italian, Celtic; Euclid, Arithmetic, Algebra, &c.

When the examination is due, 'centre superintendents'—generally selected from the Professors in the various schools—are despatched to the various centres, each entrusted with a box of answer-books—manuscript books of a certain form on which the candidates write their answers—and with a case containing the precious question-papers. To prevent any possible unfairness, the envelopes containing the questions for each day are sealed with the public seal of the Board, which must in nowise be broken; and the envelope can only be opened by cutting along a black line drawn immediately above the seal, which cutting, by the way, must be done in presence of the assembled class, and witnessed by the signatures of one boy from each grade. The periods of examination are from ten to one o'clock and again from three to six. At the termination of each period the student encloses his answer-book in an envelope, seals it, and hands it to the superintendent. It is the duty of this officer each evening to transmit the answer-books to the head office, Hume Street, Dublin.

The examination over and ended, the answer-books are despatched from Hume Street to the different examiners, who go through them and make a tabulated return of the results. This, which generally takes a month, is a period of breathless anxiety and expectancy throughout the country. Students await the record of their merit; Principals, the success or failure of their schools. At last the printed return appears. The names are printed in alphabetical order, and the quantity of marks scored in each subject by each pupil set after his name and totalled.

Now come the innings of students and schools. The first two hundred boys—or thereabouts—in the Junior Grade receive each an exhibition of fifteen pounds per annum, tenable for three years; the first fifty of the Middle Grade receive each an exhibition, tenable for two years, of twenty-five pounds per annum; and the first twenty or so of the Senior Grade receive each an exhibition of forty pounds, tenable for one year. All very substantial recognitions of industry and talent! Those who score next under the exhibitors receive prizes in books to the amount of three and two pounds. The number of these recipients exceeds very considerably that of the former. For those who come after, virtue must be its own reward—they get nothing. In addition to these rewards, special prizes of gold and silver medals, and of sums of ten pounds, are given for distinguished proficiency in particular subjects.

So far for the pupils; now for the schools. For every pupil who has made one hundred days' attendance from the previous 1st November, Results Fees are paid to the Principals of the schools so attended, at the following scale: Junior Grade, two shillings per hundred pass-marks; Middle Grade, two shillings and sixpence; Senior Grade, three shillings. Under this arrangement the school can obtain a maximum grant for each boy in the Junior Grade of five pounds ten shillings; in the Middle Grade, of six pounds ten shillings; and in the Senior Grade, of eight pounds ten shillings.

It will be seen, therefore, that a very considerable stimulus has been added to the energy and industry of both teachers and pupils by the

institution of the Intermediate Education Board. In a poor country like Ireland a sum of forty-five pounds for a boy of, say, fifteen years of age is no inconsiderable prize, and offers a very direct incentive to hard work and earnest study. In like manner, the sums accruing to the schools supply a strong motive-power for assiduous and excellent teaching. Before the Board was established, education in this class of schools—where they at all existed—was given and acquired in a very heedless and perfunctory manner. Now they are brought forth into the full glare of publicity; their merits and defects are noted each year; and it behoves the heads of schools to put their best effort foremost; otherwise, ruin is pretty certain to overtake them. The students will naturally flock to the most successful schools; parents will send their children there; it is the only test open to them of merit and efficiency.

It would exceed the limits of our paper to detail the extraordinary development in education in the rural districts of Ireland which has attended the establishment of this Board. There are some, however, who do not regard this as an unmixed good. They assert that boys whose minds have been elevated by this course of study will return with reluctance—for not all can hope to enter a university course—to the hard work of the farm and the menial duties of their small shops. There may be, and probably is, some truth in this. But, after all, as in the absence of trade and manufactures there is no possibility of their acquiring a knowledge of the one or the other, Irish youths must in the battle of life abroad depend solely on their mental skill and ability; and for this the Intermediate Education system amply fits them. Of good and evil, therefore, the preponderance of weight lies largely with the former.

### A LUCKY CATCH.

WHEN Mrs Spellert left Tripley Hall, on the death of old Squire Hervey—where she had been housekeeper some years before the following events took place—she retired to a small ivy-covered cottage at the end of the little village of Tripley, nearest to the Hall, which cottage belonged to the Squire, as did, in fact, all the village. As she was allowed to live rent free, the Squire also gave permission to Mrs Spellert to eke out her income by taking in as lodgers any respectable persons who came into the neighbourhood for fishing and the like. At the present time she had one lodger, who had, as he affirmed, come for the benefit of his health; and better still for her—as she was imparting to a neighbour who had dropped in for a cup of tea—her lodger had paid a month in advance—and such a pleasant gentleman too. The pity was, however, that he was deformed, he being a hunchback.

'Ay, poor man,' returned Mrs Miller, 'it is a pity; but do you think he will stay any longer than the month?'

'Well,' returned Mrs Spellert, 'he says if the place suits him he will, as he gets plenty of sport in his fishing.'

Their conversation was cut short by the entry of the gentleman in question, who, on seeing Mrs Spellert and her visitor rise, begged of them

not to disturb themselves, and inquired of the landlady what time the mail left the village.

'Six o'clock, sir,' was the answer.

'Thank you. That will do nicely,' said Mr Besley, for such was his name; and passing through the kitchen, he limped up-stairs to his bedroom, he being lame, in addition to his deformity. On arriving there, he quietly locked the door, drew the blind partially down, took off his smoke-coloured spectacles, which was nothing extraordinary, then took off his coat, and with it his hump, which was extraordinary. He then removed his gray beard, which was also false; his limp, too, had disappeared; and he stood a complete metamorphosis from a man apparently about sixty years of age to one really about thirty.

'Phew!' he muttered; 'these things swelter a fellow to death. One good job will be I shall soon have done with them. But now to business. What's about the time? Ha! five o'clock—just nice time to write to Jim before the old lady gets my tea ready.'

What he writes will give us some insight into Mr Thomas Besley's character, and the reason of his visit to this out-of-the-way village of Tripley.

Sept. 28, 18—.

DEAR JIM—All's serene, and everything has worked finely so far. The old lady I am staying with was housekeeper at the Hall, and so I have pumped her well as to the lay of the premises, the back part of which is only separated from this cottage by a thick fir plantation. So I paid a visit there last midnight, dropping quietly out of my room window when all was quiet; so, what with my landlady's garrulousness and my own natural inquisitiveness, I think I know the bearings of the place. We will commence operations at the back of the Hall, where I have made everything right. As we heard, there will be a large gathering of relatives and friends on a visit, to celebrate the son's tenth birthday on Saturday, when there will be a grand display of fireworks, which will be given well to the front of the Hall, for safety, from about half-past eight to ten, which must be our time to sail in. Mare and trap as usual. Tell Tom to make for Tripley, and be in the Downleigh lane not later than half-past nine. You must meet me on the old bridge at seven. More when I see you, as the post goes out so confoundedly early. Hope your arm is better and fit for work.—Yours,

Tom.

The letter was sealed carefully; and then dressing himself for presentation to the outer world, he went down-stairs and into the village post-office.

The next day was spent in fishing; and in due course on Friday morning he received an answer to his letter. It was very brief: 'DEAR TOM—Right you are; will be on the spot. Unfortunately, arm is still painful.—Yours, JIM.'

Mr Besley as he was having his tea on Saturday kindly informed Mrs Spellert 'that he should go and fish for an hour or so that evening; she need not, therefore, stay in on his account, but go to the fireworks with other people. He would get home when they were over.' Mrs Spellert was only too pleased, as

everybody in the village intended going to see the display.

Mr Besley took his way toward the river about six o'clock with rod and creel; but when he got to the river-side he dropped these articles into a ditch hard by and proceeded to his appointment. Coming to the bridge where the road crossed the river, he saw a clerical-looking man standing there, who, on seeing Mr Besley, came down the steps at the side to meet him. He carried a dark leather bag, and was evidently about fifty years old.

'Is all right, Jim?'

'Right as the mail, Tom.'

'And now, my lad, I'll put you right as to the ins and outs of this job,' said Mr Besley. 'As I told you, the house must be cracked from the back. The Hall has been built at two different times, the back part as it now is having formerly been the old Hall. But when the present Squire married he made an addition to the front of the old mansion, then he cut a new road round the front of the new part. The old road is really, therefore, closed and very gloomy.'

'Couldn't be better for us,' interposed Jim.

'Moreover, I find,' continued Mr Besley, 'that when the old man died in the old part, the servants got it into their heads that the rooms were haunted; consequently, they are not used except for lumber. So my plan is this: all the village and the servants will be at the front of the Hall; so we will get into the plantation at the back, and as soon as the first rocket goes up, in we go, and in five minutes on the spoil.'

'Any dogs?' queried Jim.

'Not at the back, anyway. You see, the old house was enclosed by a wall, which is still left, and the enclosure used as a kitchen garden, quite retired from the front. Now, we had better be moving over yonder.'

The pair walked slowly on until they came to the road from which they were to commence operations, and were soon at the back of the Hall, and among the trees out of sight.

'What sort of lock is the outside?' asked Jim.

'Only an old-fashioned one,' said Tom; 'and the house door is no better.'

The bag was now opened, and each man slipped on a pair of rubber shoes. The time was drawing on; so Tom moved across the road, and cautiously but quickly, under the shelter of the overhanging ivy, turned a skeleton key in the lock. Jim was soon at his side; and after listening a moment, both went inside the door, which they then fastened by a piece of board.

'Door opens quietly enough,' whispered Jim.

'I took the liberty to oil them all the night I visited here,' was the ready answer.

The house door was next tried, and soon unlocked.

'Ha!' said Tom, 'there goes half-past eight, and true to time, up goes the first rocket.'

As he spoke, it whizzed skywards. Before the stick could have fallen, they were inside the old Hall; and as it was a dark autumnal evening, they lit their bull's-eyes, disclosing the Hall and the stairs.

'So far, so good, Jim, lad. Now up we go.'

Up they went without the least sound; and were soon at the top of the landing. Here they

turned through another door into what had evidently been the old Squire's bedroom. This room they now left by another door, which opened into a long passage, at the end of which was the dividing door between the old and new parts.

'Now for it,' whispered Tom. 'This is a snip!' (a locked door with the key left in on the opposite side).

An instrument like a fine pair of ladies' grooved curling-irons was produced, which he inserted into the keyhole, and gripping the end of the key firmly, he quietly turned it round and unlocked the door. Had any one on the other side seen the key turn so mysteriously, he might have imagined that of a truth the ghost was about to pay a visit.

In less than ten minutes from the time they opened the outer door, they stood in the new part of the house. Producing another bag from the interior of the one carried, they proceeded along the passage towards the front of the Hall, and took a room to the right for a commencement, which was evidently a ladies' room. They had scarcely entered, however, before the sound of a quick footstep was heard ascending the stairs. Jim suppressed an oath, his companion motioning in dumb show, both dropped behind a cheval glass which stood handy. Whoever was coming, was arrested on the stairs by some one calling: 'Mary, bring Lady Trevor's wrap also, and be quick, or you will miss the next piece.'

'Bother Lady Trevor!' ejaculated Mary, and in another instant she was in the room, came close to the cheval glass, and hurriedly snatched up what she wanted from a lounge in front, and ran down-stairs again.

'Only a minute's delay,' growled Jim; 'but it perhaps means losing a ten-pound note.'

They lost no further time, however, for any valuables that lay handy were swept into their capacious bags. Thus they proceeded through the different rooms with great celerity, proving they were not novices. If a drawer proved awkward, a little persuasion with a small jemmy soon gained an entry, the outside noise drowning theirs.

'This will be about the last room we can venture, Tom,' said his partner. 'What's the time?'

'Just a quarter past nine. I think we had better make a move.'

Looking through a corner of the window, they perceived there were four more pieces to let off in addition to the piece of the evening.

'Many happy returns of the day. Jim, my boy, they won't wish us many happy returns, when they find our little game out.'

'Not exactly,' said Jim with a grin.

They both slipped out of the room, when Tom stopped. 'Jim, from the looks of the fireworks they have to let off, they will be a good hour yet. Are you with me to slip down the back stairs, just for a venture of ten minutes, and getting a bit of plate from the butler's pantry? I think I can spot it directly.'

'In for a penny, in for a pound,' replied Jim, 'Down we go.'

So, leaving the one bag in a recess, they slipped quickly down-stairs, and guided by Tom, who had been enlightened by innocent Mrs Spellert,



soon were packing a goodly quantity of the silver into the bag. They were just thinking of returning, when in the midst of their success they were seemingly to be thwarted, for they heard the outer door open and close, then some one came along the Hall directly for where they were. Jim put his mouth to the other's ear: 'Lay hold quick, if he comes in here!'

'He'—for it was Mr Parker the fat apoplectic old butler—did come in, and to his astonishment he thought the door fell upon him, and he knew no more for the time being.

'We shall be nabbed yet; out with you!' ejaculated Tom, who, notwithstanding he had faced danger many times, felt his legs tremble a little. Just then the Hall clock went the quarter to ten.

The top stair was reached, the first bag taken from its recess, and in another minute they were once more in the Squire's room with a bolt slipped behind them. Here the old proverb was exemplified, 'Much will have more,' by Jim noticing the Squire's old-fashioned silver watch and seals, which were twisted round a nail with a black ribbon near the bed. Jim thought he would have them, but could not very easily detach them from the nail.

'Don't be a fool,' said Tom; 'we shall both be lagged.' But Jim was stubborn, and after a minute's delay, snatched ribbon and nail together, and dropped it amongst the other valuables in the top of his bag, saying as he did so 'that it would weigh with the rest.'

Tom fumed into an oath, and at that they proceeded down-stairs, then outside, and stood once more in the lane.

'How far is it,' inquired Jim, 'to the other bridge?'

'A mile and a half quite, so best leg foremost,' replied Tom.

They had proceeded about half the distance, when suddenly the Hall bell pealed out with a clang, clang through the still night-air. 'There goes the signal,' said Jim. 'They must have found out our game, and my arm feels as if it had started to bleed again. It must be the weight. I am ready to drop the bag. What's to be done?'

Tom ground his teeth in vexation at this, and answering, said: 'The police and every one else, now they have heard that bell, will be coming this way for a short-cut; and these bags will create suspicion. The police station is not far from the bridge. We dare not turn back. As it is, we are bound to meet a dozen perhaps, including police.—I have it. We will sink the swag here in the river; the water's deep, and we will fetch it later on, when things are quieter. Give me some wire, quick.'

A ring of strong wire was quickly produced by Jim, then wound and twisted through the handles of the bags; both were then dropped gently into the water, the wire paid out until they touched bottom. The other end was then fastened round a willow stump partially under the water.

They sprang to their feet. 'Now, Jim, when we meet any one, understand there's a fire at the Hall—the stables will do.'

'Right,' said Jim; and off they set at a good pace. They had left their spoil perhaps a hundred yards when the form of a policeman loomed

up, and a labourer with him. He came up to them at a quick pace, and when he reached them, they could see he was a young beginner in the force.

'Is the sergeant at home, my man?' said Tom, with an officious air, acting as spokesman, which caused the policeman to touch his cap—as the Squire asked us to run round and tell him that the stables were on fire.'

'And I'm blest if I didn't think so, sir, as I was coming along my beat,' was the policeman's reply. 'It's them fireworks, I'll lay a crown.' And added he: 'You'll meet the sergeant; perhaps you'll tell him, sir; I must be off.'

And off he accordingly went with his companion at a run. They met several farm-labourers, and passed them quickly on, with a laconic, 'Stables on fire!' They were soon on the bridge, and there met the police sergeant face to face. Tom was even astute enough to send the sergeant after his man with the same tale.

Breathing freer, they soon put the remaining distance between them, and reaching the lane, gave the signal; and in a few minutes were in the trap and spinning away with Triplet far behind, and Jim almost in a faint with pain from a wound in his arm, the result of a previous midnight raid.

Two days after these events, a long canal boat, similar to those seen any day passing along our inland canals, came slowly along the stretch of water by which Mr Besley and his companion had passed. The boatman was taking his turn at the helm, his wife leading a sorry-looking nag, which towed the boat. He was thinking to himself of the many good fish he had taken from this particular stretch of water, and wishing he had the time for a spin at that moment. Turning his helm sharply at a slight bend, he heard a sudden swish, and a splendid pike, which had been sunning itself, dashed under the pollards which lined the opposite bank, leaving a miniature line of foam on the water.

He uttered an exclamation of astonishment and regret that he had not his boat-hook handy, to have struck it with. 'Twenty pounds if it were an ounce,' he gasped; and, forgetful of his helm, he turned, staring in astonishment at the spot they were slowly leaving, when he suddenly found himself running into the bank. 'I should like a chance at that joker,' thought he, as they went along; and to his joy, when they arrived at the lock, he found they would have to wait until the wharf manager came from his dinner, as he wanted to see him.

'That means a good hour,' said Sam the boatman. 'I'll try my luck.'

Sam quickly got his rod and tackle and was soon on the spot. After a fruitless half-hour, he began to think it would be of no use. 'The beggar ought to be hereabouts,' he grunted as he put on a fresh bait; when, at the end of another ten minutes, just as he thought he heard a halloo, swish, down went his float, and whir went the reel with tremendous velocity.

Sam's legs trembled for the moment; but though excited a little, he knew how to handle his fish. He spent a good half-hour giving him plenty of line, and winding him in whenever he got a chance, groaning in vexation that he

had no one to give him a hand with the gaff hook.

Meanwhile, the wharf manager had grown impatient, and set out after Sam. As soon, however, as he reached him, he forgot to reprimand, and entering into the spirit of the sport, seized the gaff hook, and soon landed the fish.

'Egad, Sam, you're lucky to catch such a beauty. Look at his mouth; he's given somebody some sport—there's half-a-dozen hooks in it!'

'Hallo, Mr Wills, what have you got there?' some one said at the moment; and looking up, the manager saw the Squire. He was equally surprised at Sam's splendid catch, and promptly offered him a sovereign for it, which was accepted. The Squire arranged that Sam should take the fish to the lock-keeper's, where he would send for it from the Hall.

After Sam's departure, the wharf manager inquired whether any further clue had been found as to the burglary.

'None whatever,' answered the Squire, 'beyond the fact that the two men who doubtless committed the robbery came this way, got to the bridge here, deluded the police, who identified one as a Mr Besley; and after that disappeared, no doubt being disguised at the time.'

The Squire now took his way back to the Hall; and when the pike arrived, ordered it to be packed in a hamper and forwarded to a noted firm in the City to be preserved and cased.

Two mornings later, the Squire sat at breakfast; most of his friends had departed, not more chagrined than he at the loss of the valuables. After the more important letters, he carelessly opened the letter of acknowledgment from the firm of taxidermists; but instead of the formal letter, his attention was riveted by the following:

*October —, 18—.*

SIR—Pike received safely, and shall be returned as soon as finished. You will be surprised to learn that on opening the pike we found an old-fashioned silver watch and seals with ribbon attached. On examining it, which from appearance had not been in the stomach very long, we found your late father's name engraved inside. We have therefore forwarded it as we found it, per same post as this letter, trusting you will receive it safely.—Your obedient servants,

BELL & SWIFT.

The package was opened, and the watch identified at once.

'Now, however did the pike get hold of this!' was his exclamation, as he passed the letter to his wife.

She advised that Detective Vean, whom they knew as a clever officer, should be at once telegraphed for. And the suggestion was acted upon.

In a few hours he arrived, and all the facts were laid before him. It did not take him long to arrive at a decision.

'It's as plain as a pikestaff what this precious pair have done. They must have had something to put their plunder in—that is a certainty; but, according to the sergeant and other evidence, the two had nothing of the kind when they were met. Then it remains thus—the alarm came too quickly for them; they had no outlet but to

keep straight on for the bridge; therefore, they have planted their booty until a more convenient time. I propose, then, sir, seeing that the watch came from the river, to explore that first.'

Having obtained the boat hook, he dropped it into the water, and walked slowly along, now and again catching it in a piece of river weed or a submerged willow twig. Thus they proceeded, and with a few such false alarms, were rewarded at length by the boat-hook catching the wire. Stooping down, and giving the hook to the Squire, he exclaimed, as he plunged his arm into the water: 'I think we have got something solid this time.'

Looking around to see that no one was about, he carefully drew up the wire until the bags were nearly at the surface; then, with the Squire's assistance, the two bags were laid on the path, one being partially open.

'That explains how Mr Pike got hold of the watch, sir,' laughed Detective Vean.

Running the water from the bags, and taking one each, they went back to the Hall, the detective begging the Squire not to mention a word to any one that he had recovered the valuables, not even to his friends whose property had been stolen.

'You see, sir, it won't hurt them to wait a little longer, as they will be sure of them eventually, though they don't know it; and I shall almost be sure to capture the thieves when they come for their booty. I will wait until dusk, and then plant these bags again with a few brick ends inside them instead of valuables, and then set a watch.'

Two days afterwards, the Squire was notified by the police that Mr Besley and his associate Jim, who were disguised as farm-labourers, had the night before been taken in the act of putting the bags into their trap.

Detective Vean had done a good piece of work, and he was quite satisfied with that and the Squire's present of a fifty-pound note. He was further satisfied at the assizes, when the pair received sentences of twenty years each, they being old offenders.

The look of astonishment each offender gave was a study, when the facts of the pike and watch were given in evidence; and when they turned and left the dock, Jim's expression was: 'Well, I'm blowed! A splendid job like that spoiled, and us lagged for twenty years all through a blessed pike!'

### STORY OF A FRENCH INVASION.

THAT the sacred soil of the British Islands was desecrated by a French campaign within a hundred years ago is known to comparatively few; fewer still are acquainted with the details, English historians contenting themselves generally with a bare mention of the fact. Although the occurrences about to be narrated took place in the west of Ireland, yet they were of so extraordinary a nature that a history of them will be found interesting.

By way of preface, it may be necessary to say that the Irish rebellion of 1798 had just been suppressed, and although during the rising the

Irish had looked to France for aid, for one reason or other it had not been forthcoming, until, fortunately for the British Government, it was too late. On the 22d of August 1798, as the Bishop of Killala, County Mayo, was holding a visitation of his clergy at his residence there, three frigates, two of forty-four guns and one of thirty-eight, under English colours, entered the bay and dropped anchor. Two of the Bishop's sons and the Port Surveyor rowed out to the ships with the intention of boarding them; on doing so, they were informed, to their great astonishment, that they were the prisoners of the French Republic. The same evening about three hundred French troops were landed and immediately advanced on the town. Notice was instantly sent off to Ballina, seven miles to the southward, where a small English force was stationed; and meanwhile the garrison, composed of yeomanry and fencibles to the number of fifty, gallantly advanced to meet the invaders. Being overwhelmed by numbers, however, and losing two of their party by a fusillade from the French, they turned and fled, twenty of them being taken prisoners. Thus the French effected a landing and gained possession of Killala. The whole forces of the French were now landed, consisting of about eleven hundred officers and men with two guns, under General Humbert; but they calculated on being joined by the Irish malcontents, for whom they had brought arms and uniforms. Next morning, an advanced column of one hundred men, of whom forty were mounted on horses 'requisitioned' for the purpose, advanced on Ballina, and were soon followed by the main body. On the evening of the 25th they entered Ballina, the garrison of which fled after a faint resistance. Here several hundred Irish joined the standard of the 'Liberators,' making, together with those who had joined since the landing of the French, about fourteen hundred auxiliaries. Humbert, encouraged by these additions to his forces, determined not to give them any time for reflection; but advanced at once on Castlebar, the chief town of Mayo, where a large British force was stationed.

The troops at Castlebar, made up mostly of militia and yeomanry, in a bad state of discipline, numbered about four thousand, with fourteen guns, under General Hutchinson; but at the last moment General Lake, as senior officer, took over the command, which occasioned great discontent and some confusion among the troops. The French were expected to advance by the main road from Ballina, on which a force had been stationed to watch them, and the British dispositions were made accordingly; but Humbert, who was a veteran in the art of war, chose a road by which he was not expected, namely, to the west by the Pass of Barnagee, which had been considered impassable, and so came upon the British on their left flank. When Humbert came in sight of the formidable array opposed to him, he concluded that surrender must be his fate; but, all the same, determined to make at least some show of resistance. The English, on the other hand, had been taken unawares; and,

surprised by the flank movement of the French, had hastily to take up a new position about a mile from their former one. This, and the warlike appearance of the French troops, did not tend to increase their confidence. The French advanced on the right and left of the English position in small bodies amid a cloud of smoke, and under a smart fusillade and hot fire from the English artillery, which, however, did not check their advance. The English, becoming alarmed at the unusual tactics of the French, and by a movement to turn their left, which unfortunately was undefended, retreated, were seized with panic, broke, and fled in confusion through the town, cavalry and infantry mixed in wild disorder. A more disgraceful defeat had, in short, seldom befallen the British arms. Artillery, ammunition, arms, and everything that could impede their flight were abandoned to the enemy. On they fled to Tuam, thirty-eight miles from the field of battle. After a short rest, they posted on again towards Athlone, where an officer of carabineers and sixty men arrived at one o'clock on Tuesday the 28th, having performed a march of eighty miles in twenty-seven hours, a no small achievement if it had been for a better purpose. It is impossible to say where the fugitives might have stopped if their flight had not been arrested at Athlone by the arrival of the Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, of Yorktown fame. This marvellous flight was derisively called by the Irish, 'the Races of Castlebar.'

The French now took possession of Castlebar, the only resistance offered them being from a small body of Highlanders, who chose rather to face the enemy than join in a disgraceful flight. The losses of the English, in killed, wounded, and missing were said to be about three hundred and fifty.

The French celebrated their victory in a characteristic fashion: the officers gave a ball and supper to the ladies of the town; and so well did they deport themselves that they very soon became general favourites. But business had to be attended to as well as pleasure. Having by his victory gained possession of Mayo, Humbert immediately established a Provisional Government and formed districts, over each of which he placed a magistrate; and, to make all complete, appointed a Mr Moore, a gentleman of the district, as Provisional President. Proclamations were issued in the name of the Irish Republic, and supplies, &c. were paid for with notes on the Irish Directory. Having made all ship-shape and done everything calculated to impress the natives with a sense of the power of their allies, the next move had to be considered, for Humbert very well knew that he would not long be allowed to remain in undisturbed security.

While Humbert was thus busily employed in providing a constitution for the new republic, the Viceroy was becoming alive to the gravity of the situation. The malcontents, encouraged by the successes of the French, were threatening to assemble in large numbers, with the ultimate design, it was said, of joining the French and marching on Dublin. On receiving news of the defeat at Castlebar, Cornwallis hastened by forced marches in the direction of that town. He arrived on the 4th of September at Hollymount,



fourteen miles from Castlebar, and was preparing to advance, when he received information that the French had abandoned their position and had marched in the direction of Foxford.

Humbert's position was critical; his Irish auxiliaries, additional numbers of whom had joined him since his victory, could not be depended on—were, in fact, utterly useless, some of them, indeed, never having seen a gun before. He knew that at the slightest check they would desert him; they had a too lively recollection of the horrors of the late rebellion. Humbert had, in short, expected to receive more substantial aid from the Irish; he had also expected reinforcements from France, but now saw that they could not arrive in time to do him any good. Nevertheless, he determined to do his duty, and prolong the campaign as far as possible. He therefore abandoned Castlebar on the 4th of September, and turned north-east towards Foxford, with the intention of reaching Sligo, where he had a faint hope his reinforcements might yet land. Humbert now found himself followed by two bodies of troops, one under Colonel Crawford, and another under General Lake, which hung upon and harassed his rear. A third, under General Moore—afterwards Sir John—watched him at a distance; while Cornwallis with the main army marched parallel with him towards Carrick-on-Shannon. As if this were not enough, on reaching Colooney on the 5th, about forty miles north-east from Castlebar, Humbert found himself confronted by a fifth force, under Colonel Verreker, of the Limerick militia, with a force of three hundred and thirty men and two curriele guns. A fierce and obstinate fight ensued—this was indeed the only real battle of the whole campaign—but after lasting about an hour, Verreker, finding himself overpowered by numbers, was compelled to retreat, with the loss of his guns, to Sligo.

Although Humbert was victorious in this encounter, it caused him to change his plans. He now marched towards Manorhamilton by Drumnahair, abandoning eight of his guns by the way; but in approaching the former place suddenly turned to the right, in a south-easterly direction by Drunkerin, and attempted to reach Gramard, in Longford, where a rising had taken place. His rear was now constantly harassed by the enemy, and on the 7th a smart skirmish took place with Crawford's advanced guard, in which the French were victorious. Humbert now crossed the Shannon at Ballintra, but so closely followed that his rearguard had not time to break the bridge. He halted some hours at Cloone, to give his worn-out troops a brief rest, and arrived next day, the 8th, at Ballinamuck.

The Viceroy, crossing the Shannon at Carrick, was meanwhile marching on Saint Johnstown, in order to get in front of Humbert on his way to Gramard. The drama was now drawing to its close. Completely surrounded by an overwhelming force, Humbert saw that surrender was inevitable. For the honour of France, however, he determined to make at least a formal resistance; he therefore disposed his forces in order of battle and awaited the attack. His rearguard was attacked by Crawford, and, being overpowered, surrendered; and the remainder, after resisting General Lake for half an hour, laid

down their arms—the whole force amounting to about eight hundred and fifty, the rest having been killed or wounded since the beginning of the campaign. The entire British force which surrounded Humbert numbered about thirty thousand, or five thousand more than were employed at Waterloo, or, in later days, at the battle of the Alma.

While the French received honourable terms of surrender, the Irish auxiliaries, in number about fifteen hundred, were shot and hanged without mercy, five hundred of them being killed in this way.

The closing scene of the drama was the recapture of Killala, which had remained in possession of the French, or rather of Irish insurgents under two or three French officers. It was not until the 22d of September that the royal forces, twelve hundred strong, arrived at Ballina, the Irish garrison fleeing at its approach. The English advanced on Killala in two columns, from the north and the south. The garrison posted themselves on the Ballina road, but were speedily overcome, and fled through Killala, pursued by the cavalry. At the other end of the town they were intercepted by the second column, and about four hundred of the unfortunates were killed.

In this extraordinary campaign, which lasted from the 22d of August to the 8th of September, the French had marched one hundred and thirty miles, penetrating to the very heart of Ireland, and distant only sixty miles in a straight line from Dublin, and had fought five engagements, in all of which they had been victorious. Why a handful of French troops should have achieved such success was not so much due, after all, to their own prowess, as to the nature of the forces opposed to them. These were mostly local militia, quite unused to real war, and some of them disaffected, and not inclined to fight very hard against those they secretly regarded as their friends. It is related that a number of militia, who were put down as missing after the affair of Castlebar, had gone over to the French; one of them, on being afterwards asked why he had done so, replied, that 'it was not he who had deserted, but the British army, who had run away and left him behind to be murdered!'

#### SONNET ON CHRISTMAS.

How have they dawned on us, those Christmas days,  
The birthdays of the Friend as yet unseen?  
In childhood's far-off vale with gladness keen  
A wonderland of brightness to our gaze;  
Then, the slow change, as creeps the autumn haze,  
The vision fades to thoughts of what has been,  
Of voices that we miss, and altered scene,  
And feet that walk no more on Life's highway.  
Yet through all change, the Christmas star shines on  
Lonely and lovely; though the earth-lights die,  
The soul looks up, and finds its goal at last,  
And asks no more, nor sighs for pleasures gone.  
One day its Christmas shall be kept on high,  
With all Life's hopes fulfilled—its sorrows past!

MARY GORGES.

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## BOTANY BAY.

THE waves rustle at my feet on the long curving bar of sand, too lazy to break, excepting here and there on an outcropping ledge of rock. A boat lolls lazily at its anchorage, the anchor-rope shining like a line of silver hung with pearls as it dips and comes up dripping from the water. The gulls wade about in the shallow pools, or paddle into the dimpling wavelets, calling harshly to their neighbours, sailing backwards and forwards in short flights; and the latter drop down to compare notes. They come up quite close, tempted by the scattered shells and weeds, so close that it is easy to distinguish where the soft dun gray of back and wings shades off into the pearly white of the breast and under parts. They seem proud as any tan-booted lady to display their handsome little webbed feet, which, with the strong beak, make a pleasant contrast to the rest of the body. They will be away shortly out there over the wide Pacific, the boom from the breaking waves of which is carried faintly to the ear. High overhead a sea-eagle floats almost without motion. A school of porpoises come bouncing and rolling along; and presently the dorsal fin of a shark makes itself visible where the water shallows. The Bay is a favourite haunt of the finny pirate. Give him a show of making a dinner at the expense of your leg, and see if he is as lethargic as he looks.

The drip, drip of the water over the rocks behind has a restful sound, and the simmer of the soft breeze through the metallic foliage of the gums helps to temper the hot sunshine. Capes Banks and Solander stand out boldly at the entrance of the Bay; and away to the southward stretch the line of low coast hills, Cape Bass—if I have not travelled too far to the southward—forming the boundary of vision. A black pillar of smoke rises up from behind the Cape. The smoke means that there is a bush-fire raging somewhere on the fat Illawarra plains. The undulating pall of bush has borrowed a tender

blue from the sunlight, which somehow seems to diminish the distance and add to the distinctness. The sun will be dipping shortly, and will change the slopes into meadows of purple gold, and the Bay into a plain of crimson and roseate; while the shadows will gather under the line of coast-cliffs. Then the boats will come crawling out, to steal away to the fishing-grounds. The dip, dip of the oars and the rattle as they swing in the rowlocks travel far through the stillness. To the left, just inside the Heads, rises a tall monumental pillar, backed by a couple of Norfolk Island pines. The sight of the pillar sets me dreaming about the French navigator La Pérouse, and, as a natural consequence, Captain Cook soon treads on the heels of the Frenchman. Under the influence of a pipe, the warm sunshine, and the soft breeze, I slip fairly into dream-land, to wander with Cook among the pleasant fields of his native moorside Yorkshire village of Marton—wander in my own far-away county, where the bonnie Cleveland Hills now, as ever, keep watch and ward over my home.

‘Bacca, Boss.—My word, him sleep.’

It was one of the aborigines from the small camp at the point who had rudely broken into my dream, and who valued his services at sixpence as well as the ‘bacca.’ My word, ‘him’ had slept—slept until the night had descended over sea and hills and sloping bush. The rush of the rising tide comes breaking in from the Heads, while the rustle along the bend of sand has given place to a low plashing and sobbing.

Let us turn back the leaves of time for one hundred and twenty years. In the waning light of one of the closing days of April 1770, there comes beating up from the southward the good ship *Endeavour*, three hundred and twenty tons, Captain James Cook. Captain Cook, after observing the transit of Venus at the island of Tahiti—the primary object of his voyage—is now bent on carrying out his other and, most certainly to him, congenial instructions—‘the making of further geographical researches.’ He has circum-navigated New Zealand, and then, sailing west-

ward ho! has, after three weeks' knocking about in the Pacific, struck the coast of the almost unknown, wholly unexplored *Novæ Hollandæ*—Australia, the Great South Land. Northward he has crawled under the unbroken, uninviting wall of rock, and gazed on the illimitable monotony of sombre forest beyond it. And now at last, on this late April evening, he has discovered a break in the chain. The head of the little *Endeavour* swings round; she feels her way between the two rocky headlands, which, when she bids them farewell, will bear the names of the two intrepid naturalists who accompany Cook, Dr Solander and Mr (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks. She slowly steers across the cove which forms an elbow at the entrance, passes Bare Island, and then fairly enters the placid waters of the Bay. Captain Cook's quaint Journal tells how he tried to hold converse with the natives—'Indians,' as he calls them—how they were so hostile that he tried to persuade them to reason with a 'Brown Bess'—and how this reasoning failed to have the wished-for effect, failed even to strike fear into the hearts of the untutored savages.

The name Botany Bay is its own expositor. Perhaps not anywhere in the whole world would it be possible to find such a lavish waste of flowers as along the coast hills of Australia in the early summer months. The English summer is garlanded with blossoms; but ever there is the predominating, relieving green of the grass and foliage, which, abundant as the flowers may be, makes superabundance an impossibility. Excepting where the mangrove swamps occur, a noticeable feature of Australian coast scenery is that between the timber-line and the wave-limit there is generally a belt, often narrow, but in some places swelling out into wide downy reaches, clothed with dwarf-bush and a tangle of heaths, vines, and an almost unending variety of flowers and shrubs. The very nature of every item of the flora of Australia—trees, shrubs, plants, grasses, mosses—would appear to be to bear blossoms, and not blossoms that are pale, but the brightest reds, purples, blues, yellows, and the purest whites, with the infinity of shadings the sunlight evolves out of these ground colours. With this glowing mass of petals the brightest of green foliage is looked for, and, failing this contrast, a sense of oppression is born—the same sense of oppression that makes itself felt in an art gallery, where the very variety and the lavish display of pictures seem to absorb the personality which alone appeals to the artistic.

It is not to be wondered at that the botanists of Captain Cook's expedition should have christened the newly-found haven as they did. Six-score years have gone since Mr Banks and Dr Solander were fascinated by the wonderful variety of native flora, yet to-day the haven is as appropriately called Botany Bay as it was when Nature reigned supreme. The immediate

vicinity of the historical portion of the Bay has undergone very little change. The bare sandy dunes of the southern shore mirror back the glistening shafts of sunlight, just as they must have done on that April day in 1770. There is one solitary house breaking the golden curve of bush-backed sand, and that is all. The northern shore, however, is the centre of interest. Massive old gum-trees, with their curiously-twisted trunks and arms in places sweeping almost into the water, shadow and cling to the rocks, in the damp cool crevices of which nestle a thousand ferns and flowers. Many-coloured vines and parasites link tree to tree with pendent floral chains. Under the pleasant shade of the primeval giants and their under-roofing of vines is the everlasting carpet of flowers.

It is anything but an easy task on an Australian summer day to break through the thick tangle of undergrowth; yet any one that will persevere will not be without his reward. In the wealth and variety of orchids alone is a life's delight. On the flats where the timber bends to the black swamp, and along the sparkling creek that runs out of it, they grow thick. Around that swamp a botanist might spend weeks and months without exhausting its treasures. It is a garden of tropics, compared with which the best-stocked hothouse would sink into insignificance. Sweet is the breath of the salt sea—sweet with its own fresh sweetness, and it is made sweeter still by the aroma of the acacias and honey-gums. Amongst the trees, in place of the pleasant rustle of fallen leaves, there is the crisp crunch of the dried gum-bark, which thickly strews the ground. Bright-plumaged birds and gem-like butterflies and insects flit and flutter about; watchful-eyed lissom lizards bask on every stone and trunk; occasionally a snake, beautiful in spite of its sinister associations, shuffles away to cover at the sound of a footstep; and the mosquitoes must not—will not—be forgotten.

Botany Bay boasts a river. At its eastern end, where now stands a fashionable watering-place, George's River, known in its higher reaches by the pleasant-sounding native name of Woniora, empties itself. The exploration of this river opens out a very paradise of wood and flower-land.

After a short stay, the *Endeavour* sailed away northward from Botany, past, and without discovering, Port Jackson, the finest harbour in the world, the only remnant of Cook's visit being the Union-jack which he left floating on the North Head. For seventeen years the 'Indians' were left in peace. Then came Captain Phillip with the 'First Fleet'—a fleet of eleven convict ships, crowded with five hundred and sixty-four men and one hundred and ninety-two women convicts. He came to found a new nation, the American War of Independence having made it necessary that some other outlet should be found for emptying England's prisons. Phillip soon



ascertained that, beautiful as Botany Bay might be, it was not fitted for settlement. The land was not suitable for cultivation; water was scarce, and the Bay was too shallow to allow of vessels approaching within reasonable distance of the shore. With commendable promptitude, he discovered and shifted his quarters and his convicts to Port Jackson. But short as was Captain Phillip's stay, it left a taint on the name of Botany Bay which was long regarded as synonymous with convictism. While round the shores of Port Jackson, the very centre of convictism, has grown up a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, Botany Bay has been left pretty well in its primeval state. In real history it has become redolent only as the site of tanyards and other noxious trades, and as the rallying-ground of Heathen Chinese gardeners. There are scattered houses along the eastern and part of the northern shore; but the interesting portion of the fore-shore and adjoining bush remains almost as wild as when Captain Phillip broke camp. The presence of the small settlement of aborigines at the point helps to heighten the primitive character of the surroundings. At one time a custom-house stood at Botany Heads; but as in all things else, the custom soon drifted to the successful rival, and now the old custom-house has descended to a commonplace dwelling.

Not the least interesting relic of Botany is the monument raised by his countrymen to the ill-fated French explorer La Pérouse. It stands up a tall plain monolith, backed by two towering Norfolk Island pines, bearing inscriptions in French and English to the memory of the explorer and his companion voyagers. Scribbled everywhere over the pillar are the names of Frenchmen. Only a few days after Captain Phillip had effected a landing, two strange vessels came to an anchorage in Botany Bay. These vessels proved to be the French exploring ships *Thétis* and *Esperance*, commanded by La Pérouse. Phillip's landing a few days previously saved Australia from becoming a dependent of 'La Belle France' instead of a possession of His Britannic Majesty, George the Third. La Pérouse, disappointed doubtless, stayed and refitted his ships, after which he sailed away southward into the unknown, to be heard of no more until the bones of the *Thétis* and *Esperance* were discovered bleaching on the reefs of the islands of Santa Cruz, where the French commander and his crews were murdered by the natives.

Botany Bay is one of the favourite picnicking and fishing-grounds of the Sydneyites. It lies between six and seven miles from the heart of the city. A tramway carries pleasure-seekers beyond the far-reaching suburbs, and then through a long stretch of sandy swamp-land, until late years, the source whence the city water-supply was drawn, but now a luxuriant wilderness of Chinese gardens. To reach the picnicking ground, however, the would-be worshipper of Cook and Phillip and La Pérouse has yet to traverse as high smelling a section of the round earth as can be sampled up from anywhere, a whole colony of tanneries and boiling-down houses having located themselves there.

Such is Botany Bay after six-score years of advancement have passed over it. Starting with

a tarnished name and the disadvantage of shallow waters, it has remained and is likely to remain a silent stretch of sea in the midst of a beautiful tropical flower-garden—a Botany Bay in reality.

## BLOOD ROYAL.\*

### CHAPTER XVIII.—GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

THAT journey back to town was one of the most terrible things Maud had ever yet known in her poor little life. Dick leaned back disconsolate in one corner of the carriage, and she in the opposite one. Neither spoke a single word; neither needed to speak, for each knew without speech what the other was thinking of. Every now and again Dick would catch some fresh shade of expression coursing like a wave over Maud's unhappy face, and recognise in it the very idea that a moment before had been passing through his own troubled mind. It was pitiable to see them. Their whole scheme of life had suddenly and utterly broken down before them: their sense of self-respect was deeply wounded; nay, even their bare identity was all but gone; for the belief that they were in very truth descendants of the royal Plantagenets had become as it were an integral part of their personality, and woven itself intimately into all their life and thought and practice. They ceased to be themselves in ceasing to be potential princes and princesses.

For the Great Plantagenet Delusion, which Edmund Plantagenet had started and only half or a quarter believed in himself, became to his children from youth upward, and especially to Maud and Dick, a sort of family religion. It was a theory on which they based almost everything that was best and truest within them; a moral power for good, urging them always on to do credit to the great House from which they firmly and unquestioningly believed themselves to be sprung. Probably the moral impulse was there first by nature; probably, too, they inherited it, not from poor drunken, do-nothing Edmund Plantagenet himself, through whom ostensibly they should have derived their Plantagenet character, but from that good and patient nobody, their hard-working mother. But none of these things ever occurred at all to Maud or Dick; to them, it had always been a prime article of faith that *noblesse oblige*, and that their lives must be noble in order to come up to a preconceived Plantagenet standard of action. So the blow was a crushing one. It was as though all the ground of their being had been cut away from beneath their feet; they had fancied themselves so long the children of kings, with a moral obligation upon them to behave—well, as the children of kings are little given to behaving; and they had found out now they were mere ordinary mortals, with only the same inherent and universal reasons for right and high action as the common herd of us. It was a sad come-down—for a royal Plantagenet.

The revulsion was terrible. And Maud, who was in some ways the prouder of the two, and to whom, as to most of her sex, the extrinsic reason

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for holding up her head in the midst of poverty and disgrace had ever been stronger and more cogent than the intrinsic one, felt it much the more keenly. To women, the social side of things is always uppermost. They journeyed home in a constant turmoil of unrelieved wretchedness; they were not, they had never been royal Plantagenets.

Just like all the rest of the world! mere ordinary people! And they, who had been sustained, under privations and shame, by the reflection that if every man had his right, Dick would have been sitting that day on the divided throne of half these islands! Descendants, after all, of a cobbler and a dancing-master! No Black Prince at all in their lineage! no Henry, no Edward, no Richard, no Lionel! *Cœur-de-Lion*, a pale shade! Lackland himself taken away from them! And how everybody would laugh when they came to know the truth. Though that was a small matter! It was no minor thing like this, but the downfall of a faith, the ruin of a principle, the break-up of a rule in life, that really counted!

There you have the Nemesis of every false idea, every unreal belief: when once it finally collapses, as collapse it needs must before the searching light of truth, it leaves us for a while feeble, uncertain, rudderless. So Dick felt that afternoon; so he felt for many a weary week of reconstruction afterwards.

At last they reached home. 'Twas a terrible home-coming. As they crept up the steps, poor dispossessed souls, they heard voices within, Mrs Plantagenet's, and Gillespie's, and the children's, and Mary Tudor's.

Dick opened the door in dead silence and entered. He was pale as a ghost. Maud walked stately behind him, scarcely able to raise her eyes to Archie Gillespie's face, but still proud at heart as ever. Dick sank down into a chair, the very picture of misery. Maud dropped into another without doing more than just stretch out one cold hand to Archie. Mrs Plantagenet surveyed them both with a motherly glance. 'Why, Dick,' she cried, rushing up to him, 'what's the matter? Has there been a railway accident?'

Dick glanced back at her with affection half masked by dismay. 'A railway accident!' he exclaimed with a groan. 'Oh, mother dear, I wish it had only been a railway accident! It was more like an earthquake. It's shaken Maud and me to the very foundations of our nature!' Then he looked up at her half pityingly; she wasn't a Plantagenet except by marriage; she never could quite feel as they did the sanct— And then he broke off suddenly, for he remembered with a rush that horrid, horrid truth. He blurted it out all at once: 'We are not, we never were, real royal Plantagenets!'

'I was afraid of that,' Mary Tudor said simply. 'That was just why I was so anxious dear Maud should go with you.'

Gillespie said nothing, but for the first time in public he tried to take Maud's hand for a moment in his. Maud drew it away quickly. 'No, Archie,' she said with a sigh, making no attempt at concealment. 'I can never, never give it to you now again. For to-day I know we've always been nobody.'

'You're what you always were to me,' Gillespie

answered in a low voice. 'It was you yourself I loved, Maud, not the imaginary honours of the Plantagenet family.'

'But I don't want to be loved so,' Maud cried, with all the bitterness of a wounded spirit. 'I don't want to be loved for myself. I don't want any one to love me—except as a Plantagenet!'

Dick was ready, in the depth of his despair and the blackness of his revulsion to tell out the whole truth, and spare them, as he thought, no circumstance of their degradation. 'Yes, we went to Framlingham princes and princesses; and more than that,' he said, almost proud to think whence and how far they had fallen; 'we return from it, beggars. I looked up the whole matter thoroughly, and there's no room for hope left, no possibility of error. The father of Giles Plantagenet, from whom we're all descended, most fatally descended, was one Richard—called Plantagenet, but really Muggins, a cobbler at Framlingham; the same man, you know, Mary, that I told you about the other day. In short, we're just cousins of the other Plantagenets—the false Plantagenets—the Sheffield Plantagenets—the people who left the money.'

He fired it off at them with explosive energy. Mary gave a little start. 'But surely in that case, Dick,' she cried, 'you must be entitled to their fortune! You told me one day it was left by will to the descendants and heirs-male of Richard Muggins, alias Plantagenet, whose second son George was the ancestor and founder of the Sheffield family.'

'So he was,' Dick answered dolefully, without a light in his eye. 'But, you see, I didn't then know, or suspect, or even think possible—what I now find to be the truth—the horrid, hateful truth—that our ancestor, Giles Plantagenet, whom I took to be the son of Geoffrey, the descendant of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, was in reality nothing more than the eldest son of this wretched man Richard Muggins; and the elder brother of George Muggins, alias Plantagenet, who was ancestor of the Sheffield people who left the money.'

'But if so,' Gillespie put in, 'then you must be the heirs of the Plantagenets who left the money, and must be entitled, as I understand, to something like a hundred and fifty or a hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling!'

'Undoubtedly,' Dick answered in a tone of settled melancholy.

Gillespie positively laughed, in spite of himself, though Maud looked up at him through her tears and murmured, 'Oh, Archie, how can you?'

'Why, my dear fellow,' he said, taking Dick's arm, 'are you really quite sure it's so? Are you perfectly certain you've good legal proof of the identity of this man Giles with your own earliest ancestor, and of the descent of your family from the forefather of the Sheffield people?'

'I'm sorry to say,' Dick answered with profound dejection, 'there can't be a doubt left of it. It's too horribly certain. Hunting up these things is my trade, and I ought to know. I've made every link in the chain as certain as certainty. I have a positive entry for every step in the pedigree—not doubtful entries, unfortunately, but such conclusive entries as leave the personality of each person beyond the reach of

suspicion. Oh, it's a very bad business, a terrible business!' And he flung his arms on the table, and leaned over it himself, the very picture of mute misery.

'Then you believe the money's yours?' Gillespie persisted, half incredulous.

'Believe it!' Dick answered. 'I don't believe it; I know it is—the wretched stuff! There's no dodging plain facts. I can't get out of it anyhow.'

'Did you realise that this money would be yours when you saw the entries at Framlingham?' Gillespie inquired, hardly certain how to treat such incredible behaviour.

'I didn't think of it just at once,' Dick answered with profound despair in his voice; 'but it occurred to me in the train; and I thought how terrible to confess it before the whole world by claiming the wretched money. Though it might perhaps be some consolation, after all, to poor mother.'

'And you, Maud?' Gillespie inquired, turning round to his sweetheart and with difficulty repressing a smile. 'Did you think at all of it?'

'Well, I knew if we were really only false Plantagenets like the Sheffield people,' Maud answered bravely through the tears that struggled hard to fall, 'we should probably in the end come in to their money. But oh, Archie, it isn't the money Dick and I would care for. Let them take back their wealth: let them take it: if they will! But give us once more our own Plantagenet ancestry!'

Gillespie drew Mary aside for a moment. 'Say nothing to them about it for the present,' he whispered in her ear. 'Let the first keen agony of their regret pass over. I can understand their feeling. This myth had worn itself into the very warp and woof of their natures. It was their one great inheritance. The awakening is a terrible shock to them. All they thought themselves once, all they practically were for so many years together, they have suddenly ceased to be. This grief and despair must wear itself out. For the present we mustn't even inquire of them about the money.'

And indeed it was a week or two before Dick could muster up heart to go with Archie Gillespie to a lawyer about the matter. When he did, however, he had all the details of the genealogy, all the proofs of that crushing identification he had longed to avoid, so fully at his finger-ends, that the solicitor whom he consulted, and to whom he showed copies of the various documents in the case, hadn't a moment's doubt as to the result of his application. 'I suppose this will be a long job, though,' Gillespie suggested, 'and may want a lot of money to prosecute it to its end? It'll have to be taken for an indefinite time into Chancery, won't it?'

'Not at all,' the solicitor answered. 'It's very plain sailing. We can get it through at once. There's no hitch in the evidence. You see, it isn't as if there were any opposition to the claim, any other descendants. There are none, and by the very nature of the case there can't be any. Mr Plantagenet has anticipated and accounted for every possible objection. The thing's as clear as mud. His official experience has enabled him to avoid all the manifold pitfalls of amateur

genealogists. I never saw an inheritance that went so far back made more absolutely certain.'

Poor Dick's heart sank within him. He knew it himself already; but still, he had cherished throughout some vague shadow of a hope that the lawyer might discover some faint flaw in the evidence which, as he considered, had disinherited him. There was nothing for it now but to pocket at once the Plantagenet pride and the Plantagenet thousands—to descend from his lofty pedestal and be even as the rest of us are—except for the fortune. He turned to Gillespie with a sigh. 'I was afraid of this,' he said. 'I expected that answer. Well, well, it'll make my dear mother happy; and it'll at least enable me to go back again to Oxford.'

That last consideration was indeed in Maud's eyes the one saving grace of an otherwise hopeless and intolerable situation. Gradually, bit by bit, though it was a very hard struggle, they reconciled themselves to their altered position. The case was prepared, and as their lawyer had anticipated, went straight through the courts with little or no difficulty, thanks to Dick's admirable working up of all the details of the pedigree. By the time eight months were out, Dick had come into the inheritance of 'the Plantagenets who left the money,' and was even beginning to feel more reconciled in his heart to the course of events which had robbed him so ruthlessly of his fancied dignity, but considerably added to his solid comfort.

Before Dick returned to Oxford, however, to finish his sadly-interrupted university career, he had arranged with Mary that as soon as he took his degree, they two should marry. As for poor Maud, woman that she was, the loss of that royal ancestry that had never been hers seemed to weigh upon her even more than it weighed upon her brother. The one point that consoled her under this crushing blow was the fact that Archie, for whose sake she had minded it most at first, appeared to care very little indeed whether the earliest traceable ancestor of the girl he loved had been a royal Plantagenet or a shoemaking Muggins. It was herself he wanted, he said with provoking persistence, not her great-great-grandfathers. Maud could hardly understand such a feeling herself; for when Archie first took a fancy to her, she was sure it must have been her name and her distinguished pedigree that led an Oxford man and a gentleman, with means and position, to see her real good points through the poor dress and pale face of the country dancing-master's daughter. Still, if Archie thought otherwise—Well, as things had turned out, she was really glad; though, to be sure, she always felt in her heart he didn't attach quite enough importance to the pure Plantagenet pedigree that never was theirs, but that somehow ought to have been. However, with her share of that hateful Sheffield money, she was now a lady, she said—Archie strenuously denied she could ever have been anything else, though Maud shook her head sadly—and when Archie one day showed her the photograph of a very pretty place among the Campsie Fells which his father had just bought for him, 'in case of contingencies,' and asked her whether she fancied she could ever be happy there, Maud rose with tears in her eyes and laid her hand in his, and



answered earnestly: 'With you, dearest Archie, I'm sure I could be happy, my life long, anywhere.'

And from that day forth she never spoke to him again of the vanished glories of the Plan-tagenet pedigree.

Perhaps it was as well they had believed in it once. That strange myth had kept them safe from sinking in the quicksands when the danger was greatest. It had enabled them to endure, and outlive with honour, much painful humiliation. It had been an influence for good in moulding their characters. But its work was done now, and 'twas best it should go. Slowly Dick and Maud began to realise that themselves. And the traces it left upon them, after the first poignant sense of loss and shame had worn off, were all for the bettering of their moral natures.

THE END.

### SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE ORDERLY-ROOM.

OUR soldiers in former days had many duties to perform, which, since the establishment of the new Metropolitan Police Force in 1829, have been generally relegated to the province of the blue-coated guardians of the peace; hence various orders issued from time to time to the regiments of Guards quartered in London—more especially the Foot-guards—throw some curious side-lights on the manners and customs of over a century.

Of the forces which had been raised during the Civil War, Charles II. was permitted by Parliament at the Restoration to retain certain regiments as a royal guard—a body destined to form the nucleus of our standing army. Some of these were called 'Coldstreamers,' after the Berwickshire town where Monk raised them in 1660. The term 'Grenadier' was not in the first instance applied exclusively to a particular body of men, for every regiment contained a certain proportion of grenadiers. Evelyn, in a note in his Diary for 1678, mentions their introduction as follows. 'Now,' he tells us, 'were brought into service a new sort of soldiers called Grenadiers, who were dextrous in flinging hand-granados, every one having a pouch full; they had furred capps with coped crownes like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce; and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools, their clothing being likewise pybald yellow and red.'

The Royal Regiment of Guards was first raised by Charles II. in Flanders in 1656; and another regiment was combined with it under Colonel John Russell in 1665. Civil duties of a most varied kind fell to the lot of the new Guards. In 1676 we find a sum of twenty-five pounds being granted to one hundred and ninety-one inferior officers and men drawn from both regiments of Foot-guards, as a compensation for losses incurred in an extensive fire which took place at Southwark in that year. The soldiers had given effective assistance in preventing the spreading of the conflagration, and no doubt their clothing and arms had been greatly injured or destroyed. Fire-engines with hose-pipes are said to have

been first used at this fire. A few years previously—about 1657—a fire-engine had been constructed by Hautsch of Nuremberg, and the flexible hose was introduced in 1672 by a Dutchman named Vanderheide. The fire-insurance companies of London had each a separate establishment of fire-engines until 1825, when several of the foremost companies united their establishments, and a few years later the first Fire Brigade was formed.

In 1667 the Life-guard was sent on a curious and destructive errand—not to quell an insurrection, as was believed in Samuel Pepys's circle, but to destroy a flourishing crop of tobacco at Winchcombe, 'which it seems the people there do plant contrary to law.' It is said that tobacco was first cultivated in this Gloucestershire parish of Winchcombe St Peter after its introduction into England in 1583, proving a considerable source of profit to the inhabitants, till the trade was placed under restrictions.

The origin of the 'Sergeant's Guard' attending during the performances at royal theatres can be traced back to 1672, in which year a royal command was issued to the Foot-guards 'to send a careful officer with such number of soldiers as you shall think reasonable to the theatre in Dorset Gardens, to keep the peace there at and about the time of public demonstrations, so that no affront may be given to the spectators nor no affront to the actors.' The theatre at Dorset Gardens stood fronting the river in Fleet Street, on the east side of Salisbury Court, and hither the 'Duke's Company' of actors removed from Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1671. The theatre was still standing in the year 1720, but appears to have been pulled down shortly after that date.

In 1721, Rich—famous as the introducer of pantomime on the English stage—obtained leave for a party of the Guard to do duty at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in a similar way. The necessity for military aid arose out of a disturbance which had been brought about by a dispute between a certain Earl and the manager Rich. The Earl, it seems, during a performance of the *Beggar's Opera*, being behind the scenes, crossed over the stage to some friends of his on the other side amid the hisses of the audience. An altercation was followed by blows, and a rather serious riot was the outcome of this storm in a teacup. King George I., on hearing of the affair, ordered a guard to attend there in future.

Again, in 1725, we find an order that at a ball given at the theatre in the Haymarket, one hundred privates under a captain were to attend, and were 'not to permit any person to enter into the said theatre in habits that may tend to the drawing down reflections upon religion or in ridicule of the same.' The theatre above referred to was built by Vanbrugh in 1705, but was burnt down in 1789.

The English have never taken very kindly to the masqued ball—a masquerade given by Henrietta, the queen of Charles I., on a Sunday having indeed caused a riot. The most splendid affair of the kind, however, took place at the Opera House in 1717, and was provided by the celebrated Mr. Heidegger. In 1724, these entertainments were preached against by no less an authority than the Bishop of London; and in

1729 the Grand Jury of Middlesex 'presented the fashionable and wicked diversion called masquerade, and particularly the contriver and carrier-on of masquerades at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, in order to be punished according to law.'

Turning to the Jacobite rising of 1715, we find the following curious entry in the records of the Coldstream Guards: 'June 10th, 1715. The Guards were posted in different parts of London to prevent persons wearing white roses.' We do not hear whether a similar order was issued against the custom of wearing patches as political emblems: one side of the face signifying Whig, the other, Tory principles. Adherents of the Stuarts were also known by wearing white ribbons; while certain ladies at Bath, who hesitated to commit themselves, wore the colours of both parties, and won for themselves the name of 'trimmers.'

The state of feeling at the death of Queen Anne is well shown by an incident which took place in April 1714. A review had been ordered to take place in Hyde Park on the 17th of the month; but the new clothing of the First Regiment of Footguards was not delivered till the preceding evening; and in the hurry, the officers failed to examine it, and it turned out that some articles of the clothing, especially the shirts, were so coarse that the soldiers considered they had been cheated, and some insubordination ensued. The detachment marching to the Tower carried their shirts in their hands, exhibiting them to the shopkeepers, saying: 'These are Hanover shirts.' The Duke of Marlborough, however, took immediate steps to remedy these defects; and it is satisfactory to learn that the affair ended by the soldiers all drinking the king's health.

About this time the pay of a soldier in the Foot-guards was tenpence per diem, being twopence more than that of the ordinary foot-soldier. Out of this, however, considerable deductions were made. The Colonel provided the clothing; while arms and armour—with the exception of swords—were found by the State. The Colonels' clothing system, which was open to many objections, nevertheless survived till after the Crimean War in 1854.

In connection with costume, a curious order was issued in 1735 that the officers of the Coldstream Guards were to appear 'on Tuesday next as at a review,' and were to have on 'twisted ramilyed wigs, according to the pattern which may be seen at the Tilt Yard to-morrow.' This probably refers to the long gradually-diminishing plait to the wig, with a great bow at the top, and a smaller one at the bottom, which were styled 'Ramillie' after the battle fought in 1706. At a review by Lord Scarborough in 1735 the Guards were ordered to appear with 'their coats pulled down so as to sit well and even, their hats to be well put on, and their hair tucked under, for no man will be suffered to wear a wig unless it is so like a head of hair as not to be perceived.' In 1746, again, 'no soldier will be permitted to wear a wig after the 25th of March next;' and in 1747 it was ordered that 'officers for the future do always mount guard in queue wigs or their own hair done in the same manner;' and soldiers 'who cannot wear their hair through age or infirmity are to provide

themselves with wigs made to turn up like the hair, which they are to wear on mounting days.'

An amusing order, in July 1736, directs the men 'to appear perfectly clean and shaved, square-toed shoes, gaiters, their hats well cocked, and worn so low as to cover their foreheads, and raised behind, with their hair tucked well under and powdered, but none on their shoulders, the point of their hats pointing a little to the left;' and so forth.

In 1823 trousers were introduced and breeches discontinued throughout the British infantry, as well as shoes and leggings. The new trousers were made of bluish-gray cloth, and half-boots were now worn. In April 1736, an order—in which the spelling is rather defective—directs that 'no sentinel is on any account to quit his arms nor suffer any bench, chair, stone, or seat whatsoever to be in his centry-box, nor drink or smoke on his post, nor wear a nightcap when centry, but his hair under his hat, and everything in good order.'

A certain nervousness as to the state of the Guards' apparel is evident in an order issued in July 1737: 'Particular care to be taken that the Hampton Court party on Monday morning have good blue breeches on, because their clothes are to be looped up.' A severe disciplinarian seems to have been in command of the Grenadiers in 1735, judging from an order issued in October of that year that 'any soldier that comes to the parade with two shirts on, brings any necks [sic] in his pocket or pouch, or changes his linen on guard, shall receive one hundred lashes on the next mounting day.'

The last century was distinguished by numerous riots and disturbances of various kinds, and the services of the Guards were often needed. It is from several orders issued in 1732 that the custom of placing sentries at the different Government offices seems to have arisen, the early months of that year having witnessed numerous street disturbances. In April 1733 a letter was addressed by the Secretary-at-War to the officer in command of the Foot-guards at the Tower, directing him to assist the Commissioner of Customs in securing all contraband goods; which is of interest, as showing the difficulty of enforcing the payment of duty, and the prevalence of smuggling at this period. The port of London was calculated to lose about one hundred thousand pounds a year in this manner. The Report of Sir John's Cope's Committee of the House of Commons in 1732 contains some very astounding facts and figures. In the nine years before that date, two hundred and fifty Custom-house officers had been beaten and otherwise ill-treated; while six had been murdered. The number of prosecutions had been upwards of two thousand. The Report went on to state that the smugglers had 'grown to such a degree of insolence as to carry on their wicked practices by force and violence not only in the country and remote parts of the kingdom, but even in the City of London itself, going in gangs armed with swords, pistols, and other weapons, even to the number of forty or fifty, by which means they have been too strong not only for the officers of the revenue but for the civil magistrates themselves;' and so forth.

The definition of Excise in Dr Johnson's Dictionary as a 'hateful tax' would seem to have

commended itself to very many persons at this period. In November 1750 the three regiments of Guards were required to find detachments to be in readiness to assist the civil authorities in resisting any attempts to rescue some outlawed smugglers then prisoners in Newgate, as intelligence had been received by the Government that a number of desperate men, also smugglers, had set out from Norfolk and Suffolk with a view to releasing their comrades.

A curious order to the Grenadier Guards in August 1725 directed 'a detachment of sixty-four men under a lieutenant and ensign to March to Barnet and be assisting in seizing and securing the deer-stealers, who infest the Chase of Enfield and carry away the deer'—an offence by no means uncommon at this period. White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, tells us that 'towards the beginning of this century all this country [Hampshire] was wild about deer-stealing. The "Wulgham Blacks" at length committed such enormities that Government was forced to interfere with that severe and sanguinary Act called the Black Act [1723], which comprehended more felonies than any law that was ever framed before.'

The state bordering on frenzy to which many speculators in the South Sea scheme had been reduced on the bursting of the bubble in 1720, accounts for an order issued in 1722 'that the Tower Guard should at any time afford aid and assistance whenever required by the Directors of the Bank, the South Sea or the India Company.' The Bank of England—founded in 1694—was at this time only feeling its way to public confidence, and its business was carried on not in the magnificent pile of buildings we now associate with its name, but in Grocers' Hall, in the Poultry. The desolate condition of the South Sea House in his day is well described by Charles Lamb.

An order issued in October 1745 gives a good idea of our old constitutional force and its decay at this period: 'If the militia are reviewed to-morrow by His Majesty, the soldiers of the three regiments of Guards are to behave civilly, and not to laugh or make any game of them.' The militia had been much neglected during the era of Marlborough's victories, very few musters except in the City of London having taken place. Dryden rather maliciously referred to the force as

In peace, a charge; in war, a weak defence;  
Stout once a month they march a blustering band,  
And ever but in time of need at hand—

the sentiment contained in the last line having been since frequently applied to other guardians of the peace! At the accession of George III. it was raised by lot or ballot of persons eligible in all the counties of England, and whoever was drawn was compelled to serve in person or by substitute for a given term. In May 1763 a detachment of Guards was quartered in Spitalfields, on account of the frequent disturbances brought about by the weavers, who were aggrieved by the introduction of French silks into this country. These riots continued at different intervals for several years, and much consternation was caused by companies of weavers patrolling the streets disguised as sailors and armed with

cutlasses. The efficiency of the modern police force has rendered the employment of military in civil disturbances very rarely necessary.

In conclusion, a word may be said about the Cato Street Conspiracy against the ministry in 1820, when a party of Coldstreams was ordered to assist the Bow Street officers in the capture of the conspirators, which was effected, after a desperate resistance, in the stable in the street off the Edgware Road once called Cato, and afterwards rejoicing in the equally classical name of Homer! The ringleader, Arthur Thistlewood, was the last person committed as a prisoner to the Tower.

## THE IRONY OF FATE.

### CHAPTER VI.—LORD CRANSFORD.

SOME weeks have elapsed since the events related in the last chapter occurred, and the time for Arabella's departure was at hand. Everything had been arranged. Miss Mortimer, kind good soul that she is, had taken her departure, she having gone to reside with a lady at Eastbourne. Netley Lodge is let, and the incoming tenant is expected to take possession in a few days. The Misses Scudamore and the rest of the gossips were in a state of anxiety to discover who the newcomers were and what Major Bowyer had to say to Arabella's engagement. With regard to the first, Arabella either would not or could not, at any rate she did not choose to gratify their curiosity; and as to the latter, when Miss Nugent ventured to hint at her anxiety on this point, she got such a rebuff that no one else had ventured to seek for further information.

The lovers looked forward to their separation with something like dismay. Up to this point, her guardian had placed no obstacle in the way of their meeting. He did not want a scene; he saw that Arabella was a girl to be led, not driven, and he therefore determined to bide his time.

As the day drew near for their departure, the Major opened the ball by suggesting that before proceeding to Devonshire they should break the journey by a short stay in London, so as to give Arabella an opportunity of seeing something of London and London life. But Bella refused the offer point-blank. She did not feel, suffering as she was from the recent loss of her kind father, equal to entering into London society, and preferred, if her uncle did not object, to defer her visit to a more convenient season.

'Of course, if you prefer it, my dear, we will go right through; but I should like to have been able to introduce you to my friend, Lord Cransford.'

'Who is Lord Cransford?' asked Bella. 'I never heard you mention him before.'

'Perhaps not. He is quite a young man; but he is very nice, and is a dear friend of mine, and I should like you to know him.'

'My acquaintance with lords and members of the aristocracy is not very extensive,' replied Bella gravely; 'but as far as it has gone, I don't think they possessed a very high order of intel-



lect; and were rather proud and stuck-up. Of course, as I was an heiress, they were very civil and condescending to me, and one or two had the temerity to ask me to marry them; but I very soon gave them their *congé*. I could never stoop so low as to marry a man for his title; and as far as my experience goes, that was the only recommendation they possessed.

The Major smiled sarcastically, saying: 'Your experience must be either very limited, or your introducers unfortunate. But, my dear Bella, is it possible—do I understand you aright—that you had offers of marriage from members of the aristocracy, and refused them?'

'Certainly. Do you think I would marry a man simply because he was a lord?'

'I suppose not. But what did your father say to this?'

'Oh, pappy! poor old dear, he only laughed, and said I was a strange little girl; but that, as he did not want to get rid of me, it was all right.'

'But surely, child,' insinuated the Major, 'it was rather thoughtless of you to throw such a chance away.'

'Not at all. Why, my Frank is worth half-a-dozen of such nincompoops!'

'I wish you would not talk about Mr Wallis in that way,' he said testily; 'I strongly object to it.'

'Oh, I can't help that; you will have to get over it. He is my Frank, you know; and he says he never was in love till he saw me!'

'My dear girl, this is all childish nonsense! You are too young to marry, and too inexperienced to know what is good for you. You must remember that you are my ward, and that it is your duty to obey me.'

'Yes, I know all about that. I'm quite willing to obey you; but you must not try to thwart me. Papa never did, and I know if you were to try, I should rebel at once.'

For a few minutes there was silence in the room. Then Bella asked: 'What sort of a man is this Lord Cransford?'

'Young, and very handsome.'

'Yes, yes; I know all about that. He's got a head, of course; but is there anything in it?'

'Well, I should say there was—he knows a thing or two.'

'That is, I suppose, he can play at poker, *écarté*, and billiards?'

'Yes, most probably; and lawn-tennis and cricket.'

'Quite an accomplished gentleman, I suppose. Can he dance?'

'Yes, he is a splendid waltzer,' replied the Major.

'Ah! she mused, 'does he ever read?'

'Yes; he's a great reader, especially of newspapers; he takes in *Bell's Life* and the *Era*.'

'A sportsman and a patron of the drama. Ever do anything in the way of amateur theatricals?'

'No; I think not.'

'Ah! that's a pity.—Where does he live?'

'He has chambers in the Albany.'

'Yes, yes; but his country seats?'

'Well, you see, he is the nephew of the Duke of Falmouth, and he does not come into his estates till his uncle's death.'

'Are they poor?'

'No; the Duke's estates are very large.'

'That goes for nothing; they may be mortgaged up to the hilt, as papa used to say.'

'I know nothing about that,' replied Major Bowyer. 'I never inquire into the private affairs of my friends.'

At this moment the door opened, and James announced: 'A man from Mr Blackburn to see you, sir.'

'All right, James; I'll be with him immediately.'

The Major left the room, and almost at the same moment the bell rang again, and Lieutenant Wallis was announced.

'Oh, Frank!' cried Bella, rushing forward and putting her arms round his neck, 'I'm so glad you have come. I want to talk to you. I'll fetch my hat and cloak, and we'll go out into the garden.—You don't object, do you, dear?'

'No, my sweet Bella,' he replied, still holding the hand she had placed in his. 'Let us go at once.'

So Bella ran for her hat and cloak, and they went out into the shrubbery. As soon as they were clear of the house, Bella commenced: 'I think uncle's let the cat out of the bag at last, Frank. I told you I knew he'd got some scheme in his head to make me a lord's wife; and now it's come out. I'm to be Lady Cransford!'

'Lady Cransford!' he iterated.

'Yes; I'm to marry Lord Cransford.'

'Lord Cransford!' he repeated. 'Is it possible your uncle could be so base?'

'Base! Why, what's the matter with Lord Cransford?'

'He's a man no respectable girl ought to associate with. He's a *roué*, a gambler, and a blackleg; in short, a thorough blackguard!'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Arabella. 'Why, my uncle speaks so highly of him. "An accomplished gentleman" was the phrase he used.'

'Yes; that's quite true in a certain sense. He is handsome, tall; with elegant manners, and a soft melodious voice; but if he possesses any heart at all, it must be a black one. I should say there are few crimes, short of murder, that he has not committed.'

'How came you to know so much about him?'

'He is my cousin.'

'Frank!' she exclaimed incredulously, 'is it possible? You cousin to a lord?'

'Yes, dearest; only, as we were poor, my mother dropped her title, and thinks it best not to talk about our rich and titled relations.—But now, dear, I must get you to keep this a secret. My mother would be greatly annoyed if it was known in Nunsford.'

'You may depend on me, dear; wild horses should not drag the secret from me,' replied Arabella.

'I trust you implicitly, darling,' he said softly; and then, after a pause: 'I don't like the outlook; I'm afraid you will have a hard battle to fight.'

'I know that, dear. I know now that my uncle will do all he can to prevent our marriage; but we must trust in God's good providence to help us.'

'Yes, darling; and I think He will,' responded

Frank. 'If anything was to happen to separate us, I don't think I could exist.'

'Nothing but death shall, dear!' she replied earnestly. 'I don't expect the next two years will be very happy ones for me; but we must hope for the best.'

#### CHAPTER VII.—FOILED.

Winter had come and gone, and spring was verging into summer. There was music in the air, the hum of bees, and the joyous song of the lark; and loveliness was spread over the earth like a mantle.

Arabella, in her little cosy boudoir, sits gazing out at the beautiful Devonshire landscape which spreads itself before her. All Nature was rejoicing; but the beauty of the scene and the melodious harmony of the bees and birds brought no joy to her heart. She was sad and lonely, everything was so different now from what it was when her dear father was alive. Major Bowyer was polite and amiable, or rather tried to appear so; but Arabella knew full well that it was a mere cloak to cover some more important and ulterior design. She had many causes of anxiety, but the chief one was that for some weeks past she had received no letters from Frank. He had got his promotion, and had joined his ship in the Mediterranean. He had promised to write immediately he reached Malta; but no letters had arrived. The question she was now debating was, had Frank really not written, or had his letters been intercepted? Another source of annoyance was that her uncle's visitors were mostly of the masculine gender; and the neighbouring gentry, especially of the softer sex, seemed to give her and Clumber Park as wide a berth as possible.

How she longed to get back to Nunsford; how she pined for a sight of good Miss Puddicombe and gentle Mrs Wallis! Even the Misses Scudamore would have been a welcome interruption to the monotony of Clumber Park.

A much more lively and very different scene was taking place in the Major's study.

'It's no use, my friend,' said Lord Cransford; 'the girl's as obstinate as a mule; and, unless you can speedily alter the state of things, I shall cut the business, and you'll have to get another customer for your heiress.'

'Hush! hush!' said the Major softly; 'if any one was to hear you!'

'What do I care if they did!'

'That's true enough; but I do. You are too hasty, my friend, as you will see. You are not going about the business in the right way.'

'Now, that's just like you, Bowyer, trying to throw the blame on my shoulders,' exclaimed Lord Cransford. 'You have deceived me, and so has she. I thought the whole thing was settled, or at least understood, and that all I had to do was to go in and win; and now she laughs at me, and refuses me point-blank.'

'You are too hasty, my friend,' said the Major. 'You have not had so much experience of the sex as I have. You expected that she would leap into your arms and weep tears of joy and exultation. But that's not the way with young ladies of the present day.'

'It's all very well to talk in that way,' replied Lord Cransford; 'but I believe she means what

she says, and that, unless you can put the screw on, the game is all up!'

'Well, then, my friend,' said the Major coolly, 'we shall put the screw on, and, if necessary, pretty sharply; but I don't think it will be necessary. This is only a bit of romantic affectation. I'll have a talk with her in the morning, and I pledge you my honour that to-morrow you will meet with a very different reception.'

The following morning, shortly after breakfast, Arabella received a peremptory message from Major Bowyer to say he wanted her in his study immediately.

'Tell Major Bowyer I will be with him in half-an-hour,' she replied. 'I'm busy now;' and the servant departed.

'Don't you think you had better go as soon as you can?' suggested Mrs Manser. 'He was as cross as two sticks at breakfast, and a little compliance would mollify him.'

'But I don't want to; I want to make him in a rage. I'm going to be as cool as a cucumber; and the more angry he is, the more advantage I shall have over him.'

At this moment Thomas re-entered the room. 'If you please, miss,' he said, 'master says he can't wait, and he desires me to say that you must come at once.'

'Oh, that's all nonsense!' replied Arabella.

'Yes, miss, I daresay it is; but I can't go and tell master that.'

'No, Thomas; of course you can't,' replied Arabella with a pleasant smile. 'You can, however, give my compliments to Major Bowyer, and say that, as I find it impossible to be in two places at once, and as I have some letters to write, I see no other alternative but that I should defer my interview with him till a more convenient season.'

Thomas bowed, and was about to depart, when Arabella continued: 'Don't bring me any more messages, because you interrupt me, and I want to send off my letters by the next post.'

With a broad grin on his usually stolid countenance, the footman proceeded to the study and delivered his message verbatim, and was thereupon told to pay a visit to his satanic majesty, to which Thomas replied, 'Yessur,' and retired.

Major Bowyer was a man who usually had his temper well under command; but this defiance of his authority was almost more than he could bear; and he walked up and down the study grinding his teeth and vowing vengeance against his ward, and muttering incoherent ejaculations, of which only a portion was intelligible, such as 'Cursed impertinence!' 'Impudent young hussy!' 'Wants to ride her high-horse, hey? Well, mind you don't come a cropper;' and so forth.

At the end of half an hour Arabella made her appearance, and her smiling face and laughing eyes formed a strong contrast to the scowling brows and angry face of her uncle.

'I'm so sorry I could not come before, my dear uncle,' she said blandly; 'but you see you choose such inconvenient times for your interviews.—And now, what is it you have to say?' and she laughed a little irritating laugh.

'I must beg of you to be more serious, Miss Alsworth,' said the Major excitedly, 'for what I have to say affects your future happiness as

well as mine.—Take a seat ;' and he motioned her to a chair. 'Lord Cransford has made you an offer of marriage. Such an alliance would be advantageous to both you and me in every way. It would give you a title and the *entrée* into society ; and as to me, well, my interest in the matter is small. I have considered the whole matter temperately and calmly, and have formed my resolution simply under a consideration of your happiness and welfare, which, as your guardian and trustee, I think it my duty to take. I have come to this conclusion after full and calm reflection, and not all the tears and prayers in the world shall move me. I know it is for your good ; I know it is my duty to be determined—and I am determined. You must marry Lord Cransford !' He kept his eyes steadily fixed on her face as he said this ; he seemed to have imagined that this declaration would have been followed by prayers, tears, or declamation ; but Arabella was perfectly silent. She was a little pale—that was all the emotion she displayed.

'I am prepared,' he went on, 'to be accused of the most unparalleled cruelty in thus forcing your inclination and using the power I possess in obliging you to accept this proposal, which the whole world will consider, in your situation, a most fortunate one ; and I should despise myself if, in a moment of weakness, I held out any alternative which might lead you to hesitate as to the acceptance of it.'

'Hesitate !' she cried in mocking tones, as she rose up and faced him. 'No ; I shall not hesitate for a moment. I distinctly and absolutely refuse Lord Cransford's offer of marriage. I should despise myself if I for one moment hesitated to give up the man I love for such a creature as he is !'

For a moment or two the Major stared at her as one petrified. Was this chit of a girl to set him at defiance ? He sat fixed in his chair. His amazement was so great he could hardly realise the situation. He had pictured her throwing herself at his feet and weeping and beseeching him to spare her ; and instead, she was standing before him defying him to his face.

'Have you anything more to say ?' she asked.

'Only that you shall marry Lord Cransford !' he repeated.

'I will not !' she answered firmly ; 'no earthly power shall make me !'

'You may struggle,' he said harshly ; 'but you will find it is vain to resist. Go to your room, and don't leave it till I send for you.'

'Go to my room ! What for ?'

'Because I command you to do so.'

'But suppose I refuse. What then ?'

He rose up and assumed a menacing attitude, and roared : 'Leave the room, girl !'

'We are not in Turkey,' she said calmly, 'and you are not the Great Mogul.'

'Will you leave the room !' he exclaimed, advancing towards her. 'I am your guardian, and I command you to retire to your room.'

'Don't be silly ; I shall not leave the room till I choose,' she exclaimed with a laugh. 'If you want me to go, you must speak more politely. You should say : "My dear niece, you have upset my beautiful little matrimonial scheme, and I

am in a most disagreeable humour ; will you kindly leave the room, and not make your appearance again till I send for you ?"'

Major Bowyer retreated to his chair, and sat and scowled at her.

'Won't you say it ?' she asked quietly.

Not a word came from the Major's lips, but he sat biting them savagely.

'Well, if that will not suit you, I'll try you on the other tack. Command me to sit down, and not leave the room on peril of your displeasure, and I will at once relieve you of my presence.'

There was a pause, and then she continued : 'You are hard to please. Won't either of these courses suit you ? Well, then, I'll go ; not to please you, but myself ;' and she walked calmly across the floor and closed the door quietly after her.

Major Bowyer sat silently pondering over this strange and unexpected termination of the interview with his ward, for which he had so sedulously prepared himself. What was he to do now ? was the question he asked himself, but was unable to answer.

Meantime, Arabella had flown up-stairs to her room, and closed and locked the door, and sat down to think. Thus far, the victory had been on her side ; she had repulsed the enemy ; but would he not return to the attack ? There was one thing she was glad of, and that was that her uncle had shown his hand : he intended, if he could, to force her to marry Lord Cransford. She knew nothing about the law, and she wondered if he had the power to compel her to marry whether she would or not. She was only a weak girl ; she was alone and almost friendless ; but her heart was strong and her spirit unbroken. No law, no compulsion should compel her to go to the altar and bind herself to a man like Lord Cransford.

## SHOES AND SHOEMAKERS.

Boots and shoes are such prosaic things nowadays that it would be unreasonable to suppose them interesting ; and yet they have as quaint a history as any part of fashion's fabric. They were not always the factory-made articles which dangle pitifully in ungainly attitudes at the shop doors, and fit more or less clumsily the feet of the people we pass every day. They are rarely even pretty now, except it be in the dainty forms fashioned by artists in leather for the nightly decking of light fantastic toes ; and their general aspect is one of commonplace sameness. Yet once upon a time, in the ruffling days of the Merry Monarch, there were gallants who turned their high top-boots down to their ankles that they might reveal the costly laces with which they were lined. And earlier by a hundred years or so there were Walter Raleigh and other gay wights who promenaded in diamond-studded shoes worth eighty thousand pounds. So gorgeous was the footgear of the times gone by that they put a king in a difficulty. When Charles VII. ascended the throne of France, so impoverished was his exchequer that he was actually at a loss to find a subject who would supply him with the magnifi-



cent coronation boots which all precedent required should be of white satin lavishly embroidered with gold lilies. Even the red deerskin brogues which the hardy Highlander carved out of the newly-slain deer and lashed round his calves with the hair outwards were more interesting than the shoes of to-day, for he made them himself, and their very uncouthness was full of suggestion.

Tight boots have troubled the world ever since it wore leather; but it is fortunate for the shoemakers that the author of the misery of toe-pinching is not always treated as he was once in Spain. The story goes that the bootmaker to Don Carlos, the son of Philip II., took him a pair of boots which were too small to be comfortable, and by the order of the angry Prince they were cut in pieces, boiled, and forced down the wretched fellow's throat, so that he was well-nigh killed. It was something rather worse than a tight shoe which Don John of Austria wore; it was, says the legend, a pair of shoes the soles and leather of which had been impregnated with poison; and after he wore them he died.

A curious investigation of the shoe-history of Napoleon Bonaparte has been made. It is assumed that in his boyhood he was careless as to his garments, and therefore as to his shoes. But when he became a Lieutenant of artillery he wore boots of soft black leather reaching to the knee. Having advanced to the rank of Captain, he donned boots 'à la Souvoroff,' which resembled hessians; but from the time when he became Brigade General, right through to the end of his First Consulship, he was addicted to top-boots. As Emperor, however, he wore long boots such as those used by Life Guardsmen; and to these he remained faithful throughout the duration of the Empire. Now the pathos of the history begins. When the poor fallen Emperor lived in St Helena he drew up with his own hand an inventory of his wardrobe; and all that remained to him out of his greatness was half-a-dozen of shirts, the like number of handkerchiefs, six pairs of silk stockings, two hats, two pairs of cambric sheets, two pairs of boots, and two of slippers. One pair of boots was placed on his body and buried with him; and when his remains were exhumed in 1840, it was found that though the thread with which the boots were sewn had decayed, and the bones of the feet peered mournfully between the soles and the uppers, yet the good leather remained as tough and stout as ever. And there is the less reason to wonder at this, in the opinion of the investigators, for Napoleon during the long period of fourteen years had his boots from only one tradesman, a Pole, who kept a shop in the Palais-Royal, and who preserved a set of his Imperial patron's lasts, on which he had inscribed, with quaint devotion, every one of his famous victories.

Of the lore and associations of boots and shoes there is practically no end. Nursery legend has endowed them with marvellous qualities of speed. Jack the Giant-killer's shoes of swiftness and the great monster's seven-leagued boots were gear that a man might sigh for when pressing circumstances taught him the discreeter part of valour. But these are frank falsehoods; even in the nursery they are fiction. Not so with some of the superstitions which tradition has laced around

shoes. It was unlucky, for instance, to put on the left shoe first, and when Augustus Cæsar did that one day, he narrowly escaped assassination. Under the old regime, when Japanese friends met in the streets they took off their shoes, and this notion prevails almost universally in the East. A shoeless foot betokens servitude, humility, and respect. Shoes are left at the door of the mosque when the worshipper enters; and if a friend calls on another, his shoes await him on the door-mat.

That appalling habit of throwing old shoes at weddings has several derivations. One theory is, that the shoe is thrown because it is a lucky instrument in its old age. Another is, that the custom is a relic of the period when the bride was taken by force, and that the discharge of these missiles is all that remains of the old combat. A third is, that the Anglo-Saxon father gave the bride's shoe to her husband, who touched her on the head with it as a sign of his authority, and that the throwing of the shoe indicates the parental resignation of all claims on the bride's obedience. Yet in Turkey the groom is the one most affected, for the moment he is married his good friends set upon him and beat him soundly with slippers as a sign of their affection. The Jews sealed a bargain by plucking off the shoe, as it is written in the verse, 'For to confirm all things a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbour; and this was a testimony in Israel.' The origin of the common saying about the hidden spot where the shoe pinches is ascribed to a Roman citizen who was divorced from his wife, though he had always seemed to live happily. When he was questioned by his friends, he put out his shoe to them. 'Is it not new and well-made?' he said; 'yet none of you can tell where it pinches.'

There is nothing new about high heels; they are as old as Hamlet's time at least. The melancholy Prince addresses the lady player: 'Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine;' and a chopine was only a high heel which the fair ladies of old used to increase their stature.

The men who make these harmless necessary portions of our attire form one of the most remarkable classes of artisans. 'How is it,' said Sir Robert Peel once to a deputation of working men, the leaders of which were both shoemakers—'how is it that you shoemakers are foremost in every movement? If there is a plot, or conspiracy, or revolution, or political agitation, I find always that there is a shoemaker in the fray.' The answer to this pointed inquiry is not recorded; but there is no doubt that the intellectual activity of shoemakers is, or it may be fairer to say, was greater than that of any other body of workmen. This was more noticeable, it may be, fifty or a hundred years ago, before education was so generally diffused as it now is. Then they were recognised as singularly advanced in shrewdness, power of argument, and logical deduction, and in thoughtfulness. Their mental vigour took them into tangled fields of speculation, and led them to study their national literature with exceptional assiduity. Local preachers, class leaders, and eloquent advocates many of them were; strenuous political partisans, and agitators for many reforms; and often their meditations led them also into theo-

logical highways and byways, where their method of travelling was not of the orthodox kind. They seemed to beat out their theories as they beat out their leather; and every nail they drove into the sole of a shoe was as a stroke driven home in the process of mental construction.

Novelists and poets have been prone to people their works with shoemakers. Kingsley, Dickens, Lytton, Macdonald, and others have described shoemaker types; and it has been remarked as significant that when writers such as Hannah More wished to convey their moralities through a homely medium they chose shoemakers, and set them talking in their shrewd and suggestive way. It may be that notable shoemakers would have been noteworthy whatever their occupation in life. It may be that Thomas Edward, the Scotch naturalist, whose life Smiles so admirably describes, would have been as earnest, as devoted, as enlightened, and as persevering, if he had been a stonemason or a smith or a carpenter. But the fact remains that he was a maker of shoes, and that it was in the intervals of this not very inspiring trade, and in spite of the difficulties which poverty and misunderstanding put in his way, that he did so much in the interests of science, and secured recognition very late in the day as a man of altogether exceptional claims to honour.

Yet in spite of the conditions which seem to favour the mental development of shoemakers, there have been those who scouted the occupation. In the Border town of St Boswells there was a shoemaker named John Younger, who wrote his autobiography. The passion for pen-work will show itself, and Younger must needs tell how it was debated in his boyhood whether he or his brother should go to the university. The choice for this distinction fell on the brother. 'So George got on with his Latin, whilst I got on with my shoemaking and mending the best way I could. This craft of mine was the most unproductive and vexatious business, after all—a constant botheration, what with pleasing my customers and looking after my journeymen, who often would not or could not attend to matters so pointedly as was found absolutely necessary. This through a lifetime has entailed a world of hourly care and extra care on myself, with a super-sufficiency of daily vexation. If I had my life to begin again just now, I would rather at once commence henchman to the gipsy king-fisher in the most troubled waters above-ground than be a village shoemaker on the most promising conditions ever brought within the vision of a poor son of the craft.' There seems a querulous discontent about this; the causes assigned are insufficient for vexation so great and continuous; and one must fear that John Younger had ever a longing eye on his brother George's Latin and higher opportunities. A shoemaker who thinks much is often misanthropic; and yet better be a good shoemaker than a bad philosopher. These remarks, however, have not the same unexceptional application to the present time that they have to the time just past. Shoemakers are not nowadays so strongly individualised. They are items in a factory rather than self-complete units in a particularly vigorous system of life. There is a good deal of the old character left; but part of it has gone; and many shoemakers show an

unfortunate tendency to degenerate into machine-made men, as commonplace, and stereotyped, and hopelessly uninteresting as the shoes they help to manufacture.

#### THE LEOPARD MAN-EATER.

A VERY terrible but true tale of the loss of human life has been received from India. Upwards of one hundred and fifty poor natives in the Rajshye district (or county) of Lower Bengal have been killed by a leopard. It is hardly necessary to say that the people of the villages, over an area of about forty square miles, in which the animal committed its ravages were reduced to a state of misery and terror until their enemy was slain. The Government of Bengal during the past year has been spending hundreds of thousands of rupees to prevent the death of any of its native subjects from starvation or famine; but, so far as can be ascertained, the same Government only offered a reward of fifty rupees, instead of the ordinary reward of five rupees, for the destruction of this terrible leopard, which, towards the end of its career, was killing women and children at the rate of two or three a week.

The special interest and importance of the case is derived from the fact that a leopard is not usually addicted to taking human life. Everybody has heard or read stories of man-eating tigers; but in the records of Oriental sport and natural history, there is, I believe, no mention of a systematic man-eating leopard. Wolves and jackals are well known as prowling about villages and carrying off little children almost before the eyes of their parents. The leopard has been always regarded as the chief enemy of goats and of poultry and of the village dogs. It has seldom tried to molest human beings who did not first interfere with it. The late Mr Wood, in his popular work on Natural History, thus describes the leopard: 'In its own country the leopard is as crafty an animal as our British fox; and being aided by its active limbs and stealthy tread, gains quiet admission into many spots where a less cautious creature could not plant a step without giving an alarm. It is an inveterate chicken-stealer, creeping by night into the hen-roosts, in spite of the watchful dogs that are on their posts as sentinels, and destroying in one fell swoop the entire stock of poultry that happen to be collected under that roof. Even should they roost out of doors, they are no less in danger, for the leopard can clamber up a pole or a tree with marvellous rapidity, and with his ready paw strikes down the poor bird before it is fully awakened.' From this quotation it may be seen that a leopard was looked upon by a generally well-informed English naturalist as little more than a large cat, the deadly enemy of poultry. But this is too favourable a view of its character. A leopard would prefer a goat or a sheep to a fowl if it could get them. It will occasionally kill a calf if it finds the little animal without the protection of the mother-cow. It is very much addicted to killing dogs. The annals of the Indian hill-stations, such as Simla and Mussoorie, contain many stories of the pet dogs of ladies being carried off before their eyes. Even a large dog of the Newfoundland breed has been known to tremble with fear

at finding itself within scent of a leopard. Any fierce dog, such as a mastiff or bulldog, on smelling a leopard, will rush to attack it; but a dog of this kind should always be furnished with a broad leathern or metal spiked collar, to protect its neck from the jaws of the leopard, which invariably tries to seize the dog by the back of the neck.

A leopard has been known to attack and severely wound a man who has gone to the rescue of his own kids or fowls, or who has voluntarily waylaid and attacked the wild beast. But it is quite a new thing that a leopard should assail unoffending human beings and carry off their bodies to devour them at its leisure. Tigers, especially man-eating tigers, are now seldom to be found; but leopards are still numerous in and about the villages of some parts of Lower Bengal, where the jungle, or undergrowth of shrubs and thorny plants, and the high grass afford them shelter. It would indeed be a terrible thing if every leopard in Lower Bengal were to take to killing and eating children and women, after the manner of the beast which has been devastating the villages of Rajshye.

It was in the month of July 1890 that information was given to the Rajshye police that a girl aged four and a boy aged seven had been killed and eaten by a leopard. The report was at first not believed. It was rather suspected that the children had been murdered, or that jackals had carried them off. But in August the villagers came again to the police and declared that the leopard had been seen to kill a boy aged eight, and that on another day it had carried off a baby only six weeks old. Still the police and the superior authorities were incredulous, and nothing further occurred till December, when information was given that a boy of seven had been killed by a leopard. The villagers persisted that it was one and the same leopard that had committed all these ravages. They described it as a large heavy-shouldered beast, with rather a short tail. There is much difference in the size of leopards; and when the skin of a dead leopard is measured from the tip of its snout to the end of its tail, the possessor of a long tail may be represented as a large animal, whereas its head and neck and body were really on a small scale. Any one who looks at the leopards in their dens at the Zoological Gardens can see for himself how much the animals differ in size and substance. Be this as it may, the story of the villagers was soon confirmed by the renewal of the leopard's ravages; for in January 1891 there were no fewer than eight victims. The following list shows how its depredations were continued. 1891—January, eight human beings; February, two; March, six; April, one; May, seven; June, six; July, seven; August, fourteen; September, twelve; October, twelve; November, ten; December, thirteen. 1892—January, fourteen; February, twenty-one; March, thirteen; April, one. It is probable that the number in April might have increased, but fortunately on the 6th of April the leopard was killed by a party of sportsmen, and there was an end of the destruction of human beings.

It will be observed that the old doctrine of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus* applies to the man-eating leopard. The natural fear of man deters it at first; but as it grows bolder in crime, it

finds that it is exceedingly easy to kill a defenceless child or woman, whose delicate neck is crushed in an instant between its powerful jaws. There is no resistance; and it may be that the leopard soon finds that human flesh and blood are delicacies, such as they are said to be in the opinion of most cannibal tribes whose habits have been so minutely described by the adventurous travellers who have resided among them. The first human being that the Rajshye leopard was known to have killed was a little girl about four years old. The child was playing in the courtyard of her parents' house, when just before sunset the leopard sprang upon her, and carried off the body into the nearest high-grass jungle, and was beginning to devour it, when the outcries of the assembled villagers caused it to leave the corpse. It would be monotonous to try to give the particulars of every separate victim. The leopard usually made its attack about sunset. One evening a woman of thirty and her son of ten were returning from a neighbouring market. The leopard sprang upon the boy; but the mother bravely ran to defend him, when the leopard seized her by the neck and killed her, and then carried off the boy's body into the jungle to devour it. This was seen by several other persons returning from the market, who fled as fast as they could. On another occasion a cowherd, on arising in the early morning, missed his mother, who had been sleeping in the same hut at a few yards' distance from him. When daylight appeared, he saw a naked body lying in the courtyard of the house, and he found that it was his mother's corpse. Her neck had been broken, and the leopard having sucked the blood, had left the body where it lay. The body was still warm, and the leopard had probably slunk off on seeing the son moving about. The leopard seems hardly ever to have attacked a grown-up man, although it is stated that six grown-up men died in the course of the year from wounds received by them in attacking it and trying to rescue a victim.

It is hardly necessary to say that many attempts were made by different persons, European and native, to kill the leopard as soon as its ravages became notorious; but they were unsuccessful. The explanation given is that the leopard hid itself in the fields of high sugar-cane, which were impenetrable to man and elephant. The sportsmen usually took out some elephants when they wanted to kill the leopard; but it is very little use to hunt for a leopard with two or three elephants; for the elephants may not be sent into the sugar-cane crops, and if there is no sugar-cane, a leopard can easily hide itself in the thick grass and scrub jungle so as to be invisible to the rider of an elephant. It is true that on the day when the leopard was killed, there were nineteen elephants brought into the field, and they succeeded in driving it out, beating shoulder to shoulder, from a patch of high grass in which it was trying to hide itself. But the leopard was not found, or put up, by the elephants. A poor man, whose wife had been killed by the leopard, had seen the beast climbing up into a tree, and he ran to tell the sportsmen where it was. When it came down from the tree, it was easy to surround it; and after a considerable number of shots, the leopard was killed. It



was a male, and its length was six feet six inches, the head and shoulders being abnormally large. The skin when cured was stretched to seven feet nine inches.

Doubtless, there was no want of courage on the part of the gentlemen who went out to try to kill the leopard; but they seem to have been rather inexperienced sportsmen, and they did not know how to hunt a leopard. If they had had the good fortune to read Mr F. B. Simson's *Sport in Eastern Bengal*, they would have found valuable instruction in the two chapters that he has written on Leopards. In the first place, the leopard should be sought for and shot by the sportsman on foot. Mr Simson writes thus: 'I consider that exposure to a leopard on foot, with due precaution and a proper weapon, is only a fair sporting risk, and accidents must happen occasionally.' Mr Simson is certainly entitled to speak. He shot many leopards on foot; he was twice badly wounded by a leopard, but on one of these occasions a third leopard unexpectedly attacked him from behind, when he had already killed two others in the same patch of grass jungle. Mr Simson mentions that an old French gentleman whom he knew used to go about hunting for leopards with a nondescript sort of dog, half pariah, and half spaniel. 'When this dog smelt a leopard, he would cock his ears, and point out from a respectful distance where the leopard lay. The Frenchman kept on peeping and peering about, wholly regardless of anything the leopard might do in the way of attack, till he could sight the animal. He then killed him, almost to a certainty, with a single shot.' Mr Simson goes on to say that he has hunted leopards with dogs, and has been at several such hunts with other people's dogs. But dogs are either too timid or too plucky, and the plucky ones that go at the leopard get killed. Still the dogs help to find the leopard, and it seems that they might have been used with more advantage in seeking for the man-eating leopard. But to use dogs effectually the sportsman must be on foot. There is no chance of a good combination of dogs with elephants, for the latter hate the dogs, and will run away from them; and the dogs mistrust the elephants, and decline to hunt. Finally, no use seems to have been made of trackers, or of seeking for the leopard by its footprints on the mud after rain. Professional trackers are almost unknown in Bengal; but an Englishman fond of sport soon teaches himself how to track, and can impart the knowledge to one or more of his own native servants.

#### ABOUT LOCO.

THE enterprising Englishman who emigrates to the south-western prairies of North America with a view to ranching, has many trials awaiting him of which he little dreams in Old England; but to my mind the worst evil of all is to find one's self unwittingly the purchaser of a ranch on which Loco is found. Few people who have not been out West know anything about this plant, which is so much dreaded by cattle ranchmen, and therefore I think a few remarks about it may not prove uninteresting to some readers.

This loco is a pretty plant, something like a vetch in appearance, with white, purple, and red flowers. The leaf is alternately pinnate, and the leaflet lanceolate. It is the first green herbage that springs up after the long winter, and perhaps that is the reason it seems irresistible to some cattle in the early spring. It takes its name from a Mexican word meaning 'mad'; and it is often called the 'Crazy Weed,' from the direful effect it has upon cattle or horses if eaten in any quantity. At the commencement, the poison seems slow in showing itself; the first symptom usually being a dull glassy look in the eyes, which gradually seem to dilate and become wild and staring. To an experienced 'Westerner' this is sufficient warning, and if he is wise, he will remove the animal at once to some distant pasture free from the weed, for if left to graze on the dangerous herb, the symptoms will become more pronounced, the vision becoming impaired, and the victim developing an aptitude for indulging in grotesque antics, sometimes rushing madly about as if demented. When horses are affected, they generally show it first by being troublesome in harness, balking, backing, and often rearing and hurling themselves backwards. A 'locoed' horse has the greatest objection to having its head touched in any way, and consequently is difficult to harness.

The last stage of the disease is a gradual wasting away of the animal; and this ends fatally. I once saw a cow that was badly 'locoed,' the poison had got thoroughly into her system and she was as thin as a rail. Her ribs showed plainly through the skin, and she was so weak she could hardly stand. Her owner had kept her shut in a corral away from the fatal loco, and fed her up well; but she was too far gone, and got so wretched at last that a bullet put an end to her sufferings.

Strange to say, cattle born on the prairies seem instinctively to avoid the plant; and it is chiefly imported animals, often valuable high-grade beasts, that fall victims to their partiality for it. It is very difficult to eradicate loco once it has got a firm hold on a pasture, and I believe the best thing is to plough up the land. It grows in big patches, and in the 'fall' the large pods containing the seeds burst and are carried on by the winds to spread elsewhere.

I was for some time on a ranch where loco flourished wonderfully, in spite of the owner's efforts to get rid of it. He was advised to drown it first with water from the irrigation ditches, and then let the hot sun scorch it up. Note that under this treatment it thrived and spread! Again he was told by an 'old-timer' that the only thing was to cut it down just before it seeded and burn it. He did so; and the next year his best hay patch was thick with loco blossom. Although there is a prevalent idea that loco hay is harmless, my friend would not run the risk of giving it to his horses, and lost the crop.

I once helped to drive a cow from a loco patch

to a corral; the distance was not a mile, and yet with the help of another rider it took us two hours and a half to succeed. The cow ran all over the place in a silly dazed way, until we got our two horses close along each side of her, so that she could not turn easily, and with difficulty kept her moving on straight ahead. Her sight seemed peculiarly defective; on the way, she fell clumsily into an irrigation ditch that she could easily have crossed, and we got her out with no end of trouble. Again, coming to a fence-pole lying on the ground, she stopped abruptly and commenced dancing and plunging about in front of it for some minutes; then, with a great bound, she jumped over it as if it was two or three feet high! A 'locoed' horse of mine while feeding quietly in the stable one morning was seized with a spasm; it reared suddenly, threw itself backwards and broke its neck before two men who were standing by could do a thing to try and save it.

A few years before I went to the southern part of Colorado, where I first came across loco, the weed was spreading so rapidly there that the Government offered a bounty for every ton of it dug up by the roots, which was to be destroyed after being weighed. This wise measure for battling with the evil was frustrated by the greed of some of the Mexicans and lower stamp of ranchmen, who, tempted by the reward, actually cultivated the plant as a profitable speculation, until their unscrupulous business was suspected, and it was deemed expedient to take off the bounty, as the amount of loco that was produced seemed incredible.

There are many theories afloat about loco among Westerners. Some maintain that it is not the plant at all that does the mischief, but a tiny red worm that is found only in its roots, and that animals that are affected must first eat the root and swallow the worm. One man will believe that this worm attacks only the intestines, and another will declare that it finds its way at once to the brain. In defence of this worm theory it is urged that botanical experts have failed to discover anything supposed to be injurious to cattle or horses in the specimens of the plant sent to them for analysis. One daring ranchman I knew actually tasted the leaves, and said they had a strong flavour of salt about them, which would doubtless be acceptable to bovine palates.

I was once talking to an owner of a large horse-ranch, and having noticed that loco grew abundantly on the land, but that his horses looked none the worse for it, I asked the reason. He told me he had lost many until he heard accidentally that salt and copperas together made an effectual antidote to the poison; for by the way he maintained that the plant was injurious in itself, and quite repudiated the worm theory. He said that since he had left the remedy where the animals could always get at it, he had not lost one. It seemed hard to believe in this somewhat homoeopathic treatment of the disease, but this horse-owner had the greatest faith in its efficiency. I never met any one else who had tried the daring experiment. I was much interested in the noxious plant, and watched all loco cases that came under my notice most carefully; but whether the trouble arises from poisonous leaves or worms I cannot tell. I dried some specimens of the plant,

and sent them on my return to England to an authority on such things, but he was not able to name it; so I conclude England is at present free from the weed, and I hope she may never have any transplanted to her shores. It may not be uninteresting to close these remarks by saying that in localities where loco is found, a word has been coined from its name, and if people are deficient in intellect, or odd and eccentric, they are designated 'locoed'!

#### IN PHILIPPAUGH WOODS.

Oh lovely woods of Philiphaugh!  
As through your leafy glades I wander,  
I watch the shadows come and go—  
I watch the sunlight's golden glow—  
And listen to the rippling flow  
Of Yarrow's streamlet, gliding yonder.

Oh peaceful woods of Philiphaugh!  
Where tiny rabbits frisk and gambol  
Along the path in baby play—  
The mossy path where blooms of May  
And beechen boughs o'erhang the way  
As slowly, idly, on I ramble.

Oh happy woods of Philiphaugh!  
Where sounds the sweet wood-pigeon's cooing,  
And pheasant's call, and blackbird's trill;  
Where finches warble clear and shrill,  
And thrushes pipe with mellow thrill:  
All songs of hope, and love, and wooing.

Oh fragrant woods of Philiphaugh!  
There hawthorn buds sweet scents are blending  
With violets faint, and primrose pale;  
While piney odours on the gale  
Across my senses softly sail;  
Incense from summer winds descending.

Oh dusky woods of Philiphaugh!  
Famed in old times of war and glory,  
Where Outlaw Murray held his sway;  
Where fought Montrose his luckless fray—  
While Carterhaugh across the way  
Of playful elves sings gentler story.

Oh mystic woods of Philiphaugh!  
You beckon me with magic finger;  
For cool and calm as falls the dew  
From you far sky of tender blue,  
Your spell upon me falls anew,  
As daily 'neath your shades I linger.

O blessed woods of Philiphaugh!  
In days to come my inward vision  
Will bring me, down your paths to stray,  
Though earthly feet be far away—  
And memories bright will ever stay,  
Filling my soul with dreams Elysian.

J. E. ANDERSON.

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## NOVELISTS' PICTURES.

THE spread of education and the growth of Free Libraries have undoubtedly stimulated the appetite for fiction, and added largely to the great army of novel-readers. The novelist may regard the fact with unconcealed exultation; the man of serious mind, who likes his literature solid, and is not troubled with an excess of imagination, may deplore and condemn this development of the love for what he contemptuously styles 'light reading.' Between these possible extremes is a mass of fluctuating opinion. Many public speakers and writers, when touching on this topic, appear to feel themselves bound to regret, in a more or less half-hearted way, the over-proportionate attention shown to fiction, as evidenced by library statistics and publishers' returns; while at the same time they are obliged to confess that, after all, it is only a perfectly natural phenomenon. Novel-readers, who are of all ages and of all ranks, do not trouble themselves much about the matter. Incident, character, ghastliness, crime, philosophy, theological discussion, humour—all, as exhibited in fiction, attract special classes of readers. A literature that can suit so many diverse tastes, and which is read for such an infinite variety of reasons, needs no formal vindication.

There is one feature in modern fiction of the better class which is especially attractive to dwellers in cities, and to all whose lives consist largely in a daily routine of bread-winning, but not specially interesting or intellectually stimulating labour. These readers find particular enjoyment in what we may call the novelists' pictures. Landscape, seascape, still-life, rural life, are all to be found, with many other kinds of art, often in great perfection, in the pages of popular novels. These pictures can be enjoyed without reference to the stories in which they appear; and one striking scene of natural beauty may remain photographed upon the mind when plot and dialogue, incident and character,

have all vanished into the limbo of forgetfulness.

Scott, encyclopædic novelist as he is—touching all themes, and adorning all that he touches—has not many set scenes of sea- or land-landscape, but his interiors are inimitable. The description of the Antiquary's study, with its multifarious contents and wealth of learned litter, is a masterpiece in the Dutch or Flemish style. Other striking pictures of the same school are the drinking-bout in Luckie Macleary's change-house, which so narrowly escaped a tragic ending; the Alsatian tavern in the *Fortunes of Nigel* where Duke Hildebrod admits the fugitive Scotch lord to all the privileges of the Whitefriars; and more than one scene in *Rob Roy*.

Dickens has not much to show in the way of landscape; but the harsh ugliness and mist-laden desolation of the river-side marsh districts haunt the memory of the reader of *Great Expectations*. A few bits might be recalled; but, as a rule, the picturesque in landscape is not much touched by the author of *Pickwick*. The same may be said, though not so strongly, of Thackeray. It would be difficult to point out any complete or striking picture either of land or sea scenery in any one of his novels. Character and humour are all in all.

Hawthorne has several pictures of singular interest and force. Most striking of all, perhaps, is that scene in the *Scarlet Letter* where Arthur Dimmesdale, conscience-driven, ascends at dead of night the platform of shame, where he is joined by Hester and the child. All three suddenly stand revealed as the glare of the lightning-flash for a moment lights up the sleeping town, and shows the strange scene of midnight penance to the eye of the single witness, the mocking Roger Chillingworth. Many of Hawthorne's short sketches are simply pictures drawn by a master-hand, which, being drawn, are left to tell their own tale and point their own moral. Some are wonderfully vivid. There are few more impressive things in literature than *Young Goodman Brown*, wherein the night-walk through the



forest and the scene of hellish revelry at the great gathering of the witches are depicted with extraordinary power.

Among more recent novels, Mr William Black's are pre-eminently rich in pictorial wealth. With such a book, for example, as *White Wings* in his hands, the city-bound reader can behold a succession of invigorating sea-scenes. A few strokes of the novelist's pen and he is in the midst of a broad sweep of sunlit sea; above him strains the bellying canvas, and beyond the few feet of shining deck heave the deep green surges. He feels the spray upon his face, and the salt sea-breeze upon his cheek. What more delightful picture than this can be revealed to the mind's eye of a reader by the fireside, on a December or January evening, when the actual world outside offers nought but mud and mire, damp, darkness, and cold? Scenes of this kind abound in Mr Black's books; but landscapes also are not wanting, as no reader of the *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* will need to be told. There is a lovely morning picture of woodland scenery in *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*. The early, golden light strikes through the long lines of the trees in a Surrey wood, and a lady, who has risen early to enjoy the sylvan scene, stands motionless to watch the gambols of the rabbits that flash in and out of their holes, and are the only disturbers of the peace that lies brooding among the sun-touched trunks, and on the glorified bracken and underwood.

Sea-pictures of great force and beauty and of an infinite variety are to be found in the books of Mr Clark Russell, a writer who adds to an intimate knowledge of every aspect of the ocean, an unequalled power of vividly presenting to the reader its every phase, its beauty, its music, and its grandeur.

Beautiful and finished pictures of various kinds are also to be found in the works of many other living novelists. Ouida occasionally succeeds in a very marked degree, but too often her pictures are painty and laboured, and sometimes gaudy. There are lovely views of New Forest scenery in Miss Braddon's *Vixen*; and her most finished and artistic novel, *Joshua Haggard's Daughter*, contains more than one picture of Cornish furze-grown common and breezy hill-side that live in the memory. In George Meredith's *Richard Feverel* there is a beautiful river-side scene, wherein young Richard first experiences the delirium of youthful love, which in any collection of novelists' landscapes would assuredly take high rank. Some of Mr Walter Besant's stories of the last century contain elaborate and very carefully finished drawings of quaint interiors. The curiously-named story, *The World went very well Then*, begins with a singularly vivid and faithful reproduction of an ancient apothecary's shop and its adjoining living-room.

George Eliot's first great novel opens with a perfect picture. No reader of *Adam Bede* can

ever forget that country carpenter's shop, sweet with the fragrance of newly-cut wood, where the slant beams of the evening sun light upon the stalwart figure of Adam singing as he works. Admirers of Mrs Poyser do not need to be reminded of the many delightful pictures of grange and farmstead, and of the rich, cultivated landscape of Central England, that adorn the pages of *Adam Bede* and other novels by the same hand. In her later works, where the style becomes more artificial, and where the influence of the sweet Warwickshire meadows and woodlands has only too evidently yielded to that of modern philosophy and metaphysics, George Eliot's brush loses much of its picturesque power. Occasionally there is a touch of the earlier manner. In *Theophrastus Such* there is a passage in the essay on 'Looking Backward' which is strongly reminiscent of Mrs Poyser's country: 'And then the tiled roof of cottage and homestead, of the long cow-shed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently, of the broad-shouldered barns where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music, while the watchdog barked at the timidly venturesome fowls making pecking raids on the outlying grain—the roofs that have looked out from among the elms and walnut trees, or beside the yearly group of hay and corn stacks, or below the square stone steeple, gathering their gray or ochre tinted lichens and their olive-green mosses under all ministries.'

Like all great writers, George Eliot recognises the village inn as the glass wherein country humour and manners mirror themselves. The immortal scene at the 'Rainbow' in *Silas Marner* is perfect in drawing as in humour. Another ingathering of a different kind is that at the 'Sugar Loaf' in *Felix Holt*, where Boniface proclaims his political creed in a delightfully simple and yet comprehensive fashion: 'I'll plump or I'll split for them as treat me the handsomest and are the most of what I call gentlemen; that's my idee. And in the way of hacting for any man, them are fools that don't employ me.'

Scenes of rustic life and manners of another kind are to be found in the Dorsetshire tales of Thomas Hardy. His books abound in cottage and tavern interiors, whose characteristics are graphically delineated in a few lines, while life is given to the picture by the Shakespearean-like humour of the clowns, with whose ways and modes of thought the Wessex novelist is so intimately acquainted. Mr Hardy is also a master of landscape. Casterbridge, or Dorchester, with its approaches of pillared shade, is painted with a loving hand in more than one of his novels; and the Wessex downs and fertile vales, dotted with many a quaint old crumbling church tower, are drawn with a vividness and a feeling for natural beauty that afford a constant pleasure to the reader. A little farther west, and we are on the ground which Mr Blackmore has made peculiarly his own. *Lorna Doone* has revealed the

beauties of Exmoor to many a wandering reader; and the greater Devonian tableland, Dartmoor, is a topic of which Mr Blackmore does not easily weary. There are many pictures of it, both in its sunny aspect, when from an unclouded sky the sun beats fiercely on miles of heather and bog and granite rock; and in its hours of storm and tempest and driving mist, when danger besets the feet of the unwary wayfarer at every step. Its every aspect may be found depicted in a masterly manner in *Christowell*, *Cripps the Carrier*, and other of Mr Blackmore's books.

It is hardly necessary to mention in this connection the works of Richard Jefferies, for, as a novelist, this wonderful observer of Nature was somewhat of a failure. But poorly as *Bevis* and its brethren may rank as works of fiction, they contain many exquisite word-pictures worthy to be placed beside those which fill the pages of his earlier and greater books. Jefferies has sometimes been styled a cataloguer rather than a painter of Nature; but the criticism is not just. His effects are gained by the perfect rendering of a multiplicity of details, but the arrangement of the material is no mere dry, mechanical catalogue. Every stroke, every detail tells, until the carefully and delicately elaborated picture is complete.

Another great master of the picturesque is Robert Louis Stevenson. There are seascapes in *Treasure Island*, and winter pictures of American woods, deep in snow and haunted by the stealthily gliding forms of silent Indians, in that wonderful romance *The Master of Ballantrae*, that are graven deep on the mental retina of all readers who are gifted with the smallest spice of imagination. The latest of his books, *The Wrecker*, has some very vivid pictures of tropical storms in the South Seas, when 'overhead, the wild huntsman of the storm passed continuously in one blare of mingled noises; screaming wind, straining timber, lashing rope's end, pounding block, and bursting sea contributed.' But it is, perhaps, in *Kidnapped* that Mr Stevenson's descriptive powers are seen at their best. The 'Flight in the Heather' of Alan Breck and poor David Balfour of Shaws is a continuous panorama of Highland scenery. Here is a western loch: 'It was near noon before we set out; a dark day, with clouds, and the sun shining upon little patches. The sea was here very deep and still, and had scarce a wave upon it, so that I must put the water to my lips before I could believe it to be truly salt. The mountains on either side were high, rough, and barren, very black and gloomy in the shadow of the clouds, but all silver-laced with little watercourses where the sun shone upon them.' Without any attempt at what is ordinarily called word-painting, with no straining after effect by the use of extravagant and far-fetched descriptions and similes, by the simple but masterly use of a few lines in black and white, a perfect picture is produced.

In the same natural but graphic way the loneliness of a Highland glen is placed before us: 'The dawn had come quite clear; we could see the stony sides of the valley, and its bottom, which was bestrewn with rocks, and the river, which

went from one side to another, and made white falls; but nowhere the smoke of a house, nor any living creature but some eagles screaming round a cliff.' The scene changes to 'a cleft in the head of a great mountain, with a water running through the midst, and upon the one hand a shallow cave in a rock. Birches grew there in a thin, pretty wood, which a little farther on was changed into a wood of pines. The burn was full of trout; the wood of cushat-doves; on the open side of the mountain beyond, whaupers would be always whistling, and cuckoos were plentiful.' Loch and glen and mountain side need only the desolate moorland to complete the picture of the Highlands: 'The mist rose and died away, and showed us that country lying as waste as the sea; only the moorfowl and the peewees crying upon it, and far over to the east, a herd of deer, moving like dots. Much of it was red with heather; much of the rest broken up with bogs and hags and peaty pools; some had been burnt black in a heath-fire; and in another place there was quite a forest of dead firs, standing like skeletons.'

It is not every writer who can paint a picture in plain prose, who can set forth in a few lines a scene, distinct as life and instinct with life, before his readers' eyes. The rendering of colour is a further difficulty. Poetry lends itself more easily to the art. Shelley, when Ione describes the shell that Proteus presented to Asia, gives a perfect picture in three lines:

See the pale azure fading into silver,  
Lining it with a soft yet glowing light;  
Looks it not like lulled music sleeping there?

Shelley's delicately beautiful drawing and Keats's gorgeous colouring are beyond the reach of the humbler artist in prose. The novelist's pictures, life-like though they may be, must always partake to some degree of a Quaker-like simplicity in the matter of colour. In compensation for this defect, the novelist can give us greater firmness of outline and a more realistic rendering of details. And these two qualities go far to make the perfect prose picture that delights the eye of the reader, and remains engraved upon the tablets of the brain, a thing of beauty which is a joy for ever.

## THE IRONY OF FATE.

### CHAPTER VIII.—ESCAPED.

Two days had passed, but nothing fresh occurred to excite further alarm or suspicion in the mind of Arabella Alsworth. Lord Cransford still remained a guest at the Hall, and was unusually kind and amiable in his manner to her. Major Bowyer, on the contrary, preserved an appearance of indifference, almost of contempt, which ill concealed the rage that filled his mind and heart.

On the third day, shortly after breakfast, Thomas the footman knocked at the door of Arabella's sitting-room and asked if he could speak to her, and being told to 'come in,' he entered cautiously and closed the door.

'What is it, Thomas?' she asked.

'Are you quite alone, miss?'

'Yes, quite alone.'

'Excuse me, miss, but did you get a letter this morning?'

'No. Why do you ask?'

'You won't let master know that I told you—will you, miss?'

'No; you may depend on my secrecy.'

'There was one for you, miss; I saw it on the Major's desk. I thought you wouldn't get it, from what I overheard. It's a plot, miss, against you: you are to be carried off and compromised—that's what they said.'

'Who said so?'

'Lord Cransford and master. They talked about post-horses and chloroform.'

'How came you to hear all this?' asked Arabella.

The man hung his head and grew quite red in the face. 'I heard your name, miss, and I couldn't help it—I listened.'

'Very wrong, I know, Thomas; but very fortunate for me.—Thank you very much. This information is most valuable. It is very kind of you, and I shall not forget it.'

'Just one word more, miss. If you've any secrets, don't trust 'em to Mrs Manser; she's in the plot.'

When the man was gone, Arabella sat down to think. It was, then, as she had suspected—her letters had been intercepted. Fortunately for her, her suspicion had been so far aroused that she had herself posted the last letter she had written to Frank. This annoyed and vexed her beyond measure, for she had very little doubt not only that her letters had been intercepted but that they also had been read. That was, however, of small moment. The idea of being compelled to marry Lord Cransford was most repugnant to her, and it was now evident that, by fair means or foul, her uncle intended she should be Lord Cransford's bride; and, if no other means would serve their purpose, her reputation was to be tarnished. She could hardly realise that men could be such monsters; but at anyrate she must meet plot by plot. She was not safe under her uncle's roof. If she staid any longer at Clumber Park, she felt sure her doom was fixed. She must either flee or tamely submit. She resolved on the former, whatever might be the consequence, and now thought of nothing but how this could be accomplished.

She was not long in deciding on the course she would take; she had plenty of money, for the greater portion of her quarter's allowance was still in hand; and she had a goodly number of jewels, many of which were valuable. When all in the house were asleep, she would steal down-stairs and make her escape. She would make her way to London, take some cheap lodgings in one of the outskirts, and wait till she was of age. If her funds did not last, she would apply to Mr Ainsley; she felt sure he would assist her. Indeed, if she did not change her mind, she had half decided she would go to him at once and seek his advice. At anyrate, rather than return

to her guardian's protection, she would work for her living—do anything, rather than be tied to such a man as Lord Cransford.

So the day passed; and a little after midnight Arabella, dressed very plainly, opened her chamber door, and listened. All was silent. She took up her bag and umbrella and advanced to the top of the stairs, and again listened. All silent. She passed softly down the carpeted stairs, and, approaching the door, was endeavouring to lift the great bar which secured the entrance, when she was startled by the sound of voices in angry altercation, and she paused, letting the bar drop softly back into its place. The next instant the study door was flung violently open, and Lord Cransford came out, cursing loudly, and vowing that Major Bowyer was a cheat. For a moment Arabella was so paralysed with fright that she could not move. The light from the study fell full upon her, and she expected every moment to be discovered and dragged into the study and an explanation demanded.

It soon became evident that the two men were in an advanced state of inebriation; and the language used by Lord Cransford was of such a character that her soul revolted at it; but what roused her indignation most was to think that her uncle wanted to marry her to such a man. The thought made her shiver.

After a good deal of remonstrance and persuasion Lord Cransford was induced to return to the study; the door was closed, and all was once more quiet.

'What should she do now?' was the question Arabella asked herself. 'Should she unbar the door and make a dash for liberty? Or should she return to her room and wait a more favourable opportunity?'

She chose the former, and again essayed to lift the weighty bar—this time successfully. The key was turned; the latch was lifted; the door swung open; there was a strong rush of air and then the report of a door closing. Arabella was startled; but she had sufficient presence of mind to shut the Hall door quickly, yet quietly, and hurry off down the avenue leading to the lodge. She hastened on till she reached the gates, and, to her great disappointment found them locked. This, to a girl of Arabella's temperament, was not an insuperable obstacle. She was strong and agile; and finding a place in the wall where she could reach the top, she drew herself up, dropping softly on the other side. She paused for an instant to listen: not a sound could be heard but the roaring of the wind. Thus far all had gone well; and she started to walk along a country lane leading to a distant village.

Major Bowyer was never an early riser; but on the morning following Arabella's flight, he was unusually late, both he and Lord Cransford having indulged more freely than usual on the previous night. The first thing he did on entering the breakfast-room was to inquire for Arabella, and he was told that she had not yet left her room.

'Go and call her; tell her I'm waiting for my breakfast,' he said testily.

Thomas left the room, returning in a few minutes with the intelligence that Miss Alsworth was not in her room; and her maid said that the



bed had not been slept in. Search was at once made high and low, but no Arabella could be found.

Major Bowyer's stern and dark though still handsome countenance was more dark and lowering than usual when he realised the fact that his wicked plot had been defeated and that his victim had escaped. He was still more annoyed when Lord Cransford, on hearing of her flight, announced his intention of throwing up the game and proceeding to London by the next train.

Major Bowyer was, as may be imagined, dreadfully irate at Lord Cransford's desertion; and Thomas and the grooms who were sent to scour the country in search of the fugitive had rather a bad time of it; and in the end, when no tidings could be obtained of Arabella, Major Bowyer retreated to his study, there to drown his anxiety and vexation in his accustomed potations.

Arabella, previous to starting, had carefully arranged her plan. She had decided that, instead of taking the train for London from the nearest station, she would walk to a small town some three miles distant, and take the down-train for Exeter. On her arrival she at once proceeded to the Queen Street Station, with a view to take the up-train by the South-western to Waterloo. Here, finding that she had over two hours to wait, she proceeded to a waiting-room, where she had not been long seated, when an old lady and her maid entered and sat down not far distant. The lady seemed of rather a garrulous nature, and after dilating on the stupidity of railway directors in not having trains ready for people, and telling Arabella where she was going to, she said: 'You seem to have no one with you, my child; you are very young to travel alone.'

'Yes, I am quite alone,' replied Arabella.

'And where is your destination?'

'London.'

'Have you friends there?'

'No.'

'I'm not inquisitive,' said the old lady after a pause; 'but I should very much like to know what is the business which is taking you to London?'

'No business at all. I've run away from my guardian.'

'Run away! What for?'

'Because he wanted to marry me to a bad man, a man I hated.'

'And you are going to London alone, and have no friends there! Why, child, you must be mad!'

'Oh! I've got plenty of friends, but not in London; and then the poor girl, who was moved by the tender tones of the stranger, told her the whole story. When Arabella mentioned the name of Lord Cransford, the old lady started.

'Lord Cransford!' she exclaimed. 'My dear child, what an escape you've had! He's the most disreputable young man I know. I don't wonder at your running away; but to go to London without money or friends!'

'Oh! I've plenty of money,' retorted Arabella; 'so, if you will help me to find respectable lodgings when I get there, you will be doing me a great service.'

'Lodgings, child! Let you go into lodgings all by yourself! No, no; I'm going to take you home with me.'

'Oh yes, gladly, if you will let me pay for my board and apartments.'

'I don't let apartments, and I don't take boarders,' replied the old lady, 'but I wish to have a companion for a time, and I have taken a fancy to you, if you will come.'

'I am not sure,' replied Arabella, 'that I would be right in engaging myself permanently, more especially that I have money to pay for what I want.'

'Don't you see,' answered the lady, 'that a girl, a beautiful and attractive girl like you, living alone in lodgings, would be in great danger? It's not to be thought of. You do not know me, and I admire your independence. Indeed, if you will not accept of my invitation, I do not know what can be done; however, we will talk more about it in the train, as I see Johnson has taken our tickets. You had better get yours. Have you any luggage?'

'No, not any,' replied Arabella, with some hesitation. She was looking with something like dismay at the grand gentleman in livery who addressed the little old lady as 'Your Grace!' She felt hot and red, and ready to sink into the earth. This lady to whom she had offered payment for her board and lodgings was a Duchess! It was a dreadful situation; but at the moment there was nothing to be done but to get her ticket, which she did at once.

When they were seated and the train had started, the old lady turned to Arabella and said laughingly: 'Now, child, will you refuse to accept my offer, if I refuse to take payment for your board and lodging?'

'No, no,' replied Arabella, blushing hotly. 'Pray, pardon me; it was done in pure ignorance.'

'I know it was, child; and I'll forgive you if you will let me shelter you for a time at least. I really think it was a special providence that arranged we should be thus thrown together. There is no knowing what might have happened if I had not made a mistake in the train. You are young and inexperienced. You say you have money; you might have been robbed.'

In pleasant chat, the time passed quickly, Arabella every minute growing more in love with this delightful old lady, who was doing all she could to make the poor girl by her side feel at her ease; and the train steamed into Waterloo Station almost before she knew where she was.

A carriage with more tall gentlemen in livery awaited them, and they were at once driven to a mansion in Berkeley Square.

The Duke met his wife in the hall and greeted her tenderly.

'Now, John, dear, I want to introduce this young lady to your notice; but we'll go up into the drawing-room, because I'm going to give you a surprise.'

When they were alone, she commenced: 'This is Miss Arabella Alsworth, who has run away from her guardian because he wanted her to marry our scapegrace of a nephew; and this, my dear'—turning to Arabella—'is my husband, the Duke of Palmouth!'

Arabella was struck dumb with astonishment. That she should in this way have stumbled upon

near relatives of the man she was fleeing from seemed impossible.

'So you preferred to run away rather than marry a handsome man, and become a peeress, and the future Duchess of Falmouth!' smiled the Duke.

'Yes; good looks without good principles don't go far with me,' said Arabella; 'and as for titles, if you will pardon me for saying so, I have never set much store by them.'

'Well, my dear girl,' said the Duke pleasantly, 'I like your principles and I admire your frankness.'

'So do I,' interjected the Duchess. 'What do you think she told me, John? That she would not accept of my hospitality unless I let her pay for her board and lodging.'

'Capital!' laughed the Duke. 'What did she propose as a remuneration?'

'Oh, I don't know—I did not ask her. I offered to take her as a companion; but I am not sure that she appreciated even that,' said the old lady, laughing.

Arabella spoke, half pleadingly. 'You said you had forgiven me.'

'So I have; but this is too good a joke to be kept a secret, and you see how my husband enjoys it.'

'That is so,' rejoined his Grace. 'But now for a moment let us be serious. I knew, or fancied I knew, that some day I should have to be introduced to a young lady rejoicing in the name of Arabella Alsworth, and I was quite prepared to find her a silly, empty-headed girl, who wanted to become the wife of a lord, and did not object to pay a good price for the honour. Well, I have had the pleasure of being introduced to her, and I find her a young lady of strong will and determined purpose, who does not care a fig for titles.'

'Thank you,' said Arabella, rising and making him a profound curtsy. 'But,' she continued, 'there is one thing to be said in extenuation of my bad taste in refusing to become Lady Cransford. Before I had the honour of being introduced to your nephew I was engaged to another man.'

'Ho, ho! this is interesting,' said the Duke. 'May I be allowed to know the name of this favoured individual?'

'Yes, certainly. It is Wallis, and he is a Commander in the royal navy.'

'This is really a most remarkable coincidence!' exclaimed his Grace. 'Commander Wallis is also my nephew.'

'Of course he is,' laughed Arabella. 'I knew that long ago; he told me so when he warned me against Lord Cransford.'

'Well, my dear child,' said the Duke after a pause, 'I congratulate you. Frank Wallis is an honest man and a gentleman, and I respect him. He and his mother have only two faults—they are very proud and very poor.'

'Oh, you must not say anything against Frank!' flashed Arabella, 'or I shall pick up my belongings and make tracks for Camden Town or some other suburban retreat.'

'Make tracks!' expostulated the Duchess; 'who taught you to use such an expression as that?'

'I don't know, but I think it was Lord Cransford.'

There was silence for a few minutes, and then the Duchess said: 'Come with me, child, and we will make ourselves presentable; the dinner bell will ring directly.'

## THE SENSE OF HEARING IN ANIMALS.

It is not necessary to explain here the complicated structure of the human ear, nor the marvellous way in which rapid movements or vibrations of the air, after reaching our outer ear, are thence conveyed to the brain, and there perceived as noise, or, if sufficiently regular and rapid, as musical sounds. We do not find exactly the same structure in other creatures, nor is the organ of hearing always in the same place or of the same shape. What is usually called the ear—that is, the external ear—is of course but a small part, and not a really essential one, of the organ of hearing. Some creatures have no external ears; while in others, such as hares, and also in nocturnal creatures, the external ears are very large, and serve as ear-trumpets or resonators. Those living underground, on the other hand, have none, neither have reptiles; yet we know the latter can hear and be influenced by sounds; indeed, snake-charmers all use music as one means of taming snakes. Beasts of prey, lions, tigers, &c., have their external ears standing forward to catch sounds in front. The creatures they hunt have theirs turned back, so that they may hear when their enemy behind is pursuing them. The skate tribe, in contrast to this, have their external ear orifices on the top of the head. The external ears of bats are greatly developed; in many, they are longer than the head; and in some kinds they are nearly as long as the body and head together! They are also very mobile; and the bat can, at pleasure, move each ear independently of the other, the better to catch sounds. The fennec, a species of fox, has, however, the largest ears in proportion to its size of any animal.

The auditory organs of different insects are not only in different parts of the body, but in some are in more than one part; they also differ in construction, some being far simpler than others. There is evidently an organ of hearing in the antennae of some insects, though it may not be confined to this part of the body; in locusts, for example, the organ is in the abdomen; while grasshoppers and crickets have ears in their anterior legs. These latter are two oval, glassy structures, whose purpose was for long a puzzle to observers; they are now, however, known to consist of a group of cells varying in size, each cell being in connection with a nerve-fibril and containing an auditory rod.

The wood-cricket makes a loud noise by rubbing the edges of its wing-cases together. This noise is so loud that in some countries it is kept in captivity as we should keep a bird, and its note can be heard from one end of a village to another. These are call-notes or love-songs, and are made by the males only. The common field-cricket in the same way sits at the entrance of its burrow stridulating or making this peculiar note till a female approaches; then a softer note succeeds, and he caresses the female with his antennae. The house-cricket acts in a similar way, as do many other insects. The musical instruments

thus used are different, but the object of this insect music is the same. It is therefore certain that other insects of the same family can both hear and take pleasure in the sounds thus made by the males, or they would not be attracted by them.

One other example of the fact that insects purposely make sounds in order to be heard by their mates may be given. The female of a pair of beetles was put inside a box, where the male speedily found her by the noise she made, locating the sound by his antennæ. He took no notice of her until this stridulating noise began; so it was not by smell he discovered her; and further, he failed to find her when his antennæ were removed. Beetles and moths may also be frequently seen moving their antennæ towards the place from which a sound proceeds.

In a recent number of *Nature* (October 6, 1892) Dr Alcock, of the Indian Marine Survey, describes a red crab which has a stridulating apparatus similar to that of some insects. The object of the noise in this case appears to be to prevent intruders from entering an already occupied burrow; for if one approaches, the crab remonstrates, at first gently, but more and more loudly and shrilly if the intruder does not at once retreat.

The mosquito has feathered antennæ, and it has actually been proved that the different minute hairs of which these feathers are really composed respond to different notes; thus, some hairs respond strongly to the note C (five hundred and twelve vibrations per second), which is the note made by the female; other hairs respond to other notes—that is to say, the various hairs begin to vibrate when their own special notes, and those only, are sounded. It is as yet somewhat uncertain whether ants, bees, and wasps can hear; or, at all events, if they can, their range of hearing must be very different from ours, for they take no notice of sounds whether made by the voice, violin, or tuning-fork, whatever may be their pitch. However this may be, whether they can hear or not, ants appear to have auditory organs in their antennæ; they are of a peculiar form, consisting of a long tube, sac, and then a nerve: these may serve as microscopic stethoscopes, as it were. A little creature something like an ant can certainly make a chirping noise by rubbing a ribbed surface on its body; ants have a similar rasp or nutmeg-like surface, though they make no sound that we can hear, except, some say, a kind of whine when irritated may, however, be audible to themselves.

The sounds made by many insects change according to their feelings; one wasp, a very clever builder, brings the little pellets of earth for its pouch-like nest with a song of triumph, a busy hum succeeding, as it begins work. Certain sounds are also said to accompany certain acts: thus a sting is preceded by a sharp sound. Shakespeare appears to have known this, for, in *Julius Cæsar*, Cassius says:

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

Antony. Not stingless too.  
Brutus. O yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

An angry bee's hum is different from the hum of the merely busy bee. Bees' wings vibrate some four hundred and forty times per second to make their ordinary sound, thus producing the note A, but a fired bee makes the note E, produced by three hundred and thirty vibrations a second. A house-fly makes almost exactly the same note, its little wings actually vibrating three hundred and thirty-five times per second to produce its familiar and irritating buzz. That this almost incredible speed is really attained, and is not mere guesswork, is known in two ways. First, the exact number of vibrations necessary to produce this sound is well known; and still further to prove the fact, a fly has been so fixed that each movement of its wings made a mark upon a rotating cylinder; the marks were then counted; and the calculation as to the number of movements of the little fly's wings, which had already been made from the sound produced, was proved correct.

Spiders, too, can certainly hear. Many drop out of their webs on to the branches below—probably from the habit of thus protecting themselves against wasps—on hearing a shout or sound made by a tuning-fork; others try to seize it; while a high-pitched shout caused several of another kind (the diademas) to raise their legs and strike at the imaginary insect. Spiders are equally attracted by notes of a low pitch, but a very loud sound causes them to retreat; while a heated tuning-fork fills them with terror.

Scorpions have a sensitive ear for most sounds, including those made by a violin. They are even affected by sounds which are quite inaudible to the human ear (does it sound paradoxical to speak of an inaudible sound?); while a tuning-fork so angers a scorpion that it will attempt to sting the fork, if near enough. Blowing air on them immediately stops their flight. Two appendages—or antennæ—under the thorax of scorpions probably represent their organs of hearing.

Reptiles, amphibia, fishes, and even creatures as low down in the scale of life as the jelly-fish, all have auditory organs; but whether this always and necessarily implies the power of hearing, is still somewhat doubtful.

Some molluscs, for example, the fresh-water mussel, can boast of auditory organs—of very simple structure, it is true—in their feet; so can the cyclas, a bivalve. In fact, do not we ourselves sometimes use other organs besides the ear for hearing? After Beethoven, for example, became deaf, he used to hear by pressing a stick against the piano, while the other end touched his teeth.

Birds undoubtedly have a very keen sense of hearing; thrushes may often be seen intently listening for worms underground, while many can also accurately imitate a great variety of sounds. Parent birds may sometimes be noticed teaching their young ones to sing; some young wrens were lately seen sitting in front of their mother, who was singing; one young bird tried to imitate her, but after a few notes, failed. The mother then began again, when the young bird made a second and a third attempt—at each effort, singing a few more notes correctly, until the whole song was learned. Each of the



young birds was taught in the same way until all could sing.

The higher animals, as is well known, are conscious of sounds; indeed, the horse and the deer have a very acute sense of hearing; while many animals, the dog and the cat, for example, can discriminate between different tones in the human voice, and even between different notes in music. A dog distinguishes perfectly well between a scolding and a caressing tone; while one dog was noticed invariably to howl at the note D, whether played or sung; and Gautier writes of a cat that had a similar dislike to the note G, and always tried to silence the note or the person producing the sound. Livingstone describes a monkey concert he once overheard: screams, chattering, the noise of pebbles dropping and of wood purposely struck against hollow trees, all combined to produce—as one can easily believe—a quite unique effect. Then there are the howler monkeys of America, so called from the hideous noises they keep up the whole night long. Travellers say these sounds can be heard at a distance of two miles, and that the imitation of various animals, together with the sounds of roaring, groaning, and moaning, are enough to make one believe that half the beasts of the forest are in deadly combat. These dismal noises are mostly made by the males; the females join in, but with a less harsh cry.

Cows, again, are very partial to music, and have been known to follow a singer repeatedly, as closely as possible. So will wild cattle. In fact, the power of singing has more than once been the means of rescuing people from certain death through a threatened stampede of wild-cattle in the prairies of America.

In the human ear there are fibres differing in length and in tension, each—according to the ingenious theory of Helmholtz, published a few years ago—responsive to a sound of a certain pitch and to that only. From thirty to thirty thousand vibrations per second are the limits of sound usually audible to the human ear, or about seven octaves; and in the ear are some two thousand eight hundred fibres, or about four hundred to each octave of sound. A difference of about one sixty-fourth of a tone is audible to a trained ear; indeed, some musicians can distinguish even smaller differences. A later theory, however, also propounded by Helmholtz, is that segments of the basilar membrane are stretched like a series of strings, with varying degrees of tension, each string responding to a sound of a particular pitch. This latter view is supported by the fact that though birds have not these fibres—or rods of Corti, as they are also called—they can distinguish differences of pitch. But, on the other hand, the result of experiments made on the *Mysis*, or opossum shrimp, points to the truth of the earlier theory. This little crustacean has two ears, or auditory sacs, in its tail, the different hairs on which respond to different notes; thus, on blowing a keyed horn, one hair was found to respond weakly to D, but strongly to D sharp, another to G; and so on.

One other part of the inner ear must be noticed here—namely, the otoliths or ear-stones, found in the semicircular canals, of which the use, to us at all events, is not yet clearly understood, but which are of great importance in the ears

of some creatures. The crustacea, for example, mostly have a very simple hearing organ; it is merely a sac containing fluid—in which are the otoliths or ear-stones—with feathered auditory hairs, and is found at the base of the lesser or inner pair of antennæ—the antennules. This sac is cast with each moult, and with it, of course, the ear-stones; and it has been observed that the crustacea often actually pick up and place in their auditory sacs little grains of sand to serve as otoliths. Perhaps they intensify vibrations. They may easily be observed in the cod, in the shape of a flat white stone in the interior of its head. A theory has quite lately been advanced by Professor Crum-Brown to the effect that these otoliths, which are closely connected with the semicircular canals, are really the organs of a recently-recognised sense—that of *rotation*; that is, that instead of the otoliths responding to auditory vibrations, they and the fluid in the semicircular canals are aids to recognise changes of motion and its direction. (It would be out of place to refer at length here to the fact that one vertebrate, and only one, has but two, instead of three, semicircular canals. If these canals do serve to indicate direction—the three canals corresponding to space, as we know it, of three dimensions—does the absence of one canal point to a possibility of space being limited to two dimensions in some creatures?) In the blind-fish these canals are found to be unusually large; while the otoliths are sometimes single, sometimes numerous. If single, they are free; otherwise, they are held in position by the gelatinous surroundings.

Animals may hear sounds that are inaudible to us. Certainly the sounds that give the keenest pleasure to many animals—cats, for example—are seldom capable of giving pleasure to us. We know, of course, that sounds may be too low or too high—that is, the vibrations may be too slow or too rapid—to be audible to the human ear; but it does not follow that they are equally inaudible to differently-tuned ears. The limits of audible sound are not invariably even in the human ear: women can usually hear higher sounds than men, and the two ears are not, as a rule, equally keen. A sound may be quite inaudible to one person and plainly heard by another. Professor Lloyd-Morgan mentions as an instance of this a case in which the piping of some frogs in Africa was so loud to him as almost to drown his friend's voice, but of which his friend heard absolutely nothing! The same thing may be observed by any one possessing the little instrument known as Galton's whistle. The sound made by this whistle can be made more and more shrill, until at last it ceases to be heard at all by most persons. Some can still hear it; but by raising the sound still higher, even they cease to hear. The sound is still being made—that is, the whistle is causing the air still to vibrate, but so rapidly that our ears no longer recognise it, though the existence of these inaudible vibrations is detected by a 'sensitive flame,' as was first shown by Professor Barrett in 1877.

If we dared, at the close of such a long and, we fear, somewhat dry article, touch upon metaphysical subjects, we should point out what a wonderful thought is thus opened before us—

that the world around us may be filled with all manner of noises and musical sounds, which only our deafness prevents us from hearing, but which at some future day we may be able to recognise. Instead of science and knowledge taking away from the beauty of the world, do they not constantly open our eyes to fresh wonders and possibilities, teaching us that the world is far richer, and vastly more interesting, than we ever imagined it to be in the days of our ignorance?

## THE VALLEY OF SHEITAN.

A STORY OF THE BHOORE GHÁT INCLINE.

By HEADON HILL.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A RAGGED blear-eyed vulture sat lazily preening itself on the topmost summit of 'The Duke's Nose,' one of those solitary peaks which dot the slope of the Western Gháts towards the plain of the Konkan below, and which are in themselves miniature mountains rising on the rugged face of the great range. The bird suddenly paused in its toilet and sniffed the air. There was a moment's deliberation; and then, as if with an effort, it launched itself into the throbbing noontide atmosphere, winging its flight in ever-widening circles, which brought it at last within view of its quest. But instead of descending to a ready meal, the vulture was constrained to exercise the virtue of patience on a neighbouring crag. For the cause of attraction rose from no half-eaten relics of a panther's feast, only from the *al fresco* cookery of two young English officers bent on tiffin.

Lionel Heygate and Dick Manners were neither of them particularly imbued with a love of the picturesque, and it was probably by accident, or because of the convenient shade of an 'ashook' tree, that they had selected this spot for a camping-ground in the middle of a day's shooting. The place was a little terrace, twelve feet square, that jutted out from the jungle-covered mountain side. Above and below this natural point of vantage the ground sloped far too abruptly to admit of the operations of the old Mahratta 'shikari,' who was busy heating an 'all-blaze pot' on a fire of twigs.

But though the reason which brought the sportsmen there may have been a matter-of-fact one, the view which they commanded was sufficiently out of the common to hold their attention. Twelve hundred feet below, and, from the steepness of the descent, looking as if a stone could be thrown upon it, commenced the fair stretch of the Konkan plain—the broad belt of fertile land that lies between the foot of the Gháts and the Indian Ocean. Far away in the distance a shimmer of the sea now and again flashed through the sultry haze on the horizon, so fitfully that it might have been taken for the mirage. To the right and left was a wild tangle of mountain scenery. Gorge and ravine, beetling cliff and

giddy precipice, were piled together in bold confusion, all tending upwards to the level summit where lay the vast Deccan tableland. Thickly-matted undergrowth covered everything, softening the rugged grandeur of the ascent with tropical colour. Save for the faint lowing of cattle on the plain below, intense silence reigned.

Suddenly the illusion of perfect isolation was broken by the shriek of a railway whistle and the unmistakable rumble of an advancing train. Manners walked to the edge of the terrace and looked over; then he called to his companion: 'We are just above the reversing station. Come here, Heygate, and see the train come in. It is curious to watch the ways of Clapham Junction in this wilderness.'

Heygate joined his friend. The train was just emerging from a tunnel that seemed to spring from the side of a sheer precipice half a mile away, whence the line was carried on a narrow cornice carved in the shelving rock on to a broad plateau, which jutted out below where the two officers stood. This plateau is the half-way house of the Bhoore Ghát Incline, which rises from Karjat, in the valley below, to Lonauli, at the top of the Ghát. The railway runs on to the plateau in the form of a V, the left-hand shank of the letter representing the line which has ascended from the valley, and the right-hand one the line which has to still further ascend by many tortuous spirals and dizzy gradients to the tableland of the Deccan above. The necessity for a reversing station at this point is made plain by the facts that at the apex of the V there is a giddy precipice running down two hundred feet sheer to a jungle-covered ravine, and that the plateau was not broad enough for the daring engineers who planned this mighty work to dream of a curve. Thus both up and down trains run into the reversing station with their engines facing in the same direction, and are stopped about a hundred yards from the brink of the precipice. The engine has then to be shunted round the train, to be attached to what was formerly the rear; and the journey is resumed up the mountain to the right or downwards to the left, as the case may be.

The place is a station only in name. There is no platform, and there are no buildings, beyond a rude hut for the use of the pointsmen who keep watch and guard against the ever present danger of that terrible abyss. The station is not used for passenger or goods traffic. It is simply an engineering contrivance for the convenience of the railway itself, and its main features are the multiplied lines of metals used for shunting and reversing the engines. The contrast between the utter loneliness of the stupendous scenery and the triumph of invention which has invaded it is never more striking than when a train thunders on to the plateau, crowded with noisy passengers—'Sahib-logue' and native.

The train which Heygate and Manners were watching was coming down the incline, and was therefore approaching the reversing station along the right-hand shank of the V. The gradient at

that part of the incline is one foot in forty, and the brakes were hard at work all along the train, while the steepness of the track was further counteracted by showers of silver sand poured upon the metals by automatic sprinklers attached to the axles. At the approach to the plateau, a pointsman stood with his hand on the lever, ready to turn the train on to the proper line for the reversing operation.

'By Jove!' exclaimed Manners, 'I shouldn't care to have that fellow's responsibility. See, Heygate; if he made a mistake in the points, the train would run into that short siding to the right, and thence clean over the cliff. There's nothing to stop it; everything depends on that man's nerve and sobriety.'

'I expect he's got plenty of both, or he wouldn't be chosen for the job,' replied the other. 'That nasty drop there must be the place which the natives call the "Valley of Sheitan," because a train full of coolies went over during the construction of the line. The European railwaymen speak of it as the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."'

'Well, there's going to be no smash this time,' said Manners; 'the pointsman has vindicated himself. A nigger too, isn't he?'

'Half-caste, I should say, by his costume,' said Heygate. 'He is dressed in what he would probably call "Europe" clothes. Besides, the company wouldn't trust a "pucka" native in a place like that. A mild Hindu might be tempted to send the train over the precipice—as an experiment in mechanics.'

The train had come to a halt with much clatter and jangle. From the eyrie perch where the two sportsmen stood it was only possible to see the roofs of the carriages, and the great panting engine, which was being uncoupled preparatory to reversal. An English guard, conspicuous in white linen tunic and sun helmet, descended from his van and walked along the train in the direction of the first-class carriages in the centre. Approaching one of the latter, he opened the door, and, to the surprise of the watchers above, gave his hand to a young lady, who leaped lightly on to the six-foot way. Then the couple walked away together to the edge of the precipice, and from the man's gesticulations it was evident that he was pointing out features in the surrounding scenery.

'That's rather extraordinary, I should imagine,' said Manners, examining the pair through his field-glasses. 'I wasn't aware that the company expected their people to act as guides to tourists. The guard has an excuse, though. The girl is pretty, I think. What do you make of her?'

Heygate took the glasses and brought them to bear on the couple below. The girl was clad in a plain white dress, with a black band encircling her waist; and her broad-brimmed pith hat was bound with ribbon of the same colour. Even at that distance Heygate could make out that her head was crowned with masses of red-gold hair, and that her fair cheeks wore a delicate pink tint, not common among English women who have been over a year in India. She was listening to her companion with an air of interest, and was palpably impressed with the grandeur of the view.

'Yes, she is pretty,' said Heygate, returning

the glasses; 'and not long in the country, to judge by her complexion.'

The guard and the lady strolled back to the train, and passing to the farther side of it, were lost to view. The engine had now taken up its new position, and all was ready for a start. The half-caste pointsman moved over to another set of levers on the down line; a signal arm, a mile away down the mountain side, fell with a jerk; and the train went clattering off the plateau on to the incline, with another eight miles of winding gradients to descend before it touched level ground again.

For a moment Heygate and Manners were so busy watching the sand-brakes as they were brought into play that they had no eyes for the spot the departing train had lately occupied. Heygate's gaze was still turned in the direction of the giddy track when his friend exclaimed: 'Look there, man! What's the meaning of that? The girl has been left behind.'

'And doesn't seem to mind it much, either,' returned Heygate. 'See! she is going to picnic under the shade of that "anjün."'

It was true enough. The trim figure in white had not returned to the railway carriage, but was seated at the side of the line, beneath one of those wonderful shrubs with plum-like leaves and pink and lilac blossoms springing from bough and trunk—a combination which makes you fancy at a distance that you see blue air through the tree, till on coming close the delusion vanishes.

Besides the solitary picnicker and the dusky pointsman a hundred yards away, there was not a sign of life down at the reversing station. The rows of shining metals, glistening white in the rays of the sun, coiled and interlaced in seeming confusion round about the points, and then, diverging, wound away like twin snakes on their several ways, one up and one down the mountain side. But for the girl and the pointsman and the lonely railway track, Heygate and Manners would have looked on primeval wilderness. The picture was so near being one of absolute solitude, that the girl with her paper packet of sandwiches and her homely English dress made a foreground almost startling in its contrast. Somehow, this foreground seemed to convey the idea of helplessness, from the want of proportion between its fragile prettiness and the stern grandeur of its surroundings.

The pointsman came slowly along the line to where the girl sat. As he approached her, he pocketed a pipe which he was smoking and took off his hat, performing both movements with a certain air of ostentation, as though he desired to obtain full credit for his politeness. The girl merely nodded, and went on with her luncheon, listening carelessly while the pointsman stood and talked. It was evident that this was not their first meeting.

Heygate and Manners began to be interested in the scene.

'Extraordinary idyll, this,' said the latter. 'Did you ever see a nigger take his hat off before?'

Heygate had been longer in India than Manners, and put his friend right, remarking: 'He isn't a nigger, old fellow; at least, not a regular nigger. He is a half-caste, and is prob-



ably a good deal prouder of his "Europe blood" than you are. They are a worthless lot of vagabonds—these Eurasians, or Chee-Chees, as the Hindus call them. I wonder that girl allows him to speak to her!

'She can't very well help herself,' said Manners. 'See! the fellow is getting excited.'

The Eurasian was certainly emphasising his speech, the sound, but not the words, of which had risen so as to reach the unseen watchers. He was gesticulating strangely, and repeatedly struck one hand against the other as he urged some point upon his listener. The girl sat apparently unmoved, except that every now and then she turned her gaze up the line, as if hopeful that some one would come and put an end to what looked like an embarrassing *tête-à-tête*. Suddenly the man paused and stood waiting for an answer to some question he had put, and the reply came promptly in the form of an emphatic shake of the head. What followed was the work of a moment. The pointsman stooped and laid his hand roughly on the girl's wrist; there was a slight scream, a responsive shout from the hill-side, a scramble and a rush, half fall, half somersault, down the jungle-covered slope, and Lionel Heygate, torn and bleeding, pushed his way through the matted creepers on to the plateau and gripped the half-caste by the collar. Manners in little better plight followed.

Heygate slung the pointsman round, and released his hold with a violence which sent the man staggering some yards away.

'I trust you have not been alarmed?' he said to the girl, who had risen from her seat and was eyeing her late aggressor with a look in which there was plenty of contempt, but little of fear.

'I was a little frightened,' she said, acknowledging Heygate's salutation with a grateful smile. 'This place is so lonely. That is the reason why Carnac took advantage. He is too great a coward to do any real harm, I think.'

The pointsman stood glowering at the trio a few paces off, his sallow features three shades paler with suppressed passion. But his manner was outwardly apologetic. 'I meant no wrong,' he began in the servile whine which the unfortunate Eurasians have inherited from the Asiatic side of their ancestry, but which sounds doubly repugnant in the English tongue. 'I only wanted to make Miss Hudson attend to what I was saying; that is why I touched her. I am very sorry.'

'Well, go about your business; and thank your stars I didn't throw you over the cliff,' said Heygate. 'You ought to have known better than to speak to this young lady at all.'

The man slunk quietly back to his levers, and Heygate turned to his new protégée. 'You seem to know the fellow?' he asked, with a curiosity which he tried hard to justify by the circumstances.

'Yes,' she answered. 'I live at Lonauli—the station at the top of the incline—with my father; and Luke Carnac lives there too. He—he worries me a good deal.—You see,' she went on with a slight blush, 'he considers himself a European; and, as my father is in the employ of the railway company also, Luke cannot understand that we don't quite look upon him as one of ourselves. I did not know he was on duty at the points

to-day, or I should not have come here.—Would you mind waiting till the train comes up the Ghat? I am going back to Lonauli by it.'

Of course the two officers assented. A shout to the 'shikari' resulted in the transfer of their temporary camp to the plateau, where, while the contents of the all-blaze pot were being overhauled, Sibyl Hudson was induced to explain her presence at the reversing station. It was very simple. Her father, the guard of the train which had passed, had brought her down to see the wonderful view from the top of the precipice, and had arranged for her to go back by the next train that came up from Bombay. She had only come out from England three months before, and had travelled up to Lonauli at night. Hence the beauties of the reversing station were new to her.

It was not long before the train came clanking up the incline, and pulled up close to where the little party was seated. The guard, who had promised Sibyl's father to give her a lift home, got down and came over to them, looking rather surprised to find his charge in strange company; but he was civil enough when told that the two sportsmen had waited by her request, because she became alarmed at the solitude of the place. The girl seemed proudly reluctant to refer to the impertinence of the half-caste. Even when Heygate, bidding her farewell at the carriage door, said: 'Of course you will get that impudent fellow discharged,' she answered: 'Oh, it is not worth troubling about; Luke will not have an opportunity of being rude again.—But I am very grateful to you for coming to my assistance.'

'May I—that is may we—call and see if you are the worse for your adventure? I mean if we happen to camp near Lonauli?' asked Heygate, loth to let the acquaintance come to an end so abruptly, but not pausing to analyse his motives.

The girl hesitated for a moment, and then looked him frankly in the face. 'I do not know why you should not,' she said; 'you are gentlemen, and—and will be able to understand that it is possible for my father to be a gentleman too, though he is a guard on the railway. He will be glad to see you and thank you himself.'

The train panted slowly over the points, past the scowling half-caste, busy now with his levers. Heygate and Manners stood looking after it as it wound its way along the cornice-like ledge that approached the first tunnel. It was not till the last carriage had disappeared that either of them spoke, and then it was Manners who said: 'No matter what her belongings may be, Miss Sibyl is most assuredly a lady. Father, a service-man come to grief, perhaps.—You seemed rather struck, I thought, Lal?'

Heygate's reply hardly touched the question. He was looking meditatively at the pointsman. 'Come; let's be going,' he said; 'we shall get a shot at a "sambur" perhaps, now that the sun is sinking. If I stay here, I shall punch that nigger's head, and get fined in the district court.'

They shouldered their rifles and stepped out, downwards towards the valley, followed by the 'shikari.' Manners knew his friend, and didn't trouble to point out to him that he was somewhat

inconsistent in his description of the half-caste. Before their trifling adventure, Heygate had pulled him up for calling the man a nigger. Now, Heygate called the man a nigger himself.

### BUILDING SUPERSTITIONS.

THE manner of reception by the inhabitants of India of European ideas and customs is full of interest to the student of sociology, and there is often a conspicuous humorous element present. When a pillar-post was first set up in a village in Northern India, the simple people jumped to the astonishing conclusion that it was a new deity, and accordingly decked it with flowers for the purposes of worship. With regard to the recent census, there was great excitement and diversity of opinion. Some of the more careful souls were under the impression that it was a taxing trick. Others—and their name is legion—thought that one object of the census was to procure lists of persons eligible for sacrifice. Not only the census but every public work in the way of bridges or railways excites great consternation. It is believed that every undertaking of this description is started by a propitiatory sacrifice of human beings. As late as the year 1880 the *Times* mentioned that the new harbour-works in Calcutta were regarded with great suspicion by thousands of credulous natives, who firmly believed that persons would be sacrificed to ensure stability to the masonry!

Traces of this curious and gruesome idea are to be found not only in the East but also in Europe, and much light has been thrown on this subject of late by such students of early history as Mr Tylor and Mr G. L. Gomme. It seems to have had its origin in the desire to appease the wrath of the earth-spirit for the intrusion, by digging, into its domain; and blood, especially human blood, was considered the highest offering it was possible to make. In primitive societies it held its place as one of the most cherished institutions, and it is still practised by many of the modern representatives of the first and rudest congregations of men. In Borneo, one is not surprised to find that it is, or was until quite recently, still in operation. At the erection of an important house a deep hole was dug and the first post suspended over it; a slave-girl was then placed in the hole, and at a given signal the post descended, crushing the girl to death. In New Zealand, human beings were first killed and then placed in post-holes; while in the Sandwich Islands it was the custom to bury children. The Fijians, who were in many respects the most advanced and intellectual of all barbarous races, varied the custom in a not unexpected manner, for they killed and ate men when setting up the pillars of a temple; and again held a similar feast when the building was complete. The unfortunate victims were, as a rule, criminals or prisoners taken in battle; but the noble savage was not over-scrupulous in his methods of obtaining the necessary victims, and would quickly make what anthropologists call in the matter of marriage an 'exogamous selection' in default of the usual supply. The Siamese used to adopt the rough and ready way of seizing the first unlucky pedestrian

who passed the newly-completed excavations. The Japanese, on the contrary, if we may credit a certain seventeenth-century account of these interesting people, believed that it was necessary to build on the body of a *willing* victim; and it is said that when a great wall was to be built, some wretched slave, tired of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, would offer himself as a foundation, and 'lie down to pleasant dreams' in the trench to be crushed by the heavy stones.

In India, as we have seen, the belief still prevails, and the practice, it is thought, must have been very general at one time—perhaps until the British possession. 'The idea is, I believe, current throughout India,' says Captain R. C. Temple. 'It is certainly as strong in Rajputana and the Punjab as in Bengal proper. Every old or even comparatively modern fort or palace in the Punjab has some such tradition; and the people say it was only the advent of the British in the Punjab, some forty years ago, that stopped the practice.'

The ancient Irish seem to have been convinced of the efficacy of this 'strange architectonic principle,' as one writer puts it, as under the walls of the only round towers yet examined human skeletons have been found. Some authorities think an explanation may be found in the fact that the towers were perhaps built on the site of old churchyards; but the general opinion seems to favour the sacrificial theory. Anyhow, the belief in it is not uncommon in Ireland, and many patriotic natives still think that the early English settlers built their castles on the bodies of the slaughtered Irish; and often point out certain castles under the walls of which human bones have been discovered. Even in Scotland the belief still prevails in some parts that the Picts bathed their foundation stones with human blood. In England, bones have been discovered under the walls of several of the oldest churches, placed in such a position that there is but little doubt that the walls were built over them, though it is unlikely that human life was taken especially for that purpose.

During the dawn of Christianity in these Isles, the priests of the new religion, it is known, often had to effect a compromise between their own doctrines and heathen customs, in order to facilitate the introduction of their creed. But although many strange rites and ceremonies were not attacked, it is impossible to believe that human sacrifices were ever regarded with indifference by those noble 'sowers of the seed,' in spite of the following legend. It is said that when St Columba first attempted to build on Iona, the walls, by the power of some evil spirit, fell down as fast as they were erected. The saint received supernatural information that they would never stand unless a human victim was buried alive. According to one account, the lot fell on Oran, the companion of the saint. Others say that Oran voluntarily devoted himself to ensure the safety of the building. At the end of three days, St Columba had the curiosity to take a farewell look at his old comrade, and ordered the earth to be removed. Oran opened his eyes and said: 'There is no wonder in death, and hell is not as it is reported.' The saint was so shocked at this impiety, that he instantly ordered the earth

to be thrown in again, uttering the words: 'Earth! Earth! on the mouth of Oran, that he may blab no more.' This saying, in its Celtic form, passed into a proverb in the Highlands.

With the increasing spread of a higher religion, by slow modifications the human sacrifice was abandoned; and it is curious to read of the ingenious attempts made to circumvent the devil or local spirits by a substitute. In some places an empty coffin was walled up, and in others a lamb or horse would be sacrificed. By the Quop Dyaks, a chicken is thrown in the post-holes; and it is a remarkable coincidence that in France this kind of substituted sacrifice has survived. In a district of Normandy—La Neuville Chant d'Oisel—a cock is killed, and its blood shed upon the threshold of a newly-built house, in the belief that the neglect of the custom would cause the tenant's death within a year. From discoveries made in Italy, we find that the old Romans, with perhaps praiseworthy deceit, artfully substituted statues and busts for burial under foundations, and hundreds of such works of art have been found buried in this manner. In this case, the resources of art and civilisation effectually modified a grim old superstition. In Roumania, the builders, instead of immolating an offending unit of humanity, take the innocent course of laying down in his stead a rod of the same length as the man, which no doubt produces results equally satisfactory. There is a curious and fairly well known fact bearing on this point in connection with the Cistercian Abbey in Scotland which was founded by Devorguila, daughter of Allan, Lord of Galloway, and mother of John Baliol, the vassal-king of Scotland. Its name was originally New Abbey, but it was afterwards known as the *Dulce Cor*, or 'Sweetheart Abbey,' from the circumstance that on the death of John Baliol, the husband of Devorguila, his heart was embalmed, enclosed in a box of ivory bound with silver, and built into the walls of the church.

As many persons besides folklorists are doubtless aware, there exists in many country districts a popular notion that the first child baptised in a new font is sure to die. Mr Baring-Gould thinks this idea is 'a reminiscence of the sacrifice which was used for the consecration of every dwelling and temple in heathen times, and of the pig or sheep killed and laid at the foundation of churches.'

A corresponding belief is often discovered amongst certain peoples, the knowledge of which is apt to make the 'general reader' assent to the sweeping proposition of the poet, that 'only man is vile.' The foundation sacrifice, as we have seen, originated in the desire to mitigate the wrath of an earth-spirit for encroaching on his possessions; and naturally a water-spirit was regarded by our simple ancestors, with their imperfect knowledge of physical phenomena, as also expecting an occasional tribute. Hence the reluctance, or, rather, superstitious objection to save the life of a drowning man. The Hindu will not rescue a fellow-being, should he fall into the sacred Ganges, for it is thought that the spirit would be defrauded of his just dues. Mr Tylor quotes an account from Bohemia as late as the year 1860 to the effect that certain fishermen would not venture to snatch a drowning man from the water, as they 'feared that

the "water-man" (that is, water-demon) would take away their luck in fishing, and drown them at the first opportunity.' Every reader of this will of course remember the scene in Sir Walter Scott's novel of *The Pirate*, where the pedlar refuses to help Mordaunt to save the shipwrecked sailor. 'Are you mad,' said he, 'to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?' Scott thought it remarkable that 'so inhuman a maxim should have ingrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable.' This belief, it is scarcely possible to doubt, was but a survival in a modified form of the above theory; and repulsive as it looks in the light of our present physical and moral theories, it had a certain value in the early days of mankind.

One cannot do better than conclude with the words of Mr Gomme. 'It is not too much to say that the foundation sacrifice—horrible in its most savage form, brutal in its later forms—had very much to do with the preservation of early society. So low down in the scale of man's history there is very little law, very little restraint upon the passions and temper of brute-force. But once placed as a barrier to lawlessness and license the sanctification by blood sacrifice, sometimes, as we know, human sacrifice, and at all events within the home, perhaps within the precincts of the home, what law has not done, the fear of offending local spirits, who have accepted sacrifice, will effectually do.'

# 'THE SIMPLETON.'

'QUIET to ride and drive.'

Such was 'The Simpleton's' recommendation in the auctioneer's list, and this it was which induced Harry Wentworth, farmer, of Bromford, to attend the auction next day in the adjoining market-town of Essleton. 'I reckon I'm about as good a judge of horse-flesh as any man in these parts,' he said to his wife; 'and if this mare is fit, I'll have her. I want a quiet animal for you and the youngsters to drive; but she'll have to carry me sometimes; and if she can't put on the pace a bit, I shan't buy her.'

The animal's appearance favourably impressed him. Harry Wentworth, though rather too fond of sounding his own praises, was no fool—as are many whose good points would be lost to the world were they themselves dumb—and the auctioneer's laudations fell on deaf ears when Harry sallied forth to purchase horse-flesh or cattle.

'I don't want other folk to judge for me, or to tell me what's what,' he was wont to say; 'I've got brains and eyes, and, thank Heaven, I know how to use 'em both.'

The auctioneer was an honest man. 'There's just one point about the mare, gentlemen,' said he, 'that I may as well tell you of before we begin. I like fair-play, and I don't want a man to come to me in a day or two, and say: "You took me in over that animal: she won't do this," or "she does the other." Now that mare, gentlemen, is perfectly sound in wind and limb. She hasn't a single vice about her; but, as I say,



there's just one thing some of you may consider a failing: she won't take a fence of any sort. And the reason is this. Her present owner rode her in the hunt nearly all last season; and one day, after taking several gates and hedges in grand style, she landed her master and herself in a deep pool, and they had a hard struggle for it, I can warrant you. He's often tried to coax her to jump since, but she always refuses, and that, gentlemen, caused him to name her "The Simpleton." "What's in a name," gentlemen? Well, I've explained it to you in this case. I may add that Colonel Phillimore is heartily sorry to part with her; but as his regiment is ordered abroad, he is thinning the ranks of his favourites.—Now, gentlemen, what shall I say for the mare?" And so on.

After several minutes of spirited bidding, 'The Simpleton' was knocked down to Mr Wentworth for a good round sum, and he almost repented his expensive purchase when the excitement of competition was over, and immediately resolved himself into a committee of ways and means to see if he could cut down his expenses in certain quarters, in order to make up for 'this piece of extravagance,' as he called it.

'I reckon I'm the simpleton,' he told himself in confidence, as he handed his cheque to the auctioneer.

Scene—the bar-room of 'The Sow's Ear' at Bromford. Time—8 P.M. *Dramatis persone*—Tom Lawford, otherwise 'Lazy Tom,' and 'Daft Sammy'; or, to be more exact, Samuel Barrett—the former a young man, till lately in the employ of Harry Wentworth, but discharged by that worthy for persistent idleness.

His companion, Daft Sammy, was about fifty-five, or, it may be, sixty years of age: a small evil-looking man, with cunning gray eyes, and an habitual sneer on his unpleasant countenance. He was the village fool, but shrewd enough where his own interests were concerned, and in reality more rogue than fool.

On this particular evening, Lazy Tom, sauntering through the village, met Sammy, and secured his good-will for an indefinite period by inviting him to partake of a glass of beer, or anything he liked, as he generously put it, in the bar-room of 'The Sow's Ear.' To Sammy's astonishment, but not less to his gratification, he had not one glass only, but several; and having carefully thought his plan out beforehand, Tom, seizing a fitting opportunity, opened fire.

'Ah, you're right, Sammy, my boy,' said he; 'times is hard an' work is scarce, an' folks is a starvin'. I daresay now, if a friend was to give you a chance of makin' up for some o' your misfortins, you'd be much obliged to that friend, eh?'

'Try me,' said Sammy, with a knowing leer.

'Well, maybe I will try you,' said Tom, 'maybe I will. I've taken a likin' to you, Sammy, an' I'd like to do you a good turn.'

'Ay, ay, an' Tom Lawford at the same time, I'll be bound,' returned the old man. 'Ah! now, you're a 'cute un, ain't you?' he added admiringly. 'What game be you up to now?'

'Sh! Can't you speak quietly?' said the 'cute un, glancing round cautiously. Then, seeing the coast was clear, he drew his chair nearer to

Sammy's, and whispered: 'You knows the colour o' gold, I suppose, Sammy?'

The restless gray eyes lit up with the fire of avarice. 'Gold!' he muttered—'gold, gold, yellow gold!' his voice rising higher and higher, till his companion roughly shook his arm. 'What was you a-sayin' of, Mr Lawford?'

'You're an old fool,' said Lawford savagely. 'If you can't keep your tongue quiet, you won't smell it even, let alone see it.'

'All right, Mr Lawford—all right; I won't make no noise. What is it?'

'Well, look 'ere, Sammy,' said Tom impressively, laying his hand on the other's arm; 'I'll tell you; but mind, if you wags that clapper o' yourn to anybody about it, you'll not only lose your share o' that gold you likes so much, but maybe you'll get a good deal o' what you don't like at all: you knows what I mean?'

'Ay, I understand, Mr Lawford,' said Sammy submissively, and turning pale at the threat.

'That's right, then. Well'—and Tom glanced uneasily round the room again, then went on in a hoarse whisper: 'You knows Farmer Wentworth, Sammy?'

'Yes,' responded Sammy.

'An' I daresay you knows the bank at Essleton, in the High Street?'

Yes, Sammy knew that too.

'Lor, how thirsty I be: 'ave a drop more, Sammy.'

Not until Sammy had twice seen the bottom of his glass did Tom Lawford proceed.

'Now, Sammy, I places a great deal o' faith in your intelligence, an' I don't think you needs to have things explained to you very much: you seems to see right through 'em at oncet, like, eh?'

'You're right there, Tom Lawford,' agreed Sammy, adopting a more familiar tone under the influence of the liquor Tom had primed him with. 'I can see about as fur through a brick wall as most folk.'

'Yes, I know'd it.—Listen to me, then. Farmer Wentworth's goin' to take a bag o' gold to the bank next Tuesday, an' it haven't got to get there.—D'ye twig?'

Oh yes, Sammy 'twigged,' but he had his doubts. 'I don't see how we be to manage it, Tom,' was his answer; 'farmer's a rough chap, an' carries a heavy ridin'-whip, an'—p'raps'—

'Then let somebody else see for you, if you can't see for yourself,' Tom interrupted. 'D'ye think I spoke to you afore I made my plans? Not likely. We can't do it by ourselves, nor in the open.—Here, I may as well tell you straight away, or you'll be a 'inderin' we wi' your opinions, if I tells you bit by bit. I ha' bin thinkin' it over ever since Harry Wentworth turned me off, Sammy, 'ow I might 'ave a bit o' that yellow stuff as 'e takes to the bank every now an' agen. It don't matter to you where I 'eard it, but there's a bit more'n usual goin' to Essleton next Tuesday, an' I thinks to meself, "Tom Lawford, you're out o' work, an' a bit o' that tin 'ud come in useful." Then I wondered 'ow I'd do it, an' who'd 'elp me, an' I thought o' you, Sammy, amongst others. You're pretty strong, though you be so small, an' you ain't pertickler, I knows, when you're well paid, be you?'

'No,' said Sammy, 'p'raps not; leastways, if it don't get me into trouble.'

'Ah! you're precious careful about that old carcase o' yourn, I knows,' sneered Tom. 'It'll be a pretty good lump,' he added, as though referring to Sammy's diminutive figure; 'an' if he gets it, Tom Lawford won't be seen around 'ere for a long time to come. But you an' the rest can't 'ook it so easy; we should 'ave the bobbies down on us directly. They won't s'pect me, 'owever; I'll leave word I've got a place somewhere. There's Jack Smith an' Dirty Micky, an' three or four fellows as is down 'ere from Brummagem, an' as we've got to do it by daylight, we'll 'ave to disguise ourselves an' alter our clothes a bit, or we'll get copped as sure as you're sittin' in that chair.'

'There ain't goin' to be no murder, is there?' queried Sammy fearfully.

'Murder? No, of course not,' replied Lawford; 'not if we can manage without it,' he added to himself.

'You knows the old spinny, Sammy—"the plantation," as the Squire calls it—with a private road runnin' through it?'

'Ay, ay,' said the old man.

'Well, that's where we're goin' to do the trick, Sammy, my boy. Squire give Harry Wentworth leave to use it, 'cause it's a short-cut. There's a five-barred gate at each end o' the road, an' when Farmer Wentworth—course him!—comes through the one gate, 'e'll be betwixt the two gates, won't 'e, Sammy?'

'For certin,' Sammy replied.

'An' 'e'll 'ave the spinny on each side on 'im, an' a 'orse under 'im—which means as 'e can't get through it—won't 'e, Sammy?'

Sammy nodded acquiescence.

'An' that ain't all,' said Lawford, rubbing his hands, and chuckling over his plot; 'for when 'e comes through the fust gate, an' gets near the second, 'e'll see a depitation o' four on us ready to wait on 'im.'

'Then he'll turn back,' said Sammy.

'Yes, o' course 'e will, Sammy, an' 'e'll find four more on us gents at t' other gate.'

'You'll be a-hiddin' in the spinny, I s'pose.'

'That's it, an' we shall ha' things o' this sort,' Tom continued, touching a thick oak stick; 'an' when 'e sees as there's no way out on it, 'e'll cuss an' swear a bit, an' then shell out. Then we shall tie 'im up, or 'e'll be at Essleton in a twinklin', an' bring the p'leece after us.'

'You tie Harry Wentworth up? Ha, ha, ha!' and Sammy laughed as loudly as he dared at the idea.

'No, ye daft coon, not me, nor you, but eight on us.'

'E might jump off, an' get away through the spinny,' said Sammy.

'E won't leave the mare till he's obliged, you can bet your boots,' was the reassuring answer.

'Ay, but the mare might jump the gate an' us,' persisted Sammy.

'Didn't I tell 'ee 'er can't jump? Well, 'er can't, or her won't, then; or we'd 'ave to alter our way o' goin' to work.'

'An' what be you goin' to do wi' the creetur?' asked Sammy.

'Oh, fasten 'er to a tree, for if she got 'ome wi' a empty saddle, we'd soon be found out.'

'W'y not seize the reins as 'e comes through the fust gate?'

'W'y not put ourselves in jail at once, you means? It's too near the 'ighway, Sammy Barrett. Besides, he'd be usin' that loaded whip o' hisn, an' we might 'ave to tap 'im a few times to keep 'im quiet, an' we wants to do it without that, if we can. 'E'll be fairly flummuxed accordin' to my plan.—Now, mind, if you shows the white-feather, an' don't turn up, you knows what to expect.'

'I'll be there safe enough, Tom Lawford; I'm always about, you knows, when there's any money to be got; but,' he added, a sudden thought paling his cheek, 'e don't carry no pistol, do 'e, Tom?'

'Never!' was the reply; 'never used to at least. But we shall be safe, we shall be safe;' and Tom Lawford thought, with satisfaction, albeit not unmixed with dread, of the two revolvers belonging to his Birmingham friends, which were to be used if needs be—at any rate to intimidate their intended victim.

'Well, I'm off now,' he said presently. 'Bye-bye, Sammy, an' don't you breathe a word to no one.'

'Harry, dear, I wish you would go round the road instead of through the plantation. You really should be more careful with nearly two hundred pounds about you.'

'Oh, nonsense, Dolly,' said her spouse. 'What silly fear has crept into that pretty little head of yours now? Give me another kiss. I must be off at once. You may trust me to take care of No. 1. Nobody is likely to meddle with a man on horseback in broad noonday. I'll be back to tea—Good-bye, pet.' And he was gone.

Half-an-hour's easy riding brought him to the plantation gate. He opened it with his whip, and rode through, fastening it behind him, and was within fifty yards of the opposite entrance when from out of the thicket four figures appeared, and ranged themselves across the pathway in front of him, close to the gate. He could hardly believe his senses, and would scarcely have been more surprised if a voice had shouted in his ear—'And, Saxon—I am Roderick Dhu!'

The men's faces were hardly visible, being partly concealed by their caps, which were pulled down low in front, and also by their turned-up coat collars, and scarfs tied round the lower half of the face.

'What tomfoolery is this?' thought Harry. 'Well, I must turn back, I suppose. I'm not going to run the risk of a closer interview with those blackguards.'

But when he turned the mare's head round, a cold perspiration broke out all over him, for another quartet of the same stamp had sprung up, as it seemed, from out of the ground, and guarded the gate at which he had entered in the same silent yet unmistakably hostile manner as the others.

'What the deuce shall I do?' he exclaimed in an angry undertone, and half-a-dozen wild and absurd schemes rushed through his brain—a gallop through the thicket—a dash at those muffled figures at the gate—but he felt helpless, almost hopeless.

'The Simpleton,' too, seemed to know that

something was wrong. She fidgeted about, and champed her bit fretfully, as if, like her master, eager to do, yet not knowing what to do. All this occupied but a moment's space.

What was that? A voice behind him calling to him to dismount. He jerked the mare round again, and demanded—'What do you want?'

And the same voice replied: 'Get off that 'oss, an' we'll tell you.'

A bright idea occurred to Harry. 'If only they'll keep at a respectable distance, and I can parley with them a bit, somebody or other will surely be coming this way soon, and then the villains will decamp.'

But they had no intention of allowing him to gain time in that way. 'Look 'ere, mister,' said another, 'be you comin' down or not? 'cause if you don't get off in two shakes, we'll 'ave to make you!'

Wentworth made no reply, but gave a hasty backward glance, which showed him that those behind had not moved, and then, taking a firmer grip of his riding-whip, he sat still as before.

'You won't budge, I can see,' said the last speaker, 'so we'll come an' 'elp you off; an' mind, if you kicks up any fuss, I'll make a hole in you;' and he took a revolver from his breast-pocket.

Still Wentworth did not move.

'Come on, mates!' said the cowardly fellow. 'You there behind, close up,' he shouted to those in the background.

As they drew near, Wentworth made a desperate resolve to dash through them, and, if possible, open the gate, and escape.

They must have read his thoughts, for one of them, Tom Lawford, suddenly snatched a revolver from one of the others, and, turning back, posted himself by the gate again.

Poor Harry was in despair at this last move, but resolved to sell his life dearly, bullets or no bullets, and made a sudden plunge forward, riding-whip uplifted, when they came to within twenty yards of him.

The rascals, surprised at this unexpected attack, drew to each side of the path, with the intention of seizing the reins and striking him with their clubs as he passed, but Harry hit out vigorously right and left, dug his heels into the mare's sides, and shot past them at a mad gallop.

Ping! ping! Two or three shots whizzed by him harmlessly, and then Tom Lawford, in a fit of nervous excitement, took aim at the mare's head, intending to bring her to her knees, but only succeeded in grazing her neck.

Harry tried to check her speed, for they were almost at the gate, but failed.

She had taken the bit between her teeth!

He turned sick, shut his eyes, and clipped her firmly with his knees. As he did so, he felt himself lifted into the air, and the next moment, re-opening his eyes, to his unbounded astonishment, he and the mare were over the gate, and careering along the Essleton high-road at a speed 'The Simpleton' had never equalled when following the hounds in full cry.

When Harry Wentworth returned to the spinny, with a force of six armed and mounted constables, and a dozen volunteers from the

nearest public, he found only one man there, Tom Lawford, and he lying close to the gate, almost at his last gasp. They poured some spirits down his throat, and he looked around wildly. Then seeing the police, he murmured: 'Ah, the p'leece. Ye're cheated for oncet. That mare's done for me. She kicked me somewher as she cleared the gate, an' as I fell, I saw them cowards aflyin' for their lives.—Ah, ye wont 'ave to use the darbies this time. I'm goin'—goin' fast.—Oh, Mr Wentworth, sir, forgive me, forgive me!' Then, suddenly raising himself up, he shrieked: 'No! I won't die! Save me, oh, save me!' and fell back dead.

The rest were caught before forty-eight hours had passed, except 'Daft Sammy,' whose body was afterwards discovered in a brook some miles away.

'The Simpleton's' fame spread far and wide, and Harry had many handsome offers for her, but he refused them all.

'Perhaps she'll oblige me now by taking a gate or a hedge occasionally, Dolly,' he said to his wife.

But 'The Simpleton' was never known to jump again.

#### THE CHILD-SEASON.

O sunny life of childhood! blossoming  
To gladden all the world: as if the Spring  
Were captive made, and your soft hair ungird  
Had netted all Spring's sunshine as it stirred:  
Your little nest has still its singing bird.

O youth! fast learning to be wise and vain,  
Whose aims are lofty. In the race for gain  
Great things seem possible—and yet to-day  
Some grave that is a milestone on the way  
Says o'er the world's loud voice, 'Kneel here and pray.'

O hearts that pain has chastened! well ye know  
The song of thankfulness. Ye but forego  
Your joy a little while. The leaves may tell  
Of Autumn; yet be brave: ye have fought well.  
Weep not: ye know that other fighters fell.

O aged heads that many a Yule-tide snow  
Has whitened! Though the time be long ago  
Since first ye laughed in childhood's golden ray,  
The Child of Bethlehem takes your hand to-day.  
God's blessing crowns your far more perfect way.

HARRIET KENDALL.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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## THE VEHMGERICHTE.

THE absence of established laws, or of competent authority to enforce them, has at times given rise to anomalous institutions, which have sought to secure the public tranquillity by means themselves scarcely reconcilable with sound ideas of civil subordination. The Corsican Vendetta and the American Vigilance Societies alike derived their origin from social anarchy, and from the inability of the recognised authority to maintain order or to exact retribution for crime.

During the middle ages, most of the countries of Europe passed through a crisis when the authority of the monarch and of his judges fell into such contempt that the law was entirely without force, and no better protection was afforded by the city than by the open country. Every man's hand was raised against his fellow-man, the most holy sanctuaries were profaned, property was plundered, persons were violated, and the various fortresses scattered throughout the country, so far from sheltering the weak, were converted into dens of robbers, where knightly freebooters levied blackmail from the territories around their strongholds. Our own country passed through such a period of internal chaos in the troubled reign of Stephen, when, during nineteen years, according to the *Saxon Chronicle*, 'the rich men greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at their castles, and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, putting both men and women in prison for their gold and silver, and torturing them with pains unspeakable; for never were any martyrs tormented as they were. Many were starved; many lived on alms who had previously been rich; others fled from the country. Neither church nor churchyard was spared by the plunderers; they robbed the monks and the clergy; and every man plundered his neighbour as much as he could. Such, indeed, was the misery, that

it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept.'

This state of affairs gave rise in several countries of Europe to popular confederacies, and even to secret tribunals, formed expressly to check such unbounded license, and to secure the ends of justice when its legitimate administrators were feeble or corrupt. The most terrible of those secret tribunals were the well-known 'Vehmgerichte'—or 'Fehmgerichte,' as the word is sometimes written—which existed in some parts of Germany, and especially in Westphalia. The exact significance of the title is disputed, but it is usually supposed to have been derived from 'fehm,' punishment, and 'gericht,' court, meaning a court of justice. Others imagine, upon inferior grounds, that the term is obtained from the Latin 'fama,' as the tribunals too frequently acted on common fame or report. The origin of these courts has been ascribed to the age of Charlemagne; but there is no authentic record of their existence prior to the middle of the thirteenth century. It is certain that at that time a number of individuals were secretly associated together in Germany to punish crimes and offenders; to put an efficient check upon the lawlessness of the powerful barons, who defied the authority of the sovereign; and to redress cases of grievous wrong perpetrated by any member of the community.

The tribunals were divided into local sections, but recognised a central authority. Nominally, the Emperor was the chief officer; but in Westphalia the actual President was the Archbishop of Cologne. A person of position presided over each branch of the central court, and was known as a 'free count.' The other members were divided into the two classes of 'schöppen,' or ignorant, and 'wissende,' or knowing, the latter class including all those who were initiated into the hidden secrets of the Order. The most solemn oaths bound every one to secrecy as to the proceedings; and there is no evidence that these vows were ever broken, although it is supposed that at one time one hundred thousand

persons were members of these societies. For the determination of civil disputes, the meetings of the tribunals were held in a public place and in the full light of day; but such offences as robbery and murder were usually dealt with secretly. If common rumour ascribed the commission of a crime to any person, or if a charge were brought against him, he was cited to answer the accusation before the court of his district. The summons bore the seal of the *Vehmgerichte*, and was generally fastened to the door of the supposed criminal during the night. If he refused to attend, the citation was repeated; and disobedience to the second summons was considered as conclusive evidence of guilt. The members of the tribunal were bound by their oaths to put such an individual to death wherever they could find him. If, on the contrary, he attended the court, he was allowed to call witnesses, and to clear himself, if he could, by their evidence. Upon his failing to prove his innocence, he was punished, according to the nature of his crime, by fine or summary execution. No one was exempt by virtue of his rank, and the highest noble was as liable to citation as the poorest peasant in the land.

When capital punishment was inflicted, it was customary to leave a knife by the body, to show that the act was not one of a private murderer, but was due to the sentence of the *Vehmgerichte*. The 'wild kind of justice' of these irregular courts was long a terror to evildoers, and, as the tribunals were countenanced by the highest powers in the land, those obeying their decrees were independent of the regular authorities, while the large number of the members, and their wide dispersion, rendered any sentence passed almost certain of execution.

Such rude administration of justice is, however, peculiarly liable to abuse, and in course of time the inevitable deterioration set in. A Diet of the Empire was held at Trier in 1512, when it was declared that 'by the Westphalian tribunals many an honest man had lost his life, honour, body, and property'; and even the Archbishop of Cologne, their nominal chief officer, admitted that 'by very many they were shunned and regarded as seminaries of villains.' As the power of the State gradually consolidated, the irregular courts were suppressed, although they were never abolished by any formal enactment; and it is said that the last remnant of the old tribunals was found in operation in Westphalia when Jerome Bonaparte was king of that country, in the early part of the present century.

A very similar institution, celebrated as the '*Santa Hermandad*,' or Holy Brotherhood, existed at one time in Castile, and assumed the most extraordinary functions. At an early period it consisted of a confederation of the principal cities, who were bound together by a most solemn league to defend their liberties in times of civil anarchy. Deputies were appointed, who met

at stated times, and transacted their business with all the forms of the most orthodox institutions. They impressed their documents with a common seal, and enacted laws, which they transmitted to the nobles, and even to the sovereign; and they enrolled an armed force to enforce their measures. The association, 'so characteristic of an unsettled state of society,' says Prescott, 'repeatedly received the legislative sanction; and however formidable such a popular engine may have appeared to the eye of the monarch, he was often led to countenance it by a sense of his own impotence, as well as of the overweening power of the nobles, against whom it was principally directed.'

During the times of lawlessness which preceded the establishment of a united Spanish monarchy under Ferdinand and Isabella, the authority of the sovereign and the royal judges fell almost to a minimum. No better way was seen of checking the unbounded license which had arisen than by reorganising the Holy Brotherhood, and a scheme for attaining this purpose was introduced into the Cortes of Castile in 1476, and was carried into effect the same year. The new institution embraced the whole kingdom, and was limited in its operations to the maintenance of public order. All cases of violence or theft committed on the highways or in the open country were reserved for its jurisdiction, and such offenders as escaped from the cities were pursued by its officers. The open country was specified as the scene for the operations, because it was plentifully studded with castles and fortresses, which offered every facility for the escape of a criminal from justice. The *Hermandad* was supported by an annual tax, levied upon householders; and courts were established in every town for the trial of offences committed within its jurisdiction, while an appeal lay from it, in specified cases, to a superior Council. Its laws were compiled into a code, in which penalties were laid down with the utmost precision. These laws were administered with extreme vigour; stripes, the loss of a member, or even of life, were adjudged for the most petty larceny. Executions were conducted by shooting the offender with arrows; and it was especially provided that 'the convict shall receive the sacrament like a Catholic Christian, and after that, be executed as speedily as possible, in order that his soul may pass the more securely.'

In a few years the *Hermandads* and the new military police established by them almost entirely cleared the country of the swarms of banditti, and of the robber chieftains who had long defied the law. Once again the ministers of justice found a sure protection in the independent discharge of their duties; and, in the words of the historian already quoted, 'the blessings of personal security and social order, so long estranged from the nation, were again restored to it.'

For many years these important benefits secured the confirmation of the institution by successive Cortes; but gradually, as the necessity

for an extraordinary tribunal ceased, the Santa Hermandad dwindled into an ordinary police, and, with such a modification of form, has existed into the present century.

## THE IRONY OF FATE.

### CHAPTER IX.—RETRIBUTION.

Two days had elapsed since Arabella's flight, and Major Bowyer was sitting alone in his study. Suddenly came a loud ring at the bell; the door was thrown open, and 'The Duke of Falmouth' was announced.

'I am the bearer of a letter from Miss Arabella Alsworth,' he said, 'if you will kindly read it;' and the Duke placed the letter in the Major's hands.

'Take a seat, your Grace,' he continued, holding out his hand.

The Duke took the proffered seat, but he ignored the extended hand.

When he had read the letter, he turned to the Duke. 'I suppose you are aware of the circumstances which preceded Miss Alsworth's latest escapade?' he queried.

'Yes; you wanted her to marry my nephew, Lord Cransford.'

'That's true. But that is not what I mean. When she left this house, she took a quantity of jewellery with her, some of which was her own, and others were heirlooms, which at the death of Mrs Alsworth ought to have come to my wife, and which I claim as my property.'

'Make your claim in a legal form and the matter shall be investigated.'

'Where is Miss Alsworth staying?'

'In my house, and under my protection.'

'Thank you. I shall go to London at once and take out a warrant for her arrest. Meantime, I shall detain her clothes till the jewellery is restored.'

'Miss Alsworth's business is in the hands of Mr Ainsley, her late father's lawyer. I think you had better see him before you take any ulterior steps,' said the Duke; and taking up his hat, he bowed and left the room.

He was driven back to the station; and half an hour afterwards was on his way to London. When he reached home, he found a telegram awaiting him; it ran as follows: 'From Thomas Foreman to the Duke of Falmouth—Major Bowyer is dead. He was seized with an apoplectic fit shortly after you left. The result, the doctors say, of the agitation and worry of the last few days.'

When he had read it, he went straight to the Duchess's boudoir, where he found Arabella and his wife, told them of the failure of his mission, and read the telegram he had received from Thomas.

'Poor man!' ejaculated Arabella—'how sad.'

'Yes, very,' responded the Duke. 'But what about those jewels?'

'Oh! that was settled years ago. My mother was the eldest child, and they descended to me as her next of kin. Papa took legal advice, and Mr Ainsley knows all about it; besides, at the time, Uncle Bowyer pretended to be satisfied.'

'I think we had better send off to Mr Ainsley,' said the Duke, 'and get him to take such steps as he thinks fit. If your fortune has been in the hands of two such men as Major Bowyer and Lord Cransford, the chances are that matters will want looking into.'

'How good you are!' exclaimed Arabella. 'You think of everything.'

My story is almost ended. The Duke of Falmouth's suspicions were verified. On examining Major Bowyer's papers after his decease, it was found that he had been tempted to appropriate a considerable portion of Arabella's fortune to his own use; and it was supposed that Lord Cransford had been cognisant of, if not a participator in the fraud.

One afternoon in August the two Miss Scudamores were hurrying along High Street, panting and puffing under the broiling heat of the summer sun, evidently in a state of great excitement. They rang loudly at Mrs Montessor's bell, and on being shown into the drawing-room, found the lady and Miss Nugent in close confab.

'Oh my dears! such extraordinary news!' exclaimed Miss Prudence. 'Arabella Alsworth is married, and to whom, do you think?'

'Can't tell, dear,' responded Mrs Montessor. 'There is no telling what such a girl would do. But won't you take a seat?'

'You'll never guess,' said Miss Scudamore, as she seated herself in the proffered chair—'no, not if you were to go on guessing for a month; so I'll tell you—Lord Cransford!'

'But I thought he was dead!' exclaimed Miss Nugent; 'killed in America, to which he had fled from his creditors.'

'Yes, that is so. But this is the new lord, and you'll never guess who he is: somebody we all know.'

'Somebody we all know?' iterated Miss Nugent.

'Yes; but, as you'll never guess, I'll tell you—Frank Wallis!'

'Well, I never!' exclaimed Mrs Montessor. 'Frank Wallis. Then Mrs Wallis must be a lady in her own right.'

'Yes. It seems all like a dream. To think of that quiet Mrs Wallis being a Duke's daughter!'

'Well, I'm glad of it!' exclaimed Mrs Montessor. 'Arabella was always such a dear, kind, amiable creature; and I daresay we shall all be invited to the house when they come.'

Miss Puddicombe laughed sarcastically. 'That's the way the wind blows now, is it? There was



a time when she was a "horrid stuck-up creature."

'Circumstances alter cases,' interposed Miss Prudence.

THE END.

### A NORWEGIAN WINTER'S DAY.

WE got to our destination mainly by the little Vossvangen railway from Bergen. It was as wild and eerie a journey as one could have in the depths of the Norwegian winter. A furious storm broke upon us just as we were leaving Bergen, and for all the five hours of our journey the wind howled about the little cars, patently checking our trivial speed when it caught the locomotive full in front in the rocky defiles, and making us tremble uncomfortably as it shot broadside upon us. There was no keeping the doors of the corridor car shut. As for the cold, in spite of the blazing stove, it was very great. Though we could roast our toes, the freezing wind took us in the back and at the sides, and each new incomer brought with him an arctic draught as he shook his shaggy coat free from snow and icicles and stamped hard upon the floor.

'Bad weather!' said each traveller, with emphasis rare in the mouths of the laconic Norseman. There was no doubting it. The lakes we passed were a deadly black where they had not frozen and got coated with snow. The mountain tops of course were deep in snow; so was the railway track. And the rock-sides by which we glided so closely were draped with icicles of many colours, thick as an elephant's leg. Never had I seen such icicles. If only the day had been bright, they would have been a glorious spectacle. But it was a dreadful day—nothing less. If the old Vikings had many such days—as who can doubt they had?—it was proof of their rare stamina that they existed so robustly in the teeth of them, and of their shrewd good sense that they took to the sea and sailed south by the thousand for piratical exercises.

One could not but admire the splendid physique of some of these country Norwegians on this Saturday evening. They looked monstrous as they entered the car in their rough wolf-skin jackets, belted, with large deer-skin moccasins to their feet, and wearing caps of seal or wolf skin. But their faces glowed with a sort of physical pride in their ability to stand against these shocks of winter, and their voices were musically resonant. Without exception they were blue-eyed. In Bergen one sees plenty of gray and hazel eyes. But then Bergen is in its way quite a cosmopolitan seaport, with a mixed breed of inhabitants; whereas here in the country the people still, as in the old days, mate with their neighbours, about the origin of whose stock there can be no question.

Vossvangen at last. We alight in a penetrating shower of fine snow, and darkness almost as penetrating. It is nine o'clock: the winter's night is already four or five hours old. The air feels exceedingly keen. Two or three lamps

glimmer among the few passengers and railway officials, and there is a murmur of speech. The sound of a sledge grating on the platform is heard before the sledge itself is seen. The next moment, however, a burly shape mantled in a fur coat and with a horn slung at its waist bustles forward. It is the mailman—one of the representatives of a class of Norwegians who in the winter have no little hardship to endure. He has a revolver on his hip. It may in extremity help him to withstand a couple of wolves, an infuriate bear, or (an even rarer peril) an unscrupulous fellow-countryman; or it may serve to give the *coup de grâce* to his horse if anything should happen of a very bad kind. The jingle of bells a moment later announces the mailman's departure with the letters. The wind howls and the snow whirls under the station cover. Truly a wild night, if you add twenty degrees of frost to its other engaging features. Yet, when we get outside, piloted through the drifts by a lad with a lantern, there is a glimmer of stars far, far away; and an instant afterwards the silver curve of a baby-moon declares itself magnificently from behind a great dark mass that must be a mountain.

'Bad weather now, but a fine to-morrow,' observes our guide with a slow sententiousness that tells of his consideration for us as strugglers with an unfamiliar tongue.

Never was a boy's weather-wisdom more superbly proven. Yet long ere we were in bed the portents had grown black as Acheron again. Sitting in the snug little parlour of the inn and wrestling for intelligible speech with the kindly landlady, who seemed to think it due to us that she should sit with us and make remarks at the meaning of which we could only guess as a rule, we heard the storm-fiend at work again. Such frantically discordant music as it favoured us with, I, for one, never wish again to listen to. A week of it would make the best of men an incurable maniac. There we sat, however, with our feet on the stove, smoking cigars, and drinking the punch our good dame insisted on mixing for us. She had given us ptarmigan for supper, at which we had rejoiced; and her husband—a lean subtle-eyed gentleman, who combined shop-keeping with the position of landlord of two inns, and who had—as we understood it—promised to outfit us in the proper Norwegian mode from his own store on the morrow—brought us his visitors' book, as if to emphasise the difference between Norway in August and Norway in the first week of January. The good man assured us by speech and gestures that in summer he filled two houses and a half with his guests. Now, however, the house and a half were absolved from all tax of hospitality, and of the remaining house we were the sole guests.

In going up-stairs to bed we trod into a snow-drift on the landing. Double windows had been unable to keep out the enemy. However, thanks to an excitable little stove, our room was warm enough for a Brazilian orchid; and ere getting into bed, we loaded it with pine-knots, so that the roaring of its flames in the chimney quite outvoiced the howling of the wind.

A pallid blue sky, clear as ice, greeted us when we turned out at nine o'clock the next morning. The gray wooden houses of the village looked

pretty in their snow-mantle. So did the villagers, ploughing through the snow of their thoroughfares—it was three feet deep at the least. So, too, did the Vossvangen lads, muffled to the ears by their discreet mothers in home-made comforters, as they shouted to each other to come out upon the hill-sides behind the village and enjoy a bout of snow-shoeing. There were divers enthusiastic collie and retriever dogs with the lads. These barked and rolled each other in the snow. It was evident they enjoyed it.

Then the sun stole over a mountain-top, just as the slip of a moon had done the evening before, and the valley was transfigured. The great lake was already frozen all over and dazzling white in its spotless counterpane of snow. The hill-sides, thick with pines, were a beautiful study in black and white, above which the cloudless blue of the heavens momentarily gained in intensity, so that at length we might have thought Norway had for the day borrowed her sky from Italy. While we breakfasted, the jingle of bells outside grew constant. One sledge after another shot into the village from the various homesteads which dot the slopes of Voss. They were not drawn by reindeer, but by those very independent and sturdy little ponies which summer travellers in the land know so well. Each sledge carried a family party, and very odd some of these parties looked, the women swathed in woollens, so that little except their rubicund frost-coloured noses could be distinguished; and the bright blue eyes of the maidens sparkling from the semi-obscurity about them. The church bell tinkled hardly more sonorously than the sledge bells; and group by group the sledgers and village folk entered the porch. They were fair to see for the variegated colours of their woollens—quite a tulip bed, in fact; and afterwards, when the cloaked sound of their responses inside the holy building could be heard, a man of felonious instinct might have carried off a hundred or two of pairs of clogs and galoshes, with which it is the vogue in winter to litter the church porches.

Our worthy host did not belie himself. When service was over, he took us into his store and compelled us to buy Scotch galoshes and German-made gloves, as well as other articles which were, he said, quite indispensable for our journey. This done, and the day continuing glorious—with the echoes of the happy shouts of the snow-shoeing boys and dogs reaching us from far up the valley—the sledges were brought to the door; and having been zealously muffled in our fur coats and bearskin knee wrappers, we left Voss amid the loud 'Godspeeds' of both our entertainers. The apothecary and the people at the post-office looked from their windows to see us pass; else we did not seem much to rouse the curiosity of the villagers. I do not think, however, that the Norseman is troubled like men and women of the south with the itch of inquisitiveness. There is much in the climatic phases which surround him that he cannot understand: Nature is nowhere as here so mysterious, alternately caressing and striking hard with clenched fist. Without a trustful faith the Norwegian would be the most wretched of individuals. His forefathers were stout fellows, with a firm belief in the pleasantness of Odin's im-

mortal banqueting halls. He for his part is just a simple sort of Christian who looks as far as possible on the bright side of life, and believes in Paradise. Like most sensible mortals, he takes short views, though at the back of all his hopes is the predominant faith in heaven as the reconciler of such vague doubts about terrestrial existence as may at times possess him, and the complete and satisfying atonement for his earthly troubles. He is far from being effusively religious or regardful of externals. Like the bear of his native land, he is somewhat phlegmatic and torpid during the winter; and, again like the bear, he is not an enemy to be despised. But whatever he is or is not, he is singularly devoid of the kind of curiosity that in America urges a man to put his fellow-man to the question as if he were a cross-examining advocate in a law-court.

Our sledges were light gay little affairs of iron and brass, each with a sort of bicycle saddle behind, upon which the driver sat with one foot on the runner, to serve as an accessory rudder. The official road-clearer—a triangular shape of wood drawn by the apex—had been abroad that morning and made a capital way for us. Up hill or on the level we went well; but downhill we seemed to go on the wings of the wind, with a furious clatter of bells and a nodding of the shaggy heads of our steeds that it made us giddy to watch.

Cold of course it was, in spite of fur coats, double gloves, and reindeer overshoes. We felt it most at the toes. After an hour, the nipping became very painful. A numbness succeeded; and when, having journeyed for two hours, we halted at a bright little chalet, the inn and post-house combined, for a moment we staggered as we tried to walk in the orthodox way. However, a couple of armfuls of hay put matters on a better basis for us in the subsequent journey; though a mysterious sort of ill humour that took us at times was distinctly traceable to these effects of the weather upon us.

It was an enchanting afternoon, and the scenes through which we passed were also akin to those of enchantment. Not a breath of wind stirred save that which we created in our brisk movement. The whole land was blanketed in snow. It stood eight and ten feet deep by the road-side, and the stones in the river-bed showed more than a yard of it upon them. Only the vertical face of the great rocks beneath which we glided was free from it. But in compensation there was here the fairest conceivable decoration of icicles. They hung by the fathom in broad parallel lines, and were of many hues, from brick red and purple to sea-green, turquoise, and silver gray. Some of them were pendent above us like the port-cullis of an old castle, and we could have fancied the mere concussion of our horses and cars would shake them fatefully upon our heads. Of waterfalls there ought to have been great store along this road. In the green summer days and the bright summer nights their song is here a continuous lullaby. But now they were all silenced. Jack Frost had nailed them hard and fast to the rocks. It was magnificent to see the monstrous rigid masses frozen in waves that overlapped each other, each lap fringed with great variegated icicles.

At the inn where we tarried to ease the horses and imbibe hot coffee, while prowling round its precincts I came upon a lemming. The little rat-like creature stood on its hind-legs and barked in a babyish but very frantic manner at my legs. I could of course have crushed it to death with my foot. But this, equally of course, I forbore to do. The little animal was being plagued quite enough by the winter. It had wandered hither in search of food. Perhaps it was a herald of an entire army of its little fellow-mortals, which sometimes traverse the land in solemn procession tens of thousands in number, stopping at no obstacle, whether it be a fire, an arm of the sea, or even a boat with rowing-men in it which happens to intersect their line of progress. Their coming and going is inexplicable to the Norsemen, who have many strange notions about them.

Again wrapped up and stretched mummy-wise as to our lower extremities, we enjoyed the brief afternoon sunlight. The sun soon got behind the mountains, and as suddenly the air seemed to double in chilliness. It was wonderful how sombre our surroundings became all at once. The river, where it was unfrozen, was like a stream of ink, contrasted with the ineffable prevailing whiteness. And the dark faces of the cliffs seemed to lour menacingly. Above us, however, a few bright lines of crimson and gold told of the sunset elsewhere; and the coral glow about the snowy summits of the high mountains in the west was almost intense enough to warm us.

We passed one more inn ere the night wrapped us round. It was fast closed for the winter. A couple of magpies scurried across the road near, towards a pole, to the top of which the kindly peasantry had affixed a sheaf of oats. Then we plunged into a pine-forest, every twig of every tree in which was heavy laden with snow and icicles; and for half an hour sped through this eerie twilight scene in a silence that was almost sensational. Ere we were through it, the stars had begun to beam above the tops of the trees; and when we were again in the open, the great smooth space of a lake two or three miles square was to our right, with starlit mountains on the farther sides.

Even to us Britons, it was a great experience, this solemn, beautiful freezing progress through the land. Nor was my driver without his feelings of pride in his native country in its winter dress. 'It is cold,' he observed twice in my ear; 'but lovely—is it not?' You would not have thought this great red-bearded, massy-shouldered carl had a care for the picturesque. But it was evident he had a very strong appreciation of it.

Another hour passed, and then we rose amid the mountains. The stars had brightened amazingly in the meantime. But they only served to emphasise the tremendous gloom of the black defile in which we found ourselves. An icy breath of wind whispered down this ravine, and almost suspended the heart's action for an instant. Then suddenly a lamplight shone strongly before us. Our ride was at an end. Voices were heard above the music of our bells, which latter had twice or thrice set me dozing; and our welcome reached us from afar. The warmth of the house after the thirty degrees of frost through which

of late we had been driving, fairly made us pant while we were being helped out of our clumsy furs.

If you do not know what a Norwegian welcome in winter means, you cannot have a just idea of the Norseman's character. There was a household of people here, and yet one and all seemed consecrated to our service. Having first drunk off a glass of fine Cognac, we were taken straightway to the drawing-room, where cards and music were in full swing. A Norwegian Sunday allows these diversions in the evening. There could be no question about that, for there, taking his hand at whist, and having his glass of punch replenished oftener than any one else, was the pastor of the parish—a hearty old fellow, who drank loudly to us as soon as we were announced, and who later lost a crown or two to us at the cards with perfect serenity. Some people fancy the Norseman sleeps through the winter—or rather spends twice as many hours in bed during the short days as in summer. It is an error. Midnight came and caught us still at our pleasure. But by this we travellers were drowsy to the last degree. And so, to a chorus of 'Sleep well,' we set the example of retiring to our snug rooms, lit by the glow of the resinous pine splinters in the stove.

### THE VALLEY OF SHEITAN.

A STORY OF THE BHORE GHÁT INCLINE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE settlement of Lonauli round about the station at the head of the Bhore Ghát Incline has occasioned a pang of home-sickness to many an exile from the old country, wearied of teeming native cities and red-taped military cantonments. It is the only purely English village in all the vast peninsula. Here may be seen the trim cottages of the humbler railway employees, each with its bit of garden-ground; and here it is possible on occasion to walk a good half-mile and meet never a Hindu or Mohammedan, but only good honest Britons, whose working-clothes and grimy faces bewray them as toilers for a weekly wage. The pretty Gothic church, the tiny post-office, a genuine English grocer's shop, and last, but not least, the Railway Hotel, complete the picture of home-life. Away on the outskirts, removed from the daily and nightly roar of the engine, and sheltered by magnificent groves of mangoes, lie the white-washed bungalows of the higher officials.

Lonauli is the rural Crewe or Swindon of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. It is here that the locomotive works are established, giving employment to some two hundred Europeans; but the white population is increased by the wise foresight of the company in choosing this healthy site on the edge of the great Sahyadri range as the residence of their travelling servants. Engine-drivers and guards in goodly numbers inhabit the better class of cottages in the village, or rather their families do, while the bread-winners are away up the line to Madras or down the Ghát to Bombay in charge of the 'arg-gari'—the mighty 'fire-carriage' which is fast civilising India.

In a neat little bungalow a quarter of a mile



from the station, James Hudson and his daughter Sibyl were seated at breakfast. No one, to look at the upright handsome elderly man, would have guessed the nature of his employment; and Sibyl would certainly have been placed higher in the social scale than the rank she filled. The surroundings, too, were out of keeping with the position occupied by the head of the house. An open piano by a good maker stood in a corner of the room, and there were books—French, German, and Italian, as well as English—scattered about in profusion.

'I have heard from Mr Heygate this morning, father,' Sibyl was saying; 'he is coming over from Poona to say good-bye. I am so sorry it is one of your duty-days; he would have enjoyed a chat with you, and now you will not see him before he sails for England.'

Hudson looked up and scanned the girl's face intently before replying. Then he said: 'I do not think he will miss me much to-day, Sibyl. —Tell me, my daughter, and tell me truly, has this young man's coming amongst us meant more to you than the making of a pleasant acquaintance whom in six months we have both grown to like? Does his departure mean more than the departure of a friend?'

The guard got his answer from the tears which he saw were very near Sibyl's eyes. 'I—I hardly know, father,' she said; 'three months is such a long, long time. I am very sorry he is going away—and I think he is sorry too.'

'He has not spoken to you, Sibyl, has he—in a way, I mean, that would make a great change in my little girl's life?'

'No, father; there have been no words of that kind between us. Mr Heygate has always treated me as a gentleman should treat a lady; but'—and Sibyl stammered painfully—'I have sometimes wondered whether in his heart he does not remember that we are only railway people after all. Now that his elder brother is dead—it is that which takes him home, you know—he is heir to the baronetcy.'

Hudson thought deeply for some time without replying; then he rose and went to a small side-table where there were writing materials, and wrote rapidly for a few minutes. Having placed what he had written in an envelope and sealed and addressed it, he handed it to Sibyl, saying: 'There, dear; give that to Mr Heygate when he comes. I should like to have seen him and spoken to him before he sails; but that is impossible, as I have to make the long trip to Madras, and shall not be back till the day after to-morrow. He leaves Poona for Bombay by to-night's mail, does he not?'

'Yes, father,' said Sibyl. 'He is going back to Poona after he has said good-bye, and will pass through the station here about midnight on his way down the Ghât to Bombay.'

'Well, tell him I was sorry to have missed him, and give him my note. I hope my little girl will find everything come right, just as she wishes—*now*,' said Hudson, with an involuntary pause before, and emphasis on, the last word which made Sibyl start.

'Oh father!' she said reproachfully, 'surely, surely you have not mentioned me in the letter?'

'There is not a word about you in it, dear,

on the honour of an—I mean, on my own honour,' said the guard, pulling himself up rather lamely. 'And now I must be off to the station. —Good-bye, Sibyl; God bless you, now and always.'

Hudson kissed his daughter, and left the room by one of the windows that opened on the veranda; but he had not been gone a minute when he returned. 'That fellow Carnac,' he said, 'has he been annoying you lately?'

'No, father. Why do you ask?' replied Sibyl, looking surprised.

'Only, because he passed the bungalow just now, and I thought he was miles away on duty down at the reversing station. He has got a holiday, I suppose. If he has given up his idiotic pretensions, though, it doesn't matter. Anyway, he wouldn't dare come to the house.—Good-bye again.' And the guard hurried off to make good the lost time, leaving Sibyl to tidy the house before the arrival of her visitor.

Six months had passed since the adventure at the reversing station, and now she only looked back to it as the incident which had brought her Lionel Heygate's friendship. Luke Carnac, the half-caste pointsman, who before that day had annoyed her with his attentions, had made no sign since Heygate's iron grip had flung him aside. Sibyl had well-nigh forgotten his importunate wooing—a wooing which she attributed to the man's impression that his 'Europe clothes' entitled him to a 'Europe' wife, rather than to any romantic attachment to herself. When she thought of the pointsman at all, it was more with apprehension on Heygate's behalf than on her own; for on the day after he had attempted to take her hand at the reversing station, in order to press his suit, she had met him in Lonauli street, and he had whispered in passing: 'Tell your fine friend from Poona that we Eurasian gentlemen never forget an injury.' There was something so ludicrous in the man's assumption of European manners as he hissed out his implied threat, lifting the seedy felt helmet from his oily jet-black hair, and referring to himself as a gentleman, that Sibyl had laughed at the time. It was not till afterwards that she thought of the vengeful glare in Carnac's eyes, and wondered if he might plot some secret mischief. Open violence he would never dare; he was too much of a coward for that.

As Sibyl tidied the pleasant sitting-room, her thoughts turned to the impulsive young officer who had sprung, as it were from the jungle, into the very heart and centre of her none too eventful life. Often and often since that chance meeting Lionel Heygate had been a visitor at the guard's little bungalow—at first making the excuse that sport had brought him to the neighbourhood, but after a while, in no way concealing that he came on purpose, because he found pleasure in the society of both father and daughter. Poona, where his regiment was stationed, was only twenty miles along the line from Lonauli, so such visits were easy. Sibyl, fresh from the quiet school in England to which her father, stinting himself to provide education for his only child, had consigned her when little more than a baby, knew nothing of the world. Lionel Heygate was the only young man with whom she had ever been brought into close contact, and it was

perhaps in the nature of things that her heart passed out of her own keeping almost before she was aware of it. Of late, their relations had grown closer; Heygate had taken to calling her Sibyl, and his manner suggested a feeling warmer than friendship; but the all-important word had never been said. This was the position when, two days before, a hurried line had informed Sibyl that Lionel was called home on three months' leave, owing to the death of his elder brother; and now he was coming to say goodbye. Would he have anything else to say? she wondered. Was it not more than she could hope for? At anyrate, it was more than she, a railway guard's daughter, had a right to expect.

Then she fell to thinking about the letter her father had written. He had pledged himself that it did not mention her; but she dreaded lest it might have some indirect bearing on the secret he had surprised. She would die of very shame if there were anything in that letter calculated to force Heygate's hand. She knew that though her father chose to remain in India as a railway guard, he was by birth and education a gentleman. Was it possible that he had disclosed his past in that letter, to show Heygate that socially they were his equals? Sibyl was a proud girl, and she felt that even such an indirect hint as this would be unbearable.

However, she had promised to give the letter, and give it she must. She turned to the piano, on which she had placed it, and behold the question was solved for her, whether she would or no: the letter was clean gone! High and low did Sibyl search amongst the music, behind the piano, everywhere; she felt in her pocket, in case she should have placed the letter there without thinking, but all with no result. It had vanished as completely as though it had never existed. Only for half a minute had she been away in her adjoining bedroom, and yet in that brief space some one must have entered by the window and stolen the letter. Their one Portuguese servant was not in the house at all; he was gone down to the bazaar to buy fruit; and, besides, Pedro was an old and faithful servant of her father's. Had he been there, she could not have suspected him.

Sibyl went out into the veranda and looked round the compound. There was only an old Hindu of the 'Mehteh,' or sweeper, caste to be seen, busy about his work in the far corner. He was not the usual sweeper who attended the bungalow, Sibyl noticed; but she could not suppose that the ragged scavenger had abstracted the note. Then suddenly she remembered that Luke Carnac was off duty that day, and that he had been seen passing the bungalow. It was just possible that the pointsman might have been prowling about and had got the letter. She called to the old sweeper, and asked him, in imperfect Hindustani, whether he had seen any one in the compound. He merely raised his hands to his dirty turban, stooping the while in deep salaam, and shook his head. There was no information to be got in that quarter, evidently.

As Sibyl was hesitating what to do next, a quick step sounded on the road, and Heygate turned in at the compound gate. Sibyl advanced to meet her visitor, for the moment dismissing

the letter from her thoughts, and half glad, perhaps, that some mysterious influence had made its delivery impossible. Side by side they returned to the bungalow; but after the first greetings, neither spoke till they had passed into the cool sitting-room, now so familiar to both of them. And then is there need to tell what followed? Half-a-dozen words settled everything, as half-a-dozen words are wont to do when a young man has found out that he knows his own mind and a maiden's heart is touched. Before they had been there two minutes, Sibyl was shedding mingled tears of joy and grief on Lionel's breast—of grief that he must leave her for a while; and of joy that, when he returned, it would be to claim her as his bride. This is no story of love-making. Let us step out on to the veranda while these two pledge over again the vows which have been pledged so many million times before.

But if we have no desire to listen to lovers' talk, some one else has, it would seem. What is that crouching figure doing outside the 'cuss-cuss tatty' which veils the window? The tattered red turban is bent close to the wall; one dusky hand is thrust into the folds of a filthy cummerbund—as if to make sure that something concealed there is still safe—while the other hand is clenched on the upright post of the window-frame. It is the old sweeper, who a moment ago was busy about the compound, converted into a stealthy eavesdropper, and with a vengeful glare in his eyes wonderfully like that of Luke Carnac the pointsman. For a full half-hour the crouching figure remained at the window, and then crawled snake-like along the veranda and disappeared.

Inside the room the time passed all too quickly, and the moment came for last words to be said. Lionel had to get back to Poona to make his final preparations before starting by the night-mail.

'I shall be passing through Lonauli to-night while you are asleep, Sibyl,' he said. 'I shall feel inclined to get out of the train from sheer force of habit. But at anyrate I shall have the satisfaction a little later of seeing the place where we first met.'

'The Ghat will look grand to-night in the full moon,' said Sibyl. 'I have not been at the reversing station since that day; father does not like me to go so far alone now.'

'I should think not indeed, with that creepy-looking pointsman about,' said Heygate. 'By the way, I should not care to make the journey down the Ghat if he was at the points and knew that I was in the train; but that is impossible, of course.'

Sibyl looked thoughtful for a moment before she replied: 'Yes; he could not know; besides, he is on day-duty now; he has a holiday, too, father said.'

Then there was a gentle leave-taking, and Sibyl was left alone to her dreams. It was not till she was awakened by the entrance of Pedro with her modest tiffin that she remembered that she had not mentioned her father's letter and its mysterious disappearance to Lionel. She was rejoiced that he had spoken without receiving it; but still she was annoyed at having forgotten to tell her lover of its existence. Perhaps, after

all, it was only an ordinary farewell, and would not really matter.

Suddenly the startling reflection flashed across her mind that her father might in his letter have alluded to Heygate's departure by the night-mail. If her vague surmise that Carnac was the purloiner were correct, the pointsman would be in possession of the very information she would most have desired to keep from him. What was to prevent him from arranging to go on duty that night with a view to promoting some terrible catastrophe? Sibyl trembled at the thought, and her dread was aggravated by the knowledge that she was absolutely powerless. She had nothing but a vague alarm to combat; and even if she knew for certain that Carnac was to be in charge of the points at the reversing station that night, there was nothing to justify her in speaking to the station-master at Lonauli. To that official she was but a guard's daughter, and he would laugh in her face at such an unwarrantable interference.

One thing she could and would do: she must know who was to be pointsman at the top of that awful precipice when her lover's train passed down the incline. Sibyl quickly made her way to Lonauli Station, and sought out a foreman of platelayers to whose wife she had done many kindnesses. The man happened to be in the tool-shed, and gave her his attention at once. The information she wanted was not in his department; but he knew where to obtain it, and quickly returned to the shed, where Sibyl waited for him.

'The pointsman at the reversing station to-night should have been Simmons, Miss Hudson,' the platelayer said; 'but he has exchanged his turn, and his duty will be taken by Luke Carnac. Carnac goes down by the 6.40 from here, and will not come off till six o'clock to-morrow morning.'

It was as she feared, then! Sibyl went back to the bungalow and sat herself down to think. Hour after hour went by, and she could come to no determination. She did her best to persuade herself that there were no real grounds for apprehension, and she went about her usual occupations in the hope of stilling the anxiety that had taken hold of her; but ever and anon there recurred the vision of the yawning abyss—the terrible Valley of Sheitan, between which and her lover's safety would stand but the jerk of a lever entrusted to the hands of his deadly foe. If only her father were at home!

The afternoon waned into evening. Sibyl heard the whistle of the 6.40, and knew that Carnac had gone to his post. Eight, nine, ten o'clock passed, and still Sibyl sat on, unable to retire for the night with any prospect of sleep, and yet undecided what course to take. At last, when the clock had struck eleven some time, she could bear the suspense no longer, and determined to go down to Lonauli Station, and then be guided by circumstances. The mail-train by which Heygate was to travel was due at Lonauli at 12.10, and stopped there ten minutes to change engines before starting again on its journey down the incline. It was just possible she might summon up courage to speak to the guard or the engine-driver, at the risk of being laughed at for her pains. It never crossed her mind to

speak to Heygate himself. Though he had half jestingly alluded to the possible consequences of the pointsman being on duty, she knew that the young soldier would be the last to be influenced by any real fear.

Pedro had retired to his hut in the compound long ago, so Sibyl left the bungalow unobserved. The full moon had risen, and all the landscape was bathed in a soft mellow light. The stately palm-trees, the groves of mangoes, and the white buildings of the sleeping village stood out clear as by day, casting long shadows across the silent street; while far off the jagged peaks and bold escarpments of the Ghât, glistening white in the pale beams, marked the descent of the great range into the valley below. It was even possible to trace the course of the railway line, here running threadlike along the brink of a mighty chasm, and there plunging into the bowels of the earth to reappear on some lofty viaduct, but tending downwards—ever downwards towards the lonely plateau where Luke Carnac stood at the levers waiting for the approach of the mail-train.

In five minutes Sibyl was at the station. Looking at her watch, she saw that it was just midnight—ten minutes before the train was due. Again and again she tried to nerve herself to enter the station and lay her fears before the station-master, but again and again she saw that she had no case. How could she explain, except by saying that she was engaged to Mr Heygate of the Westshire Regiment, who was in the train, and that she had refused the half-caste pointsman who was on duty down the incline; that because of this complication she was positively certain that the pointsman would wreck the train and kill a hundred unoffending passengers. She would be the laughing-stock of India, in the event of the train going down in safety; and what was worse, her lover would have to share the ridicule. And yet—

While this was passing and repassing through her mind, Sibyl had wandered into the locomotive yard, which was situated on the side of the station nearest the commencement of the incline, and consequently farthest from that which the train was approaching from Poona. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a trolley—one of those miniature trucks which platelayers use for transporting themselves and their tools from one part of the line to another, and which are propelled on level ground and up-hill by lever-power, and down-hill by their own weight. The inspiration came to Sibyl like a flash, and as quickly was her resolution taken. She would go down the incline in the trolley to the reversing station, and herself ensure by her presence the safety of the train. With a witness standing at his side, Luke Carnac would not dare the perpetration of a great crime. For after-consequences she cared nothing; her action would be accounted for as a girlish freak, and she could go on in the train to Karjat, and return at the first opportunity.

The trolley stood on the metals close to the main line. Luckily for Sibyl's project, the engine which was to be attached to the train was getting up steam inside its shed, whence the driver could not see her. Otherwise, the yard was deserted. Cautiously she pushed the trolley on to the main line, and, to her satisfaction, found that it ran



quite easily. When she had gone a hundred yards, the ground began to dip at the commencement of the incline, and the trolley no longer needed assistance. Giving it a final push, Sibyl sprang on, and began her journey. As she did so, a whistle far away to the rear heralded the approach of the train to Lonauli, and told her that she had a little over ten minutes' start.

Soon the trolley gathered speed as the gradients grew steeper, and Sibyl found herself flying along the dizzy track at a breakneck pace. One moment she was whirling along the brink of a sheer precipice over which a stone dropped would have fallen five hundred feet without meeting an obstruction; the next she was rounding a sharp curve which suddenly plunged her into the resounding gloom of a tunnel, only to come rushing out into the moonlight a moment later high up on an archway spanning some rock-riven water-course. At last two-thirds of the distance was passed; and after another curve and a short tunnel, the trolley would shoot out on to the narrow cornice-like ledge that approached the reversing station. Sibyl looked back as she entered the last tunnel, and high up the mountain side, not two miles behind, she saw the glare of the engine coming down the incline in hot pursuit. Then and then only did the thought of possible danger to herself, and of the consequent failure of her purpose, strike her. Horror of horrors! if Carnac were in truth plotting mischief, she herself would be the first victim, and would be powerless to save the train. She was ignorant that there was a brake apparatus on the trolley which would have stopped it at will. Supposing the half-caste had fixed the points so as to connect the main line with the siding, the trolley would to a certainty go over the horrid brink.

Down at the reversing station Luke Carnac stood with his hand on the switch, gazing up the moonlit track towards the mouth of the distant tunnel where the mail-train would appear. With a ghastly smile on his swarthy features, he pulled the lever which connected the line with the fatal siding instead of with the level ground of the reversing station. Then, still chuckling to himself, he set the signals at 'safety' and waited for his revenge. The man was half-mad with rage and jealousy, and recked nothing of the fearful catastrophe he was about to cause. What mattered it to him so long as the mangled form of Lionel Heygate was among those relics of poor humanity which another five minutes would send crashing down the mountain side!

Suddenly a faint rumbling in the distance told his practised ears that wheels were approaching along the metals. But not a train, surely! The heavy mail-train would make more noise than that. Ten thousand furies, what could this mean? What strange combination of circumstances was this? That was no train, but only a trolley speeding down the incline towards him, and on it surely that was a woman seated—a woman waving her hands and crying out wildly unintelligible words. By all the powers of darkness, it was Sibyl, come to see her lover die. She must not be sent over the precipice—not yet, at least—her presence there would double the sweetness of his revenge.

Carnac caught hold of the switch just in time

to divert the trolley from the siding and send it spinning merrily along the level of the reversing station, where it would come to a stand-still in a hundred yards. So soon as it had flashed past him, he ran as hard as he could in its wake. At all hazards he must tell Sibyl of his project, so that she should miss none of the agony of anticipation, and he might the better gloat over her distress. The trolley ran nearly the length of the reversing station before it stopped, and he had only time to pant out, 'I am going to send your lover over the cliff,' when a loud whistle told him that the train was approaching. In a second he remembered that in his excitement he had omitted to replace the points after turning the trolley into the reversing station. Unless he could reach the points in time, the train would glide safely on to the plateau, and his revenge would be lost to him.

That was a wild race between the man and the train. Straining every nerve, Carnac rushed towards the switch, but the ground in the six-foot way was rough and stony, and he had to cross the line in front of the advancing train. As he sprang across the metals, with hand extended to grasp the lever, his foot slipped, and the engine was upon him. Crushing the fallen body as if in scorn, it went clanking and snorting over the points on to the safety of the plateau. Luke Carnac's plot had failed.

The letter which Hudson had written to Heygate was found on the dead man's body. When the train went on again, Sibyl accompanied her lover to the station at the foot of the Ghat, and she watched him curiously as he read the missive which had been instrumental in saving his life. When he had finished, he handed the letter to Sibyl, and this is what she read:

DEAR LIONEL—As you are about to return to England, I think it is due to you, after our very pleasant intimacy, to know who I really am. My name is James Heygate; and I am your father's first-cousin, his grandfather having been my grandfather also. You will oblige me by conveying my kind remembrances to your father, Sir Gerald. He will remember the circumstances which led to my adopting my present mode of life after the unfortunate duel at Madras. The world acquitted me of blame; but I could not forgive myself for the consequences of the quarrel that was thrust upon me, and I have therefore effaced myself. I have no desire to change my condition now, and I beg of you not to let this go beyond the family circle.—Wishing you a safe voyage and a speedy return, I continue to sign myself yours,  
JAMES HUDSON.

'So you see I am really your second-cousin, Sibyl,' said Lionel; 'and your father is the Captain Heygate who mysteriously disappeared so long ago. I remember the story well. He was, as he says, dragged into a duel with a quarrelsome brother-officer, and killed his man. But his remorse would not allow him to remain in the regiment, and he has not been heard of till this day.'

Sibyl sat silent, for she was thinking how it was she was that Lionel had not seen that letting her go after he had asked her to be his wife, forgotten better, far better, to have been wooed and, after

as Sibyl Hudson, the guard's daughter; though she rejoiced that her birth would not now be a source of reproach to her husband's relations.

But above all she was thankful that the letter had been written and afterwards abstracted, because otherwise she would never have supposed that Carnac knew of her lover's journey to Bombay, and the fears which led her to interrupt the pointsman in his fiendish work would never have been aroused. As a matter of fact, Carnac had obtained his information from a half-caste friend in Poona—not, as will have been seen, from the letter—and had laid his plans the day before. But this was not ascertained till after Lionel had returned to India, bringing the congratulations of the family to his bride—the bride who met with a warm welcome from those stern autocrats, the 'ladies of the regiment,' as the Heroine of the Incline.

#### NOTES ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

On a Monday morning in the spring of this year I was in one of Her Majesty's powerful ironclads, lying in a large harbour in the Mediterranean. It must have been about five A.M., and I was turning round for a final nap, when my half-awakened senses were invaded by the cry: 'Hands abandon ship.' Still half asleep, I at first thought that some fearful mishap must have reached us, and it was not till I heard a knock at my cabin door and a voice saying, 'They've piped it twice, sir,' that I was reminded that this early hour had been fixed on for exercise in the rapid carrying out of what would be necessary should such an emergency arise as in my dreams I had pictured. Slipping on my clothes, I hurried on deck, my ideas not yet quite clear, with visions running through them of the ill-fated *Birkenhead*, and the gallant red-coated band on her decks, steady as on parade, 'presenting arms' as the ship made her final plunge—and found the work of getting out the ship's boats in full swing, the engine rattling away as each was raised from its cradle and lowered into the water alongside, to be at once taken in hand by a portion of its crew, who rapidly and without confusion provide the stores and provisions—lanterns and candles, spirit-breakers, boxes of biscuits and tinned meats, 'boats' bags, with small articles for boat's use, and pass them into the boat, while the coxswain examines his water-breakers and sees them filled with fresh water. A carpenter and a signalman, the one with his tools, the other with his flags, get into each boat. The paymaster, with his assistants carrying the bags of gold in his charge, joins those officers whose duties do not call them elsewhere in the principal steamboat, which has got in its coal and water already and has steam up; and the Medical Staff follow the sick, who on the first sound of alarm have been passed in their cots into the roomy cutter told off for their use.

All being ready, the word 'Clear ship' is given; and each party, rapidly mustering on deck near its appointed boat, passes out of the ship, which the next moment is left, noble and deserted, denuded of every sign of the teeming life on her decks ten minutes before. The last to go over the side is the commander, who takes charge of this little army

let loose upon the waters, and from his galley inspects as they go by him the long line of boats with their complement of over five hundred officers and men, most of whom, twenty minutes before, were unconsciously asleep in their hammocks.

The next morning I was again fated to be roused at an early hour, though a little farther from the middle of the night than the day previous. As I was thinking whether it was not time for me to turn out and wondering why my bath was not set out in its accustomed place, the wild clang of the firebell, followed by the bugle call to attention, and the announcement, 'Fire in the engine-room flat,' came on my ears. To tumble on a few clothes was the work of a moment; but by the time I emerge from my cabin, half the men are at their stations, hoses are screwed on, branch-pipes are fixed, hatchways and watertight doors closed, and all communication with the seat of the supposed fire cut off; while in another minute a couple of hundred men are forcing round the pump-cranks and the water is pouring out through the hoses. The spirit and store rooms have been locked, their keys taken in charge by a responsible officer, and sentries posted on them and on the ship's boats; and in two minutes every powder magazine in the ship would have been full of water if required.

That same evening I was to have another surprise—my first experience of night-quarters, or general call to action at night. Midnight had just struck eight bells of the first watch, and I was sitting in my cabin in 'pyjamas' and slippers finishing off my daily contribution to the bi-weekly budget sent home, and thinking of laying my head on the pillow, when there rang out on the still night-air that portent call to arms, the thrilling 'Action' bugle. When I get to the battery deck I meet the half-awake sailors and marines, running along in bare feet with their lashed-up hammocks under their arms, to be put away clear of the working of the guns. Electric lights are got ready and turned on, guns cast loose, ammunition brought up from below, big guns in their turrets whir round to where the search-light shows the advancing enemy. In ten minutes from the first alarm, when men were asleep in their hammocks, every gun is loaded and on its required bearing, and the ship is completely prepared for fighting. The exercise being over, fighting gear returns to its normal repose, hammocks are brought out again and unslung, and we adjourn to the wardroom, command sardine sandwiches—the dish *de rigueur* on such occasions—from the sleepy steward, and with a little refreshment of a fluid nature to assist, fall to discussing the delinquencies of our sister-ships in the fleet, while each present endeavours to explain how by a mysterious intuition he himself, if no one else, was quite certain all the evening that on this particular night this exercise would be practised, and that it was no surprise to him—oh, no!

But after so much work, a holiday. Thursday afternoon in the British navy is the sailor's half-holiday. On that day no work is done on board from noon till after supper at five P.M. The commander ceases from troubling and the blue-jacket is at rest. Men can do as they please the

afternoon through, and the smokers have their wicked will, the smoking lantern and the spit-kid holding their own, instead of being peremptorily removed at the close of the dinner hour; while the officer of the watch, paraphrasing Gray's lines, can say: 'The ship is left to stillness and to me.' Repose, indeed, has possession of the ship. The first-lieutenant to-day puts aside his soap and soda, and is content to leave in peace his army of scrubbers, while he thinks complacently over the morning's inspection of his snow-white decks and bright paint-work. The lieutenants of divisions forget their usual occupation of overhauling 'bags'—receptacles doing duty as cupboards and travelling chests for the seamen's kits, always to be kept up to service pitch—as, with kit-book and footrule in hand, they number the articles, seeing that everything is regulation size, with exact width of braid and depth of collar—calling from a sailor once the remark, *sotto voce*: 'When we say that we are in uniform, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.'

Officers sit about in easy-chairs, the latest paper or a novel in their hands, pipes between their teeth, eyes gradually closing. Hands below are taking a rare 'stretch off the land,' lying anywhere, in all attitudes, with a coat, an iron ring, a coil of rope for pillow, sleeping, reading, yarning to each other in low voices. All is peace—even the master-at-arms has one eye shut. Here and there the soothing hum of the sewing-machine is heard, or an industrious sailor is seen at work tailoring—cutting out, piecing together, and making up a pair of those roomy trousers, the width of whose extremities and tightness of upper region are the especial pride of the wearer; or an old hand is at work netting a pair of twine curtains, the ship substitute for those piece-rugs of variegated pattern beloved by the old soldier on shore. The voice of the bo'sun's mate is stilled between decks, and the buglers have laid aside their instruments, all but he of the watch, who with one hand always on his bugle, stands idly on his post, letting his thoughts wander to the home he left behind him when he enlisted under the Globe and Laurels, and the day when he promised to 'serve Her Majesty, Her Heirs, and Successors as a Marine for a period of sixteen years.' (Buglers enlist at fourteen years of age.) The engines alone will not rest, but steadily, monotonously, throb out their beat by beat as the ship glides on through the calm waters, adding mile to mile of her way.

And so the afternoon passes on. Men give a stretch, a shake, life once more appears between decks, supper is piped, and another week's work begins. The Thursday afternoon, or Make-and-Mend-Clothes-Day, as it is called, is a time whose sanctity is never violated, and whose repose is complete.

Each afternoon at sea the ship is hove-to and hands are piped to bathe; a boat is lowered, and the water is soon a seething mass of heads. In board again, a game of cricket or rounders on the quarterdeck winds up our afternoon. In this the gunroom essentially takes the lead. A net is rigged above the ship's side to prevent too great an expenditure of balls. Two buckets of sand are placed to receive the wickets, and a supply of bats and balls—the latter made during

the afternoon watch of twisted spun yarn—is provided. We pick up sides; and for an hour or two a wildly invigorating and enthusiastic game is kept up, additional zest being afforded by the many obstacles all over our cricket-ground, such as guns, hatchways, and windsails, which cause the same delightful uncertainty as to the final direction of a ball as is given by the pepper pot in a fives court. Besides the ordinary rules for the fall of a wicket, one additional is of universal acceptance—the batsman who shall hit a ball overboard is at once declared out—and, I may add, takes with him no small invective from the other players.

In the evening we have a dinner-party. The wardroom officers have requested the pleasure of the captain's company, and several officers from the gunroom have been invited to meet him. The guests are received with the ordinary salutations of shore-life: 'How do you do, sir?' 'Glad to see you, old chap.' 'Have a sherry and bitters?'—as if we hadn't all parted but a quarter of an hour previously, after having spent the whole day and the whole of many, many days before this in the closest of company. We take our seats; the chaplain says grace; dinner is commenced; the band plays its cheeriest melodies; and after the Queen's health has been drunk and coffee passed round, guests and hosts adjourn to smoke, play whist, listen to the band, or discuss the never-ending points of interest which naval officers manage to keep fresh even to the end of the close intercourse of a three years' commission.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VERY important part of our naval defences is comprehended under the term 'Armour-plates,' without which our modern ships of war would be impossible. Hitherto, these plates have been made in this country of steel; but favourable reports from America of the new 'High-carbon Nickel Harveyised Armour' have recently induced our Admiralty authorities to test this new material. Messrs Vickers & Co. of Sheffield were commissioned to produce a nickel steel plate by the Harvey process; and the plate thus made was recently put to the test at Portsmouth. This plate, measuring six feet by eight feet, with a thickness of ten and a half inches, was fired at with different projectiles, five shots in all being aimed at different parts of its surface. The result justified the favourable reports which had previously been received concerning the new plates. The shots indented the metal, and either broke up or imbedded themselves in the armour; but not a single crack was produced. It is believed that some of our war-vessels, which by reason of the thinness of their armour are regarded as obsolete, may once more be regenerated by receiving a covering of the new material.

The inauguration of a telephone line between New York and Chicago, which has rendered conversation possible between two cities which are nearly one thousand miles apart, is an event worthy of being recorded. It is interesting to note that Professor Bell, to whom the modern science of telephony is chiefly due, was one of



the first to talk through this long line of communication. A photograph of the Professor in the act of talking to the receiver, surrounded by many well-known men of science, was taken by flash-light, and has been reproduced as an illustration in one of the New York journals devoted to things electrical.

The snow-sweeper is a very useful and necessary adjunct to the electric railways which are now becoming so common in the cities of the United States. The sweeper consists of a car to which are attached at either end revolving steel brushes, which are geared to the motor which drives the vehicle. The cylindrical brushes revolve at a rapid rate, and scatter the snow to the side of the line, leaving a clear track for the trains which follow. There is decidedly a want of something of the kind on our railways in this country, and it is easy to imagine that a device of the same kind to work by steam could be constructed without much difficulty.

Dr Peterson and Mr A. E. Kennelly have been carrying out some experiments at the Edison Laboratory, says the *Scientific American*, with a view to determine whether any therapeutic effects result from the application of magnetism to the animal system. Removing the armature from a powerful dynamo (its magnets being excited, we presume, by another machine), a dog was confined in the vacant space for a period of five hours. When the animal was set at liberty, he seemed to be not in the least affected, except that he exhibited much joy at being again at liberty. The next prisoner was a boy, who was also quite unaffected by the powerful magnetic field in which he was placed. From these experiments, it is assumed that the human organism is quite unaffected by the most powerful magnets known to science. Were it otherwise, we should probably have heard long ago of the effects produced upon the many hundred persons who are daily engaged in tending dynamo-machines.

Another great railway across Canada is in contemplation. The new road, which would be called the Canada Western Railway, would have a length of more than one thousand miles, and would open up thousands of miles of valuable grazing, timber, and mining lands. The cost is estimated at five million six hundred thousand pounds, and the promoters believe that the sale of lands adjoining the railway, together with the cash subsidy of the Dominion Government of six hundred and forty pounds per mile, would produce not far from double that amount. Possibly they lose sight of the circumstance, of which we have had so many painful instances of late years, that estimates for big engineering feats are untrustworthy.

One of the latest developments of the 'coin in the slot' device is an automatic railway-ticket selling-machine. It has for some little time been in use on the Berlin City and District Railway, and is said to give satisfaction to the public as well as the railway company.

British dairy-farmers will probably not be too well pleased to learn that the first instalment of this season's Australian butter has arrived in this country in fine condition, and that consumers are promised for the next four or five months a complement of about one hundred tons per week from the antipodes. Experience shows that it is

not necessary to freeze the butter during transit, but that it will keep in perfect condition in a cool chamber.

A process of a very promising description has been patented by Mr Frank Shumann of Philadelphia by which he produces a material called wire-glass. The new material consists of a sheet of glass, in which in course of manufacture is enclosed a layer of wire-gauze. The metallic gauze is literally imbedded and hermetically sealed within the glass, and will stand any amount of rough usage without breaking. The new material can be made of various thicknesses, and in sheets of large size; and there is little doubt that it will prove a valuable substance for skylights, roofs of railway stations, horticultural buildings, and will find employment in a variety of ways. Windows made of the material will be burglar-proof, and will be resistant enough to stop the progress of a pistol bullet. The American Wire-glass Company of Tacony, Philadelphia, which has been formed to develop the new invention, hope, by the beginning of next year, to be turning out five thousand square feet of wire-glass per day.

An interesting paper is contributed to *Science* by Dr Gibbs, who has been making an inquiry into the food of the humming-birds of Michigan. These birds are not insectivorous, as has been supposed; and although the author thinks that they may eat insects if flowers be scarce, there is no room for question that their normal nourishment is derived from honey.

The hydrophone is an ingenious telephonic instrument which will give audible and visible signs of the approach during the night, or in foggy weather, of a torpedo boat or other hostile vessel, and has been designed for the protection of roadsteads and harbours. It consists of two parts, one of which is sunk at any chosen spot in the water, at a depth of from five to fifteen fathoms; the other part being on shore, and joined to its fellow by electrical cable. A vibratory apparatus is contained in the submerged part of the instrument, and this is of such a sensitive nature that it will move in sympathy with the pulsations of the propellers of any vessel within the radius of a mile. This device has recently formed the subject of experiments by our War Department at Portsmouth, and has been found to give satisfactory results. The inventor of the instrument is Captain M'Evoy, who hopes to employ it to warn vessels of their proximity to dangerous coasts, as well as for war-like purposes.

It is well known that a floral clock can be made by selecting certain flowers which close their petals with some approach to regularity at certain hours of the day. But a floral clock of another kind has recently been started at Paris. A circular plot of ground thirty feet in diameter forms the dial of this strange timepiece, and flowers are so arranged upon it in plots as to make the figures and minute marks stand out upon it as clearly as upon an ordinary clock face. The two hands which move over this highly ornamental dial are also covered with growing flowers from end to end, and motive-power is provided for them by means of a small turbine concealed beneath the ground.

In a paper recently read before the American

Society of Civil Engineers, Mr A. F. Sears compared the cost and efficiency of different motive-powers for street tramways. According to this gentleman, who has made a study of the subject dealt with, haulage by horses is the most expensive. Next in order comes electricity, where, in spite of all precautions, a large quantity of the steam generating power must run to waste. Cable roads come next in order of cheapness; but these are not recommended except for steep gradients, where often no other form of haulage is available. Lastly, as the cheapest, comes steam; but here there is the disadvantage that the engine is necessarily heavy, and has to bear the additional weight of fuel and water. Two other systems Mr Sears believes are promising—namely, engines moved by compressed air, and those actuated by steam 'from water charged at high temperature at convenient stations *en route*.' We are not aware that this last method has been brought to practical test; but with regard to compressed air, the system was tried for some months on one of the London tramways, but the cars have now been withdrawn, and the line is worked by horses. This looks as if the compressed-air method is less satisfactory in practice than it appears to be in theory.

Some months ago, when the last giraffe at the Zoological Gardens (London) died, it was reported that the animal could not be replaced until the Mahdists once more opened the Sudan. But it would seem from letters which a correspondent has communicated to the *Times* that the habitat of the giraffe is not so circumscribed as was imagined. The letters were written by Mr W. Ellerton Fry, at present enjoying a trip to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi River, and he tells of having seen and met with the tracks of many giraffes. We may therefore hope that the giraffe houses at the Zoological Gardens are not destined to remain untenanted for long. A good specimen of the animal is worth about five hundred pounds, and this price is sure to attract the attention of hunters of big game to the district indicated in Mr Fry's letters.

The history of Arctic exploration is a record of heroism, self-sacrifice, coupled with dismal failure, and it is to be hoped that the new enterprise of Dr Nansen, of which he gave the details to the Royal Geographical Society a few weeks ago, has a better chance of success than previous attempts to reach the ice-girdled Pole. His scheme is a comparatively simple one. Starting next spring in a vessel specially constructed to withstand the pressure of the ice, he will endeavour to be carried across the Polar region by the current which he asserts is constantly running from the north of Siberia to Franz Josef Land. Drifting with the ice, instead of attempting to force a passage through it, he hopes to be carried in the needed direction. The only difficulty which he seems to anticipate will be to get within the influence of the current referred to. Dr Nansen's wonderful journey across Greenland has already proved his fitness for the undertaking, and all will wish him God-speed in an expedition of such hardship and danger.

A remarkable steam-launch, probably the fastest vessel of its class which has ever been

built, was recently destroyed by fire at Philadelphia. The measurements of this vessel were as follows—length fifty feet, beam six and a half feet, displacement four tons, and draught fifteen inches. Its engine was of one hundred and sixty horse-power, and its two-bladed screw worked at five hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. The speed attained by the launch was nearly thirty miles an hour, and its builders hope to replace it by another vessel of superior attainments in this respect.

The Director of the Meteorological service in Canada has in a recent Report urged upon the authorities the necessity for periodical inspection of the different stations under his control, and the instruction of employees in the use of the various instruments required. He points out that in Great Britain and Ireland the stations in communication with London are constantly inspected, and in that way kept in a state of efficiency—and that it has been proved here and elsewhere that only under such conditions can trustworthy and satisfactory results be attained. He urges upon his Government the advisability of devoting funds to this purpose.

At a recent meeting of the Field Naturalists' Club of Victoria, it was shown that rain-making experiments are not unknown among savage peoples; that is to say if a superstitious practice can be dignified by the name of experiment. Among certain tribes of Central Australia a belief prevails that droughts are caused by the swallowing up of all available moisture by a 'rain-devil,' and that the occurrence of rain can only be thereafter possible by the capture of the demon, who must be made to disgorge. In order that this evil spirit may be tracked without detection, the rain-maker is equipped with feather boots, so that his footfalls may be noiseless. A pair of these boots was exhibited at the meeting referred to.

Now that the electric light for domestic purposes has come within the boundary-line of things practical, every one is anxious to know its cost as compared with the forms of illumination it is superseding. Some information upon this important point is afforded by a Presidential address delivered last month before the Junior Engineering Society by Dr John Hopkinson. He estimates the initial cost of supplying a number of customers from a central station at eleven pounds per annum for every kilowatt—that is, for every unit per hour. After this installation the cost will not be very much more than one halfpenny per unit. This estimate is either wrong, or the companies who are charging their customers sevenpence per unit are seeking an inordinate profit. In one case in London the parish authorities have themselves undertaken to supply the district under their control with electricity, and the enterprise is said to be a successful one. In this case the price charged to consumers is threepence per unit.

An instrument called a Schiscophone has recently been presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. de Place. Its purpose is to afford indications of the existence of any unseen or internal flaws in a mass of iron or steel, and would be invaluable in testing the soundness of girders or crank axles. It has a strong analogy to the induction balance invented some

years ago by Professor Hughes of microphone fame.

In many of our manufacturing districts the streams are polluted to such an extent that they have all the appearance of being rivers of ink. It has been lately pointed out by a contemporary that in Algeria, Spain, and India, there are rivers which are not only inky in appearance, but have the same chemical composition and valuable qualities of true ink. They are produced when a stream strongly impregnated with iron combines with one flowing through a peaty district, the gallic acid in the latter forming with the iron a true ink which can be used for writing purposes.

By international agreement, the use of explosive bullets in warfare is forbidden, and the prohibition is creditable to civilisation. But the new Lebel rifle bullet—which is now the adopted weapon of the French army, and has been used lately in Dahomey—is said to inflict wounds quite as terrible as any possible by the use of explosive projectiles. The rending action on the human body is said to be truly horrible, and the penetrating power is so great that a tree of even large dimensions forms no protection for a man concealed behind its trunk. It is evident, if this be true, that one such bullet might kill three or four men if they happened to be within the line of fire.

Some years ago there was a detailed Report in one of the American papers of a man having been killed by a meteorite. The man's name was given, the exact spot where the fatality occurred was described, and the meteorite was said to have struck its victim 'just under or on the right shoulder, passing obliquely through him to just above the left hip.' The stone was described as being of about the size of a wooden water-bucket, and its composition was stated. The *Scientific American* now states that the occurrence never took place, and that the story was invented by a reporter. There is certainly nothing impossible in such an event as that described, and it is somewhat curious that a death from a meteoric stone has never been recorded.

## ON LIGHTNING FIGURES.

By CHARLES TOMLINSON, F.R.S., F.C.S.

IN *Chambers's Journal* for the 16th of July last, some effects of lightning are described, from a work published in 1857 by M. Andres Poeey, Director of the Observatory at Havana, entitled *On the Photographic Effects of Lightning*. The author supposed that when a person or an animal is struck by lightning, and certain marks are produced on the body, it is by the electricity photographing the image of some neighbouring object on the living surface. In addition to the cases mentioned in your article, the following may be cited. At the village of Combe Hay, near Bath, six sheep were reposing in a meadow surrounded by woods, when they were struck by lightning and killed. 'When the skins were taken from the animals, a fac-simile of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin.'

Such statements as these, which were of frequent occurrence, did not fail to attract the atten-

tion of the early electricians. In 1786 MM. Bossut and Leroy made a report to the French Academy of Sciences on the subject of some singular marks found on the body of a man who had been killed by a stroke of lightning. These marks were accounted for on the supposition that the electricity in its passage through the body had forced the blood into the vessels of the skin, and thus made all the ramifications of those vessels visible at the surface. The reporters, in fact, adopted the theory of M. Besile, who had examined the case medically—namely, that the effect was due to the irruption of blood in the vessels of the skin, producing an effect like that of an injection. M. Arago adopted a similar explanation in a case which occurred in France in July 1841, when two persons standing near a poplar tree were struck by lightning, and on the breast of each were found ramified marks said to be like the leaves of the poplar.

Cases of this kind continued to be repeated in the newspapers down to the year 1862. One was given in the *Times* of September 8, as having occurred at Whalley Range, near Manchester. A boy had taken refuge under a tree, when it was struck by lightning, and there was found on the boy's body 'a perfect image of the tree, the fibres, leaves, and branches being reproduced with photographic accuracy.' The Meteorological Society and the medical papers also published such cases. One such was given in the *Lancet* in 1860, in which ramified figures were traced from the trunk down both limbs of the patient, so regular as to lead to a conclusion 'that the phenomenon must have been regulated by some fixed law.' Cases also occurred in which these ramified figures were impressed on a man's body, under circumstances in which no tree was present, as in the *Lancet* case. Hence it seemed to me probable that these marks were due to the fiery hand of the lightning itself; and it appeared likely that if I could reproduce on any given surface the form assumed by the disruptive discharge of a Leyden jar, I should have a miniature representation of the passage of a flash of lightning. With this end in view, I procured squares of common crown window glass, about four inches to the side, and steeped them in a strong solution of soap and water; and before making an experiment, a plate was taken out and wiped dry with a duster, thus leaving an exceedingly thin film of soap on the surface of the glass. A Leyden jar of about a pint capacity was charged, and the plate being held by one corner, was brought up to the knob of the jar, while one knob of the discharging rod was placed on the outer coating of the jar, and the other knob was brought opposite the knob of the jar in contact with the glass. The discharge passed over the surface of the plate and over its edge to the upper knob of the discharging rod. On breathing on the surface of the plate, a tree-like figure, consisting of trunk, branches, and spray, was beautifully made out, because, wherever the electricity touched the plate, the soapy film was burnt off, and the plate rendered 'chemically clean'; so that the breath condensed in watery lines on those parts, and in minute globules of dew on the parts where the film still remained. On the other side of the plate there was also a figure, but it was marred



by contact with the knob of the discharging rod.

At the meeting of the British Association at Manchester in 1861, I read a paper before the Physical Section on this subject, and exhibited a number of my figures. The Astronomer-royal, Airy, was in the chair, and he said that 'any one of these figures would pass for a tree all the world over.' After the meeting he continued to examine the figures, and patting me on the back, said: 'You have settled this matter!' My colleague, Professor Miller, of King's College, on breathing on one of the plates, exclaimed: 'There's the tree capitally made out, bird's nest, and all'—referring to a little circular blot on one of the branches, which might easily be taken for a bird's nest, as in one of M. Poey's cases.

The lightning that strikes is incorrectly termed a thunderbolt; it is usually a nearly vertical, jagged, trembling line of vivid light, known as 'ribbon' or 'chain lightning.' We often have an inaccurate idea of the form of a flash of lightning from the stereotyped zigzags with which artists represent this terrible element. Jupiter's thunderbolts have as conventional a form as the French carpenter's scarf-joint, which he names 'traits de Jupiter;' but Nature does her work with more fatal precision than these zigzags would imply. The Meteorological Society of London has some hundreds of photographs of lightning discharges, impressed by the lightning itself on

the sensitive plates, and they are all of the same character as the figures produced by the discharge of a Leyden jar.

There is a very curious point connected with the main discharge—namely, a number of branches or feelers are sent out, in order to find the line of least resistance, or the easiest path for the principal discharge. Thus, we read of seamen and travellers, previous to the lightning-stroke, having the sensation of cobwebs being drawn over their faces, and hearing hissing, crackling, roaring noises, and seeing branches of electric fire. This is precisely what takes place in the case of the miniature flash of lightning produced by the Leyden jar. Should the glass plate be too thick, or its surface too good an insulator, or if the jar be not fully charged, or the electricity deficient in tension, the main discharge will not pass; but there will be a brush discharge, producing these beautiful ramifications or feelers which chalk out, as it were, the principal line of discharge. In some cases these ramifications produce a division of the discharge into two or three main lines, corresponding with the bifurcations and trifurcations which are well known in the thunder-storm, so that the same lightning stroke may strike two or even three objects at once. In such cases, each principal line is accompanied with its own ramifications, which become more delicate as they spread and more difficult to define and delineate.

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